Punch



Vol. CLV.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.4.
1919.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.

PUNCH

1/-



ALMANACK



"OO-OO-RAY!"—it is a warm welcome that BIRD'S Custard receives from the youngsters everywhere.

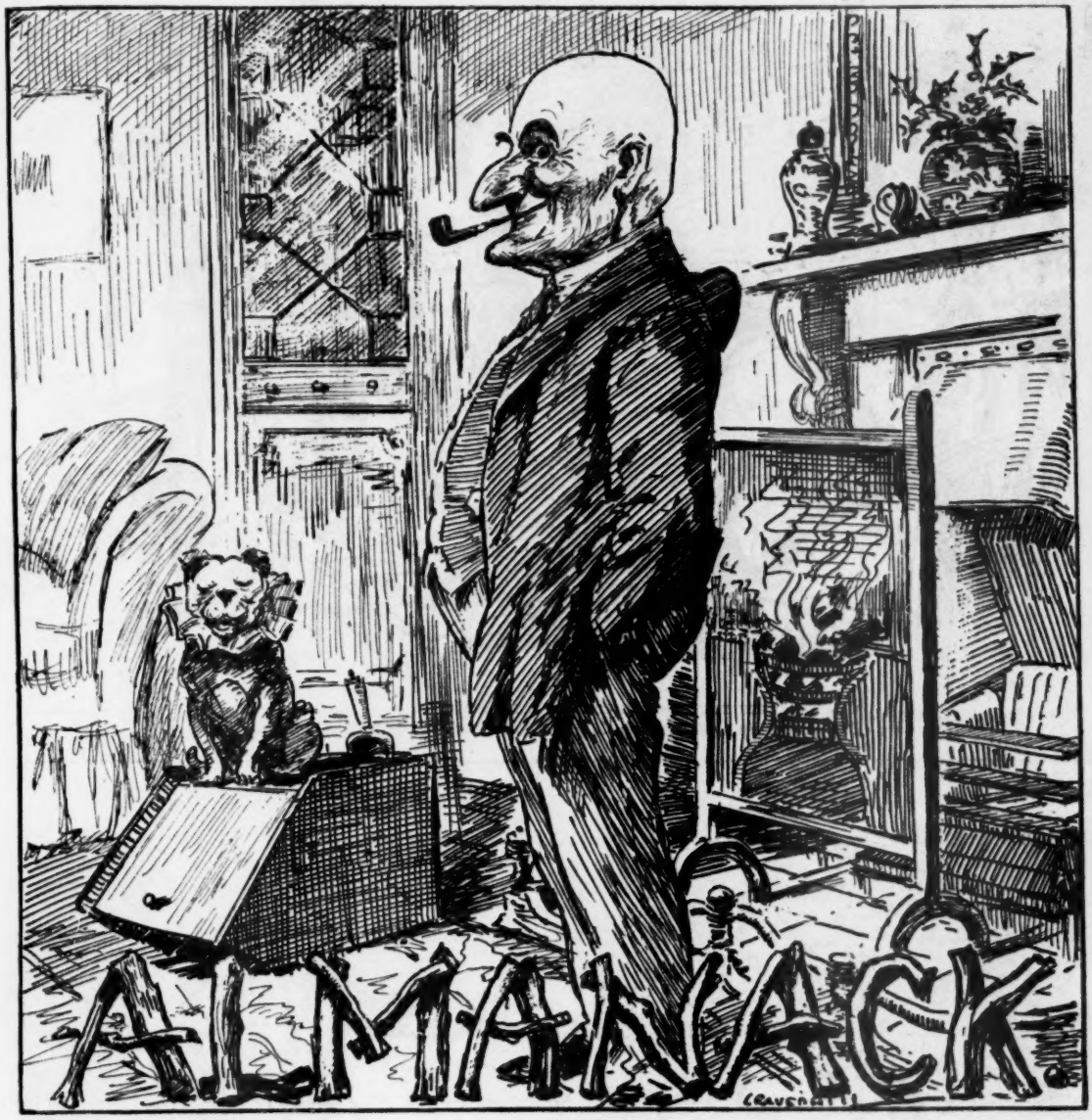
Why is it that children always greet the arrival of Bird's Custard with such joy? The love of it is so universal that there must be more to attract them than the rich creaminess and soft egg-like tint of BIRD'S Custard,—something more than its delicious flavor. There is a reason for this wonderful love of BIRD'S Custard. It is that Dame Nature herself leads the children through instinct to a Food literally packed with just the kind of nourishment that is necessary to their rapid sturdy growth and easy for them to assimilate.

Bird's Custard

is so good for growing children, because it adds 25% to the food value of the milk with which it is prepared. *It's just as good for grown-ups!*

C9118

Punch's Almanack for 1919.



CALENDAR, 1919.

January							February							March						
S	...	5	12	19	26		S	...	2	9	16	23	...	S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	6	13	20	27		M	...	3	10	17	24	...	M	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tu	...	7	14	21	28		Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...	Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	1	8	15	22	29		W	...	5	12	19	26	...	W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	2	9	16	23	30		Th	...	6	13	20	27	...	Th	...	6	13	20	27	...
F	3	10	17	24	31		F	...	7	14	21	28	...	F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	4	11	18	25	...		S	1	8	15	22	...	...	S	1	8	15	22	29	...

April							May							June						
S	...	6	13	20	27		S	...	4	11	18	25		S	1	8	15	22	29	
M	...	7	14	21	28		M	...	5	12	19	26		M	2	9	16	23	30	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29		Tu	...	6	13	20	27		Tu	3	10	17	24	...	
W	2	9	16	23	30		W	...	7	14	21	28		W	4	11	18	25	...	
Th	3	10	17	24	...		Th	1	8	15	22	29		Th	5	12	19	26	...	
F	4	11	18	25	...		F	2	9	16	23	30		F	6	13	20	27	...	
S	5	12	19	26	...		S	3	10	17	24	31		S	7	14	21	28	...	

July							August							September						
S	...	6	13	20	27		S	...	3	10	17	24	31	S	...	7	14	21	28	
M	...	7	14	21	28		M	...	4	11	18	25	...	M	1	8	15	22	29	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29		Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...	Tu	2	9	16	23	30	
W	2	9	16	23	30		W	...	6	13	20	27	...	W	3	10	17	24	...	
Th	3	10	17	24	31		Th	...	7	14	21	28	...	Th	4	11	18	25	...	
F	4	11	18	25	...		F	1	8	15	22	29	...	F	5	12	19	26	...	
S	5	12	19	26	...		S	2	9	16	23	30	...	S	6	13	20	27	...	

October							November							December						
S	...	5	12	19	26		S	...	2	9	16	23	30	S	...	7	14	21	28	
M	...	6	13	20	27		M	...	3	10	17	24	...	M	1	8	15	22	29	
Tu	...	7	14	21	28		Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...	Tu	2	9	16	23	30	
W	1	8	15	22	29		W	...	5	12	19	26	...	W	3	10	17	24	31	
Th	2	9	16	23	30		Th	...	6	13	20	27	...	Th	4	11	18	25	...	
F	3	10	17	24	31		F	...	7	14	21	28	...	F	5	12	19	26	...	
S	4	11	18	25	...		S	1	8	15	22	29	...	S	6	13	20	27	...	



Colonel. "IS IT TRUE YOU STRUCK PRIVATE JONES?"
Private Maloney (addicted to politics). "THE ANSWER IS IN THE INFIRMARY, SIR."



Local Food-Controller (to bather, who has been caught by a crab). "PUT THAT BACK IMMEDIATELY, SIR! DON'T YOU REALISE THAT IT'S AN OFFENCE AGAINST THE REALM TO TAKE AN IMMATURE CRUSTACEAN OUT OF THE WATER IN WAR-TIME?"

Punch's Almanack for 1919.



Caller. "Is Mrs. Thompson at home?"
Maid. "Yes, Madam."
Caller. "What is the temperature of her drawing-room?"
Maid. "About fifty degrees, Madam."
Caller. "Ah, then I won't come in to-day."



Superintendent of Munition Works. "Not afraid of early hours, I suppose?"
Patriotic Applicant. "You can't close too early for me."



THE EYES OF THE FLEET.



Patron of Cinema (to attendant). "OH, I MISSED LAST WEEK'S EPISODE OF 'SYLVIA'S SURPRISES.' DID SHE ESCAPE FROM THE RATS IN THE DUNGEON?"

Attendant. "YUS, MISS, AND WHAT'S MORE, SHE GAVE THE VILLAIN THE KNOCK BY LETTING LOOSE THE COBRA ON HIM."



OUR CINEMAS THIS WINTER WILL NO DOUBT SUGGEST WARMTH IN THEIR PROGRAMMES, AS THERE WILL BE NONE TOO MUCH IN THE AUDITORIUM.

THE CHANGE IN BUSINESS METHODS.

BEFORE THE WAR— AND— TO-DAY.



"GOOD MORNING, MADAM. PRAY BE SEATED. PLEASANT WEATHER FOR THE TIME OF YEAR," ETC.



"WELL, WOT IS IT?"



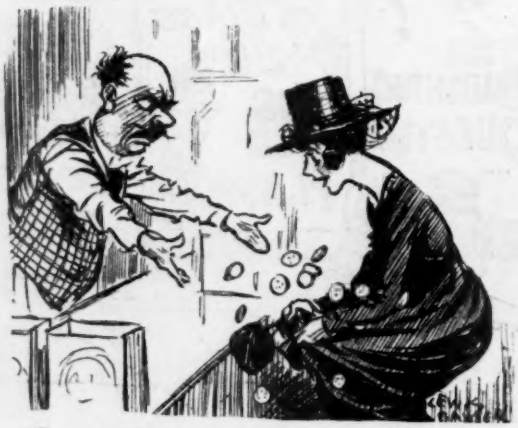
"HALF-A-POUND OF BISCUITS, MADAM? *CERTAINLY*, MADAM. NOW WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER? PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO TASTE A FEW OF THEM?" ETC., ETC.



"NO, YOU *CAN'T* 'AVE 'ALF-A-POUND OF THE KIND YOU WANT. YOU CAN 'AVE THESE 'ERE, OR NOTHINK."



"*GOOD*-DAY, MADAM, AND THANK YOU. THEY SHALL BE DELIVERED WITHIN TEN MINUTES. THE RAIN SEEMS TO BE HOLDING OFF," ETC., ETC., ETC.



"'ERE, CATCH! AND BRING A PAPER-BAG WITH YOU NEXT TIME—SEE?"

HALF-HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES.

[Is the artist's life incompatible with the domestic virtues? Miss JOY HAZEL, the popular revue actress, says emphatically, "No!"]



"TO BEGIN WITH, I'M CONSTANTLY IN THE KITCHEN. THEY TELL ME I'M QUITE AN EXPERIENCED COOK.



I PUT IN A LOT OF REAL SPADE WORK IN MY GARDEN. EVERYONE SHOULD GROW VEGETABLES NOWADAYS.



AND THEN THERE ARE THE FOWLS TO BE FED AND THE EGGS TO BE CAREFULLY COLLECTED.



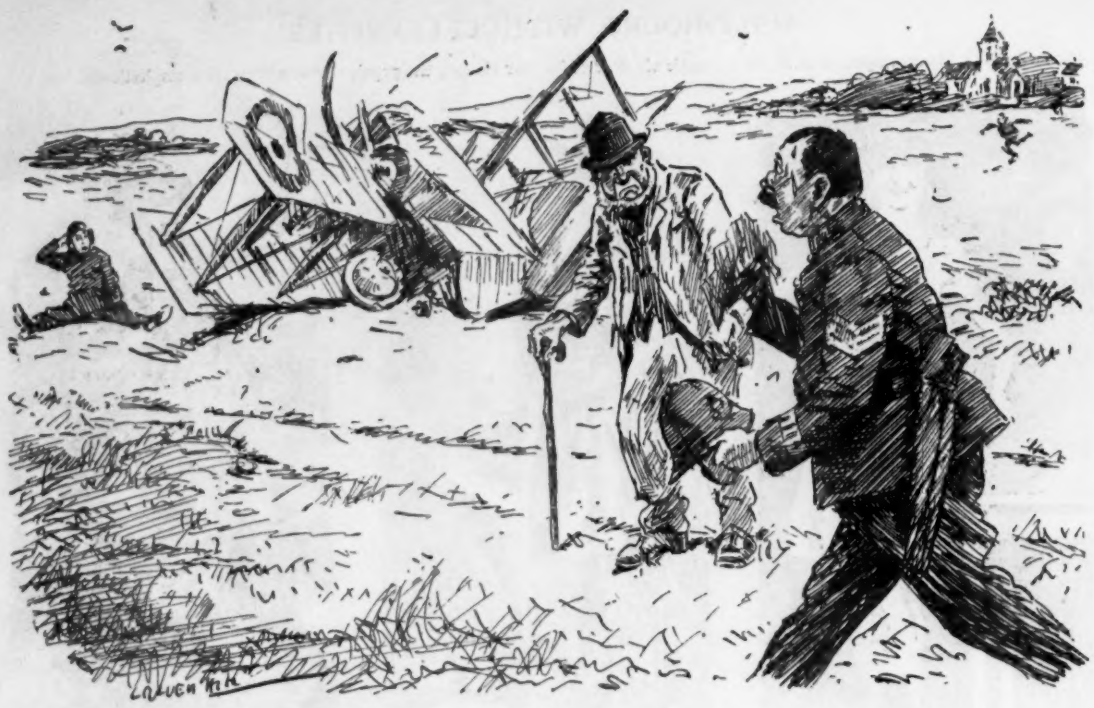
I CONSIDER THAT NO MISTRESS OF A HOME SHOULD BE ABOVE WIELDING A BRUSH AND DUSTER.



OF COURSE I PERSONALLY SUPERINTEND MY LITTLE GIRL'S STUDIES.



AND, NO MATTER HOW BUSY I MAY BE, SEVERAL HOURS OF MY DAY ARE ALWAYS DEVOTED TO 'HUBBY.'"



Oldest Inhabitant. "JUST LIKE THE PERLICE—ALWAYS LATE."
Constable. "WHERE D' YOU EXPECT ME TO BE? WAITIN' ABOUT UNDERNEATH THE BLOOMIN' THING TO CATCH IT WHEN IT FALLS?"

THE MACHINE GUN IN SPORT.

(By a Volunteer officially alleged to be "qualified to instruct in the Lewis gun.")

I KNOW of warriors who admit
  That when this Armageddon's done
They would not care one little bit
  Though never again they touched a gun;
They've seen enough of blood out there
To last their time—and some to spare.

Sportsmen there also are who say
  That having known a better thing—
The joy of hunting human prey
  And dropping Jerry on the wing—
They'd scorn the chase of other game
As being relatively tame.

For them the grouse may roam at ease
  Fearless as any barn-door fowl,
The pheasant stroll among his trees,
  The rabbit take his evening prowl;
Outside his lair in open noon
The woolly bear may waltz immune.

Not so with me whose task has been
  To plug at incorporeal butts
With satisfaction scarce as keen
  As his who knocks the cokernuts;
Time has not staled the lust of gore
That permeates my every pore.

Whether I let that lust be fed
  By firing blank in Richmond Park,
Or lie at Rainham pumping lead
  Into a pale impervious mark,
I have not, to my deep regret,
Discharged my piece in anger yet.

So when the great duration's through,
  And war has said its final word,
I mean to try what I can do
  To take it out of beast and bird,
Imposing death, in lack of Huns,
On anything that flies or runs.

And having studied much of late
  The arts of war and learned at school
With deadly skill to operate
  The Lewis gun, that tricky tool,
I will not have my labour spent
In vain on this accomplishment.

But it shall serve a sporting use;
  For, armed with many a well-filled "drum,"
Ten rounds per second I will loose
  And make the Highland forest hum,
Drenched with the stream of hail that flows
Out of my automatic hose.

Laying a heavy barrage down
  To circumvent the flying stag,
With deathless bays I hope to crown
  The old Platoon if I can bag
A beast of fourteen points or so
(Like Mr. WILSON'S *bordereau*).

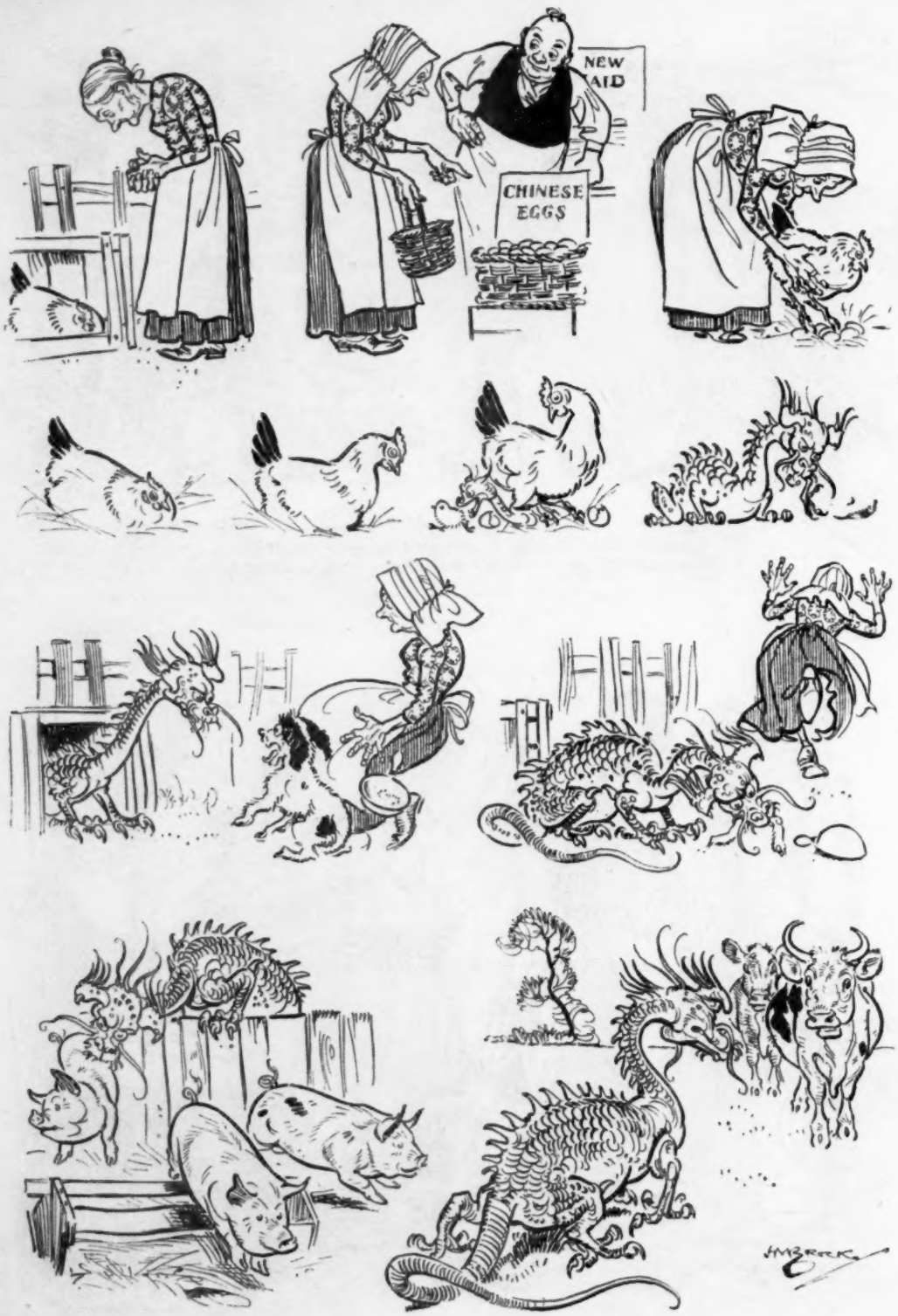
O. S.



Somewhat tattered Tommy. "IS THERE A CAGE ABOUT 'ERE?"
Signals. "WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR—THEM JERRYS OR YOURSELF?"



First Coon. "DOC, I GOT DE MUMPS." *Second Coon.* "DOC, I GOT DE ROOMATISM."
Third Coon. "DOC, SAH, I GOT DE MUMPS *AND* DE ROOMATISM."



EGGS FROM THE FAR EAST: THE DRAGON PERIL.



EGGS FROM THE FAR EAST: THE DRAGON PERIL.



"A SEA CHANGE."

"How's this? The photo on this passport shows a red-faced robustious-looking gent."



"What's he trying to do?"
"Since he got an Army contract and bought a car he always puts his hand up when turning a corner."

THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.

["The Germans are evidently making a great effort to impress us with their good behaviour and their potential repentance."—*The Times.*]



PRUSSIAN OFFICERS TOAST "THE DAY"—OF PEACE.



AS A GUARANTEE OF THE CHANGE OF OPINION IN GERMANY THE OFFICER COMMANDING THE IMPERIAL DENTAL CORPS EXTRACTS THE SYMBOLS OF A DISCREDITED MILITARISM FROM THE STATUE OF HINDENBURG.

THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.



"THE HYMN OF HATE" IS SUPERSEDED BY "THE SONG OF LOVE."



THE WAR LORD COMPOSES LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION TO THE ALLIED GENERALS, BEGGING THEM TO ACCEPT BUSTS OF HIMSELF AS A SLIGHT MARK OF HIS AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM.



IF PARLIAMENT



ERE CALLED UP.

THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.



THE CROWN PRINCE, IN THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, RENOUNCES HIS CLAIM TO THE HOHENZOLLERN CROWN.

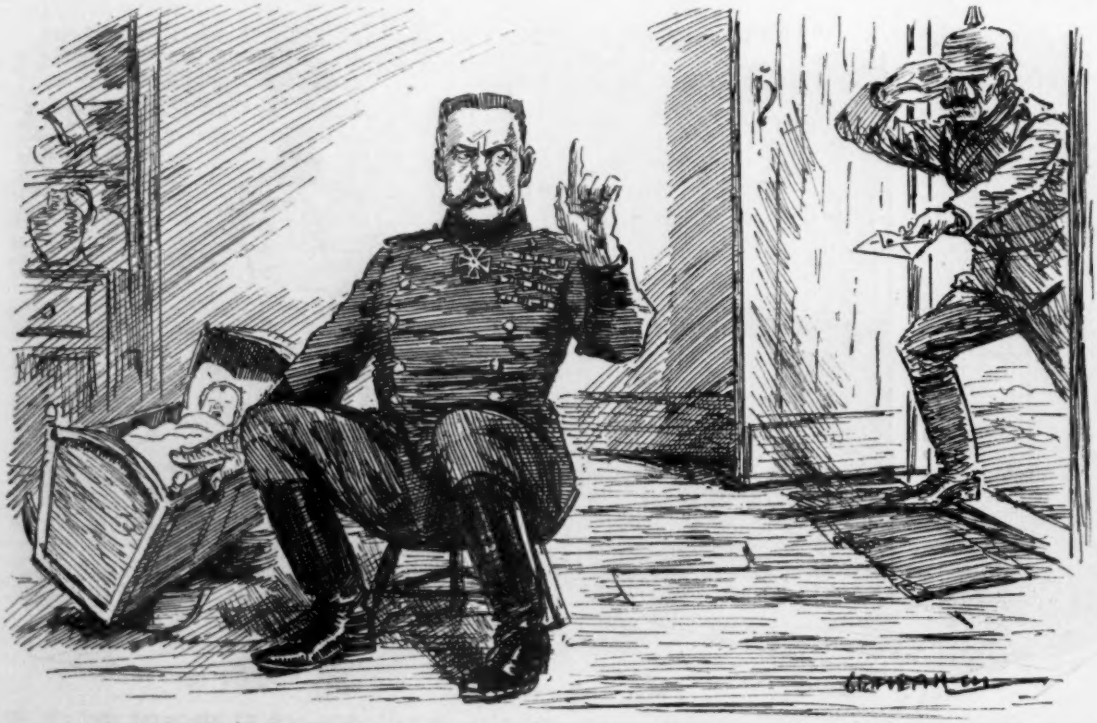


THE CROWN PRINCE PROVES TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE GERMAN SEMI-OFFICIAL PRESS THAT HE HAS NEVER INDULGED IN UNRESTRICTED LOOTING.

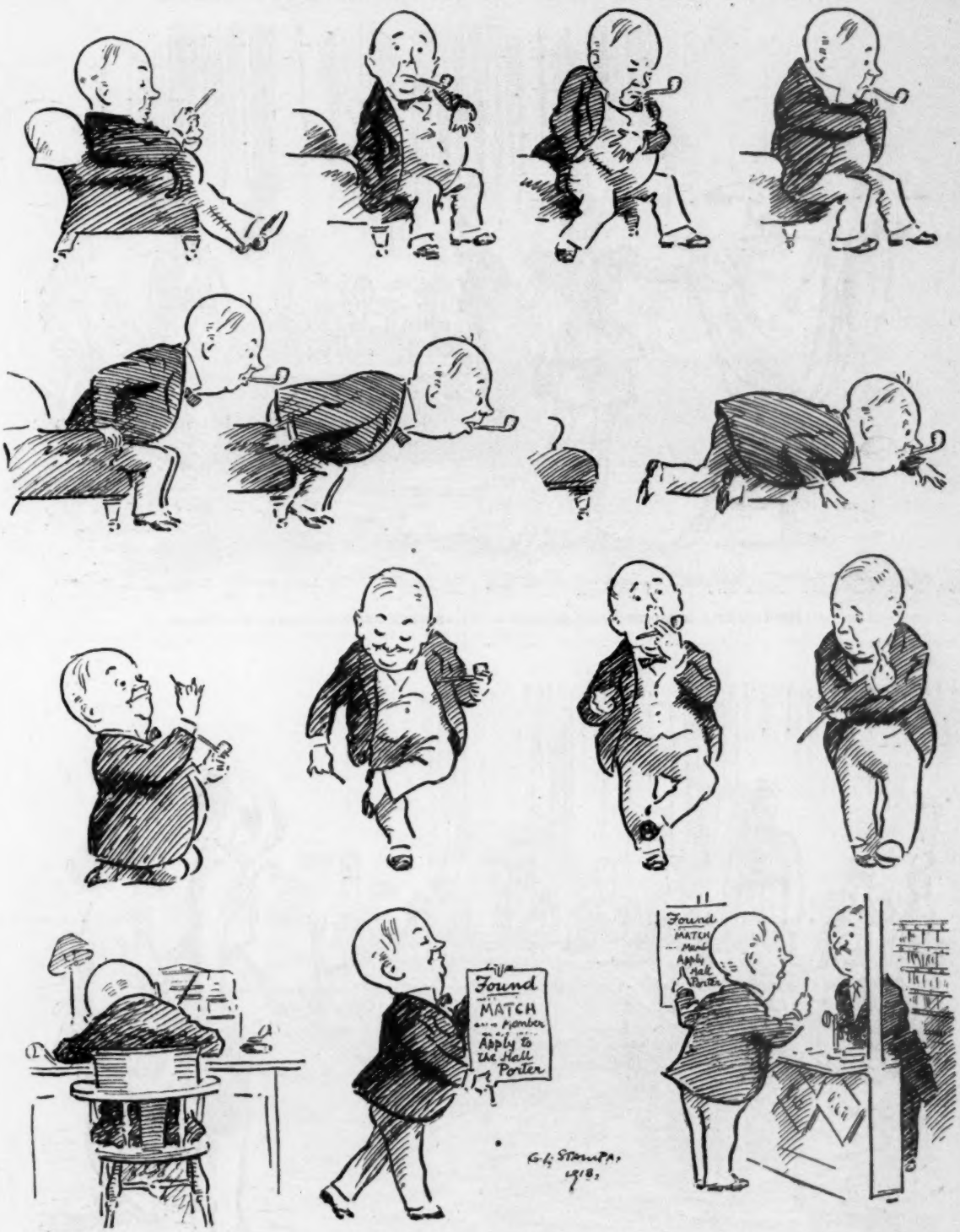
THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.



AS EVIDENCE OF THE DECLINE OF MILITARISM IN GERMANY A COMMON CIVILIAN KICKS A PRUSSIAN OFFICER.
[*German Propaganda Film.*]



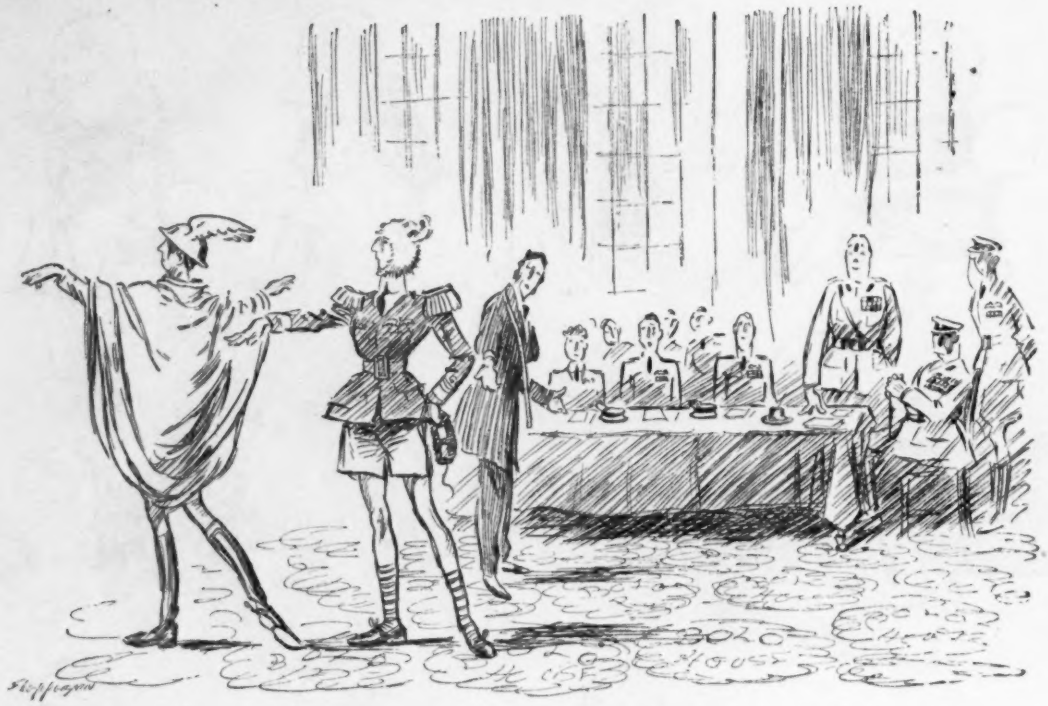
THE REAL HINDENBURG IN BELGIUM. [*German Propaganda Film.*]



THE HONEST MEMBER

WHO FOUND A MATCH ON HIS CLUB'S READING-ROOM FLOOR.

MOMENTOUS MEETINGS OF THE GREAT WAR.

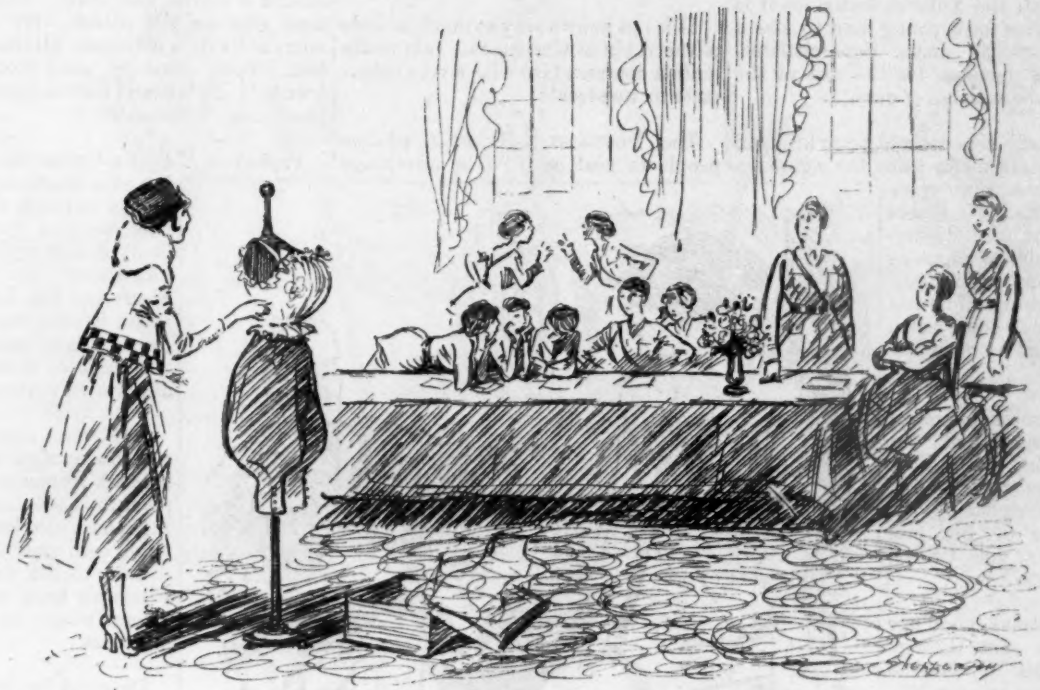


MEETING OF A MILITARY BOARD TO DISCUSS YET ANOTHER UNIFORM FOR THE AIR FORCE.



MEETING OF A MILITARY BOARD TO DETERMINE THE ACTUAL STATUS OF AN OFFICIAL ARTIST AT THE FRONT, AND IN PARTICULAR WHETHER BEARDS, LONG HAIR AND UMBRELLAS ARE IN ORDER IN THE CASE OF OFFICERS OF FIELD RANK.

MOMENTOUS MEETINGS OF THE GREAT WAR.



MEETING OF A MILITARY BOARD *(fem.)* TO DECIDE THE QUESTION "WHETHER, IN THE MATTER OF TRANSPORT-DRIVERS AND MOTOR-CYCLISTS, CAMISOLES ARE OUT OF ORDER WHEN WORN WITH KHAKI BREECHES."



MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MAYFAIR MATINÉE SOCIETY TO CHOOSE ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS TO REPRESENT "THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE" IN THE CHARITY TABLEAUX ON BEHALF OF THE "LEAGUE FOR THE PROTECTION OF SUPERANNUATED ARMY MULES."

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

DURING the Yuletide festivities it is permissible for a young man to kiss a young woman under the mistletoe. How he manages for the rest of the year is no business of ours.

* * *

A suburban householder has hit upon a novel scheme for using the cigars his wife gives him every Christmas. He leaves them on the dining-room table at night as a trap for burglars. In the morning all he has to do is to come down early and remove the corpse.

* * *

A pardonable error was committed the other day by a little girl who wrote to her uncle "requesting the pleasure of his presents" at her Christmas party.

* * *

Christmas puddings may be sent through the post if marked "Pudding" in top left-hand corner. They can also be packed flat and sent with open ends.

* * *

If all the Christmas puddings being sent to the Navy and Army this year were piled in the shape of a pyramid in the Strand they would look ridiculous.

* * *

We understand that great care has been taken to prevent the General Election from clashing with other Christmas festivities.

* * *

Soldiers standing for Parliament, it is stated, will get eight days' leave prior to the issue of the writ. Pacifist candidates, on the other hand, will take their leave after the event.

* * *

We are asked to state clearly that Christmas waits are not protected under the Wild Birds Preservation Act.

* * *

The Food Ministry is establishing a system of jam zones to be introduced throughout the country. A junior correspondent urges that in all cases the zone should extend from the north bank of the waistbelt to just south of the ears.

Owing, we understand, to the high cost of bananas it is feared there will be little really good skating this winter.

* * *

It is not known why so much is made of the robin at Christmas. It is really quite a common bird with a very vulgar taste in waistcoats.

* * *

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL advises people to post early. The advantage of this was shown quite recently by the fact that a letter posted in Vancouver on December 1st, 1897, has already been delivered at an address in Dundee.

* * *

We gather that it is not now considered the thing in professional circles for a burglar to call on patrons for a Christmas-box.

* * *

"The girl to marry," says a ladies' journal, "is the girl who believes in love in a cottage." Most people will agree that if a girl honestly believes in this she will believe in anything.



Husband (on leave). "OH, BY THE WAY, DID YOU GET THOSE RUBBER SHARES I ASKED YOU TO?"

Wife. "NO, DEAR. THE BROKER WANTED MORE FOR THEM THAN WHEN THEY WERE NEW, SO OF COURSE I REFUSED TO HAVE THEM."

"The first sign of rabies in dogs," says an officer of the Board of Agriculture, "is that they become irritable, sulk in a corner and snarl. The dog then goes on the march, very often many miles from his home. His instinct tells him he must get away from his friends." Rabies and Kultur appear to have much in common.

* * *

Professors of Berlin University have issued a manifesto calling for extreme efforts "to preserve Fatherland, Kaiser and Empire intact." As far as preserving the KAISER intact is concerned the proposal is endorsed by the curators of several of our own museums.

* * *

A German semi-official communiqué states that art treasures were taken from Belgium and France for safe keeping only. An interesting tribute to the way in which we treat enemy officers whom we take prisoners.

* * *

Denmark having put in a claim for Schleswig to be returned to her, it is reported that the Reichstag has ordered an inventory to be prepared of those parts of the German Empire, if any, which never were stolen.

* * *

It appears that an escaped German prisoner-of-war gave himself away the other day. Asked by a policeman for his name he answered, "Haggis Macdonald of Aberdeen."

* * *

Consternation reigns in certain quarters as the result of a rumour that the Christmas-dinner ration is to be reduced from three to two waistcoat buttons.

* * *

The announcement of jam rationing made a number of nervous people freeze to their marrows.

* * *

Nothing more has been heard of the man who told the Tribunal that he was suffering from policeman's feet.

* * *

Two-and-sixpence a pound is being paid in Kingston for tame rabbits. No wonder the others are wild.



INTENSIVE LEISURE ON THE LAND.



MID-WINTER IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

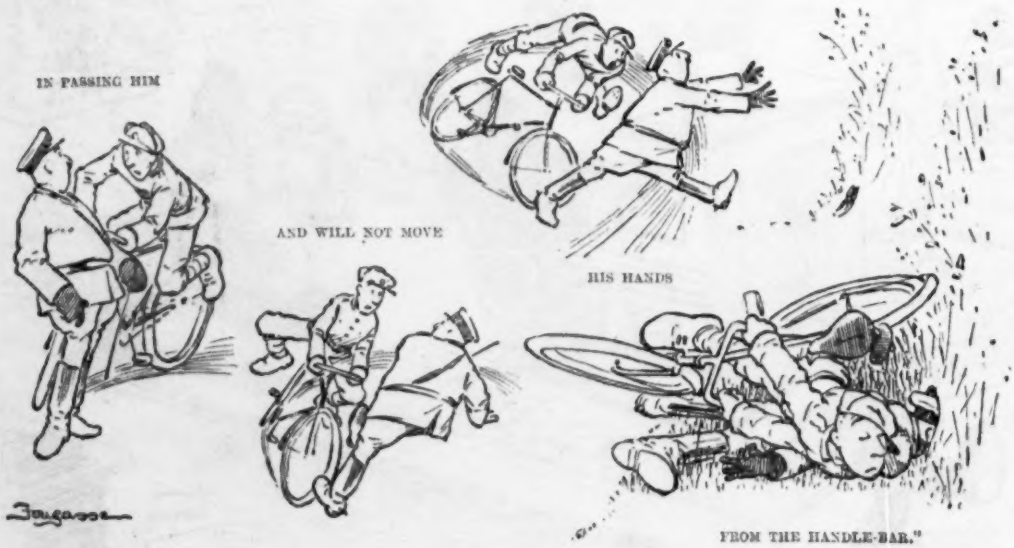


"A SOLDIER WHEN RIDING A BICYCLE



WILL TURN HIS HEAD SMARTLY TOWARDS AN OFFICER

IN PASSING HIM



AND WILL NOT MOVE HIS HANDS FROM THE HANDLE-BAR."

CEREMONIAL.

Reference—Infantry Training 1914, Sect. 18, § viii.

MR. PUNCH'S SPY PLAY.

(Just to be in the fashion.)

"GETTING THE BIRD."

At the Headquarters of the Umpteenth Army General Halibut *is preparing for next Friday's attack, with the aid of a large map and many "Tut-tuts." He rings the bell for an orderly.*

General (to himself as the orderly comes in). Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut, tut-tut.

[*The orderly disappears again with every sign of alarm.*

General (looking up). What the deuce—— (*He rings the bell again; the orderly's head appears round the door.*) What the deuce are you doing?

Orderly (coming in). Beg pardon, Sir, my nerves aren't what they were. Last time I got wounded was by one of them machine-guns.

General. Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut——

Orderly (standing his ground with a great effort). Yes, Sir.

General. Tell Lieut. Mullet that I wish to see him at once.

Orderly. Yes, Sir. [*He turns to go.*

General. Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut, tut-tut.

[*The orderly hurries into cover.*

Enter Lieut. Dick Mullet, V.C., O.B.E., *etc., etc.*

Dick. You wish to speak to me, Sir?

General. Yes. Sit down, Mullet. (*Impressively*) Mullet, we have a spy at Headquarters.



"YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR?"

Dick. Good heavens, Sir! Whom do you suspect?

General. I don't suspect anyone, but there is a leakage somewhere.

Dick. It certainly looks like it, Sir.

General. The Germans get to know everything. They knew as much about my last attack as I did myself; I'm not sure that they didn't know more. (*Picking up a paper*) The result was that, instead of taking five or ten thousand prisoners and a hundred guns, as we might have expected, we actually captured (*putting on his glasses and reading from the paper*) two mules and a sergeant-major. When the operations were over, we had advanced (*referring to the paper again*) an average depth of nine inches on a front of twenty-seven yards. (*Looking up*) It won't do, Mullet.

Dick. No, Sir. There's a Hidden Hand somewhere.



DICK COMES IN, HOLDING A WOOLLY PENGUIN IN ONE HAND AND A REVOLVER IN THE OTHER.

General. It isn't the hand I mind, but there's a Hidden Ear, Mullet, a Hidden Ear.

Dick. Yes, Sir. (*After profound thought*) The question is, who is it?

General. You're quite right, Mullet. Who is it?

Dick (thoughtfully). Have you noticed the way Colonel Conger drinks his soup?

General. Tut-tut! You mean——?

Dick. I mean, Sir, are you sure that Colonel Conger is as English as he appears to be?

General. Good heavens! you suggest that Colonel Conger's is the dastard hand—dastard ear, I should say—which is plotting against England?

Dick. I think he ought to be watched, Sir.

General. Yes, you're right. Keep an eye on him, Mullet. You'd better start keeping it now.

Dick. Yes, Sir. [*He goes out.*

General (returning to his maps). Tut-tut! Conger? Tut-tut-tut. (*The noise of a child's toy-pistol is heard.*) Good heavens! the Germans have anticipated our attack.

[Dick *comes in, holding a woolly penguin in one hand and a revolver in the other.*

Dick. I shot this pigeon, Sir, as it was flying towards the German lines with a message in its beak. (*Taking a paper out of his pocket*) Here is the message.

General (after reading it to himself). It seems innocent enough.

Dick. As LONGFELLOW said, Sir, "Things are not always what they seem."

General. Which Longfellow was that—the gunner?

Dick. He's an American, Sir. I don't know if he's joined up yet.

General. Well, I daresay he's right. (*Reading*) "Ask Thomas to always cook kidneys 4 A.M. BILL." But there's nothing in that, Mullet, except that some officer called William likes his kidneys well done. That is, if he breakfasts at the usual hour. Thomas, no doubt, is his batman.

Dick. The question is, Sir, why does William split his infinitives?

General. Probably he was a reporter before he joined the army.

Dick. I think there is another reason, Sir. If you take the first letter of each word you will see.

General. Tut-tut, Mullet. "A-t-t-a-c-k 4 A.M."

Dick (quietly). I think, Sir, that that is the hour for which the attack on Friday is arranged?

General (thumping the table). You're right. We have discovered the leakage. But one thing we have yet to discover. (*Sinking his voice*) Whose is the dastard hand which screens itself behind the plumage of this innocent bird?

Enter a V.A.D. or W.A.A.C. or something, called Lillian, *so as to get a little love-interest into the play.*



"PRIVATE LING, IF YOU PLEASE, GENERAL."

Lillian. Oh, I beg your pardon, I——

Dick. Oh, General, this is my cousin, Lady Lillian Ling. Lillian, this is my General, Sir Hector Halibut.

General (holding out his hand). How do you do, Lady Lillian?

Lillian (saluting). Private Ling, if you please, General.

General. I beg your pardon?

Lillian. Private Ling of the W.A.S.S.T.

General. Good heavens! who are they?

Dick. The Women's Army of Stage Spy Thwarters. I was just going to suggest, Sir, that she might be helpful to us.

Lillian. I went through a course at one of the principal London theatres, General. I am fully qualified.

General. Tut-tut. This is most opportune. (*Handing message*) Then what do you make of that?

Lillian (*reading*). "Attack 4 A.M."

General. Ha, you were right, Mullet.

Dick. Yes, Sir, I thought there was something fishy about those kidneys.

Lillian. Who sent this, General?

General. That's what we want you to find out. Whose is the dastard hand which screens itself—which—— How did I put it last time, Mullet?

Dick (*trying to think*). Something about innocent plumage, Sir.

General. Yes, that's it. Whose is the innocent plumage——

Lillian (*helpfully*). You want to know who wrote it, General?

General (*thoughtfully*). Yes, yes. That's what it amounts to, doesn't it, Mullet?

Dick. Yes, Sir.

Lillian *takes out a tape measure and measures the penguin, the letter and Dick's boots.*

Lillian. I thought so. Have you a Colonel Conger on your staff?

General. Good heavens! that's just what Mullet said. Yet never was there



"I WATCHED HIM SIGNALLING."

a more obvious Englishman, or one who drank the KING'S health more heartily on guest nights.

Lillian. I knew something of Colonel Conger in England. I watched him, while he was stationed on the East coast, signalling with his cigarette end to Zeppelins. I have seen him, when he was on sick leave at Brighton, floating on his back outside his bathing-machine and semaphoring with his feet to submarines. I know Colonel Conger. His real name is Schlossenpoffer.

General (*horrified*). Schlossenpoffer? The famous spy who photographed the defences of the Regent's Park Canal in 1912?

Lillian. The same, General. But we have never had enough evidence on which to arrest him.

General. You shall have it now. This time we will catch him in the act.

Lillian (*anxiously*). In the Last Act, General. Don't spoil the play.

General. This *is* the Last Act.

Lillian. Oh, well, then, it's easy enough. (*Taking command*) Dick, tell the sentries to keep a sharp look-out. (*Exit* Dick.) General, tell Colonel Conger that the attack has been postponed for an hour. He will send off another pigeon. Your sentries will do the rest.

General (*in amazement*). What a woman! [*He goes out.*

Lillian (*to the ceiling*). Dick! My Dick! [Dick *comes back.*

Dick. I've told the Sergeant. (*Taking her hand*) Lillian, I have had no chance to speak before, although it must have been clear to the audience that I love you. (*Passionately*) Will you marry me if I can wangle a fortnight's leave?

Lillian (*nobly*). Until Schlossenpoffer is powerless for evil I cannot think of love. I have my duty, Dick.

[*The* General *comes in bris'ly.*

General. I've told him. You've warned the sentries, Mullet?

Dick. Yes, Sir.

General. Good. Then we have nothing to do but wait.

[*And the audience would be in the same predicament did not the orderly come in at that moment.*

Orderly (*holding out another toy penguin*). The Sergeant of the guard's compliments, Sir, and one of his men has just bayonetted this here bird as it was making off to Germany. And here's the letter it had under its wing.

[*Hands letter and goes out.*

General (*tearing it open*). Now we have him. (*Reading*) "Kidneys postponed to five." That's done it.

Lillian. At last!



"AT LAST!"

General. Lady Lillian, he is your prisoner. I am at your orders.

Lillian. Will you send him to me, General?

General. Mullet, tell Colonel Conger that I wish to see him in here. (*Exit* Dick.) Lady Lillian, England will never forget what you have done for her this day. On behalf of the Umpteenth Army I thank you. [*He goes out.*

Lillian *sits down at the* General's *table. Enter* Conger, *an obvious Hun to anybody not on the stage.*

Conger. Ah, the pootiful Lady Lillian! The General vos not here, hein?

Lillian (*calmly*). Schlossenpoffer, further disguise is useless. The day of reckoning is here.

Conger (*surprised*). Who vos it you call Schlossenpoffer? I am an English



"WHO VOS IT YOU CALL SCHLOSSENPOFFER?"

colonel. Vos I not educated at Eton and Harrow, and did I not play polo for the M.C.C. (*Seeing the penguins*) Ha, my so pootiful pirds!

Lillian. Yes, Schlossenpoffer, your innocent accomplices have given up their secret.

Conger (*in baffled rage*). Donnerwetter! Gott in Himmel! Hoch der



She. "Oh, John, I'm almost dead. I've carried this great can out fifteen times to water the roses."
He. "Why didn't you wait for me?"
She. "Well, it looked so like rain I was afraid they'd never get done at all if I didn't do them at once."

Kaiser! (*Bringing out his revolver*) At least you shall not take me alive. (*He shoots himself six times and throws the revolver down in despair.*) Not even vot you call a blighty!

Lillian. I'm sorry. I took the cartridges out five minutes ago. I thought it would be safer.



A muffled explosion is heard.

Conger. Bah! I will get the better of you yet.

[*He rushes from the room. Dick comes in at the other door.*

Dick. Lillian! Is it all right?

Lillian. Wait a moment, Dick.

Enter Orderly.

Orderly. Colonel Conger's compliments, Miss, and he's accidentally swallowed of a Mills hand-grenade.

Lillian (*anxiously*). Did he say if he had taken the pin out?

Orderly. He didn't exactly say, Miss, but he seemed anxious like.

Lillian (*holding up her hand*). Listen!

[*A muffled explosion is heard.*

Orderly. Sounds as if the pin had worked out, Miss. [*He goes out.*

Dick. Can you give me your answer now, Lillian?

Lillian (*giving him her hands*). You know what it is, Dick. [*So does everybody else.*

Enter the General.

General (*patting* Dick *on the shoulder*). That's right, my boy. Embrace her; she's yours. And when you come back from your honeymoon leave you will take Colonel Conger's place on the Staff.

Dick. I don't know how to thank you, Sir.



"Give these to the cook."

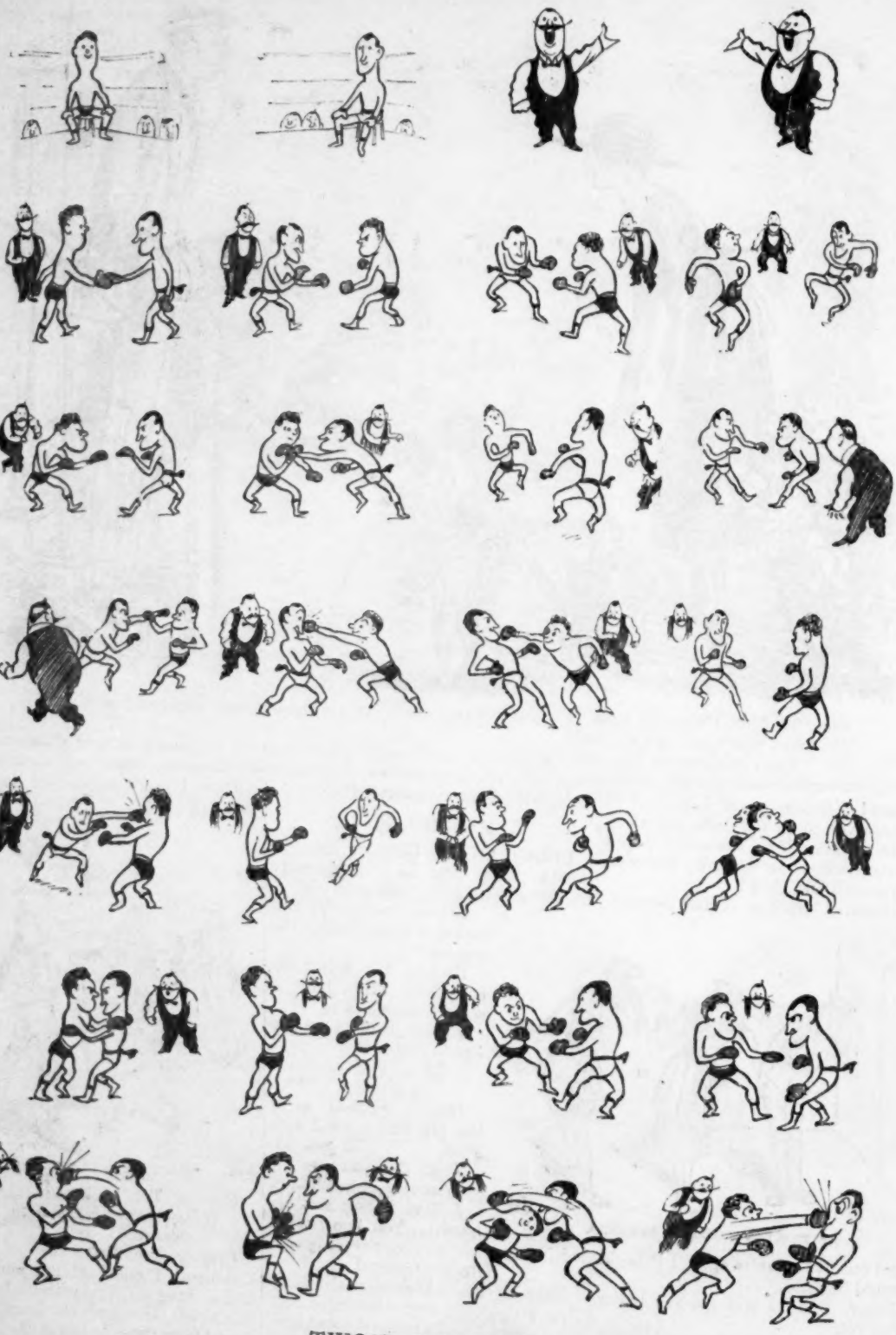
General. Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut.

[*He rings the bell and the orderly comes in.*

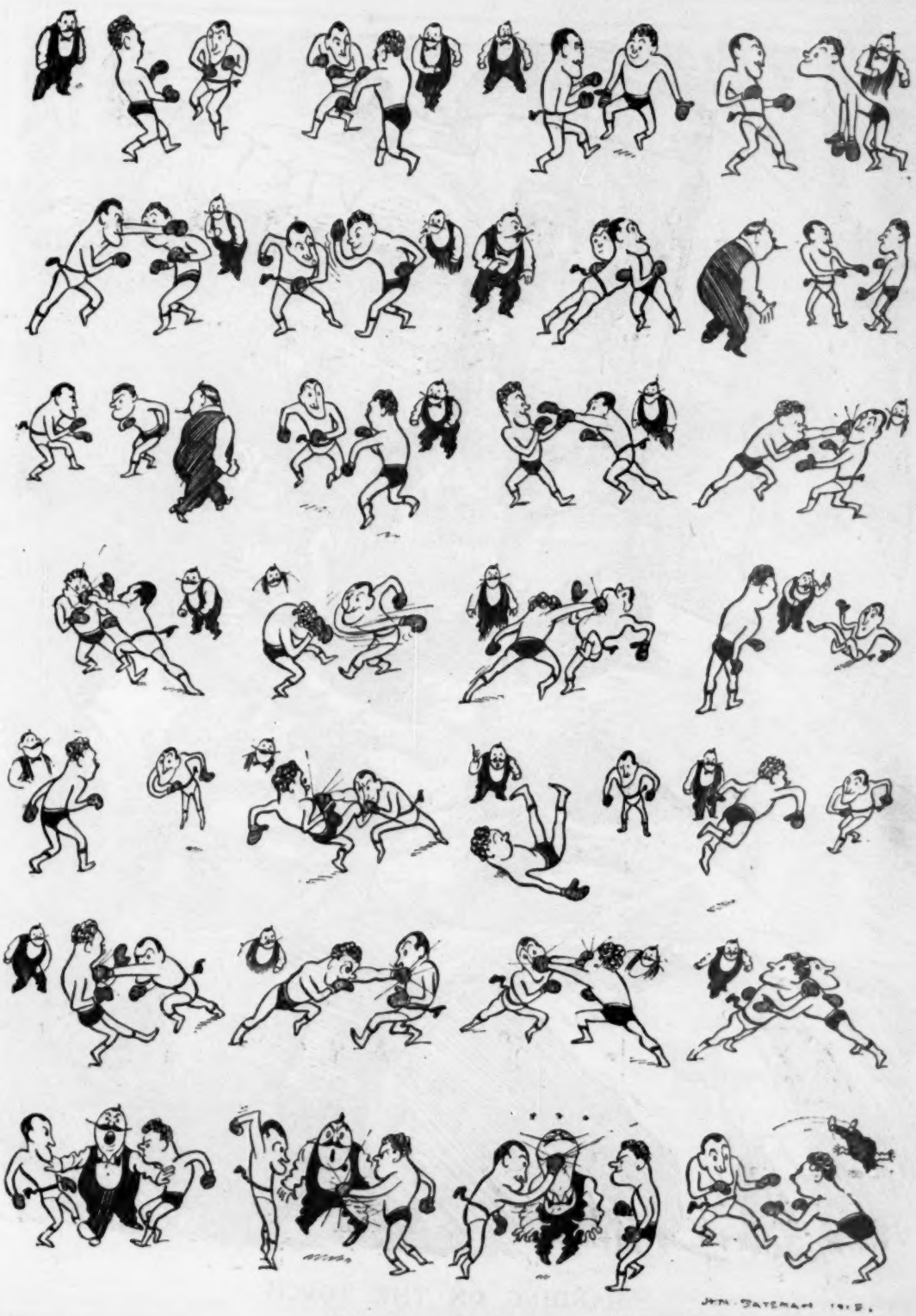
Orderly. Yes, Sir?

General. Colonel Mullet and Lady Lillian Ling will dine with me to-night. (*He hands the orderly the brace of penguins*) Give these to the cook.

Curtain.



TWO'S COMPANY.



TWO'S COMPANY.



HANDING ON THE TORCH.

THE LAST STAGE.



TO AN UNKNOWN COLLEAGUE.

(Inspired by the exchange of Minutes in Government Departments.)

HE was my friend—if friendship's proof
Be sympathy profound and sweet;
Eight months we toiled beneath one roof,
Yet somehow never chanced to meet.

So near and yet so far! I own
We may have passed upon the stair;
Yet, if we did, we passed unknown;
No tremor told me he was there.

He knew not it was I. Alas!
With such community of souls
That he and I should blindly pass
And live as sundered as the poles!

For I, when darkness sealed my eyes,
Would place my judgment in his hands,
Would ask him humbly to advise
And yield myself to his commands;

Just hinting what my view might be
(If asked) on this or that affair,
But never in undue degree
And with a deprecating air.

And he, thus modestly addressed,
Would wield an amicable pen
And say he thought my view was best
In full nine cases out of ten.

And so in deep harmonious flood
Our friendship flowed, and proved, I think,
Though water be less dense than blood,
Yet blood is far less dense than ink.

* * * * *

And now, when things are somewhat slow,
My leisure moments I beguile
By reading o'er with heart aglow
A certain old and dusty file—

One out of hundreds, kept to prove
A truth the world may oft forget,
That there can live pure trust and love
'Twixt persons who have never met.

Oh, sweet the trill of mating larks!
But sweeter, sweeter, I aver,
That soft appeal—"For your remarks,"
That gentle answer—"We concur."

CHARIVARIA.

A FELLOW of the Royal Society states that, as a result of radium activity, the end of the world, which had been estimated to arrive in a few thousand years, may be postponed for a million æons. It is hoped that this will allay the anxiety of those soldiers who were nervous about their chances of being demobilized.

***

It is reported that when asked his impression of President WILSON Mr. BALFOUR remarked, "Gee! He's the top shout and the main squeeze. And then some."

***

"How much water," asks a technical journal, "does it take to make a gallon of Government ale?" We do not profess to be expert, but we should say about a gallon.

***

There is no truth in the rumour that TROTSKY has written to President WILSON offering to execute the Peace Conference at any time within the next three months at half the usual rates.

***

A case which has been puzzling the medical authorities is reported from Warwickshire. After acting strangely for several days a boy named TOMMY SMITH asked his parents if he could have rice pudding instead.

***

"Great Britain," says an essayist, "has come out of the war with flying colours." No blame, we understand, attaches to Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN for this.

***

A large marrow has been washed ashore at Lowestoft bearing a name and address and the words, "Please write." It is not known why the marrow left home.

***

A report comes from Berlin that Dr. SOLF has resigned. It is expected that he will be succeeded by Dr. SOLF.

***

The greengrocer who deliberately attempted to spoil President WILSON'S welcome by exhibiting American apples for sale on Boxing Day is suspected of being a naturalised German.

***

A North of England widower would like to meet lady possessing in her own right a bottle of whisky. Object, matrimony.

***

The largely increased number of unemployed politicians is causing the country great concern.

***

Heavy falls of snow have occurred in the Midlands, where the people say they have not had such a winter since last summer.

***

Described as the tallest soldier in Ireland, MICHAEL GRADY, of County Mayo, who is seven feet two inches in height, hopes to settle down on a farm. It is expected that he will shortly be measured for a village.

***

"To improve the appetite," says a Health Culture journal, "one should salute the morn by throwing open the windows, lay on the bedroom floor with the feet in the air and breathe deeply." This method of saluting is not recommended to recruits.

***

The latest Sunday newspaper reminds us that it prints all the news. It must do better than this if it is to keep pace with some of our contemporaries.

***

Charged at Carmarthen with bigamy a soldier said he had no recollection of his second marriage. Once again we feel compelled to point out the advantage of keeping a diary.

***

It appears that one burglar has claimed his discharge from the Army on the ground that he is a pivotal man and that several policemen are waiting for him.

***

It is wrong to suppose, says the Coal Control Department, that anthracite is injurious to health. The little ones all declare that its flavour compares favourably with that of Brazil nuts.

***

Three cases of mince-pie shock are reported from the Westbourne Grove district.

***

A woman has been fined ten shillings at Birmingham for putting cold tea in bottles and selling it as whisky. One of the purchasers, it appears, had his suspicions aroused by the peculiar taste of the liquid.

***

The KAISER'S health, says a contemporary, is still a cause of anxiety. Not to us.

"SHOOTINGS WANTED.

Woman (middle-aged, respectable) would give services for home and small wage."
Scottish Paper.

She would probably be quite effective at ordinary ranges.

"Would the Party who removed Petticoat from the Railway Fence, between 11th and 12th, kindly return same and save further exposure."—*Provincial Paper.*

In the interests of propriety we trust this appeal has been responded to.

ANOTHER HISTORIC INTERVIEW.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Incited to great efforts by the interview in "The Times" with President WILSON, wherein so much is said (by the interviewer), Mr. Punch sent forth one of his most energetic and Napoleonic young men to attempt a similarly incredible feat and obtain an interview with that most unapproachable of men—President not excluded—the Editor of "The Times." The word "failure" being absent from the Bouverie Street lexicon, it follows that the impossible was achieved, and the electrifying result is printed below. In the wish that readers in vaster numbers than usual may peruse the winged words of the illustrious journalist, Mr. Punch offers the freedom of the article to all editors the world over.

The office of *The Times* is situated in a busy quarter of the great city of London and is built of brick and stone. Light enters the numerous rooms through windows made of glass. Outside is the roar of traffic; inside, the presses groan, not always without reason.

My appointment with the august and retiring controller of the great English journal—the Jupiter who directs its thunderbolts, determines the size of type appropriate to every correspondent, and latterly has added to the gaiety of nations by offering a tilting-space to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. GIBSON BOWLES—my appointment being at three o'clock I was careful to reach the office a few minutes before that hour, because I like to have time to look around and collect those little details of environment and atmosphere which are so valuable in themselves as to make it almost immaterial whether the person I am to interview speaks at all.

Entering the offices, which can be described only as palatial, I was struck by the thoughtfulness—no doubt appertaining to the head of the establishment who was so soon, for the first time in history, to grant me an audience—which had provided a parallelogram of some fibrous material for the purpose of removing the mud from one's boots. A minute later I was again delighted by the discovery of an ingenious contrivance in the shape of a kind of peg or hook on which a hat and coat could be placed. It is by just such minutiæ as these that one place is distinguished from another and character indicated.

Punctually to the minute I was shown into the Editor's room, where again I was struck by the imaginative adequacy of the surroundings. Before



RECONSTRUCTION; A NEW YEAR'S TASK.



Bore. "I HAVE BEEN MAKING A VERY INTERESTING CALCULATION. NOW, JUST HAVE A GUESS. IF ALL THE WOUND-STRIPES WERE PLACED END TO END HOW FAR DO YOU THINK THEY WOULD REACH?"

Weary Wounded. "DUNNO, GUV'NOR. STEP IT OUT AND SHOW US."

coming to the man himself let me say something of these. The floor was not bare or even sprinkled with sawdust, as it might easily have been, but it was covered by a comfortable carpet, probably from Axminster. Comfort was indeed the note. The desk was neither pitch pine nor teak, but mahogany. Upon it were scattered papers—lightly scattered, although no doubt each was of the most momentous, even tragical import, some bearing the signatures of the most eminent publicists in the land. Yet, such is the domination of this man, they lay there like circulars or election addresses. In the ink-pot was ink. A date rack was proof that the Editor is not superior to the artificial divisions of time.

As I entered, his back was towards me, but none the less I was conscious of power, distinction, a man apart. I have seen many backs, but none more notable than this. Turning he revealed to the full the wonder and mystery of his famous frown—the frown of Jupiter Tonans. Much has been said of this frown, but since no analysis has yet appeared in print I must be permitted to offer one. To begin with, the frown is not only on his face, but (one instinctively knows) all over him. It suffuses him. Could one see, for instance, his knee, one is sure that it would be frowning too.

The effect was terrifying, but I stood my ground. As for the face, where the frown concentrates, it is most curiously divided. Below the masterful nose the frown may be said to be merely threatening; above the firm upper lip it assumes a quality of such dourness as to resemble a scowl. The forehead is corrugated. The ears twitch, especially the left. The eyes emit sparks.

Hitherto he had not spoken; but now he began to unburden himself of those opinions, hopes, fancies and idealistic meditations for which I had come so far to see him. In order that there shall be no ambiguity I have arranged for them to be set up in larger type than the rest of the article. After all, any type will suit my own poor setting, but the jewels, the jewels must be seen.

"Be seated, pray," he said. "The world," he added after a long silence, "is in an unusual state. The Versailles Conferences may effect great changes."

"Everyone hopes," he remarked after another pause, "that the weather will improve; recently it has been far from invigorating."

I give his exact words with scrupulous minuteness.

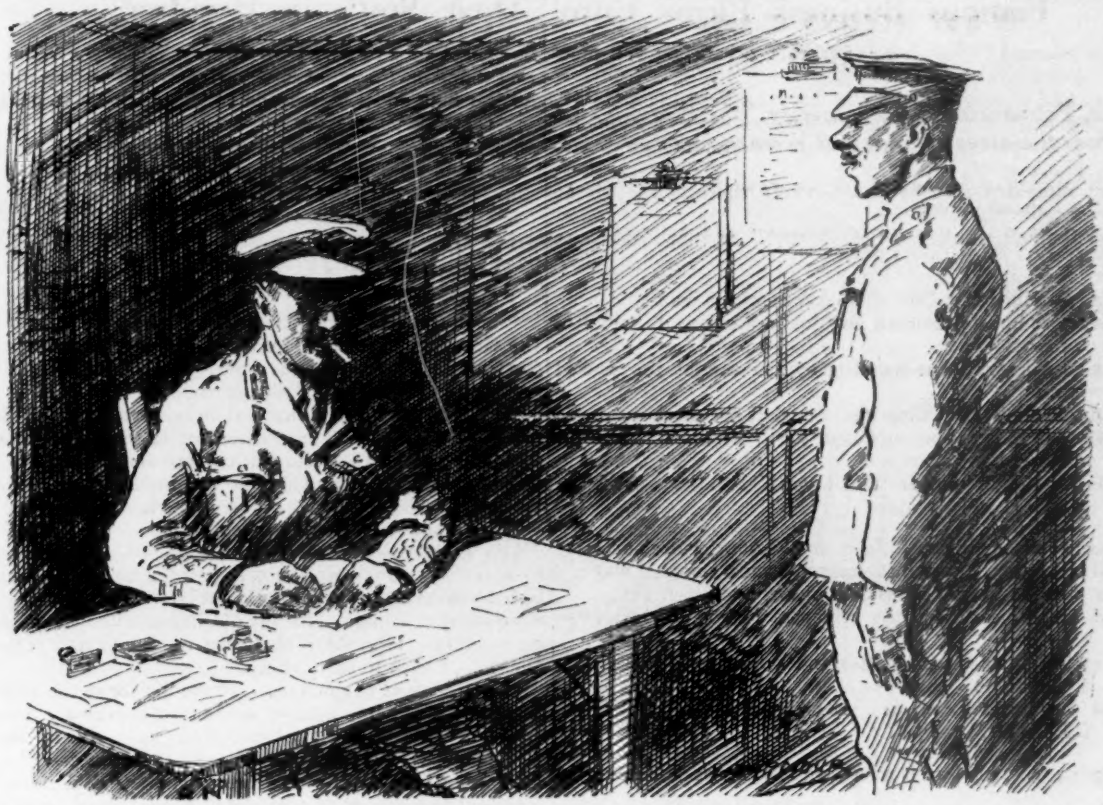
"A permanent peace," he continued, "based upon equity, cannot but be desired. The Election results," he added as an afterthought, "are interesting."

Asked what he thought of the PRIME MINISTER, he pondered deeply for a while and then replied, in carefully measured tones, "I think him an exceptional man."

Pressed as to the League of Nations, he considered the matter for some minutes and then said, "It is a fine notion. We might all be the happier if it came."

My time being now up he bowed me to the door and the interview was over. The knob was of brass and had been recently polished.

His last words were, "Mind the step."



Officer (to whom private has given three ardent love-letters, addressed to different persons, to censor). "WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?" *Private.* "'SCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I JUST WANTED TO SEE YOU DIDN'T MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE HENVELOPES."

THE ANTI-PICADORS.

A CONFERENCE of subscribers and contributors to the correspondence columns of *The Times* was held at Caxton Hall on Saturday last, to discuss the situation created in the issue of December 21st by the printing of the interview with President WILSON in larger type than had ever been used previously in the body of the paper. Amongst those present were "Scrutator," "Bis Dat Qui Cito Dat," "Judex," "Vindex," "Palmam Qui Meruit Ferat," "Rusticus Expectans," "Old Etonian," "Anxious Parent," "Anti-Jacobin," "Puzzled," "Octogenarian," "Quousque Tandem," and "The Thin End of the Wedge."

The Chair was taken by a "Subscriber of Fifty Years' Standing," who prefaced his remarks by observing that neither he nor any of those present was animated by the faintest antagonism to President WILSON. Their gratitude to him for his services in the War was so great that, in the abstract, they could have no objection to his being accorded the distinction of the largest possible type, so long as proper distinction was made typographically between the remarks of the PRESIDENT and the comments of the interviewer—as for example that Mr. WILSON's bedroom is "strictly First Empire," or that "there seems to be some kind of competition between the upper and the lower halves of his features," or that his "grey lounge suit" was "well cut into his body." But there ought to be some harmony between the size of the type and the importance of the views expressed. He had himself contributed many letters to *The Times* on subjects of the greatest urgency, but had never attained the dignity even of long primer. (Sensation.) He thought that in the circumstances they were entitled to address a modest protest to the Editor, to the effect that the use of "pica" should be reserved for the rarest occasions and not be allowed to prejudice the claims of those who were entitled to exercise the indefeasible privilege of "writing to *The Times*." (Cheers.)

"Scrutator," who followed, disclaimed any personal grievance. His letters had always appeared in large type and on the best pages. But he drew the line at "pica"; it looked too like an advertisement and destroyed the balance of the page. In old days an editor controlled the "make-up" of his paper. Now he was at the mercy of his "maker-up."

"Judex," speaking from the body of the hall, said that he had heard the interview in question spoken of as a "splendid scoop." He was not certain what the phrase meant, but he did not like the sound of it, and dreaded the prospect of President WILSON being made the subject of a typographical competition between our daily papers. While the paper shortage lasted this might lead to very serious results in the way of restricting the space available for the ventilation of the views of those present.

An "Anxious Parent" pointed out that the use of "pica" was unfortunate, as it irresistibly suggested "picador," one who participated in a cruel sport, whereas President WILSON was a most humane and compassionate man and had never assisted at a bull-fight.

After several other speeches it was ultimately resolved to form an association, to be known as the "Anti-Picador League," and a small committee was appointed to draw up an appeal to the principal Editors to abstain as far as possible from typographical Jumbomania.

BOY (SECOND CLASS).

Boy (Second Class) John Simpkins, a bad 'un, you must know,
Was told to swab a plank one day by a First-Class C.P.O.,
Whose eagle eye, returning, on the deck espied a stain—
"Boy Simpkins, fetch your mop, me lad, and swab yon plank again."
Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!) made as though he wouldn't go,
And distinctly muttered "Blast you!" to that First-Class C.P.O.

The splendid Petty Officer fell flat upon the deck;
They bore him to the Sick Bay just a weak and worthless wreck;
But an A.B. who was standing by had caught the wicked word
And told the Duty Officer exactly what occurred:—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), which I think yer oughter know, Sir,
'Ad the lip ter mutter 'Blast you!' ter the Fust-Class C.P.O., Sir."

There is silence in the foc's'le, on the quarter-deck dismay,
And the lower deck is humming in a most unusual way;
The working-party pauses as it cleans a six-inch gun,
And the Officer on Duty whispers hoarse to "Number One":—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), I suppose you ought to know, Sir,
Had the cheek to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir."

Number One, his face is ashen and his knees knock as he runs
(A curious phenomenon quite rare in Number Ones);
But on he rushed until he saw the tall brass-hatted Bloke,
And, nervously saluting, incoherently he spoke:—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), I'm afraid that you must know, Sir,
Had the nerve to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir."

The Bloke turned blue and shivered, then hysterically laughed,
And hurried, cackling shrilly, to the Owner's cabin aft;
There in that awful presence, with lips aghast and pale,
To the horror-haunted Owner he re-told the horrid tale:—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), I regret to let you know, Sir,
Had the face to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir!"

You could almost hear the silence when the flags began to flap
And the Captain made the signal that destroyed the Admiral's nap;
And though I wasn't there myself beside the great man's bed
You all can guess as well as I just what the Owner said:—
"SUBMITTED.
Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), it is thought you ought to know, Sir,
Has dared to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir!"

The Press Bureau won't let me mention how the Admiral went
And told Sir ERIC GEDDES, who informed the Government;
How the Cabinet, when summoned, found him far too bad to kill,
So packed him off to Weiringen to valet LITTLE WILL.
Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!) down to history will go
As the first and last who dared say "Blast" to a First-Class C.P.O.

NOVEL RECONSTRUCTION.

Simmons is a writer of fiction and was a friend of mine.

I used to play billiards with Simmons, to talk to Simmons, but not to read Simmons.

There are limits to friendship.

I met him the other day in a very depressed state.

"Look at these munition workers," he said. "See what the Government is doing for them. Paying them wages all the time that they're out of work. What about me?"

"Well, you weren't on munitions."

"I have been on intellectual munitions," replied Simmons. "And now all my editors write to me, 'Get away from the War.' I have to transfer my machinery to peace work. I have to turn away from the production of the German spy. Think of it. I have almost lived on him for years. I have created hundreds of him during the War. All my laboriously acquired knowledge of German terms—like '*Schweinhund*,' you know—goes for nothing. I shall have to make all my villains Bolsheviks. That will require close study of Russia. All my old Russian knowledge goes for nothing. They have abolished the knout and exile to Siberia. I have to start afresh.

"Then look at my heroes. I have mastered the second lieutenant. My typewriter almost automatically writes 'old top,' 'old soul,' 'old bean,' 'old egg.' All my study of this type is thrown away. And heroines—why, I shall have to study dress again. The hospital nurse is done for; the buxom proportions of the land-girl avail me no more. My dear fellow, it will be six months before I can deal with women's costume competently.

"And plots. How the War simplified everything. The Zep, a failure in fact, was a splendid success in fiction. The awkward people could be wiped out so simply. Then one's villains could die gallantly—a bit of good in the worst of men, you know—whispering a hurried confession in the ears of the Company Sergeant-Major in the front trenches.

"Then, again, all misunderstandings were explained when the V.C. looked up from his hospital bed. 'Eric,' she gushed, 'you here!' And from that moment he needed no more medicine. My dear fellow, we shall want new plots now; real plots and new characters. It will be a long time before I can return to my pre-war standard of strong, silent, masterful millionaires from the backwoods. Haven't I a right to seek compensation from the Government for checking my intellectual output?"

"I think the Government ought to pay you ten pounds for every week in which you don't write," I said.

Simmons shook me warmly by the hand.

The next day he cut me dead. I believe that Simmons, though an author of popular fiction, must have been thinking.

"THE FUTURE OF LYING.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE TO BE CALLED."
Northampton Daily Echo.

We should have thought it might quite safely be left to private enterprise.

"The American troops on this side are already either in the States or on their way."—*Letter in "Daily Express."*

The Germans will take this as convincing evidence of American duplicity.

THE HISTORY OF A JOKE.



BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY IT WAS A UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE.



THE EGYPTIANS LOVED IT.



THE ASSYRIANS NEVER GREW TIRED OF IT.



THE GREEKS GRINNED AT IT.



THE ROMANS REVELLED IN IT.



HENGIST OFTEN TOLD IT TO HORSA.



IT WAS RELISHED BY THE SAXONS.



THE NORMANS KNEW IT WELL.



IT NEVER LOST ITS FRESHNESS THROUGH THE MIDDLE AGES.



HENRY VIII. MADE HIS REPUTATION BY IT.



CHARLES II. REGALED HIS COURT WITH IT.



IN THE GEORGIAN ERA IT REMAINED UNDIMMED.



IT WAS POPULAR IN THE SIXTIES.



AND ONLY LAST WEEK IT WAS THE HIT OF ALL THE NEWEST REVUES.

BOY (SECOND CLASS).

Boy (Second Class) John Simpkins, a bad 'un, you must know,
Was told to swab a plank one day by a First-Class C.P.O.,
Whose eagle eye, returning, on the deck espied a stain—
"Boy Simpkins, fetch your mop, me lad, and swab yon plank again."
Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!) made as though he wouldn't go,
And distinctly muttered "Blast you!" to that First-Class C.P.O.

The splendid Petty Officer fell flat upon the deck;
They bore him to the Sick Bay just a weak and worthless wreck;
But an A.B. who was standing by had caught the wicked word
And told the Duty Officer exactly what occurred:—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), which I think yer oughter know, Sir,
'Ad the lip ter mutter 'Blast you!' ter the Fust-Class C.P.O., Sir."

There is silence in the foc's'le, on the quarter-deck dismay,
And the lower deck is humming in a most unusual way;
The working-party pauses as it cleans a six-inch gun,
And the Officer on Duty whispers hoarse to "Number One":—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), I suppose you ought to know, Sir,
Had the cheek to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir."

Number One, his face is ashen and his knees knock as he runs
(A curious phenomenon quite rare in Number Ones);
But on he rushed until he saw the tall brass-hatted Bloke,
And, nervously saluting, incoherently he spoke:—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), I'm afraid that you must know, Sir,
Had the nerve to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir."

The Bloke turned blue and shivered, then hysterically laughed,
And hurried, cackling shrilly, to the Owner's cabin aft;
There in that awful presence, with lips aghast and pale,
To the horror-haunted Owner he re-told the horrid tale:—
"Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), I regret to let you know, Sir,
Had the face to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir!"

You could almost hear the silence when the flags began to flap
And the Captain made the signal that destroyed the Admiral's nap;
And though I wasn't there myself beside the great man's bed
You all can guess as well as I just what the Owner said:—
"SUBMITTED.
Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!), it is thought you ought to know, Sir,
Has dared to mutter 'Blast you!' to a First-Class C.P.O., Sir!"

The Press Bureau won't let me mention how the Admiral went
And told Sir ERIC GEDDES, who informed the Government;
How the Cabinet, when summoned, found him far too bad to kill,
So packed him off to Weiringen to valet LITTLE WILL.
Boy Simpkins (Second Class, too!) down to history will go
As the first and last who dared say "Blast" to a First-Class C.P.O.

NOVEL RECONSTRUCTION.

Simmons is a writer of fiction and was a friend of mine.

I used to play billiards with Simmons, to talk to Simmons, but not to read Simmons.

There are limits to friendship.

I met him the other day in a very depressed state.

"Look at these munition workers," he said. "See what the Government is doing for them. Paying them wages all the time that they're out of work. What about me?"

"Well, you weren't on munitions."

"I have been on intellectual munitions," replied Simmons. "And now all my editors write to me, 'Get away from the War.' I have to transfer my machinery to peace work. I have to turn away from the production of the German spy. Think of it. I have almost lived on him for years. I have created hundreds of him during the War. All my laboriously acquired knowledge of German terms—like '*Schweinhund*,' you know—goes for nothing. I shall have to make all my villains Bolsheviks. That will require close study of Russia. All my old Russian knowledge goes for nothing. They have abolished the knout and exile to Siberia. I have to start afresh.

"Then look at my heroes. I have mastered the second lieutenant. My typewriter almost automatically writes 'old top,' 'old soul,' 'old bean,' 'old egg.' All my study of this type is thrown away. And heroines—why, I shall have to study dress again. The hospital nurse is done for; the buxom proportions of the land-girl avail me no more. My dear fellow, it will be six months before I can deal with women's costume competently.

"And plots. How the War simplified everything. The Zep, a failure in fact, was a splendid success in fiction. The awkward people could be wiped out so simply. Then one's villains could die gallantly—a bit of good in the worst of men, you know—whispering a hurried confession in the ears of the Company Sergeant-Major in the front trenches.

"Then, again, all misunderstandings were explained when the V.C. looked up from his hospital bed. 'Eric,' she gushed, 'you here!' And from that moment he needed no more medicine. My dear fellow, we shall want new plots now; real plots and new characters. It will be a long time before I can return to my pre-war standard of strong, silent, masterful millionaires from the backwoods. Haven't I a right to seek compensation from the Government for checking my intellectual output?"

"I think the Government ought to pay you ten pounds for every week in which you don't write," I said.

Simmons shook me warmly by the hand.

The next day he cut me dead. I believe that Simmons, though an author of popular fiction, must have been thinking.

"THE FUTURE OF LYING.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE TO BE CALLED."
Northampton Daily Echo.

We should have thought it might quite safely be left to private enterprise.

"The American troops on this side are already either in the States or on their way."—*Letter in "Daily Express."*

The Germans will take this as convincing evidence of American duplicity.

THE HISTORY OF A JOKE.



BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY IT WAS A UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE.



THE EGYPTIANS LOVED IT.



THE ASSYRIANS NEVER GREW TIRED OF IT.



THE GREEKS GRINNED AT IT.



THE ROMANS REVELLED IN IT.



HENGIST OFTEN TOLD IT TO HORSA.



IT WAS RELISHED BY THE SAXONS.



THE NORMANS KNEW IT WELL.



IT NEVER LOST ITS FRESHNESS THROUGH THE MIDDLE AGES.



HENRY VIII. MADE HIS REPUTATION BY IT.



CHARLES II. REGALED HIS COURT WITH IT.



IN THE GEORGIAN ERA IT REMAINED UNDIMMED.



IT WAS POPULAR IN THE SIXTIES.



AND ONLY LAST WEEK IT WAS THE HIT OF ALL THE NEWEST REVUES.



THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

Telegraph Girl (at last finding addressee after marching down the room shouting, "Bullock! Bullock! Anybody here name o' Bullock?"—contemplatively, as she awaits answer). "UMPH! NOT MUCH LIKE A BULLOCK, ARE YER?"

IN MEMORY OF DORA.

(A joyous anticipation.)

WALK very softly here and very slowly;
Let no sound pass the barrier of your teeth;
Not that the spot whereon you tread is holy,
But lest you rouse her up that lies beneath.

She ruthlessly curtailed our golf and skittles;
She vetoed daily sprees and nightly jinks;
She doled our baccy and weighed out our victuals,
And watered (cruellest of all) our drinks.

Anathema (by order) were our races;
Joy-riding was taboo in car or train;
And when they ventured to kick o'er the traces
She strafed her victims till they roared again.

Now where she sleeps the sleep that knows no waking
A simply graven sentence marks the place
(The Latin 's shaky but bears no mistaking):—
"*Hic jacet* DORA *and hic let her jace.*"

An Unhappy Christmas.

"A number of persons have booked dooms for Yuletide."—*Scottish Paper.*

THE BROTHER SERVICE.

MR. PUNCH, DEAR SIR,—I am still with the Q.M.A.A.C.'s at what used to be called the Front. But do not imagine I am cut off from news. Papers from home pour in by every mail. I read articles written by People Who Know, and speeches of politicians to female electors, and that is how I have learned that it is we Women of England who have won the War.

Yet out here one cannot help noticing that the War was not waged entirely by the lovelier sex. And so I am writing to ask you to say a word or two about the work of the Brother Service, the less conspicuous branches of our army, the men who hauled big guns about, who stood in trenches, who looked after ammunition, or who killed mules to provide us with pressed beef. Little bits of the great machinery—hangers-on of the great Women's Army Corps—yes, but without the humble hairpin the whole coiffure falls to the ground.

I have never been a pessimist or a scaremonger, but *without some of these men I don't believe we women would have won the War at all!*

They ought to be encouraged, Mr. Punch. Could you not start a Muscle Competition for the men who helped the women win the War? Something like the Beauty Competitions for us other warriors? Why not offer prizes to the Tommy with the biggest biceps, the Subaltern with the thickest calf, and the Brigadier with the finest abdominal development?

One is so afraid that at the next European crisis the War Office, having learned its history from picture papers, will simply mobilise the women and forget all about the men. Those absurd machine guns with their wobbly legs really need a man's touch. Besides, it would be so jolly dull without them.

No, the men really helped, and we ought not to forget it.

I hope that in years to come, when little voices in the firelight (that 's a pretty touch—who says the Army has made us unfeminine?) beseech me, "Tell us again how you won the War, Great-grandma," I shall retain sufficient perspective to reply, "Granny didn't do it all alone, darlings; there were a lot of men who helped too."

Yours faithfully,
ADMINISTRATOR Q.M.A.A.C.

From a description of our infantry's arrival in Cologne:—

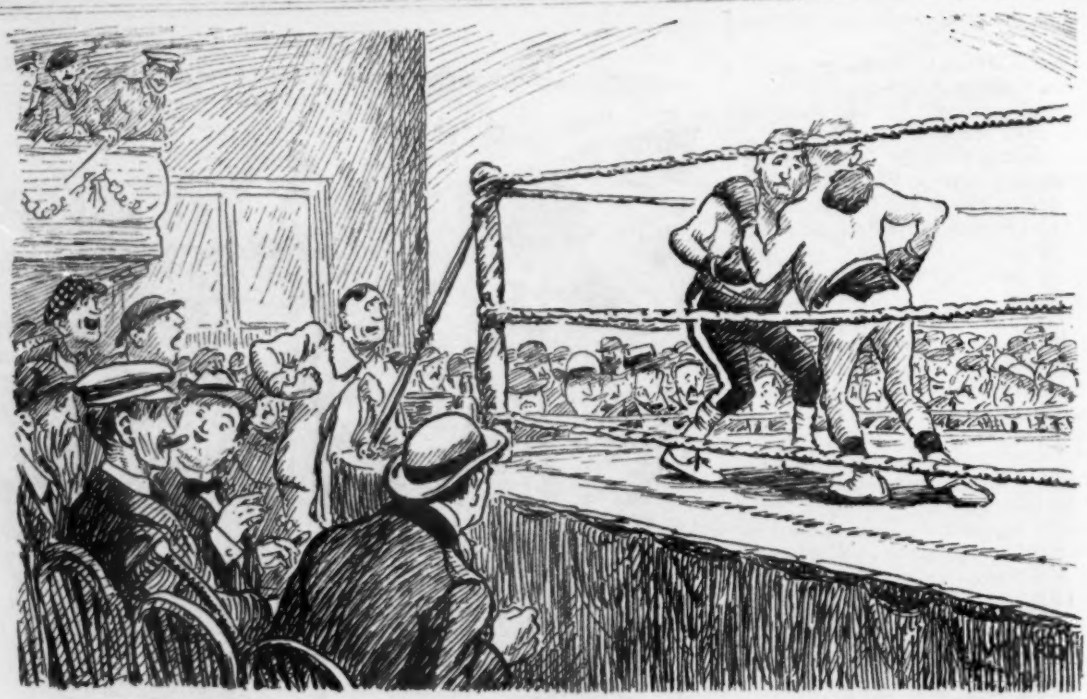
"Then came more Fusiliers, the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and after them battalions from all parts of the British Isles. . . It was wonderfully thrilling to go from one bridge to the other, from skirl of pipes to the triumphant swing of 'John Peel,' and then to the 'Maple Leaf For Ever.'" *Times.*

And what did the Dublins play? "Erin on the Rhine"?



THE 1919 MODEL.

MR. PUNCH. "THEY'VE GIVEN YOU A FINE NEW MACHINE, MR. PREMIER, AND YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF SPIRIT; BUT LOOK OUT FOR BUMPS."



Enthusiastic Civilian.—"WELL, HOW ARE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF, MATE?" *Mons Veteran.*—"MIDDLIN'."
Enthusiastic Civilian.—"OH, YOU'VE GOT TO GET USED TO IT. OF COURSE AT FIRST IT SEEMS A BIT BRUTAL."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXIX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Old Bowdler has been brooding again on that idea of a brief for the defence in the forthcoming trial of the ex-Kaiser. He rather fancies himself cross-examining with courtesy but firmness some Generalissimo or other, or reducing to tears by an eloquent speech a court packed with everybody who is anybody, and in both cases having the eyes of Europe upon him and the ears of America hanging on his next word. After all, barristers will be barristers and, when they are, your ordinary man is no match for 'em. It took another man of his own kind to knock the conceit out of the idea.

Lack of precedent was no difficulty to Bowdler's learned opponent. A ready imagination made up. To hear him talk you would think he had spent his life assisting at the trials of ex-Kaisers. He described the whole affair as if it had already taken place. Thus:—

The culprit, he assumed, is on bail, though not, of course, on his own recognizances. First, attention is called to the case by Counsel for the Prosecution rising early in the sitting and asking his Lordship if he might mention the case of WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, next on his Lordship's list.

"William who?" asks the Clerk of Assize.

"WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN," answers counsel: "H-O-H-E-N-Z-O-double L-E-R-N."

A titter is heard at the idea of a man going about with a name like that. His Lordship, regarding it as a nuisance rather than a joke, threatens to have the court cleared. A juryman in waiting in the gallery seizes the opportunity to ask, if anyone is to be turned out, might it be himself.

Counsel goes on to mention the case. "A complicated case of false pretences, my Lord——" he begins. But his solicitor plucks at his gown and points out to him that he is confusing his briefs. Counsel apologises to the Court and asks leave to refresh his memory. In a passionate whisper to his solicitor he asks who is this Hohenzollern man, anyway, and why the devil does he want to be mentioned before his time? Enlightened, he explains to the Court that the accused has got some money together for a dock defence and would like an opportunity to instruct his counsel more fully.

His Lordship refuses a postponement; Hohen-what's-his-name should have thought of this before. His Lordship has every confidence in counsel's ability to pick up the facts as the case proceeds. If counsel's personal convenience is involved that is another matter. But as for Zohenhollern—["Hohenzollern, my Lord"]—he cannot expect particular treatment; and that will do, thank you.

The ushers start calling out for him to surrender to his bail: "Hohenzollern! Hhhohenzollern! Owen Zollern!" re-echoes throughout the building. "Zollern—o-n!" is heard faintly in the far distance. No one notices that a gentleman with a fierce moustache has already made his dramatic entry and is trying to push his way into the dock. . . .

He is stood up with half-a-dozen other prisoners, so that one jury may be sworn for the lot. It is desired that each prisoner should be identified with his name as it is called. WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, whichever he may be, is asked to hold up his hand. An old man in corduroys, who wears a dirty handkerchief round his neck for collar and cravat, and is charged with feloniously stealing, taking and carrying away his forty-first pair of boots and is also a bit 'ard of 'earing, insists that he is the man. As nothing will persuade him that he is not, the Clerk of Assize leaves it to the warders to decide which of the two is which. After all it is a small point.

The case is called on and WILLIAM is left in sole possession of the dock. This is his moment, thinks he. With set features he stands forward and

assumes the most important attitude possible.

"Are you WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN?" asks the Clerk of Assize.

There is a pause. "I am," says he.

Everyone turns to have a look at him. Feeling that he is thoroughly impressing everyone WILLIAM fixes a commanding eye on the judge, compelling, as he supposes, his utmost attention.

"Let 's adjourn for lunch," says the judge . . .

When at last the case gets to its hearing (so far as anything at all can be heard over the small talk in front of the dock and the shuffle of impatient feet behind it) a novel point arises. A witness refers to the War. "What war?" asks his Lordship. Counsel thinks he can explain, but WILLIAM isn't for letting him. "Will you keep silence?" says the Judge to WILLIAM. "You must call evidence to prove that there was a war," he says to counsel.

WILLIAM faints upon realising that Armageddon, his masterpiece, was such that judicial knowledge wasn't aware of it . . .

Witness after witness is called; barrister after barrister, in the bar beneath the dock rail, goes to sleep. WILLIAM, after shaking off the stupor caused by the awful disregard of his personality, begins to murmur incoherently. The warder taps him on the shoulder. WILLIAM, who has never even conceived of being tapped by anybody, bursts out with an exclamation. The worst thing which has ever happened to him in his life then happens. Bowdler, Bowdler of all the un-imperial and un-godlike people in this world, turns to WILLIAM to rebuke him in a stern whisper, telling him that he is doing himself no good and concluding his remarks with "My man" . . .

The trial proceeds, WILLIAM being speechless with rage. In his ears is ringing a Hymn of Hate—hate of everybody in the court, but particularly of Bowdler. Every time he can get his brain to work and his tongue to work with it, he leans forward to breathe some drastic utterance at his defending counsel. Bowdler remains detached. WILLIAM (late Kaiser) has to realise as a cold fact that here is a wretched mortal daring to sharpen a pencil while he is being addressed by the ALL-HIGHEST. The ALL-HIGHEST reaches over the dock rail to thump the wretched mortal's wretched head . . .

Bowdler rises deliberately. There is a hush. He is going to say something important. WILLIAM feels that at last the world is sane and duly attentive to him again. Bowdler submits that the state of mind of the accused person (accused person!) should be inquired into.

The judge very readily acquiesces; anything to get rid of the fellow. The prison doctor swears that he has never seen a lunatic if this isn't one. An assertive juryman, who disapproves of business being so rushed as not to permit of a hanging, expresses the view aloud that it is all put on. Silence ensues upon the anomaly of a juryman daring to express a view aloud; WILLIAM avails himself of this silence for the same purpose. His view, which was evidently intended to take some time in the expressing, starts off with personal reminiscences of the intimate friendship and business partnership between himself and the Almighty. The juryman at once gives in and the verdict is found before WILLIAM has completed his second sentence . . .

WILLIAM hears himself being ordered "to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure." The warder, propelling him down below stairs to the cells, makes it quite clear to WILLIAM that the Majesty referred to is not his (WILLIAM'S) . . .

Bowdler follows later to tell WILLIAM what a lucky fellow he is, and also to take off him one pound, three shillings and sixpence . . .

Yours ever, HENRY.



Conducting Officer. "IT'S NOT A BAD LITTLE BATTLEFIELD; BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S AWFULLY UNTIDY."

A "Pocket" Borough.

"Beyrout, the ancient Berytus, is 55 miles WNW from Damascus. The port is strongly fortified, its walls being three inches in circumference."—*East African Paper.*

The Euphemistic Moslem.

"DEATH OF TURKISH MINISTER.

A Constantinople message reports that the Turkish Minister of the Interior has resigned."
Australian Paper.

GUARANTEED.

"You recognize, of course, that the situation is exceptional," said Edith's mother. "You left New York on December 2, and arrived at Euston on December 13. To-day, December 18, you ask me for my daughter's hand, after a three days' acquaintance. Is this the usual American pace?"

"That is hardly my fault," I said. "We ran into a nasty bit of weather off Cape Race and lost twelve hours."

"Still," she said, "under the circumstances you will admit that I have the right to put a few questions. Edith is all I have. She has naturally not told me everything, but I gather you have spoken to her a good deal about yourself."

"Not more than three or four hours at a sitting," I replied.

"And you have never spoken to anyone else as you have to Edith?"

"I have."

"Oh," she said.

"I wish it had been otherwise," I pleaded; "but life is very complex nowadays on both sides of the Atlantic. Much that I have told Edith I have also revealed to the passport clerk at Washington and the keeper of birth records in New York. Something too I confided to the assistant-book-keeper in the War Zone Bureau at the Custom-House in New York, to the cashier of the French consulate at home, and to the gateman of Cunard Pier 54, at the foot of West Fourteenth Street. I am sorry; I wish Edith had been the first to whom I gave up the inner secrets of my soul, but the fact is that to some extent she was anticipated by your Military Control-Officer at Liverpool."

"It might have been worse," she sighed. "You have nice manners and a good face. At home I suppose you are quite popular?"

"Up to the twenty-fifth of October I shouldn't have said so," I replied. "But since then a great many people have taken to me. Not quite like DORIS KEANE, you know, but still I have distributed in a little more than a month no fewer than three dozen photographs of myself two and a-half inches square. Your consul at New York took two, the French Chamber of Commerce took three, and I am having some more ready for the time when I go to make application for my emergency ration card, in case your food department proves equally susceptible. I have been asked out a great deal. The State Department at Washington made me come down for several week-ends and your Military Officer at home had me in on three successive days."

"Mr. Smith," she said, "you seem an honest man. Do you, in your heart, believe yourself good enough for my Edith?"

"Had you asked me that six weeks ago," I said, "I should have answered 'No.' Before I spoke to Edith, that very same question flashed up within me. I saw the golden sheen of her hair in the moonlight—for you do sometimes have moonlight here in London—and wondered whether I had the right to speak. Of course I was not good enough for her, but still I felt that I was not altogether unfit. I might justly ask for her in the face of high Heaven, the Passport Bureau at Washington, the War Zone Bureau at the Custom-House, the head clerk at the Cunard office, the watchman at the pier, the official who changed my American money into your own very confusing monetary system, the man at the head of the gang-plank, the man at the foot of the gang-plank, the steward who filled my alien's declaration, the steward who gave me my landing-card, several battalions of control officers, and approximately half the Allied diplomatic services. When I spoke to Edith I had all the documents in my breast-pocket, and my heart glowed with justifiable confidence beneath them. The dear girl never asked for my college certificate and my luggage check, but I have them all here."

"Perhaps it isn't necessary," she said. "You may have her, my dear boy."

"Without even looking at my Czecho-Slovak *visé*, my club dues for 1918, and my inoculation receipt for typhoid and paratyphoid A and B?" I stammered.

"You have a nice face," she said.



"WOT'S OUR NOO M.P.'S BIZNESS?"
"'E'S IN THE JOBMASTERING LINE, I THINK. I 'EARD 'E ARST TO BE SENT BACK TO 'ELP CLEAN OUT THE OROEAN STABLES."

OUR GREAT UNKNOWN.

First Official. I say, who is the Head of the Thingumyjig Ministry—the one at the Hotel Giorgione?

Second Official. Haven't an idea. I thought it had been wound up.

First Official. Well, I 'm not so sure of that. There was an announcement about it in the papers, and then an official *démenti*, and then the Minister resigned, and now I hear he has been reappointed.

Second Official. Then you evidently knew his name all along. Why on earth did you ask me?

First Official. You see, it 's like this. I had a bet on with a man at the Club that out of ten Government officials not more than one would know the Minister's name. You didn't, and you happen to be the ninth who didn't, so I 've won my bet. By the way, do you know what has become of the *chef* at the Giorgione?

Second Official. You mean old Savary, who was always gassing about his descent from NAPOLEON'S General? I think he went back to Paris some time ago.

First Official. Thanks; then I win my second bet—that out of ten Government officials five would know *his* name.

Unnatural History.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"She watched him catch the sticklebacks which were one day to turn into frogs."
Church Family Newspaper.

"The Crown Prince expressed hope he would one day be able to return to Germany and live there as a sample citizen."—*Bath Herald.*

We don't think quite so badly of the Germans as all that.

"To Property Owners and Hotel Proprietors.—Start Redecorating and Repairs now, before the rush comes, and gives the boys returning a chance for work."—*Provincial Paper.*

Personally, we shall postpone our order until the boys do come home.



Artist. "I CAN'T AFFORD TEN POUNDS. MY BANK TELLS ME I'M OVERDRAWN NOW."
His Wife. "SURELY YOU CAN GET IT AT ANOTHER BANK? THEY CAN'T ALL BE AS HARD UP AS THAT."

A CONSPIRACY IN THE POULTRY-YARD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I suppose it must be conceded that practical jokes have not the vogue that they once enjoyed. No longer do you discover some fine morning that the street in which you live is blockaded with furniture vans, all endeavouring to deliver furniture you don't require and never heard of before, while your staircase is a mass of flowers and fruit constantly increasing upon you and threatening to smother you with their amount no less than with their scent. It would gradually appear that the deliveries both of the flowers and the furniture were being executed in accordance with the orders of one of your friends, and that you had to grin and bear it as best you might. I cannot say that the victim or the general public, when they heard of it, looked upon it with any excess of enthusiasm. Anyhow, practical jokes have gone out.

Yet there is a kind of practical joke which, so far as I know, has never been played upon anybody, and which, if it were played, might provoke a considerable volume of laughter and no small inconvenience. I have schemed it out and venture to submit the plan to you.

My idea is to take some weekly magazine which caters either for some special trade or amusement or pursuit. Let us imagine it to be *The Chicken Run*, with which is incorporated *The Fowls' Guardian*. I am entitled to assume that most of Mr. Punch's readers are acquainted with this bright and lively feathered journal. My plan is to get together some bold spirits, to capture the editor and his staff, and to hold them in a comfortable but rigorous imprisonment for one week; to take possession of the editorial office, and then to set to work to transform the contents of the paper. I foresee the amazement of the faithful readers of *The Chicken Run*, on being informed, in the column headed "Hints to Beginners," that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's pet Leghorn cockerel has developed a surprising taste for latchkeys, and recently swallowed two of them, while Mr. ASQUITH's Buff Orpington pullet has taken to following him about like a dog and roosting on his bed-rail. Then there would be a breezy editorial article designed to prove that poultry had come out of the war with a much enhanced reputation, owing to the loyal part they had played in assisting the FOOD-CONTROLLER.

Further, there would be special articles proving, for instance, that champagne is the one drink on which all breeds of chickens increase and multiply their production of eggs, especially if hot caviare is afterwards administered in large bowls. Then there would be the first chapters of an enthralling serial whose plot revolved round the love-story of Sir Robert Wyandotte and Lady Cecilia Buttercup—a literary effort of unparalleled brilliancy due to the genius of a new novelist who preferred to be known as the Red Rover of Rhode Island. And so on and so on. If you think the scheme is feasible, let me hear from you and I will begin to get my team of villains together.

Yours faithfully, THE GAME CHICK.

"Women and young persons now employed in these works enjoy a mixiumum working week of fifty-five and a half hours."—*Sunday Paper.* And, we suppose, a manimum wage.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

WHEN I saw a dull red glow in the early evening sky above the great open flares that lit the portals of the Theatre Royal, I said to myself, "This brings the Peace home to one!" But those who think that England will never be the same after the War, that all things will become new and better, have not reckoned with the Drury Lane Pantomime. Its tactics may change, but its general strategy remains untouched by War or Peace. Under any name—*Ali Baba* or *Aladdin*, *Puss in Boots* or *The Babes in the Wood*—its savour is the same. If only a tenth part of the enterprise that goes to the making of its great pageants were devoted to the invention of a new subject, though it were only *The Babes in Boots* or *Puss in the Wood!* However, with Bolshevism in the air it is best perhaps not to tamper with British institutions.

Still, even within the limits imposed by immemorial tradition there surely must be somebody in the United Kingdom who could make a better book. It was pathetic that so capable a cast—Miss LILY LONG in particular—should have such second-rate stuff to say and sing. Seldom could one detect any attempt to evade the obvious. Of topical allusions, apart from time-worn themes of coupons and profiteers, there was scarce a sign, and such burlesque as there was had no sort of subtlety in it. Take, for example, the opportunity lost in the imitation of a bedroom scene from modern drama. It announced itself as something "West-Endy," yet it was like nothing (I imagine) even in the remote Orient. And constantly the poor play of *esprit* had to be carried off by the distracting thud of some falling body or covered by the deadening clash of the eternal cymbals.

It is significant, in this connection, that there never seems to be any male character in these pantomimes that is not committed to buffoonery. Apparently no reliance is placed on the unassisted humour of the dialogue. A funny remark must be clinched with a somersault, a repartee be driven home by a resounding smack on the face. You might have thought that on such an occasion there would be room for the figure of some gallant soldier of the masculine sex. Yet there wasn't a vestige of khaki in the whole show, and the only patriotic song assigned to a man's voice had to be delivered by the comic villain.

However, the actors were too good to be defeated by the authors; and the two couples—the *Babes* (Mr. STANLEY LUPINO as *Horace* and Mr. WILL EVANS as *Flossie*) and the *Robbers* (Messrs. EGBERT)—went far by their personal drollery and unflagging spirits to make up for any defect in the words. Each member of the two pairs played very loyally into the other's hands. Mr. ALBERT EGBERT indeed played into his brother's feet with equal devotion; and the good humour with which he accepted the fiercest blows on face and person seemed to indicate an exceptionally close fraternal understanding.

Mr. HARRY CLAFF as the Wicked Uncle (with a note or two in the operatic manner) belied his villainous nature by an unusually amiable temperament; and Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON, with her dainty air, furnished interludes of conventional song, during which we gave our ribs a rest.

The dancing, as usual, was rather perfunctory, if one excepts a *pas de deux* which gave promise of a parody of the Russians and turned out to be just a series of contortionist feats, brilliant but unlovely.

As good wine needs no bush, so good babes need no wood; but Messrs. MCCLEERY and HUMPHRIES painted for them a quite nice one, where, after some very pleasant business with a brace of giant mushrooms that went up and down like a lift, the robins came and camouflaged the wanderers under a counterpane of fallen leaves, where they behaved much better than in ordinary beds. But the best scene was M. MARC HENRI's Temple of Peace—very beautiful with its dim perspective, till the garish light of "The Day" was turned on. Here the assertive colours of the Allies were tempered to an exquisite pale harmony, only slightly damaged by a nondescript contingent in pink (possibly neutrals) and the apparition of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS and other gentlemen in black, who came on to receive the expression of our grateful approbation.

I stayed long enough into the Harlequinade to see little Prince OLAF of Norway, in QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S box, capture a large cracker dexterously flung to him by the Pantaloon. So ended for me an evening more jocund than I have had the good grace to admit.

O. S.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Horace . . . . . Mr. STANLEY LUPINO.
Flossie . . . . . Mr. WILL EVANS.

Our Classical Advertisers.

"The trade-mark name of this coat—'Aquascutum'—is a Latin word, and translated into our own good English, 'Aqua,' means water. 'Scutum' means to shed. There you are—Watershed."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

"They belileve that an not inconsiderable number of ddeeeeeddlllllllcleeeeeeee cw pavem ponnun *ex-parte* opinions are given for what they may be worth."
Manchester Paper.

For our part we belileve this estimate of the value of *ex-parte* opinions, of the kind indicated, to be sound, if rather scathing.

"In lieu of the February Sale and Spring Show, hitherto held in April, an important sale of pure-bred bulls will be held in the Show Grounds at Ballsbridge, on Thursday and Friday, 13th and 14th March."—*Cork Examiner.*

We trust the above specimen will be duly entered.

"After the act from *Masks and Faces* came the letter-reading, the murder and the sleepwalking scenes from *Macbeth*, with Miss Mary Anderson and Mr. Lyn Harding. Tragic poetry of this intensity, of course, knocks everything else endways."—*Times.*

Or, as SHAKSPEARE himself is said to have exclaimed, as he penned the last line of it, "That 's the stuff to give 'em."

"There should also be mentioned the merchants' bank, Towarzystwo Pozyczkowe Przemyslowcow Miasta Poznania."
Journal of the Royal Statistical Society.

We have tried to mention it, but failed miserably.

"The Major then spoke of battles in which he had taken part. He had been wounded in the back leg and arm."—*Evening News.*

Bit of a dog, this Major.

"PROMOTION.—Rifleman P. R. Shand to be Sergeant Cock."—*Ceylon Paper.*

We hope Sergeant Cock was consulted about this.



"IS THAT AN OFFICIAL LETTER YOU ARE WRITING, MISS BROWN?"
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SEMI-OFFICIAL?"

"IT 'S—SEMI-OFFICIAL, SIR."
"WELL, SIR—IT 'S TO AN OFFICER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT infrequently our novelists will follow success with a boy hero by a sequel showing the same character grown up. Mr. E. F. BENSON, however, has reversed this process, and in a second book about *David Blaize* introduces him grown not up, but down. So far down, indeed, as to be able to pass through a door conveniently situated under his own pillow and leading to a dreamland of the most varied enchantments. I know, of course, what you are about to say; I can see your lips already forming upon the word *Alice*. But while I admit that *David Blaize and the Blue Door* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is frankly built after that famous plan this means no more than that Mr. BENSON has used, so to speak, the CARROLL formula as a medium for his agreeable fancies. These are altogether original and filled with the proper dream-spirit of inconsequence. Moreover the author has a pretty gift for remembering just the stuff that childhood's dreams are made of—such transfigured delights as swimming like fishes or flying in a company of birds; he knows too the odd tags of speech that linger there from daytime, things meaningless and full of meaning—"Rod-pole-or-perch," for example, or that thrice-blessed word, "Popocatapetl." Best of all, he has resisted the subtle temptation to be even momentarily too clever for his audience (you know the devastating effect that may be produced if a grown-up pauses on the edge of the circle and reminds the story-teller that he has a reputation for wit). In fine, this early dream of *David's* shows him fortunate in having an old family friend like Mr. BENSON to write it down; also—what I must on no account forget—so sympathetic an artist as Mr. H. J. FORD to make it into pictures.

Those who have learnt to value their "TAFFRAIL" will find matter very much to their mind in his latest book, *A Little Ship* (CHAMBERS). I do not wish to institute any invidious comparisons between the marine mixture as provided by "TAFFRAIL" and that of other nautical writers, but this much I may say with perfect confidence: the men to be found in "TAFFRAIL'S" stories are true human stuff, sturdy, dogged in doing their duty, and brave almost beyond recklessness; but they are men all the time, and not solemn and consecrated angels. That is, I suppose, why I find that "TAFFRAIL'S" stories go straight to the mark and make their effect with no undue waste of time; and, if a little bit of laughter is occasionally worked in, so much the better. The last chapter in the book gives an account of the Zeebrugge expedition. The story is so bravely told that a man can hardly refrain from shouting in apprehension and exultation as he reads it.

I have a grudge against the publishers of *Miss Mink's Soldier* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) because they have printed on its wrapper, "By the Author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*," which led me, perhaps foolishly, to hope that *Mrs. Wiggs* and I were to foregather once more, and when we didn't made me just a little surly towards a book of short tales which, opened with any other expectation, would have seemed much above the average. There

are eight stories in the book, and in almost all of them is found that blend of pathos and humour that Mrs. ALICE HEGAN RICE has taught us to expect. I liked "Cupid Goes Slumming," because it was almost *Cabbage Patch*; but "Hoodooed," the story of an old negro who believed himself the victim of a spell which involved the presence of a cricket in his leg, delighted me even more. His wife removes the charm with a vacuum cleaner, in which she has previously secreted a cricket, and the victim recovers. It pleased me very much to learn that among "white folk's superstitions" is the theory that it is "bad luck to sleep with the windows shet," and, when I come to think of it, I believe that it is very bad luck indeed.

I should have liked GABRIELLE VALLINGS' *Tumult* (HUTCHINSON) a good deal better if she could have managed it without the aid of a Pan who wandered, emitting a strong smell, chiefly in the demesne of a very expensive and over-cultivated French noble. It was his daughter (by an Australian wife) who was suffering from an inordinate perplexity as to which half of her blood had the real call. The Australian half suggested that she should marry a gentleman-rider who won the Grand Prix in a canter, but fell at the winning-post because his horse shied at the irrepressible Pan. The French half—and both her parents—urged a dissolute and anæmic aristocrat—blue blood and a gold lining. Her grandfather, a strong unsilent sheep-rancher, was against this inept decadent and converted to his view that saintly worldling, the gorgeous *Cardinal Camperoni*. A neo-futurist of the most bizarre type prances through the pages upon his head, causing enough "tumult" to satisfy any one. So why drag in Pan? Miss VALLINGS can tell a story, cannot keep down the volume of her puppets' talk, has a sense of movement and colour, and ought to win for herself a good circulating library constituency.



Topical Huckster. "'ERE YOU ARE, LADY—AS CHEWED BY THE PRESIDENT."

For myself I have never yet lived in a sailing barge, and under the providence of Heaven trust to continue in this immunity. There are however those who regard the matter differently; and for their benefit I have no hesitation in recommending most warmly *A Floating Home* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), written by CYRIL IONIDES and J. B. ATKINS, and illustrated partly with photographs, partly with water-colour sketches by that various craftsman, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. Let me say at once that you have no need to be an amateur bargee, either by practice or desire, to enjoy this most entertaining volume. Witness my own case, who read every page of it with delight. It is a reasonable contention that a writer possessing the enthusiasm, the humour and the persuasive gifts of Mr. IONIDES, with a twelve-and-sixpenny book for their display, could present a case that would give some theoretic and superficial charm to the most uncomfortable conditions of existence. Not that *A Floating Home* is a work only of theory; on the contrary, nothing could be more practical than its account of the purchase, conversion and enjoyment of the *Ark Royal*. The most prejudiced—again I speak personally—will find pleasure in the author's zestful story of how the dingy, foul-smelling *Will Arding*, full of cement (and worse things), was transformed into the spick-and-span *Ark Royal*, with a piano in the saloon and Queen Anne silver on the breakfast-table; while for the persuadable there are added plans, scales of expense and the like, which bring the whole matter to a working basis. The book, in short, is propaganda at its best (was it perhaps this that attracted Mr. BENNETT?) and as such well entitled to its toll of converts.

Warriors and Statesmen (MURRAY) is a book selected from the "gleanings" of the late Lord BRASSEY. Such gleanings depend so largely on the personality of the gleaner that they may be worth anything or nothing; so let me say at once that Lord BRASSEY had too sound a taste to be a collector of ill-considered trifles. Although warriors have the place of honour in the title they are given but little space in the book. Still, in these days the soldier can well afford to let the statesman have the advantage in a collection that does not deal with the living. This limitation may explain the absence of all mention of Lord ROBERTS, who was probably still alive when the gleanings were completed. Apart from the evidence it gives of a fine mind the book preserves much that is worth remembering and presents it in a convenient form. For this we have in part to thank Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, to whom Lord BRASSEY entrusted the work of selecting these literary sheaves.

From the Home Front (CONSTABLE) is a further, and rather belated, selection from the War verses that have appeared from week to week on the second page of *Punch*. Conscious of cherishing a natural prejudice in favour of his own productions, Mr. Punch forbears to commend this little volume, but he may permit himself to say that, in the judgment of *The Daily News*, which is above suspicion of bias, it is calculated to provoke "a sorrow chequered by disgust."

"This royal throne of kings,
This sceptical isle, this seat of Mars."
Quotation by Miss MARIE CORELLI *in "The Pall Mall Gazette."*

No man is a prophet in his own country, and this is how SHAKSPEARE gets treated at Stratford-on-Avon.

CHARIVARIA.

THE mystery of the Foreign Office official who has not gone to Paris for the Peace Conference has been cleared up. He is the caretaker.

* * *

"The King and Queen of Roumania," says a Paris paper, "will embark after Christmas, orthodox style, for Western Europe." It is easy enough to start a voyage, orthodox style; the difficulty is at the other end.

* * *

The supreme command of the German Navy, says a telegram, has been transferred to Wilhelmshaven. This looks like carelessness on the part of the watch at Scapa Flow.

* * *

This year's *Who's Who* has eighty-six more pages than that of last year. On the other hand, since the Election quite a number of people are not Who at all.

* * *

"The present rule in *Who's Who*," says *The Evening News*, "is that the more important a man is the less space he is content to occupy." As some of the staff of our evening Press do not occupy any space at all in this excellent publication we leave readers to draw their own conclusions.

* * *

The *Frankfürter Zeitung* observes that the ex-Kaiser has grown very silent and morose. It is supposed that he has something or other on his mind.

* * *

A Copenhagen message states that the Spartacus people have three times attempted to murder Count REVENTLOW, who is said to regard these attempts as being in the worst possible taste.

* * *

Once again the newspapers have been beaten. It appears that Princess PATRICIA knew of her engagement some time before the Press announced it to Her Royal Highness.

* * *

"We still believe," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "that in thought the German and the Britisher are racially akin." All the same we should not encourage the Hun to come over here with the idea of making a spiritual home among his alleged relatives.

Charged with drunkenness at the Thames Police Court a man attributed his condition to the beer habit. It is remarkable how men will cling to any sort of excuse.

* * *

Woolwich Arsenal, we are informed, is turning out milk-cans. Can nothing be done, asks a pacifist, to save our children from the insidious grip of militarism?

* * *

Nottinghamshire War Committee states that rat-catchers are now demanding four pounds a week. Diplomacy, it appears, is the only branch of British sport that has succeeded in escaping the taint of professionalism.

* * *

"Fractious mules," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, "should not be sent to the country for sale." The playful kind, on the other hand, that bite and kick from sheer *joie de vivre*, are bound to have a beneficial effect on the agricultural temperament.

* * *

A Guildford allotment-holder successfully grew new potatoes for Christmas-day dinner. All were eaten, it appears, except one, which was kept to show to the Christmas pudding.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that Mr. DANIELS, U.S. Secretary for the Navy, has received a telegram from Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, saying, "You furnish the navy and I 'll furnish the war."

* * *

"The Crystal Palace," says Dean INGE, "is the embodiment of spiritual emptiness." A determined attempt is to be made to find out what the Crystal Palace thinks of Dean INGE.

Stories of an unsuccessful Candidate in the Midlands, who was heard to admit that the voters probably preferred his opponent's personality, must be definitely regarded as apocryphal.

* * *

Traditions in Scotland die hard. We gather that it is still considered unlucky for a red-headed burglar to cross a Scottish threshold on New Year's Eve.

* * *

A man at Berne has recently confessed to a murder he committed twenty-one years ago. This is what comes of memory-training.

* * *

It is reported that TROTSKY has been ordered by his doctor to take a complete rest. He has therefore decided not to have any more revolutions for the present. Orders however will be executed in rotation.

* * *

Credit where credit is due. A woman fined at Wood Green Police Court said her name was JOLLY and she had been having a "jollification," yet the magistrate refrained from comment.

* * *

"Where was the Poet Laureate during the visit of President Wilson?" asks a correspondent in a contemporary. We do not share this curiosity.

* * *

"Foxes are to be found within an omnibus ride of Charing Cross," says Mr. RICHARD KEARTON. Young omnibuses with plenty of bone and stamina are the best for suburban meets.

* * *

Anemones, said a lecturer at the Royal Institution, will live as long as sixty years in captivity and are very intelligent. Nevertheless we refuse to swallow the story about their being taught to jump through a hoop. The man who told it must have been thinking of an Egyptian king of the same name.

* * *

The LORD-LIEUTENANT, it is stated on good authority, threatens that if Sinn Fein prisoners destroy any more jails they will be rigorously released.

"Sir Eric Geddes speaks of £50,000,000,000—a sum so vast that it could not be paid off in a century of annual payments so small as £2,000,000,000 each."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Our contemporary overestimates the difficulty.



The Fare. "I DEFY YOU!" *The Driver.* "WHO ARE YOU?"
The Fare. "I AM A RETIRED TAXI-DRIVER."

THE VERDICT OF DEMOCRACY.

THE nation's memory, then, is not so short;
It still recalls the fields we lately bled on;
And when it had to choose the likeliest sort
For clearing up the mess of Armageddon
And making all things new,
It chose the man whose courage saw it through.

Hun-lovers, pledged to Peace (the German kind),
And such as sported LENIN'S sanguine token,
Appealed to Liberty to speak her mind,
And Liberty has very frankly spoken,
Strewing around her polls
The remnants of their ungummed aureoles.

In Amerongen there is grief to-day;
I seem to hear the martyr of Potsdam say,
"Alas for SNOWDEN, gone the downward way,
And O my poor, my poor beloved RAMSAY;
I much regret the rout
That washed this couple absolutely out!"

Dreadfully, too, the heart of TROTSKY bleeds,
To match the stain upon his reeking sabre,
Which is the blood of Russia, when he reads
How BARNES, the champion knight of loyal Labour,
Downed in the Lowland lists
MACLEAN, the Red Hope of the Bolshevists.

But here is jubilation in the air
And matter made to build the jocund rhyme on,
Though in our joyance some may fail to share,
Like Mr. RUNCIMAN or Major SIMON,
That hardened warrior, he
Who won the Military O.B.E.

Already dawns for us a golden age
(LO! with the loud "All Clear!" our pæan mingles),
An era when the OUTHWAITES cease to rage
And there is respite from the prancing PRINGLES,
And absence puts a curb
On the reluctant lips of SAMUEL (HERB.). O. S.

HOW TO THROW OFF AN ARTICLE.

"Do you really write?" said Sylvia, gazing at me large-eyed with wonder. I admitted as much.

"And do they print it just as you write it?"

"Well, their hired grammarians make a few trifling alterations to justify their existence."

"And do they pay you quite a lot?"

"Sixpence a word."

"Oo! How wonderful!"

"But not for every word," I added hastily, "only the really funny ones."

"And they send it to you by cheques?"

"Rather. I bought a couple of pairs of socks with the last story; even then I had something left over."

"And how do you write the stories?"

"Oh, just get an idea and go right ahead."

"How wonderful! Do you just sit down and write it straight off?"

I just—only just—pulled myself up in time as I remembered that Sylvia was an enthusiast of twelve whose own efforts had already caused considerable comment in the literary circles described round the High School. I felt this entitled her to some claim on my veracity.

"Sylvia," I cried, "I shall have to make a confession. All those stories you have been good enough to read and occasionally smile over are the result of a cold-blooded mechanical process—and the help of a dictionary of synonyms."

"Oo! How wonderful! Do show me how."

"Very well. Since you are going to be a literary giantess it is well that you should be initiated into the mysteries of producing what I shall call the illusion of spontaneity. Now take this story here. Here on this old envelope is THE IDEA."

"Oo! Let me see. I can't read a word."

"Of course you can't; nobody could. Rough copies are divided into classes as follows:—

"No. 1. Those I can read, but nobody else can.

"No. 2. Those I can't read myself after two days.

"No. 3. Those my typist can read.

This story is about a certain Brigade Major who is an inveterate leg-puller. Some Americans are expected to be coming for instruction. Well, before they arrive the Brigade Major has to go up to the line, and on his way he meets a man with a very new tin hat who asks him in a certain nasal accent we have all come to love if he has seen anything of a party of Americans. Spotting him as a new chum, the Brigade Major offers to show him round the line, and proceeds to pull his leg and tells him the most preposterous nonsense. For instance, on a shot being fired miles away he pretends they are in frightful danger, and leads him bent double round and round trenches in the same circle."

"What a shame!"

"Wasn't it? Well, when he gets tired he asks the American if he thinks he has learnt anything. The American says, 'Gee, I've been out here two years now, but I guess you've taught me a whole heap I didn't know. I'm a Canadian tunneller, you know, and I've got to show some Americans our work, but I guess I've had a most interesting time with you."

"Ha! ha!"

"Well now, to put the story into its form. Here's Copy No. 1, on this old envelope. 'Americans coming—Brigade Major sees American looking for party—pulls his leg—pretends to being in frightful danger—American is Canadian who has been out two years.' See? Copy No. 2. Here we begin to fill in. Describe Brigade headquarters and previous leg-pulls of Brigade Major. Make up details of what he tells the American—'That's a trench. That thing you fell over is a coil of wire. This is a sunken road—we sunk it, etc., etc.' Copy No. 3, additions and details, little touches of local colour, revision of choice of words, heart-rending erasions. And here, my child," I concluded, bringing out the beautiful, clean, smooth typed copy—"here is the finished work itself, light, pleasant, fluent, humorous and, most important of all, spontaneous."

"Oo! But how awfully cold-blooded. I thought you smiled to yourself all the time you wrote it."

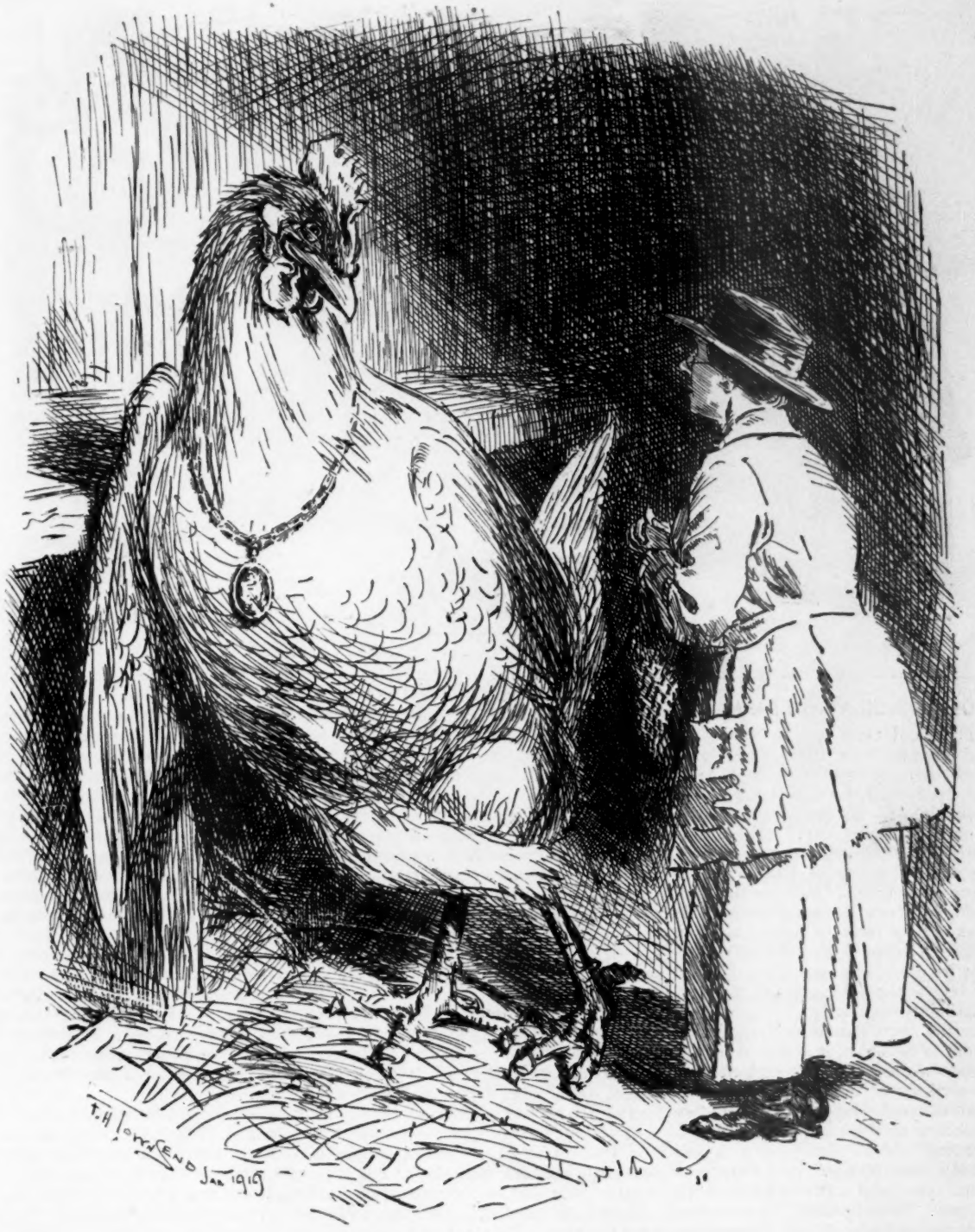
"My dear girl, it takes hours. If I smiled continually all that length of time the top of my head would come off."

"Isn't it wonderful? Fancy building it all up from jottings on an old envelope! What's that piece of paper you took out of the typed copy?"

"Oh, that's nothing to do with the literary side of it," I said, crumpling up the little memorandum, which said that the Editor presented compliments and regretted that he was unable to make use of the enclosed contribution. L.

"Mr. Henderson . . . was received with a cry of 'He is not on the map now.'"—*Times*.

It is supposed that his supporter meant to say "not on the mat"—in reference to an incident at the close of Mr. HENDERSON'S Ministerial career. But many a true word is said in the Press by inadvertence.



THE WAR AGAINST THE PUBLIC.

PROFITEERING HEN. "NOTHING DOING AT FIVEPENCE. BUT I MIGHT PERHAPS LAY YOU ONE FOR NINEPENCE. WHAT! YOU THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER? NOT *MY* WAR."



Dear Old Lady (to returning warrior). "WELCOME BACK TO BLIMEY!"

A DEMOBILISATION DISASTER.

Private Randle Janvers Binderbeck and Private John Hodge (of No. 12 Platoon) both enlisted in 1914. Previously Randle wrote articles, mostly denunciatory. He denounced the Government of the day, tight skirts, Christian Science, scorching on scooters, the foreign policy of Patagonia and many other things. John, on the other hand, had not an agile brain. He worked on a farm in some incredibly primitive capacity, and the only thing that he denounced was the quality of the beer at the "Waggon and Horses." It certainly was bad.

In the Army Randle had no ambition except to get out of it and to remain a private while in it. His ambition for his civil career was tremendous. He tried to prod the placid John (his neighbour in their hut) into an equal ambition.

"My poor Hodge," said Randle to John, "you must cultivate a soul above manure. Does it satisfy you, as a man made in the image of God, to be able to distinguish between a mangold and a swede? Think of the glory of literature, the power of the writer to send forth his burning words to millions and sway public opinion as the west wind sways the pliant willow."

"I dunno as I'd prefer that to bird-scaring or suchlike," murmured John.

Goaded by such beast-like placidity, Randle would forget all restraint in trying to lash John into a worthy ambition.

It was for talking after "Lights out" that Randle and John were given a punishment of three days' confinement to barracks. Randle, pouring out a devastating torrent of words in the manner of a public orator, bitterly denounced the punishment; John, who had merely snored (the Captain said it took two to make a conversation), bore it with the stoicism of ignorance.

Randle used to dream of Peace Day. He heard Sir DOUGLAS HAIG order his Chief-of-Staff to summon Private Randle Janvers Binderbeck. "Release him at once," said HAIG, in Randle's dream, "to resume his colossal mission as leader and director of public opinion."

If John dreamed, it was of messy farmyards and draughty fields; but it is improbable that he dreamed at all.

They both went to the War and faced the Hun. Randle thought of the Hun only as a possible wrecker of his career, therefore as a foe of mankind. John hardly thought of the Hun except in the course of coming into contact with him, and then he used his bayonet with careless zeal.

Randle steeled himself against the rough edges of soldiering. He allowed neither the curses of corporals nor the familiarities of second-lieutenants to affect his dreams of the future. Always, even *sotto voce* in the last five minutes before going over the top, he kept before John his vision splendid.

It was their luck to remain together and unhurt. Then arrived the great day when the Hun confessed defeat. Randle vainly awaited a sign from the Commander-in-Chief.

There came, however, a moment when No. 12 Platoon was paraded at the Company Orderly-room. Particulars were to be taken before filling up demobilisation forms. Men were to be grouped, on paper, according to the nation's demand for their return to civil life.

Randle Janvers Binderbeck knew this was *der Tag*. Magnanimously he overlooked the delay and felt that HAIG might, after all, have an excuse. John Hodge remained placid. He had long ago classed Randle's goadings with heavies and machine-guns, as unavoidable incidents of warfare.

Randle and John were called into the orderly-room together. By an obvious error John was first summoned to the table.

"Well, Hodge," said the Company

Sergeant-Major, "what's your job in civil life?"

"I dunno as I got any special job," said John. "I just sort o' helped on the farm."

"You must have a group," said the C.S.M. "What did you mostly do before the War?"

"S'far as that do go," said John, "I were mostly a bird-scarer."

"'Bird-scarer,'" said the C.S.M. "I know there's a heading for that somewhere. Agricultural, ain't it? 'Bird-scarer.' Ah, here we are. 'Group 1.' You'll be one of the first for release."

The Company Clerk noted the fact, and the C.S.M. called "Next man."

Randle Janvers Binderbeck stepped forward.

"What's your job, Binderbeck?" said the C.S.M.

(To ask Lord NORTHCLIFFE, "Do you sell newspapers?" To ask BOSWELL, "Have you heard of a man named JOHNSON?" To ask HENRY VIII., "Were you ever married?")

The futility of the question flabbergasted Randle.

"Come on, man," said the C.S.M.

Randle made an effort. "Journalist," he said.

"'Journalist,'" said the C.S.M., "'Journalist.' Yes, I thought so. 'Group 41.' You've got a long way to go, my lad. You'd have done better if you was a bird-scarer, like Hodge. Them's the boys the nation wants—Group 1 boys. You sticks in the Army for another six months' fatigue. Next man."

That was all.

John Hodge is now soberly awaiting demobilisation, and will not have to wait long.

Randle Janvers Binderbeck is secretly consoling himself by writing the most denunciatory articles. They will never be published, but they afford an alternative to cocaine.

He feels that he can never again consent to sway public opinion as the west wind, etc., in the interests of a nation which rates him forty groups lower than an animated scarecrow.

It is the nation's own fault, Randle is blameless.

A Noisy Salute.

From a review of *The Remembered Kiss*, in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"It would be doing Miss Ayres an injustice to suppose that there is only one kiss to remember in the whole of her novel, but the one which gives its title is bestowed by a young and handsome burglar, and received by a girl who mistook the noise he was making for a thunderstorm."

As TENNYSON says in *The Day-Dream*: "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"



Father (bringing son home from party). "WELL, OLD CHAP, WERE THERE PLENTY OF LITTLE GIRLS FOR YOU TO DANCE WITH?"

Son (rather proud of himself). "OH, THERE WERE SOME KIDS ABOUT, BUT *I* DANCED WITH A GIRL OF SIXTEEN—AND, BY JOVE, SHE LOOKED IT."

FREAKS OF FOOD-CONTROL.

THOUGH Mrs. Midas shows a righteous zeal
In preaching self-control at every meal,
She never in her stately home forgets
To cater freely for her precious pets.

On cheese and soup she feeds her priceless "Pekie"—
Stilton and Cheddar, Bortch and Cockyleekie;
And Max, her shrill-voiced "Pom," politely begs
For his diurnal dole of new-laid eggs.

Semiramis, her noble Persian cat,
Threatens to grow inelegantly fat
Upon asparagus and Shaker oats,
With milk provided by two special goats.

Meanwhile her governess subsists on greens,
Canned conger-eel or cod and butter-beans,
And often in a black ungrateful mood
Envies the dogs and cat their daintier food.

"On one side was the naval guard of honour—splendid men from the ships of the Dover Patrol—and on the other side a military guard from the Garrison with the band of the Buffs waiting to play President Wilson into England with 'The tar-spangled Banner.'"
Provincial Paper.

A pretty compliment to the naval escort.



Dear Old Lady (to returning warrior). "WELCOME BACK TO BLIMEY!"

A DEMOBILISATION DISASTER.

Private Randle Janvers Binderbeck and Private John Hodge (of No. 12 Platoon) both enlisted in 1914. Previously Randle wrote articles, mostly denunciatory. He denounced the Government of the day, tight skirts, Christian Science, scorching on scooters, the foreign policy of Patagonia and many other things. John, on the other hand, had not an agile brain. He worked on a farm in some incredibly primitive capacity, and the only thing that he denounced was the quality of the beer at the "Waggon and Horses." It certainly was bad.

In the Army Randle had no ambition except to get out of it and to remain a private while in it. His ambition for his civil career was tremendous. He tried to prod the placid John (his neighbour in their hut) into an equal ambition.

"My poor Hodge," said Randle to John, "you must cultivate a soul above manure. Does it satisfy you, as a man made in the image of God, to be able to distinguish between a mangold and a swede? Think of the glory of literature, the power of the writer to send forth his burning words to millions and sway public opinion as the west wind sways the pliant willow."

"I dunno as I'd prefer that to bird-scaring or suchlike," murmured John.

Goaded by such beast-like placidity, Randle would forget all restraint in trying to lash John into a worthy ambition.

It was for talking after "Lights out" that Randle and John were given a punishment of three days' confinement to barracks. Randle, pouring out a devastating torrent of words in the manner of a public orator, bitterly denounced the punishment; John, who had merely snored (the Captain said it took two to make a conversation), bore it with the stoicism of ignorance.

Randle used to dream of Peace Day. He heard Sir DOUGLAS HAIG order his Chief-of-Staff to summon Private Randle Janvers Binderbeck. "Release him at once," said HAIG, in Randle's dream, "to resume his colossal mission as leader and director of public opinion."

If John dreamed, it was of messy farmyards and draughty fields; but it is improbable that he dreamed at all.

They both went to the War and faced the Hun. Randle thought of the Hun only as a possible wrecker of his career, therefore as a foe of mankind. John hardly thought of the Hun except in the course of coming into contact with him, and then he used his bayonet with careless zeal.

Randle steeled himself against the rough edges of soldiering. He allowed neither the curses of corporals nor the familiarities of second-lieutenants to affect his dreams of the future. Always, even *sotto voce* in the last five minutes before going over the top, he kept before John his vision splendid.

It was their luck to remain together and unhurt. Then arrived the great day when the Hun confessed defeat. Randle vainly awaited a sign from the Commander-in-Chief.

There came, however, a moment when No. 12 Platoon was paraded at the Company Orderly-room. Particulars were to be taken before filling up demobilisation forms. Men were to be grouped, on paper, according to the nation's demand for their return to civil life.

Randle Janvers Binderbeck knew this was *der Tag*. Magnanimously he overlooked the delay and felt that HAIG might, after all, have an excuse. John Hodge remained placid. He had long ago classed Randle's goadings with heavies and machine-guns, as unavoidable incidents of warfare.

Randle and John were called into the orderly-room together. By an obvious error John was first summoned to the table.

"Well, Hodge," said the Company

Sergeant-Major, "what's your job in civil life?"

"I dunno as I got any special job," said John. "I just sort o' helped on the farm."

"You must have a group," said the C.S.M. "What did you mostly do before the War?"

"S'far as that do go," said John, "I were mostly a bird-scarer."

"'Bird-scarer,'" said the C.S.M. "I know there's a heading for that somewhere. Agricultural, ain't it? 'Bird-scarer.' Ah, here we are. 'Group 1.' You'll be one of the first for release."

The Company Clerk noted the fact, and the C.S.M. called "Next man."

Randle Janvers Binderbeck stepped forward.

"What's your job, Binderbeck?" said the C.S.M.

(To ask Lord NORTHCLIFFE, "Do you sell newspapers?" To ask BOSWELL, "Have you heard of a man named JOHNSON?" To ask HENRY VIII., "Were you ever married?")

The futility of the question flabbergasted Randle.

"Come on, man," said the C.S.M.

Randle made an effort. "Journalist," he said.

"'Journalist,'" said the C.S.M., "'Journalist.' Yes, I thought so. 'Group 41.' You've got a long way to go, my lad. You'd have done better if you was a bird-scarer, like Hodge. Them's the boys the nation wants—Group 1 boys. You sticks in the Army for another six months' fatigue. Next man."

That was all.

John Hodge is now soberly awaiting demobilisation, and will not have to wait long.

Randle Janvers Binderbeck is secretly consoling himself by writing the most denunciatory articles. They will never be published, but they afford an alternative to cocaine.

He feels that he can never again consent to sway public opinion as the west wind, etc., in the interests of a nation which rates him forty groups lower than an animated scarecrow.

It is the nation's own fault, Randle is blameless.

A Noisy Salute.

From a review of *The Remembered Kiss*, in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"It would be doing Miss Ayres an injustice to suppose that there is only one kiss to remember in the whole of her novel, but the one which gives its title is bestowed by a young and handsome burglar, and received by a girl who mistook the noise he was making for a thunderstorm."

As TENNYSON says in *The Day-Dream*: "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"



Father (bringing son home from party). "WELL, OLD CHAP, WERE THERE PLENTY OF LITTLE GIRLS FOR YOU TO DANCE WITH?"

Son (rather proud of himself). "OH, THERE WERE SOME KIDS ABOUT, BUT *I* DANCED WITH A GIRL OF SIXTEEN—AND, BY JOVE, SHE LOOKED IT."

FREAKS OF FOOD-CONTROL.

THOUGH Mrs. Midas shows a righteous zeal
In preaching self-control at every meal,
She never in her stately home forgets
To cater freely for her precious pets.

On cheese and soup she feeds her priceless "Pekie"—
Stilton and Cheddar, Bortch and Cocky-leekie;
And Max, her shrill-voiced "Pom," politely begs
For his diurnal dole of new-laid eggs.

Semiramis, her noble Persian cat,
Threatens to grow inelegantly fat
Upon asparagus and Shaker oats,
With milk provided by two special goats.

Meanwhile her governess subsists on greens,
Canned conger-eel or cod and butter-beans,
And often in a black ungrateful mood
Envies the dogs and cat their daintier food.

"On one side was the naval guard of honour—splendid men from the ships of the Dover Patrol—and on the other side a military guard from the Garrison with the band of the Buffs waiting to play President Wilson into England with 'The tar-spangled Banner.'"
Provincial Paper.

A pretty compliment to the naval escort.

THE MUD LARKS.

OUR Mr. MacTavish is a man with a past. He is now a cavalry subaltern and he was once a sailor. As a soldier at sea is never anything but an object of derision to sailors, correspondingly the mere idea of a sailor on horseback causes the utmost merriment among soldiers.

"Sailors on horseback!"—the very words bring visions of apoplectic mariners careering madly across sands, three to a horse, every limb in convulsion. Why, it's one of the world's stock jokes.

The pathetic part of it is that, obeying the law of opposites, the saddle has an irresistible and fatal attraction for the poor chaps. They take to it on every possible and impossible occasion. You can see them playing alleged polo at Malta, riding each other off at right angles and employing their sticks as grappling irons. You can see them over from the Rock whooping after Spanish foxes, bestriding their steeds anywhere but in the appointed place.

As every proper farmer's boy has long, long thoughts of magic oceans, spice isles and clipper ships, so I will warrant every normal Naval officer dreams of a little place in the grass counties, a stableful of long-tails and immortal runs with the Quorn and Pytchley.

It was thus with our Mr. MacTavish, anyhow. A stern parent and a strong-armed crammer projected him into the Navy, and in the Navy he remained for years bucketing about the salt seas in light and wobbly cruisers, enforcing intricate Bait Laws off Newfoundland in mid-winter, or playing hide-and-seek with elusive dhows on the Equator in midsummer, but always with a vision of that little place in his mind's eye.

His opportunity arrived with the demise of the stern parent and the acquisition of a comfortable legacy. MacTavish sent in his papers and stepped ashore for good. He discovered the haven of his heart's desire in the neighbourhood of Melton, purchased a pig and a cow (which turned out to be a bullock) to give the little place a homely air, engaged a terrier for ratting and intercourse, and with the assistance of some sympathetic dealers was assembling as comprehensive a collection of curbs, spavins, sprung tendons, pin-toes, herring-guts, ewe-necks, cow-hocks and capped elbows as could be found between the Tweed and Tamar, when—Mynheer W. HOHENZOLLERN (as he is to-day) went and done it.

The evening of August 4th, 1914, discovered MacTavish sitting on the wall of his pig-sty, his happy hunting prospects shot to smithereens, arguing the position out with the terrier. He must attend to this war, that was clear, but need he necessarily go back to the salt sea? Couldn't he do his bit in some other service? What about the Cavalry? That would mean galloping about Europe on a jolly old gee, shouting "Hurrah!" and cutlassing the foot-passengers. A merry life, combining all the glories of fox-hunting with only twenty-five per cent. of its safety—according to *Jorrocks*.

What about the Cavalry, then? The terrier semaphored complete approbation with its tail stump and even the pig made enthusiastic noises.

A month later MacTavish turned up in a Reserve Regiment of Cavalry at the Curragh as a "young officer." The Riding-Master treated his case as no more hopeless than anybody else's and MacTavish was making average progress until one evening in the anteroom he favoured the company with a few well-spiced Naval reminiscences.

Next morning the Riding-Master was convulsed with merriment at the mere sight of him, addressed him variously as Jellicoe, Captain Kidd and Sinbad, and, after first warning MacTavish not to imagine he was ashore at Port Said riding the favourite in a donkey Derby, translated all his instructions into nautical language. For instance: "Right rein—haul the starboard yoke line; gallop—full steam ahead; halt—cast anchor; dismount—abandon ship," and so forth, giving his delicate and fanciful sense of humour full play and evoking roars of laughter from the whole house. It did not take MacTavish long to realise that, no matter what he said, he would never again be taken seriously in that place; he was, in fact, the world's stock joke, a sailor on horseback (Ha, ha, ha!).

He set his jaw and was determined that he would not be caught tripping again; there should be no more reminiscences. Once clear of Ireland he would bury his past.

All this happened years ago.

When I came back from leave the other day I asked for Albert Edward. "He and MacTavish are up at Corpse H.Q.," said the skipper; "they 're helping the A.P.M. straighten the traffic out. By the way you 'd better trickle up there and relieve them, as they 're both going on leave in a day or so."

I trickled up to Corpse and eventually discovered Albert Edward alone, practising the three-card trick with a view to a career after the War. "You 'll enjoy this Mess," said he, turning up "the Lady" where he least expected her; "it 's made up of Staff eccentrics—Demobilizing, Delousing, Educational, Laundry and Burial *wallahs*—all sorts, very interesting; you 'll learn how the other half lives and all that. Oh, that reminds me. You know poor old MacTavish's secret, don't you?"

"Of course," said I; "everybody does. Why?"

Albert Edward grinned. "Because there 's another bloke here with a dark past, only this is t'other way about; he 's a bumpkin turned sailor, Blenkinsop by name, you know, the Shropshire hackney breeders. He 's Naval Division. Ever rub against those merchants?"

I had not.

"Well, I have," Albert Edward went on. "They 're wonders; pretend they 're in mid-ocean all the time, stuck in the mud on the Beaucourt Ridge, gummed in the clay at Souchez — anywhere. They 'come aboard' a trench and call their records-office—a staid and solid bourgeois dwelling in Havre—*H.M.S. Victory*. If you were bleeding to death and asked for the First Aid Post they wouldn't understand you; you 've got to say 'Sick bay' or bleed on. If you want a meal you 've got to call the cook-house 'The galley,' or starve.

"This *matelot* Blenkinsop has got it very badly. He obtained all his sea experience at the Crystal Palace and has been mud-pounding up and down France for three years, and yet here we have him now pretending there 's no such thing as dry land."

"Not an unnatural delusion," I remarked.

"Well," resumed Albert Edward, "across the table from him sits our old MacTavish, lisping, 'What is the Atlantic? Is it a herb?' I 'll bet my soul they 're in their billets at this moment, MacTavish mugging up some stable-patter out of NAT GOULD, and Blenkinsop imbibing a dose of ship-chatter from 'BARTIMEUS.' They 'll come in for food presently, MacTavish doing what he imagines to be a 'cavalry-roll,' tally-hoing at the top of his voice, and Blenkinsop weaving his walk like the tough old sea-dog he isn't, ship a-hoying and avasting for dear life."

"They 're both going on leave with you to-morrow, aren't they?" I asked.

Albert Edward nodded.

"Then their game is up," said I.

Albert Edward's brow crinkled. "I don't quite get you."

"My dear old fool," said I, "it 's blowing great guns now. With the leave-packet doing the unbusted bronco-act for two hours on end it shouldn't be very difficult to separate the sheep from the goat, the true-blue sailor from the pea-green lubber, should it? They may be able to bluff each other, but not the silvery Channel in mid-winter."



RECONSTRUCTION SHOCKS.

Pianist (accompanying celebrated prima donna at classical concert after three years of sing-songs in Army huts). "NOW THEN, BOYS! DROWN HER WELL IN THE CHORUS!"

Albert Edward slapped his knee and laughed aloud.

* * * * *

They all came back from England last night. I lost no time in cornering Albert Edward.

"Well, everything worked just as I prophesied, didn't it?" said I. "With the first buck the old boat gave Blenkinsop tottered to the rail and——"

Albert Edward shook his head.

"No, he didn't. He ate a pound of morphia and lay in the saloon throughout sleeping like a little child."

"But MacTavish?" I stammered.

"Oh, MacTavish," said Albert Edward—"MacTavish took an emetic."

PATLANDER.

Commercial Candour.

"The post-war —— will be the one car from which the owner with moderate ideas can obtain the minimum amount of genuine pleasure and satisfaction."

Advt. in Trade Paper.

From an account of a film-drama:—

"Horrified at his pseudanimity she agrees to the deception."—*Provincial Paper.*

It sounds rather pusillonymous.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

WE are semi-officially informed on the best authority that the undermentioned nominations—some of which have already been accepted—to the thrones and chairs now vacant in various parts of the world have been made and approved by the Allied Governments.

Foremost among these is the nomination "by acclamation" of RICHARD STRAUSS as King of the Cannibal Islands. It is understood that the illustrious composer has already arrived and that a grand congress of Anthropophagi with suitable festivities is in contemplation.

Two nominations which have been the cause of great satisfaction in diplomatic circles are those of Mr. MARK HAMBOURG to the Kingdom of Palestine, and that of M. MOISEIWITCH to the throne of the Solomon Islands. Jamborees of jubilation are already rife in the latter locality.

Sir HENRY WOOD has been simultaneously approached from two quarters. The leading citizens of Sonora have offered him the Presidentship of that interesting State. At the same time an urgent invitation has been sent to the eminent conductor offering him the throne of the Empire of Percussia. Sir HENRY'S decision is awaited with feverish anxiety.

It is stated by the *Corriere della Sera* that Madame MELBA, the Australian nightingale, has been chosen to preside over the Jug-jugo-Slav Republic, while Madame CLARA BUTT has been unanimously elected Empress of Patagonia.

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM'S selection from among the candidates for the throne of New Guinea is regarded as a foregone conclusion. The famous violinist, Mr. ALBERT SAMMONS, has so far returned no final answer to the offer of the Crown of Sordinia, but it is believed that he cannot long remain mute to the touching appeal of the signatories. A favourable answer is also expected from Mlle. Jelly Aranyi, who has been nominated Queen of Guava.

On the other hand Sir EDWARD ELGAR, O.M., has steadfastly declined the Tsardom of Bulgaria, even though it was proposed to change the name of the country to Elgaria.



Milliner. "HOW DOES MODOM LIKE THIS LITTLE BIRD OF PARADISE MODEL? IT BECOMES MODOM VERY WELL."
Customer. "YES, IT *IS* RATHER NICE, BUT (*remembers her obligations as a mother*) HOW MANY COUPONS?"

TO AN EGYPTIAN BOY.

CHILD of the gorgeous East, whose ardent suns
Have kissed thy velvet skin to deeper lustre
And given thine almond eyes
A look more calm and wise
Than any we pale Westerners can muster,
Alas! my mean intelligence affords
No clue to grasp the meaning of the words
Which vehemently from thy larynx leap.
How is it that the liquid language runs?
"*Nai—soring—trif—erwonbi—aster—ferish—ip.*"

E'en so, methinks, did CLEOPATRA woo
Her vanquished victor, couched on scented roses,
And PHARAOH from his throne
With more imperious tone
Addressed in some such terms rebellious MOSES;
And esoteric priests in Theban shrines,
Their ritual conned from hieroglyphic signs,
Thus muttered incantations dark and deep
To Isis and Osiris, Thoth and Shu:
Nai—soring—trif—erwonbi—aster—ferish—ip."

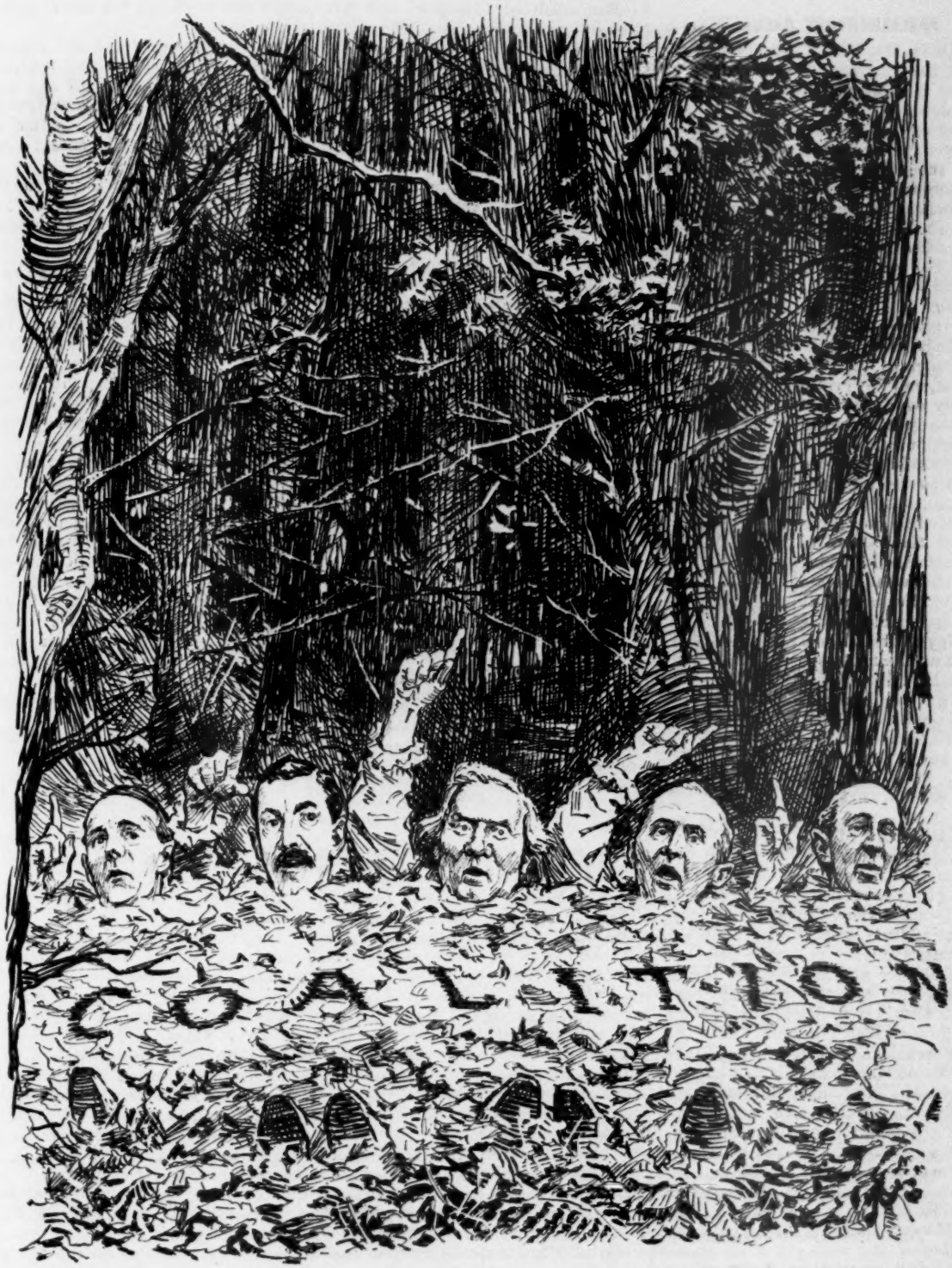
In all my youthful studies why was this
Left out? What tutor shall I blame my folly on?
From Sekhet-Hetepu
Return to mortal view,
O shade of BRUGSCH or MARIETTE or CHAMPOLLION;
Expound the message latent in his speech
Or send a clearer medium, I beseech;
For lo! I listen till I almost weep
For anguish at the priceless gems I miss:
"*Nai—soring—trif—erwonbi—aster—ferish—ip.*"

To sundry greenish orbs arranged on trays—
Unripe, unluscious fruit—he draws attention.
My mind, till now so dark,
Receives a sudden spark
That glows and flames to perfect comprehension;
And I, whom no Rosetta Stone assists,
Become the peer of Egyptologists,
From whom exotic tongues no secrets keep;
For this is what the alien blighter says:
"Nice orang'; three for one piastre; very cheap."

"Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French on December 2nd, 1804, and abdicated in 1914. On December 2nd, 1918, the papers announced the formal abdication of Wilhelm II. of Germany."
Kent Messenger.

WILHELM probably wishes that he had chosen the same date for his abdication as NAPOLEON.

When a dear little lady from Lancashire
Came to London to act as a bank cashier,
And asked, "Is it true
1+1=2?"
They thought they 'd revert to a man cashier.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE OLD LIBERAL NURSERY (*moribund but sanguine*). "NO MATTER—A TIME WILL COME!"

PARLIAMENTARY CASUALTIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am told that Mr. ASQUITH considers that this has been a most unsatisfactory election. So do I. As you know, the principal function of the House of Commons nowadays is to provide amusing "copy" for the late editions of the evening papers and to give the "sketch"-writers a chance of exercising their pretty wits. As Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES once remarked in an after-dinner speech to Mr. BALFOUR, "You, Sir, are our raw material."

Now, what I complain of is that on the present occasion the voters have entirely disregarded the needs of the journeymen of the Press, and have ruthlessly deprived them of the greater part of their raw material. Mr. HUGHES himself, I am glad to see, has been spared, but he fortunately had not to undergo the hazards of a contest. I tremble to think what his fate might have been if at the last moment some stodgy statesman had been nominated to oppose him.

Against humour, conscious or unconscious, the voters seem to have solidly set their faces. It was bad enough that Mr. JOE KING—who has probably helped to provide more deserving journalists with a living than any other legislator who ever lived—should have declined the contest. Question-time without Mr. KING and his unerring nose for mare's-nests will be like *Alice* without *The Mad Hatter*. It was bad, too, that Sir HEDWORTH MEUX should have decided to interrupt the flow of that eloquence which we were forbidden to call "breezy," and that Major "Boadicea" HUNT, Mr. JOHN BURNS, Mr. TIM HEALY, and Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL should have withdrawn from a scene in which they had provided so much profitable entertainment for the gods in the Press Gallery.

These losses made it all the more incumbent upon the electors to see that the House should retain as much as possible of the remnant of its comic relief. But what do we find? Why, that practically every one of the gentlemen who made the journalist's life worth living in the last Parliament has been cruelly turned down.

For much of this grief the Sinn Feiners are responsible. They have easily accomplished what a few years ago six stalwart British constables could scarcely do and have removed the gigantic Mr. FLAVIN from his emerald bench. With him have gone nearly all his comrades; and the once-powerful Nationalist party, which for nearly forty years has been such an unfailing source of sparkling paragraphs, is reduced to the number immortalised by WORDSWORTH's little maid.

Almost more distressing than the loss of individuals is the breaking up of Parliamentary partnerships. What is the use of Mr. HOUSTON being returned if he has no longer Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY to heckle? Captain PRETYMAN-NEWMAN will doubtless continue to ask questions about the shocking condition of his native country, but without Mr. REDDY's squeaking *obbligato*, "Why isn't the honourable and gallant Mimber out at the Front?" they will lose half their savour. He will be as dull as Io without her gad-fly. Mr. "Boanerges" STANTON is happily still with us, but with no pacifists to bellow at I fear that his vocal chords will atrophy.

Then the famous Young Scots Trio, which has given us so many attractive "turns," has been violently dissolved. Mr. PRINGLE, whose ample supply of vitriolic invective was always at the service of the PRIME MINISTER, has been left by an ungrateful constituency at the bottom of the poll, and Mr. WATT has shared his fate. It is true that Mr. HOGGE managed to save his bacon, but without the support of *Harlequin* and *Pantaloon* I fear his clowning will fail to draw.

With so many of the old puppets gone I feel very lonely, and can only try to comfort myself with the hope that the new Parliament may provide some adequate substitutes. After all, so vast a machine must contain a few cranks.

Meantime I remain, Sir, with the highest respect,

YOUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.



Boarder (firmly). "YOU MUST ALLOW ME ANOTHER KNOB OF COAL, MISS SKIMPLE. MY NERVES WILL NO LONGER BEAR THE NOISE OF THESE SNEEZING CRICKETS."

THE BOOM IN ARCHITECTURE.

SINCE that far-away period before the War, my architectural nerve has become sadly debilitated; so when a card (bearing the name of Carruthers) was brought to me the other morning I felt quite unmanned.

"Some potential client," I observed inwardly, "who has heard of the removal of the five-hundred pound limit and has bearded me before I have had time to get the hang of T-square and compasses again."

I liked the appearance of Mr. Carruthers, and his greeting had a slight ring of flattery in it that was very soothing.

"You are Mr. Bellamy, the architect?" he said.

"I am," I replied; "at least I was before the War."

"And have a large practice?" he resumed.

"I certainly had a large practice formerly," I said. "With my methods and experience one ought to acquire an extensive *clientèle*. I have been an architect, my dear sir, man and boy for over forty years, and have always followed the architectural fashions. In the late seventies, when little columns of Aberdeen granite were the rage—you know the stuff, tastes like marble and looks like brawn—I went in for them hot and strong, and every building I touched turned to potted meat. Then SHAW came along—BERNARD, was it? no, NORMAN—with his red brick and gables, and I got so keen that I moved to Bedford Park to catch the full flavour of it.

"Next, the Ingle-nookers found in me a willing disciple. I designed rows of houses, all roofs and no chimneys, or all chimneys and no roofs, it didn't



"I HEAR YOUR HUSBAND IS HOME FROM FRANCE. IS THE ARMY GOING TO RELEASE HIM?"
"WELL, 'E'S GOT A FORTNIGHT BEFORE HE GOES BACK, BUT BY THAT TIME 'E 'OPES TO BE DEMORALISED."

matter which so long as there was an ingle-nook with a motto over it. Why, after a time I got so expert that I simply designed an ingle-nook and the rest seemed to grow by itself.

"Just as the War started I had broken out in another place and was getting into my Italian loggia-pergola-and-sunk-garden stride, and then came the five-hundred pound limit and busted the whole show. In fact, when you called I was wondering whether to chuck the business and go in for writing cinema plays."

"When I want a really fashionable house built for me," said Carruthers, "I shall certainly come to you."

"Ah," I said, "you have come to see me then on behalf of a friend?"

"On behalf," he said, "of several friends."

My chest swelled visibly. "This man," I said to myself, while reaching for my Corona Coronas, "is planning a garden city, or at least a group of houses on the communal plan."

"The fact is," said Carruthers, clearing his throat, "I am a scout-master, and my troop are collecting waste-paper, and I expect you have any amount of old plans and things that you——"

I was just in time to save the cigar.

FRUITS OF VICTORY.

["Unlimited lard may now be purchased without coupon."—*Daily Paper.*]

SWIFTLY the shadow of WILLIAM the Hun
Fades from the fields that our valour has won;
Totter the thrones of our many Controllers,
Freedom is coming to man and his molars:
Doomed is the coupon and doomed is the card,
With all the embargos that hit us so hard;
Now we may purchase unlimited lard.

Soon will the mud-spattered soldier be free;
Soon will the sailor be home from the sea:
Victory beams on the banners of Right,
This is the time to be merry and bright;
Stilled is the riot of shot and of shard
And (what a boon to the heart of the bard!)
Now we may purchase unlimited lard.

Shout for the joy of it, waving your hats;
Where there are puttees will shortly be spats;
Never again will we form on the right,
Squad or platoon, for a sergeant's delight;
So let our faces, by discipline marred,
Shine with an unction that savours of nard,
Now we may purchase unlimited lard.

Big Bertha Outranged.

"Two Russian battleships and some cruisers set out from Cronstadt to meet the British warships in the Baltic, and were fired on from the Flemish coast."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"After four incessant years across Dora's knee the peace New Year ought surely to hold something good in its kindly lap for well-strafed automobilists."—*Sketch.*

But after four years across Dora's knee the New Year is probably not thinking about its lap, but quite the reverse.

"The announcement of a ball in Brussels gave plenty of scope for imaginative scribes to quote, in some cases almost correctly, the lines about 'there was a scene of revelry by night.'"
"*Mr. Gossip*" in "*The Daily Sketch.*"

"MR. GOSSIP," too, quotes "almost correctly."

It is hoped that if M. PADEREWSKI becomes President of the new Polish Republic he will experience the truth of the old proverb, *Chi va piano va sano.*



British Officer (Army of occupation). "LOOK OUT, OLD BEAN! WE'RE GETTING THE GLAD EYE."

THE ARMY OF ENTERTAINMENT, LTD.

As a mere soldier threatened with unemployment owing to the sudden outbreak of peace, I offer to any enterprising company-promoter an idea which should provide him with an immense fortune and myself with a congenial means of livelihood.

My suggestion is that, with the consent of Lord NORTHCLIFFE and the Allies, a slice of the old Front should be kept up *in statu quo*, and a representative assortment of troops retained to hold it on what was our side, and to carry on the War as it was in the good old days of '15, when we thought our life's work was bespoken and soldiers with boy babies raised the question of making acting rank hereditary. No enemy would be employed, experiment having proved that the existence of an enemy detracts from the enjoyment of modern war.

The little army, commanded by a General, himself an employé of the Army of Entertainment Co., Ltd., would conduct operations for demonstration purposes. Visitors would be charged admission to the Company's zone, and pay extra for any particular stunt show arranged for their benefit.

It would be necessary to acquire a strip of country running right back to the coast, if realism should be the aim of the directors, otherwise it would be impossible to show an A.M.L.O. in action, or some interesting types of Headquarters, or laundry Colonels winning the D.S.O.

I have in mind a highly entertaining General who might be willing to accept the position of G.O.C. for the Company—one of those desperate old gentlemen whose joy was to stalk about busy areas and strafe the domestic and sanitary arrangements of batteries and battalions. He is of picturesque appearance and would afford the best comic relief. This General would be attended by the usual assistants, traditionally housed, clothed and fed, but, the division being run as a commercial venture, it would be a matter for consideration by the directors whether these young gentlemen should receive a salary or pay a fee.

Some visitors might well be so delighted with soldiering, free from the annoyance of enemy action, that they would wish to make a long stay and experience all its variations, beginning perhaps with the P.B.I. (or Pretty Busy Infantry) in a mud-hole in the front line, and passing through all the stages of the normal military career till they arrived at the Divisional Château. Should anyone desire to survey life from the altitude of an R.T.O. (Railway Transport, not Really Tantalising Officer, as supposed by some) it might be arranged for him, in the interests of realism, to improvise information as to trains for the benefit of other visitors.

Appropriate rations would be included in the entrance money, while there might be canteens for the sale of such extras as bootlaces and penholders. Visitors would not be allowed to bring money into the area, but would be given the usual books of cash withdrawal forms, entitling them to obtain small sums from the field cashier—if they could find him. As a field cashier of experience would be employed and possibly act in collusion with the R.T.O., these sums of money might be regarded as prizes, and would create a pleasant excitement without amounting to any great expense for the Company.

Those willing to pay high prices would have arranged for them such displays as "normal artillery activity," pukka strafes, S.O.S. bombardments or barrages chaperoning infantry advances, while balloons might be set on fire, dumps blown up, or leave cancelled at special rates. There might also be an assortment of inexpensive and amusing side-shows, such as a Second-in-command trying to check a monthly return of dripping, or a conscientious gunner calculating the correct corrector corrections.

Should an application be received from any person anxious to experience war from the "Receipts" end he would be granted free entry to the area on the far side of the line, protected grandstands being erected, from which, on suitable payment, spectators could study his deportment. A short stay in the "enemy's area" during a strafe might be recommended for politicians and arranged by their constituents.

Space forbids further detail. It remains only for a Company to be formed—affiliated perhaps to the Bureau of Information—a detailed prospectus issued and applications invited for posts under the Army of Entertainment, Ltd.

I shall myself be willing to serve the Company in the capacity of a Town Major on condition that a suitable town is provided.

WISE WORDS FOR BIRDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While lately turning over some old family papers I came across a number of maxims in rhyme which seem to me to be worthy of publication at a time devoted to good cheer. The form appears to be the same as that expressed in the familiar couplets on the woodcock and the partridge; but these variations on an old theme have at least the merit of freshness and originality.

I begin in order of magnitude with the ostrich:—

"If an ostrich had but a woodcock's thigh
It would only be some three feet high.
If a woodcock had but an ostrich's jaw
It would have to be carved with a circular saw."

The foregoing lines clearly enforce the important lesson of contentment with the existing order. This moral is perhaps less implicit in the lines on the peacock:—

"If a peacock had but the nightingale's trill
It would make all prima donnas feel ill.
If the nightingale had but the peacock's tail
It would merit a headline in the *Mail*."

Contentment again is the keynote of the couplets on the owl:—

"If an owl would enter the nuthatch's nest
Its figure would have to be much compressed.
If the nuthatch had but the face of an owl
It would be a most unpopular fowl."

A slightly different formula is to be noted in the lines on the snipe, but the spirit is substantially the same:—

"If a snipe were the size of a threepenny bit
It would be a great deal harder to hit.
But if it grew to the size of an emu
It wouldn't be better to eat than a seamew."

Lastly I may quote the only couplet in which beasts as well as birds are subjected to this searching analysis. I think you will admit that it is the most sagacious and impressive of them all:—

"If a pig had wings and the legs of a stork
It would damage the quality of its pork."

Thine, McDOUGALL POTT.

Poets' Corner House, Dottyville.

"As a result of trying to find an escape of gas with a light, a flat in Westminster was seriously damaged."—*Provincial Paper.*
Serve him right.



FOREWARNED.

Poor Old Woman (to youth, who has given her a gratuity and relieved her of her load of wood). "I PRESUME, MY KIND YOUNG FRIEND, THAT YOU ARE THE YOUNGEST OF THE THREE BROTHERS WHO ARE GOING OUT TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNES?"

Clever Youth. "NO, I'M THE ELDEST. BUT I'VE BEEN READING THE STORIES."

REPORTS.

THE other day I was looking through some school reports. Holidays always bring them forth. You know the kind of thing: History—Is most diligent but needs concentration; Music—Lacks purposefulness, does not practise sufficiently; Mathematics—Weak; General Conduct—Might be better; Conversational French—*Sera plus facile avec plus de confiance*; Theology—A sad falling off; and so on; and it occurred to me that it might not be a bad thing if the report system, instead of stopping with our school-days, pursued us through life. The periodical perusal of a report, drawn up with as much authority as a scholastic staff possesses, might have very beneficial results.

My own early ones no longer exist; but it would be a very searching test of our educational system to study these reports thirty-five years after and subject them to an honest commentary. How little that one learned then has persisted, has survived the probation of time and necessity. At the age of fifteen I knew the principal rivers of South America ("Geography—Has made great progress"); to-day at fifty I have no recollection of any, nor any desire to have it. Instead I can order dinner. Gastronomy for geography; new lamps for old! In any report drawn up now there would be a totally different series of subjects. Thus:—

Business Method	*Might be better.*
Punctuality	*Tries his best.*
Patriotism	*Good.*
Veracity	*Moderate.*
Financial Soundness	*Very variable.*

As a means of constructive criticism the report system might be useful in Parliament. The Speaker, as head-master, should be entrusted with the task of preparing the documents. I can see some such results as the following:—

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Logic	*Weak.*
Opportunism . .	*Strong.*
Golf	*Shows little improvement.*
Belligerence . .	*Very good.*
Tonsorial Artistry	*Far from satisfactory. Should give it more attention.*
Oratory	*Fluent and powerful, but must guard against impulse. Too fond in perorations of drawing metaphors from Welsh physical geography.*

MR. BONAR LAW.

Mediation . . .	*Admirable, but must not be overworked.*
Oratory	*Fair. Has tendency to unnecessary candour. Does not sufficiently employ periphrasis.*
Fidelity	*Beyond praise.*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Oratory	*Effective, if given enough time to prepare.*
Modesty	*Room for improvement.*
Polarity	*Weak.*
Ambition . . .	*An honest worker.*

Lastly, let us take the report sheet of one not wholly absent from the public eye, whom I will designate merely by the initials W. W.

Pride	*Far less than he had two or three years ago.*
Facial beauty . .	*More than adequate.*
Subrisivity . .	*Phenomenal.*
Oratory	*Admirable, but too fond of telling the same story.*
Popularity . . .	*Could not be greater.*

HAIR-CUTTING AND DENTISTRY.

I AM going to get my hair cut. But I must first mention the matter to my wife.

Why do I do this? It is not because I am a coward, for there are few men who are in reality braver than I am. I carried my firstborn in my arms round the drawing-room when she was a week old, and I have done other things equally brave, the enumeration of which I spare you. But I could no more think of getting my hair cut without previously informing my wife than I could think of wearing a top hat in the Strand.

I know what will happen when I have told my wife. She will look up and say, "That's right; you always do it."

And I shall say, "What do I always do?"

And she will answer, "You always get yourself cropped like a convict just when your hair was beginning to look nice."

And I shall say, "I can't help that; it's got to be done." And then I shall go and get it done.

But I wonder if my wife is right after all. There used to be a nice wave in my front hair, a wave into which you could lay two fingers. Is that there still? No, it's gone. In fact there is not sufficient front hair to make a wave with. It's odd how gradually these things happen. I could have sworn that I had that wave, and there is a photograph of me in the drawing-room with a fully-developed tidal bore; and I went on brushing my front hair and combing it and thinking of it all the time as constituting a wave, and lo it had vanished, leaving me under the impression that it was still there and accountable for the pleasing effect I produced in general society.

But if it wasn't the wave that produced this effect, what could it have been? My voice? Perhaps. My moustache? I doubt it. My teeth? Possibly. See advertisements of tooth powders *passim*. You know how it's done, in the before and after style. Before you use Dentoline you apparently do not possess so much as a front tooth. After you have used it once you are in possession of thirty-two regular and brilliant white teeth, and it seems plain that no dentist will ever make his fortune out of your mouth. All this, however, has nothing to do with getting my hair cut. But it brings me to an analogous consideration. When I tell my wife I am going to get my teeth attended to, does she try to restrain me from the fatal deed? Not she. She urges me to it, and leaves me no loophole for escape. She indulges in reminiscences of herself and the children defying pain in the dentist's chair, and heartens me with the statement that the instrument she likes best is the one that goes *berr-r-r-r* and makes you jump.

Let me now resume my commentary on hair-cutting. I wonder if I am sufficiently chatty with my hair-cutter. Most men talk to their hair-cutter all the time. They discuss politics and revolutions and Britain's unconquerable might, while I, having made a blundering start with the weather, am brought up with a round turn on the Bolsheviks and President WILSON'S manner of dealing with the situation. I cannot lay bare my inmost thoughts about the League of Nations while someone is running a miniature mowing-machine along the back of my neck . . .

At this moment my wife entered the room.

"My dear," I said, "I am going to get my hair cut."

She gave me one mind-piercing look and said, "It's time you did. I've been noticing it for the last day or two."

Nothing, you see, about convicts. Isn't that like a woman, never to say the thing you expect her to say? It's taken all the pleasure out of my visit to the barber. In fact I don't think I shall go at all.



THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMAN.

First Voter. "SO MR. JONES HAS BEEN ELECTED. YOU VOTED FOR HIM, OF COURSE?"
Second Voter. "NO, I VOTED FOR THE OTHER MAN. YOU SEE, MR. JONES SUPPORTED WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, WHICH I ABHOR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Secrets of the Bosphorus (HUTCHINSON) is one of the happily large number of books to which time and tardy-footed justice have now added an unwritten chapter that makes amends for all. But for the glories of the last few months I think I could hardly have borne to read many of these "revelations" of Mr. HENRY MORGENTHAU, sometime American Ambassador to Turkey. They make strange and often tragic reading. One of them is already famous: the disclosure of the narrow margin by which the attack of the Allied fleets upon the Dardanelles came short of victory. For that, with all its ghastly sequence of misadventure, no happy end can quite compensate. But one may read more pleasantly now of the Prussian Baron WANGENHEIM, sitting the day long on a bench before his official residence to exult publicly in what looked like the triumphal march to Paris. Mr. MORGENTHAU has many other matters of interest in his note-book, a large part of which is occupied by the story, almost incredible even in an age of horrors, of the planned slaughter by the Turkish rulers, with Germany as accessory before and after the act, of "at least 600,000 and perhaps as many as 1,000,000" Armenians. He rightly calls this murder of a nation probably the blackest deed in all the foul record of the war, in which (at the precise moment of its execution) the same people who now protest against the severity of our terms were taking a horrible and ruthless joy. The reminder is apt.

Much of the pleasure that I have just enjoyed over Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS' essays of travel in *Cities and Sea Coasts and Islands* (COLLINS) belongs to the wistful joy of recollection: remembered loveliness in the beautiful places of which he writes so vividly, remembered peace of the quiet unpreoccupied days in which they were written. The book is made up of three groups, studies of Spain, of London and of certain coasts, chiefly Cornish. For several reasons I found the last interested me most. There is entertainment in watching Mr. SYMONS, so essentially a dweller in cities, discovering the open air like an explorer. You know already his mastery of delicate and sensitive words; many of these pages catch with exquisite skill the subtle charm of the country between land and wave, as it would present itself to a receptive summer visitor rather than the returned native. Mr. SYMONS' similes are essentially urban; the sea (to take an example at random) has for him "something of the colour of absinthe." In fine, though he can and does get into his pages much of the exhilaration of a tramp over heathery cliffs "smelling of honey and sea wind," one retains throughout a not unpleasing consciousness of Paddington. I have left myself too little space to deal adequately with other papers, among which I was delighted to find again that called "Dieppe 1895," long remembered from *The Savoy*

(though here, of course, lacking the interpretation of the BEARDSLEY drawings). Certainly a book to read at leisure and to keep "for further reference," perhaps in a future when travel studies may again become of more than merely sentimental interest.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, on the strength of *Danger! and Other Stories* (MURRAY), may claim a place among the prophets who were not accepted by their own country. "Danger!"—written some eighteen months before the outbreak of war—foretells the horrors of the unrestricted use of the submarine. In those days Sir ARTHUR could get no one to listen to him, because "in some unfortunate way subjects of national welfare are in this country continually subordinated to party politics." Possibly now that we have been taught by painful experience all we want to know about U-boat warfare, excitement in this tale is rather to seek, but it remains a most successful prophecy. In the last story of the book we have the author in his very worst form. "Three of Them" is a study of children, and the only excuse I can find for it is that it must be intended as a sop to the sentimentalists. Of the others my first vote goes to "The Surgeon of Gaster Fell," and my second to "The Prisoner's Defence;" but if you are susceptible to Sir ARTHUR'S sense of fun I can also recommend "The Fall of Lord Barrymore" and "One Crowded Hour." Not a great collection, but just good enough.

Mr. ROMER WILSON has devoted the nearly three hundred pages of his *Martin Schuler* (METHUEN) to describing what it feels like to be a genius, and, speaking from a very limited knowledge of this class, I should say that he had mapped the mind of a genius of a certain sort very well. His estimate of the creative artist's anguish of emptiness rings true, and will perhaps surprise the people who think that his lot, like a policeman's, is a very happy one. His *Martin*, who struck me as a very unpleasant young man, was a composer who meant to achieve immortality, but turned down the broad way of musical comedy and acquired money instead. Just in time he repented and wrote a grand opera, and then Mr. WILSON cut short his career in a fashion that seemed to me regrettably hackneyed, which was the only reason why I shared the other characters' sorrow. Why so many people, all rather nasty people too, came to devote themselves to *Martin* I could not discover, although I had the publisher's word for it that he was "attractive"; but perhaps his genius accounted for it. Probably it is my duty to declare here that *Martin* and his friends were almost all made in Germany before the War, but as they are exceptionally disagreeable and quite unlikely to inspire anyone with an unjust tenderness for their nation I have no hesitation in recommending the book as a clever study of temperament and a just picture of a part of the German musical world as it was when one last knew anything about it.



Dealer (trying to sell horse to Government buyer). "THAT 'ORSE, SIR, 'AS GONE A MILE IN A GOOD DEAL LESS THAN THREE MINUTES."
Government Buyer. "ON WHAT RAILWAY?"

It is all a matter of taste, of course, but personally I don't envy Mr. J. G. LEGGE his self-imposed task of convicting the Hun out of his own mouth of—well, of being a Hun. Germans they were and Germans they remain, and the author goes to great lengths, even to the length of 572 pages, to show that their peculiar qualities date back at least as far as 1813. His *Rhyme and Revolution in Germany* (CONSTABLE) is not so much a history of the scrambling undignified revolutionary movements culminating in the year 1848, as a collection of contemporary comment thereon, in prose and verse. The prose is generally bad; the verse is generally very bad; and one turns with relief to the author's connecting links, wishing only at times that he would not worry about proving his point quite so thoroughly. The bombast and the bullying, the self-pity and the cruelty, and, most of all, the instinctive claim, typical of Germany to-day, to prescribe one law for themselves but something quite different for the rest of the world, run through all these quotations, even the earliest. But the particular value of this book at the moment is its reminder that twice already has the House of Hohenzollern humbly pledged its All-Highest word to give constitutional government, only to resume "divine right" at the earliest convenient moment. Ruling Germany, and as much else as possible, with a view to the glorification of one's personal family and one's personal God, must be an exhausting labour, and once again the head of the dynasty is afforded an opportunity for a respite. It is a temptation which one feels sure he will find himself strong enough to resist if occasion serves. History and Mr. LEGGE suggest that he will be willing—even enthusiastic—to grovel in the dust to assist that occasion.

Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES is a brilliant and distinguished member of the great brotherhood of the Press; he is also a Member of Parliament and has devoted himself heart and soul to the propagation of his principles on the platform. He has therefore, save in respect of great age (he is barely sixty), every right to compile and publish a book with the title, *Press, Platform and Parliament* (NISBET). It is one of the most genuinely good-tempered books I have ever read; but that was to be expected from the author of the column signed "*Sub Rosa*," who had in this course of desultory writing made innumerable friends and never lost one; and, more pleasing sport than that, had brought two people together through a matrimonial agency conducted by W. T. STEAD, and had met the pair many years after, to find that they were perfectly and unexpectedly happy.

"ALL BOOKS

noticed in the Editorial pages of '—— & ——' (see Book Reviews), or listed in its advertising columns, may be obtained post free from the offices, at the marked prices, plus postage."—*Trade Paper.*

We felt sure there was a catch somewhere.

CHARIVARIA.

A MEMORIAL to SIMON DE MONTFORT has been unveiled at Evesham, where he fell in 1265. A pathetic inquiry reaches us as to whether SIMON is yet demobilised.

* * *

We are informed that the project of adding a "Silence Room" to the National Liberal Club is to be resuscitated.

* * *

"Small one piece houses of concrete," says *The National News*, "are now quite common in America." The only complaint, it appears, is that some of them are just a trifle tight under the arms.

* * *

We hope that the proposed revival by a well-known theatre manager of *The Sins of David* so shortly after the General Election is not the work of a defeated Candidate.

* * *

"Some of the discredited Radical organs," says a contemporary, "are already toying with Bolshevism." A case of "*Soviet qui peut.*"

* * *

The report that a number of distinguished Irish Unionists have been ordered to choose between the LORD-LIEUTENANT'S Reconstruction Committee and the O.B.E. is causing anxiety in Dublin Club circles.

* * *

Weymouth Council has decided to change the name of Holstein Avenue. We deprecate these attempts to force the Peace Conference's hand.

* * *

Mr. HENRY FORD'S new paper is called *The Dearborn Independant*. Most independent papers, it is noticed, are that.

* * *

"Why has the Government raised the price of new sharps?" asks "FARMER" in *The Daily Mail*. They may cost more, but they look to us like the same old sharps.

* * *

"Sensation-mongering" is the public's verdict on the startling report circulated last week that a Civil Servant had been seen running.

* * *

The National Potato Exhibition, it is announced, will in future be held at Birmingham. The League of Political Small Potatoes, on the other hand, has moved its permanent headquarters to Manchester.

There were 21,457 fewer paupers in London last week compared with the same period in 1915, it is stated. All we can say is, it isn't London's fault.

* * *

A correspondent, writing to a contemporary, thinks it should be illegal for one taxi-driver to talk to another in the streets. It would be interesting under these circumstances to see what happened if two rival cabs collided.

* * *

With reference to the Upper Norwood gentleman who is reported to have arrived home early one night last week, it is not true that he travelled by tube. He walked.



"I WISH MY HUSBAND HAD JOINED THEM PIVOTS INSTEAD OF THE FOOSILEERS. HE 'D 'A' BEEN DEMOBILISED BY NOW."

One thing after another. No sooner is influenza on the wane than we read of a serious outbreak of Jazz music in London.

* * *

We gather from the interviews appearing in the papers that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN is of the opinion that his defeat was due to the General Election.

* * *

We are asked to deny the rumour that the KAISER has offered to compete for *The Daily Mail* trans-Atlantic flight and has offered to forgo the prize.

* * *

Scientists are agreed, says *Tit-Bits*, that there is nothing to prevent people living for five hundred or even one thousand years. We feel, however, that in the case of certain very objectionable persons exemption might be given at the age of about forty years.

"Blwyddyn Newydd Dda i bawb Ohonynt" was the reported greeting sent by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to his election agent. Other delegates to the Peace Conference are talking in the same truculent strain.

* * *

One of the men for whom our heart goes out in sympathy is a South Carolina farmer who has been in the habit of doctoring himself with the help of a medical book. When only fifty-five years of age he died of a misprint.

* * *

A prisoner charged at London Sessions with stealing was described as "one of a most daring and clever gang of thieves." It is said that he has asked counsel for permission to use this excellent testimonial on his note-headings.

* * *

An Irish farmer aged one hundred-and-four years, who took a prominent part in the General Election, has just died. This should be a lesson to people who meddle with politics.

* * *

"The current open secret in Society," says *The Star*, "is the engagement of Lady DIANA MANNERS, but when it will be announced only she herself will decide." This is extraordinary. A few weeks ago the decision would have rested with the newspapers.

* * *

There were 523 fewer books published last year than in the year before. This, we understand, is explained by the fact that Mr. CHARLES GARVICE and Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM each went to the theatre one night in the early autumn.

Regulus Up-to-Date.

"TRAVELLER.—Wanted a pushing young man, to work through England and Scotland in barrel hoops."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"To these manifestations the President raised his hat, his smiling face indicating the measure of his pleasure at the leave-taking with the British public."—*Daily Paper.*

One of the things that might perhaps have been expressed differently.

Redistribution.

The Bolshevist plan to conciliate Labour
Is based on the maxim of Beggar your Neighbour,
With the glorious result, when they share out the loot,
That ev'ry one 's sure of possessing *one* boot.

THE RHYME OF THE "RIO GRANDE."

By Salthouse Dock as I did pass one day not long ago,
I chanced to meet a sailorman that once I used to know;
His eye it had a roving gleam, his step was light and gay,
He looked like one just in from sea to blow a nine months' pay;
And as he passed athwart my hawse he hailed me long and loud:
"Oh, find me now a full saloon where I may stand the crowd;
I 'm out to rouse the town this night as any man may be
That 's just come off a salvage job, my lad, the same as me. . . .

"Bringin' home the *Rio Grande*, her as used to be
Crack o' Moore, Mackellar's Line, back in ninety-three;
First of all the 'Frisco fleet, home in ninety-eight,
Ninety days to Carrick Roads from the Golden Gate;
Thirty shellbacks used to have all their work to do
Hauling them big yards of hers, heaving of her to
Down off Dago Ramirez, where the big winds blow,
Bringin' home the *Rio Grande* twenty years ago.

"We picked her up one morning homeward bound from Portland, Maine,
In a nine-knot grunting cargo tramp by name the *Crown o' Spain;*
The day was breaking cold and dark and dirty as could be,
It was blowin' up for weather as we couldn't help but see.
Her crew was gone the Lord knows where—and Fritz had left her too;
He must have took a scare and quit afore his job was through;
We tried to pass a hawser, but it warn't no kind o' good,
So we put a salvage crew aboard to save her if we could. . . .

"Bringin' home the *Rio Grande* and her freight as well,
Half-a-score of steamboatmen cursin' her like hell,
Flounderin' in the flooded waist, scramblin' for a hold,
Hangin' on by teeth and toes, dippin' when she rolled;
Ginger Dan the donkeyman, Joe the "doctor's" mate,
Lumpers off the water-front, greasers from the Plate,
That 's the sort o' crowd we had to reef and steer and haul,
Bringin' home the *Rio Grande*—ship and freight and all.

"Our mate had served his time in sail, he was a bully boy,
It'd wake a corpse to hear him hail 'Foretopsail yard ahoy!'
He knew the ways o' squaresail and he knew the way to swear,
He 'd got the habit of it here and there and everywhere;
He 'd some samples from the Baltic and some more from Mozambique,
Chinook and Chink and double-Dutch and Mexican and Greek;
He 'd a word or two in Russian, but he learned the best he 'd got
Off a pious preachin' skipper—and he had to use the lot. . . .

"Bringin' home the *Rio Grande* in a seven-days' gale,
Seven days and seven nights, the same as JONAH'S whale,
Standard compass gone to bits, steering all adrift,
Courses split and mainmast sprung, cargo on the shift . . .
Not a chart in all the ship left to steer her by,
Not a glimpse of star or sun in the bloomin' sky . . .
Two men at the jury wheel, kickin' like a mule,
Bringin' home the *Rio Grande* up to Liverpool.

"The seventh day off South Stack Light the sun began to shine;
Up come an Admiralty tug and offered us a line;
The mate he took the megaphone and leaned across the rail,
And this or something like it was the answer to her hail:
He 'd take it very kindly if they 'd tell us where we were,
And he hoped the War was going well, he 'd got a brother there,
And he 'd thought about their offer and he thanked them kindly too,
But since we 'd brought her up so far, by God we 'd see it through . . .

"Bringin' home the *Rio Grande* (and we done it too),
Courses split and mainmast sprung—half a watch for crew—
Bringin' home the *Rio Grande* and her freight as well,
Half-a-score of steamboatmen cursing her like hell—
Her as led the grain fleet home back in ninety-eight,
Ninety days to Carrick Roads from the Golden Gate—
Half-a-score of steamboatmen to steer and reef and haul,
Bringin' home the *Rio Grande*—ship and freight and all."

C. F. S.

HELPFUL HOME HINTS

(*With acknowledgments to the Weekly Papers*).

To keep moth from a haggis, sprinkle well with prussic acid or cayenne pepper. Repeat three times daily. (This method has never been known to fail.)

An excellent germicide for wire-worm can be made with two parts carbolic acid and three parts castor-oil. Rub over the wire-worm with a soft rag and polish with a clean duster.

To remove dust from whiskers, soak whiskers in paraffin or petrol for half-an-hour and singe gently with lighted taper.

To clean a carpet, take a small wet tea-leaf and roll it well over the carpet. Then remove the tea-leaf and store in a dry place. Take the carpet to the cleaners and you will be surprised at the result.

An excellent trousers press can be made in the following manner: Get the local monumental mason to supply you with two slabs of granite measuring about six feet by two feet and weighing about seven hundredweight each. Place the trousers on top of one block of granite, place the other block on top of the trousers and secure with a couple of book-straps. Finish off with blue ribbon. AUNT SADIE.

"America appealed to Ireland for help, and even sent a special Ambassador—the great Abraham Lincoln—to this country to state America's case before the Irish Parliament in the year 1771."
Dublin Evening Mail.

American papers please copy.

"The —— Chamber of Commerce have certainly made a capture in securing the services of Bragadier-General ——, District Director of the Ministry of Labour, for an address on 'Demobilisation and the Activities of the Appointments Department of the left eye, and after treatment was taken the Portsea Island Gas Company offices."
Provincial Paper.

We had heard there was some trouble over demobilisation, but had no idea it was as bad as this.

"Arrangements are being made in all the stations throughout India for the celebration of the signing of the armistice. In Simla the Commander-in-Chief will be present at a parade on the Ridge at 11.45 a.m., civilians in leaves dress assembling at 11.30."
Times of India.

It is pleasant to note that the establishment of the armistice brought about an immediate return, in Simla at least, to the conditions of Paradise.



RUINS OF EMPIRE.

SHADE OF BISMARCK. "I BUILT WITH BLOOD AND IRON, AND ONLY BLOOD REMAINS."

THE NECROMANCERS.

THE other day, while I was out for a ride, I happened to run up against my two Chinese acquaintances, Ah Sin and Dam Li, and I stopped to have a chat with them. After the usual greetings Dam Li remarked:—

"Hon'lable officer lookee too muchee sad."

"Allee same like littlee dog when 'nother big dog stealum bone," supplemented Ah Sin.

"I wasn't aware of it," I said shortly, a little hurt at the comparison.

"P'haps hon'lable officer losee lations allee same little dog," suggested Dam Li.

"Well," I admitted, "I *have* lost something—at least the Mess has. Only it isn't rations; it's a milk-jug."

This, our only article of plate, was a battered piece of treasure-trove salved from the ruins of a derelict village.

Dam Li was all sympathy.

"You talkee China boy. Him findum one time plenty quick," he announced confidently.

"All right," I said; "only you won't get anything just for trying, mind. You 'll have to succeed."

"China boy no wantchee nothing," replied Dam Li reproachfully.

"Him only wantchee officer smile allee same like dog waggee tail when lations come back," added Ah Sin by way of embroidery.

"Thank you," I said gravely. "And when do you propose to start replacing my smile?"

Apparently there was no time like the present, so back we went to the Mess and they set to work. Their opening move was somewhat startling, even to me who knew them of old.

"Giveum China boy one piecee blead," commanded Dam Li.

"What for?" I demurred.

"China Boy eatum blead and talkee plenty good player [prayer]," said Ah Sin. "Then thief-man too muchee flighten' an' giveum back jug plenty dam quick."

"But why should he be afraid?" I asked.

Ah Sin was very patient with me.

"Players plenty stlong language talkee," he said. "S'pose thief-man not giveum back jug, belly get plenty too muchee fat . . ."

"An' go bang allee same air-dlagon bomb," broke in Dam Li, rubbing his hands together at the prospect.

"Very well, you may have your loaf," said I, capitulating; and then rashly I added, "Is there anything else you 'd like?"

"Beer makee players plenty much worser for thief-man," said Ah Sin ingratiatingly.

In the end I produced the beer as well as the bread and the incantations commenced. They consisted in getting outside my bread and beer, and in filling the intervals between mouthfuls with a copious barrage of Chinese, occasional prostrations and a considerable amount of laughter. This last aroused my suspicions and I asked what it meant.

"Thief-man keepee plenty big pain here," explained Dam Li, indicating the region to which the bread and beer had by now all descended. "Him topside mad this minute."

"Giveum back jug to-mollow," prophesied Ah Sin. "China boy come an' see," he added as he got up to go.

The morrow arrived and so did the Chinamen, but not the milk-jug. This seemed to cause Ah Sin and Dam Li the greatest surprise.

"Thief-man No. 1 stlong man," asserted the former.

"Wantchee extla double-lation players," agreed his companion.

"Hon'lable officer giveum China boy 'nother piece blead," suggested Ah Sin.

"An' beer," added Dam Li hastily.

Nosing an obvious conspiracy I at first refused. However I at length gave way on the understanding that there was on no account to be a third imposition. The rites of the day before were thereupon repeated.

When they were over Dam Li suddenly professed himself to be inspired.

"China boy seeum jug," he announced.

"Where?" I asked.

"Seeum box, plenty too muchee big," Dam Li went on in sepulchral tones; "jug inside box."

Ah Sin now joined in.

"Where isum box?" he asked excitedly.

"No savvy," replied Dam Li, shaking his head.

Ah Sin gazed wildly around. Seeing a box in the distance he rushed at it. Dam Li waved him back.

"That box no dam use," he sta'ed.

Ah Sin tried again.

"P'haps him in dirty box," he suggested.

Dam Li rolled his eyes inwards, as one who consulted an oracle within.

"Jug inside dirty box," he agreed ultimately, pointing in its direction.

"Oh, in the dust-bin," I said. "Well, there 's no harm in looking."

So look we did, and there, sure enough, it was. I picked it out and did some quick thinking.

"Now, when did you two ruffians put it there?" I asked sternly.

"Thief-man put it there," protested Dam Li, with a magnificent look of injured innocence.

"I know," said I. "Come on, now, tell me why you stole it, and, as you 've brought it back again, I *may* let you off."

"China boy's lations too muchee few, him plenty hungly," said Ah Sin, seeing that the game was up.

"S'pose him sellum jug, buy plenty beer," confided Dam Li unblushingly.

"But hon'lable officer lookee too muchee sad, so China boy dam solly. Fetchee back jug," resumed Ah Sin.

As I had often gone out of my way to do the pair a good turn I was naturally pained at their ingratitude. Taking the jug, I turned away in silence and left them. Ah Sin pursued me.

"Hon'lable officer likee jug?" he asked.

Dam Li, who had followed, answered for me.

"Likee jug allee same China boy likee lations," he explained.

"An' China boy gottee lations, blead an' beer, allee same hon'lable officer gottee jug," continued Ah Sin.

"Then what more can wantchee?" concluded Dam Li triumphantly.

I surrendered unconditionally.

GOOD-BYE, AUSTRALIANS!

THROUGH the Channel's drift and toss
Swift your homing transports churn;
Soon for you the Southron Cross
High above your bows shall burn;
Soon beyond the rolling Bight
Gleam the Leeuwin's lance of light.

Rich reward your hearts shall hold,
None less dear if long delayed,
For with gifts of wattle-gold
Shall your country's debt be paid;
From her sunlight's golden store
She shall heal your hurts of war.

Ere the mantling Channel mist
Dim your distant decks and spars,
And your flag that victory kissed
And Valhalla hung with stars—
Crowd and watch our signal fly:
"Gallant hearts, good-bye! *Good bye!*"

W. H. O.

The Aliens in our Midst.

"But most of the people aboard that car, if they had been truthfully outspoken, would probably have said, 'Dem's my sentiments.'"
Evening Paper.

"MARK OF CENTENARIAN.

Mrs. Rachel ——, a former resident of this city, was the guest of honor at a dinner served yesterday at her son's home in Wilkinsburg, the occasion being the 92nd anniversary of her birth. Mrs. —— was born in Somerset County and resided in this city before the flood."—*American Paper.*

At first we thought the headline a little previous, but the last sentence shows that it is, on the contrary, decidedly belated.



Indignant Patriot (to Local Food Committee). "I WISH TO REPORT THAT THERE'S A GROCER IN THIS TOWN WHO IS SELLING BUTTER, SUGAR AND JAM WITHOUT COUPONS. HE——"

Food Committee (as one man, ecstatically). "WHICH IS HIS SHOP?"

SOMETHING LIKE "LITERARY GOSSIP"!

ARE you not, dear reader, a little tired of what is called "Literary Gossip"? Be frank. Aren't you? And have you not sometimes longed even more to know what the industrious fellows were not writing than what they were?

But suppose we could come across an authentic column like this?

Mr. KIPLING is putting the finishing touches to a new Jungle book. The first and second Jungle books have waited too long for this new companion; but it is now on its way. A friend of the author, who has been privileged to see an early copy, says that it is full of all the old enchantment.

* * *

Our Burwash correspondent informs us that, not content with the re-incarnation of *Mowgli*, Mr. KIPLING has completed a new romance of wandering life in India, not unlike *Kim* in treatment, to be entitled *The Great Trunk Road*.

* * *

An album has just come to light, the value of which is beyond computation. On the faded leaves of this book, which once belonged to Fanny Brawne, are inscribed three new poems in KEATS's own hand. Not mere album verses, but poems of the highest importance, equal to rank to the Odes to the Grecian Urn and the Nightingale. The book itself will be sold by auction next week, but meanwhile the poems are to be issued in pamphlet form by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN.

* * *

An enterprising firm of publishers announces for immediate publication a volume by President WILSON, entitled *From White House to Buckingham Palace*. This work is in the form of a diary of singular frankness, and it contains some vivid accounts of conversations as well as the writer's honest opinion of some of the most prominent personages of the moment.

* * *

Admirers of O. HENRY will be excited to hear that a bundle of MS. stories in his best vein, some seventy-five all told (and how told!), has been discovered in a cupboard in one of his old lodgings: much as the manuscript of TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam* was found in his rooms in Mornington Crescent. How it happened that the historian of the joys and sorrows, the comedies and tragedies, of little old Baghdad-on-the-Subway neglected to send these tales to editors we shall never know, but he was always erratic. The book will be published at once, both in America and England.

* * *

After an interval of several years—far too many—Sir JAMES BARRIE has finished a new novel. With his customary reticence he withholds both the title and the subject; but the important thing is that the book is at the binders.

Having read those announcements I succumbed to precedent and woke up.

An Artful Appeal.

From a Japanese business circular:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Congratulating upon the great victory of our Allies, we want to supply you Water Colour Pictures and Antique Prints fresh and much selected subjects painted by the most famous artists in Japan; so we long to have the honour to receive your favourable inspection and enjoy yourselves with triumphing victory for Our Lord's blessing in X'mas time."

"Surely with all the wars and rumours of wars all over the world, a little mare tact could have been displayed by the powers that be to keep the peace in the very centre of a British Protectorate."—*Leader (East Africa)*. The quality desired would appear to be the East African equivalent of horse sense.

MORE REPRISALS.

THAT ass Ellis is a poor creature, and, like the poor, he is always with me. I think he is a punishment inflicted upon me for some past error.

A short time ago I caught the "flu." Naturally the first person I suspected was Ellis, but I am bound to confess that I have not been able to prove it. Indeed, when he followed me to hospital two days later and was put in the next bed, I felt justified in exonerating him altogether.

The first remark that he made, when he reached that stage of the complaint where you feel like making remarks, illustrates just the kind of man he is. He accused *me* of giving the thing to *him*!

I answered his outburst with the scorn it deserved.

"Preposterous," I said.

I added a few apposite remarks, to which he responded as best he could. But, medically speaking, I was two days senior to him, so that when the Sister heard the uproar and bustled up it was he who was forbidden to speak. She then proceeded to clinch the matter by inserting a thermometer in his mouth. I defy any man to argue under such a handicap.

I finished all I had to say and relapsed into an expectant silence. The Sister returned after a time, read the instrument and retired without a word. As she passed my bed I saw out of the corner of my eye that Ellis was watching feverishly. An inspiration seized me. I stopped her, and in a low voice asked if she had fed her rabbits. Sister isn't allowed to keep rabbits, but she does. As I hoped, she put a finger to her lips, nodded and walked away.

"Poor old man," I murmured vaguely to the ward in general. "A hundred-and-seven and still rising! Poor old Ellis!"

Ellis gave a little moan and collapsed under the bedclothes.

An hour later Burnett went his round. Burnett isn't the doctor, at least not the official one. I must tell you something about Burnett.

He is the grandfather of the ward. Though quite a young man he has grown fat through long lying in bed. He entered hospital, I understand, towards the end of 1914, suffering from influenza. Since then he has had a nibble at every imaginable disease, not to mention a number of imaginary ones as well. Regularly four times a day he would waddle round the ward in his dingy old dressing-gown, discussing symptoms with every cot. In exchange for your helping of pudding he would take your temperature and let you know the answer, and for a bunch of grapes he would tell you the probable course of your complaint and the odds against complete recovery. No one seemed to interfere with him. You see, Burnett was no longer a case; he was an institution.

He spent a long time by Ellis's bedside. I suspect Ellis wasn't feeling much like pudding at the moment. I couldn't hear very well what was going on, but Ellis was chattering as only Ellis can, and the comfortable Burnett was apparently soothing him with an occasional "All right, old man. I'll see what I can do for you."



"AND I SUPPOSE YOU WILL BE DEMOBILISED AS SOON AS YOU GET OUT OF HOSPITAL?"

"OH, NO, MUM. YOU SEE, I WAS A SOLDIER IN CIVVY LIFE."

At length the grapes were all consumed and the huge form of Burnett loomed above me.

"Why, Mr. L——," said the soothing voice, "I don't want to alarm you, but really——"

"Really what?" I cried, starting up in bed at the gravity of his tone.

"Well, you know—your colour; I perhaps——"

He fumbled in the folds of his voluminous gown and produced a small metal mirror. Then he seemed to change his mind and put it back again.

"I'd better not," he said softly to himself, and then louder to me, "Have you got a wife—or perhaps a mother?"

I am no coward, but I confess I was trembling by this time.

"Why?" I cried. "Do you think I ought to send for them?"

"Send for them?" he echoed. "*Send for them?* And you in the grip of C.S.M.! It would be sheer madness—murder!"

The cold sweat stood out upon my brow but I kept my head.

"Have an apple, won't you, Mr. Burnett?"

He selected the largest and began to munch it in silence—silence, that is, as far as talking was concerned.

"Tell me," I stammered; "wh—what is C.S.M.? And may I have a look at myself?"

He cogitated. "Shall I?" he muttered. "Yes, I think he ought to know." Then quite quietly, accompanied by the core of the apple, there fell from his lips the fatal words "Cerebro-spinal meningitis."

At the same time he handed me the glass and selected the next best apple.

I looked at myself. My hair stood straight on end, my face was whitish-yellow, my eyes blazed with unmistakable fever. A three-days' beard enhanced the horrible effect.

"Have you any pain—there?" One of his large soft hands gripped my side and pinched it hard, the other selected the third best apple.

"Yes," I groaned, "I *had* pain there."

"Ah!" he shook his head. "And there?" He sat down heavily on my right ankle. He is a ponderous man.

"Agony," I moaned.

"Ah! And something throbbing like a gong in the brain?" he inquired, tapping me on the head with the metal mirror.

I nodded dumbly. He rose, shrugging his shoulders.

"All the symptoms, I'm afraid. That's just how it took poor old Simpson. He had this very cot—let me see, back in '16, I suppose. I had it very slightly afterwards—it was touch and go; I was the only one they pulled through—but I only had it *very* slightly, you understand—not like that. But cheer up, old man. I've been told that a fellow got through it in the next ward—of course he's an idiot now, but he didn't *die*. I don't suppose you'll be wanting the rest of these apples, will you? All right, don't mention it;" and he passed on to the next cot.



Hostess. "WHAT! GOING ALREADY, DEARS? IT'S VERY EARLY."
Little Girl. "YES—WE HAVE TO GO ON TO ANOTHER PARTY. WE'RE SORRY, BUT—YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR."

When the proper doctor came round a few minutes later (Burnett says) he found his own thermometer quite inadequate and had to borrow the one that registers the heat of the ward. When he took it out of my mouth it wasn't far short of boiling-point, and he wrote straight off to *The Lancet* about it; also they had to get one of those lightning calculator chaps down to count my pulse.

Long before I came to, Ellis had been discharged, the ward had filled up with fresh cases (except Burnett, of course), and the armistice had been signed.

When I was well enough they handed me a letter which Ellis had left for me.

"DEAR L——" (it ran),—"Yes, the rabbits have had their food. The biggest of them swallowed it all most satisfactorily.

"Your loving ELLIS."

SHAKSPEARE on not the least surprising of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's appointments:—

"How now, Woolsack? what mutter you?"
I. Henry IV., ii. 4, 148.

ANOTHER HEATHEN CHINEE.

WE were discussing "slim" practices and the prevalence of the basic desire to get something for nothing.

"If honesty," said one of the company, "is truly the best policy, then there is a surfeit of the worst politician."

"Yes," said another, "and not only in the West. I assure you, speaking as the director of an insurance concern in Shanghai, that you have no monopoly in inventive chicanery. Insurance people must always be on their guard, but never more so than among the guileless Celestials. I can give you a case in point. Not long ago we received a visit from the wife of one of our policy-holders, saying that her husband was dead and claiming the money.

"'Certainly,' we said, 'the payment will be made, but only after the usual investigations,' and sent her back to her village. It is not that we were more suspicious of her than of anyone else, but such formalities are essential. In this case they turned out to be peculiarly necessary, for her husband was no more dead than you are.

"When she got back to him and explained that there is always 'a catch somewhere' in the insurance business, he took alarm. A prosecution might be awkward and at any cost must be evaded. He therefore played a masterly card by writing the company a personal letter of explanation, which he pretended was despatched before his wife's return. The original is in Chinese, but I have an English translation in my pocket-book."

The pursuit of odd examples of the epistolary art being one of the principal occupations of my life, I secured a copy of the document, which in English runs thus:—

"*To the —— Insurance Company, Shanghai.*

"DEAR SIR,—When I died of a disease that came on suddenly an intelligent doctor was at once asked for. He forced some fluid into my mouth and made some injection on my body. He thus succeeded in bringing me to life again.

"The beneficiary came to your place yesterday. What did she say? Everything will be discussed after her return.

"Kindly give me your valuable assistance and reply by post.

"Yours faithfully, TSIN KOH."

MORE REPRISALS.

THAT ass Ellis is a poor creature, and, like the poor, he is always with me. I think he is a punishment inflicted upon me for some past error.

A short time ago I caught the "flu." Naturally the first person I suspected was Ellis, but I am bound to confess that I have not been able to prove it. Indeed, when he followed me to hospital two days later and was put in the next bed, I felt justified in exonerating him altogether.

The first remark that he made, when he reached that stage of the complaint where you feel like making remarks, illustrates just the kind of man he is. He accused *me* of giving the thing to *him*!

I answered his outburst with the scorn it deserved.

"Preposterous," I said.

I added a few apposite remarks, to which he responded as best he could. But, medically speaking, I was two days senior to him, so that when the Sister heard the uproar and bustled up it was he who was forbidden to speak. She then proceeded to clinch the matter by inserting a thermometer in his mouth. I defy any man to argue under such a handicap.

I finished all I had to say and relapsed into an expectant silence. The Sister returned after a time, read the instrument and retired without a word. As she passed my bed I saw out of the corner of my eye that Ellis was watching feverishly. An inspiration seized me. I stopped her, and in a low voice asked if she had fed her rabbits. Sister isn't allowed to keep rabbits, but she does. As I hoped, she put a finger to her lips, nodded and walked away.

"Poor old man," I murmured vaguely to the ward in general. "A hundred-and-seven and still rising! Poor old Ellis!"

Ellis gave a little moan and collapsed under the bedclothes.

An hour later Burnett went his round. Burnett isn't the doctor, at least not the official one. I must tell you something about Burnett.

He is the grandfather of the ward. Though quite a young man he has grown fat through long lying in bed. He entered hospital, I understand, towards the end of 1914, suffering from influenza. Since then he has had a nibble at every imaginable disease, not to mention a number of imaginary ones as well. Regularly four times a day he would waddle round the ward in his dingy old dressing-gown, discussing symptoms with every cot. In exchange for your helping of pudding he would take your temperature and let you know the answer, and for a bunch of grapes he would tell you the probable course of your complaint and the odds against complete recovery. No one seemed to interfere with him. You see, Burnett was no longer a case; he was an institution.

He spent a long time by Ellis's bedside. I suspect Ellis wasn't feeling much like pudding at the moment. I couldn't hear very well what was going on, but Ellis was chattering as only Ellis can, and the comfortable Burnett was apparently soothing him with an occasional "All right, old man. I'll see what I can do for you."



"AND I SUPPOSE YOU WILL BE DEMOBILISED AS SOON AS YOU GET OUT OF HOSPITAL?"

"OH, NO, MUM. YOU SEE, I WAS A SOLDIER IN CIVVY LIFE."

At length the grapes were all consumed and the huge form of Burnett loomed above me.

"Why, Mr. L——," said the soothing voice, "I don't want to alarm you, but really——"

"Really what?" I cried, starting up in bed at the gravity of his tone.

"Well, you know—your colour; I perhaps——"

He fumbled in the folds of his voluminous gown and produced a small metal mirror. Then he seemed to change his mind and put it back again.

"I'd better not," he said softly to himself, and then louder to me, "Have you got a wife—or perhaps a mother?"

I am no coward, but I confess I was trembling by this time.

"Why?" I cried. "Do you think I ought to send for them?"

"Send for them?" he echoed. "*Send for them?* And you in the grip of C.S.M.! It would be sheer madness—murder!"

The cold sweat stood out upon my brow but I kept my head.

"Have an apple, won't you, Mr. Burnett?"

He selected the largest and began to munch it in silence—silence, that is, as far as talking was concerned.

"Tell me," I stammered; "wh—what is C.S.M.? And may I have a look at myself?"

He cogitated. "Shall I?" he muttered. "Yes, I think he ought to know." Then quite quietly, accompanied by the core of the apple, there fell from his lips the fatal words "Cerebro-spinal meningitis."

At the same time he handed me the glass and selected the next best apple.

I looked at myself. My hair stood straight on end, my face was whitish-yellow, my eyes blazed with unmistakable fever. A three-days' beard enhanced the horrible effect.

"Have you any pain—there?" One of his large soft hands gripped my side and pinched it hard, the other selected the third best apple.

"Yes," I groaned, "I *had* pain there."

"Ah!" he shook his head. "And there?" He sat down heavily on my right ankle. He is a ponderous man.

"Agony," I moaned.

"Ah! And something throbbing like a gong in the brain?" he inquired, tapping me on the head with the metal mirror.

I nodded dumbly. He rose, shrugging his shoulders.

"All the symptoms, I'm afraid. That's just how it took poor old Simpson. He had this very cot—let me see, back in '16, I suppose. I had it very slightly afterwards—it was touch and go; I was the only one they pulled through—but I only had it *very* slightly, you understand—not like that. But cheer up, old man. I've been told that a fellow got through it in the next ward—of course he's an idiot now, but he didn't *die*. I don't suppose you'll be wanting the rest of these apples, will you? All right, don't mention it;" and he passed on to the next cot.



Hostess. "WHAT! GOING ALREADY, DEARS? IT'S VERY EARLY."
Little Girl. "YES—WE HAVE TO GO ON TO ANOTHER PARTY. WE'RE SORRY, BUT—YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR."

When the proper doctor came round a few minutes later (Burnett says) he found his own thermometer quite inadequate and had to borrow the one that registers the heat of the ward. When he took it out of my mouth it wasn't far short of boiling-point, and he wrote straight off to *The Lancet* about it; also they had to get one of those lightning calculator chaps down to count my pulse.

Long before I came to, Ellis had been discharged, the ward had filled up with fresh cases (except Burnett, of course), and the armistice had been signed.

When I was well enough they handed me a letter which Ellis had left for me.

"DEAR L——" (it ran),—"Yes, the rabbits have had their food. The biggest of them swallowed it all most satisfactorily.

"Your loving ELLIS."

SHAKSPEARE on not the least surprising of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S appointments:—

"How now, Woolsack? what mutter you?"
I. Henry IV., ii. 4, 148.

ANOTHER HEATHEN CHINEE.

WE were discussing "slim" practices and the prevalence of the basic desire to get something for nothing.

"If honesty," said one of the company, "is truly the best policy, then there is a surfeit of the worst politician."

"Yes," said another, "and not only in the West. I assure you, speaking as the director of an insurance concern in Shanghai, that you have no monopoly in inventive chicanery. Insurance people must always be on their guard, but never more so than among the guileless Celestials. I can give you a case in point. Not long ago we received a visit from the wife of one of our policy-holders, saying that her husband was dead and claiming the money.

"'Certainly,' we said, 'the payment will be made, but only after the usual investigations,' and sent her back to her village. It is not that we were more suspicious of her than of anyone else, but such formalities are essential. In this case they turned out to be peculiarly necessary, for her husband was no more dead than you are.

"When she got back to him and explained that there is always 'a catch somewhere' in the insurance business, he took alarm. A prosecution might be awkward and at any cost must be evaded. He therefore played a masterly card by writing the company a personal letter of explanation, which he pretended was despatched before his wife's return. The original is in Chinese, but I have an English translation in my pocket-book."

The pursuit of odd examples of the epistolary art being one of the principal occupations of my life, I secured a copy of the document, which in English runs thus:—

"*To the —— Insurance Company, Shanghai.*

"DEAR SIR,—When I died of a disease that came on suddenly an intelligent doctor was at once asked for. He forced some fluid into my mouth and made some injection on my body. He thus succeeded in bringing me to life again.

"The beneficiary came to your place yesterday. What did she say? Everything will be discussed after her return.

"Kindly give me your valuable assistance and reply by post.

"Yours faithfully, TSIN KOH."

JOSHUA.

ON July 1st, 1916, the regiment, in company with several other regiments and sundry pieces of ordnance, attacked the Hun in the neighbourhood of the river Somme. A fortnight later the officers of B Company found themselves in a dug-out in a certain wood. It is now time to introduce Joshua.

Joshua was at that time our junior subaltern, and we called him Joshua after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, on account of his artistic attainments, though portraits by the hand of our Joshua tended rather more in the direction of caricature than those I have seen by his illustrious namesake. Upon the wall of that dug-out in that wood, for instance, was displayed a crude though unmistakable portrait of our revered Brigadier, a fact of which we were but too conscious when our revered Brigadier paid us one night an unexpected visit.

A short conversation ensued, during which the Brigadier gave rein to a reprehensible passion he had for inquiring into the *vie intime* of junior officers. Just as he was leaving he turned to Joshua.

"Why do they call you 'Joshua'?" he asked. Joshua hesitated. His eyes rested for an infinitesimal moment on the portrait on the wall, then on the face of the Brigadier. He cursed me inwardly (as he told me afterwards) for having addressed him by this name in such strident tones just as the Brigadier was entering the dug-out; but for the credit of the British Officer I am happy to say that Joshua kept his head and showed that ready wit in an emergency which is the soldier's greatest virtue.

"Well, Sir," he said, "I—I think it 's because JOSHUA was a great warrior."

"Ah, I hadn't thought of that," said the Brigadier as he took his departure, while I subsided in a fainting condition on to the floor of the dug-out and asked for brandy.

That night Joshua stopped a piece of shell with his head. We managed to get him back, but I did not like the look of him and I quite thought that his number was up. Before we pushed on next day I took down the portrait of the Brigadier and slipped it into my pocket-book. I had liked old Joshua well, and I thought I would keep this as a memento not only of his art but of his ability in spontaneous untruth.

That was, as I have said, in 1916. Much water had flowed between the banks of the river Somme before, in August, 1918, Joshua and I found ourselves in that neighbourhood once more.



PIVOTAL INDUSTRIES.

Sergeant. "LET YOUR 'AIR GROW ON SICK LEAVE, 'AVE YER, LITTLE GOLDILOCKS? THAT AIN'T NO GOOD; YOU 'RE TOO LATE TO BE DEMOBILISED FOR THE PANTOMIMES."

But we did find ourselves there, for Joshua's head had proved tougher than we thought, and with an enthusiasm beyond praise he had recently wangled his return to the old regiment from a cushy Base job, and was helping to hasten what we hoped and firmly believed was Fritz's final "strategical retirement."

We had had three strenuous days, and now, while others carried on the good work, we were resting by chance in that very wood of which I have already spoken. I wandered forth at eventide over the familiar ground, which had lain for some time well within the German lines, and came suddenly upon the entrance to our old dug-out! I went down into it and found that, apart from a litter of empty ration-tins, it was unaltered. Then suddenly I bethought me of the caricature which still lay in my pocket-book. I had never told Joshua that I had kept it. It seemed a maudlin thing to have done and moreover might have given him an exaggerated idea of my opinion of his art. I took out the picture and looked at it. It had weathered two years of warfare fairly well. Then with an indelible pencil I scrawled below it—

"*Sehr gute Bilde.*
F. Biermeister, 3 Preuss. Gard,"

a hazy recollection of school-German leading me to believe that "*Sehr gute Bilde*" meant "Very good picture." Then I pinned it up on the wall and went in search of Joshua.

"Do you remember that dug-out we used two years ago?" I asked when I had found him.

"I do," said Joshua. "It was there that I told old Turnips I was called Joshua after the O.C. Israelites at Jericho."

"That's the place," said I. "It 's somewhere round here." And I led him unostentatiously in the right direction.

"There it is," he cried. "It all comes back to me. Got a flash-lamp?"

He disappeared below and I sat down and waited—waited for sounds of astonishment and joy from the bowels of the earth. But I waited in vain. Silence reigned. Then Joshua's head was thrust upwards.

"Biermeister!" he called. "You, Biermeister of the 3rd Prussian Guard, come away below here! There is one, Sir Joshua Reynolds, an artist, would have a word with you."

I shook my head sadly. Another of my little jokes had proved a dud. But I did not go below. Joshua is so rough sometimes.

Siccis Oculis.

To weep for the fallen who saved us is meet,
But it causes no kind of surprise
That RAMSAY MACDONALD'S and SNOWDEN'S defeat
Has dried many millions of eyes.



THAT "DEMOBILISED" FEELING.

THE WEARY TITAN.

WEARY of the labours of war-winning—
Downing mandarins in Downing Street,
Fixing brands of CAIN upon the sinning,
Bingeing up the Army and the Fleet;
Weary of dislodging Kings and Kaisers,
Wearier of his friends than of his foes,
Prompted by his medical advisers
He has wandered South to seek repose.

There to ease his cranial distension
He will lead the simple life, incog.,
Far from international dissension
Or upheavals of the under-dog;
Leaving all unread his weekly *Hansard*,
Studying only novels at his meals,
Leaving correspondence all unanswered,
Deaf to FOCH'S passionate appeals.

There, no longer rashly overtasking
Powers impaired by superhuman strain,
But amid exotic foliage basking,
He will rest his monumental brain,
Till refreshed, dæmonic and defiant,
Clad in dazzling amaranthine sheen,
He emerges like a godlike giant
Once again to dominate the scene.

There, recumbent in a chair with rockers,
Oft will he indulge in forty winks,
Or, attired in well-cut knickerbockers,
Decorate the landscape on the links;
Or, with arms upon his bosom folded,
He will stand as motionless as bronze,
While his features, classically moulded,
Hourly grow more like NAPOLEON'S.

What the Conference will do without him
Hardly can we venture to surmise;
Delegates who would not dare to flout him
Manifest their joy without disguise.
Freed from his relentless catechizing
WILSON goes out golfing all the day;
Printers, save for common advertising,
Sadly put their pica type away.

Still, although this act of self-seclusion
May create irreparable schism,
Whelm the Conference in dire confusion
And produce a cosmic cataclysm;
Let us, musing on his past achievement,
Bear with calm our soul-consuming grief
And condole in their supreme bereavement
With his Staff, deserted by their Chief.

"COWS, PIGS, ETC.

GIRL (15), leaving school, desires position in nice office or bank."—*Local Paper.*

Much virtue in "etc."

"Mrs. Wilson waved her bouquet of orchards in salutation."—*Local Paper.*

So there is every reason to believe that the PRESIDENT'S visit was not fruitless.

"No one under 4ft. 9in. has any chance of securing admission to the London police."
Cork Constitution.

This will be a blow to some of our "bantams."

"Whether the rest of the journey be long or short, he would follow the same paths and continue to stand up for righteousness and liberty for the memocracy of this country."
Scotsman.

Is this another name for the woman's vote?

"The Telegraph Department notify that the delay in ordinary traffic to Madras is now normal."—*Indian Paper.*

In confirmation of the accuracy of the above statement an Indian correspondent writes that telegrams now reach their destination nearly as soon as letters.



WAR-TIME COMRADESHIP.

Charlady ("obliging" for the afternoon in the absence of all other domestic help). "WELL, I'M OFF NOW. GOOD NIGHT, ALL."

A CONFESSION.

TO THE RESIDENTS OF CHISWICK MALL.

THERE is a race of gentle folk
Who dwell in Chiswick, well content
In houses agéd as the oak,
But not unpleasing at the rent;
They look across the sunny stream
As Dr. JOHNSON used to look,
And all their lives are one long dream,
Though *none* of them has got a cook,
And there are whispers in the camp,
"It 's jolly, but it *is* so damp."

But they are *not* exciting. No;
And you would find that Chiswick Mall
At half-past nine at night or so
Is far from being Bacchanal;
For, though there come from Chiswick Eyot
Soft sounds of something going on
Where the wild herons congregate
And revel madly with the swan,
You might suppose the people dead.
You mustn't; they have gone to bed.

No extra forces of police
Were needed here at Armistice;
No little European Peace
Could tamper with a peace like this.
Yet on the Eve of this New Year
A strange degrading thing occurred;
A startled Chiswick woke to hear
Such noise as she has never heard,
The sound of dance and singing at
About eleven. O my hat!

Yes, it was bad. But what is worse
They know not yet who broke the code,
And the dread Chiswick Fathers' curse
Still hovers sadly, unbestowed.
Nay, there are wild false tales about
And hideous accusations made;
Men say old Piper led the rout
With that young fellow from "The Glade,"
While old maids murmur with a tear,
"I 'm told it was the Rector, dear."

And since I would not see this shame
Be fastened on to guiltless men,
And hear that there are those who blame
The Editor at Number 10,
As having found the evil ones
And harboured them in his abode
And, after stimulants and buns,
Dragooned them, shouting, down the road
And carried on till two or three—
I say, O spare him; *it was* ME *!*

A. P. H.

"Lord Robert Cecil, who has been appointed to take charge of League of Notions questions at the peace conference."—*Provincial Paper.*

We don't like this cynicism.

"There is a 'suave qui peut' at the underground stations during the busiest hours."
Provincial Paper.

Personally we had not noticed it, being more struck (in the tenderer portions of our anatomy) by the "fortiter in re."

Commercial Candour.

"The —— Mosquito Destroyer Coil. 1s. Perfectly Safe for mosquitoes."
Advt. in Burmese Paper.

"MORE LATE TRAINS.
IMPROVED SERVICE ON G.E.R."
Times.

An aggrieved East Anglian writes to know how the trains can be made later than they are.

"WELCOME TO PRESIDENT WILSON,
HONOURED CHIEF OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DEMOCRACY,
To which we are attached by traditional lies."
Headline in Italian Paper.

Once more *tradditore* has turned *traditore.*

"At the doorway stood a Red Cross doctor, hypodermic needle in hand, ready to administer an injunction to relieve sufferers of their pain."—*Daily Paper.*

We thought it was only lawyers who believed in the tranquillizing effect of an injunction.

"FOR SALE.—A Chest C. B. Gelding. Aged 4½ years. Height 14 feet 3 inches. Veterinary Certificate of soundness. Schooled since August. Very promising pony all round. Nice surefooted fencer. Price Rs. 650. Apply to Brigadier-General ——."—*Indian Paper.*

We gather that whatever he may have done in the past the gallant officer does not intend to "ride the high horse" any longer.



THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

PEACE (*outside the Allied Conference Chamber*). "I KNOW I SHALL HAVE TO WAIT FOR A WHILE; BUT I DO HOPE THEY WON'T TALK TOO MUCH."



Mabel (on seeing some shoes of war-time quality newly-arrived on approval). "MUMMIE, ARE THEY *REAL* CARDBOARD?"

THE OPIUM HOUND.

Philip is a solicitor whose solicitations are confined to Hongkong and the Far East generally. Just now he is also a special constable, for the duration. He is other things as well, but the above should serve as a general introduction.

In his capacity as special constable he keeps an eagle eye upon the departing river steamers and the passengers purposing to travel in them, his idea being to detect them in the act of attempting to export opium without a permit, one of the deadly sins.

A little while ago Philip came into the possession of a dog of doubtful ancestry and antecedents, but reputed to be intelligent. It was called "Little Willie" because of its marked tendency to the predatory habit. His other leading characteristic was an inordinate craving for Punter's "Freak" biscuits.

One day Philip had a brain-wave. "I will teach Little Willie," he said, "to smell out opium concealed in passengers' luggage, and I shall acquire merit and the Superintendent of Imports and Exports will acquire opium." So he borrowed some opium from that official and concealed it about the house and in his office, and by-and-by what was required of him seemed to dawn on Little Willie, and every time he found a *cache* of the drug he was rewarded with a Punter's "Freak" biscuit.

At last his education was pronounced to be complete and Philip marched proudly down to the Canton wharf with the Opium Hound. There was a queue of passengers waiting to be allowed on board, and the ceremony of the examination of their baggage was going on. Little Willie was invited to take a hand, which he did in a rather perfunctory way, without any real interest in the proceedings. Indeed, his attention wandered to the doings of certain disreputable friends of his who had come down to the wharf in a spirit of curiosity, and Philip had to recall him to the matter in hand.

On a sudden a wonderful change came over the Opium Hound. A highly respectable old lady of the *amah* or domestic servant class came confidently along, carrying the customary round lacquered wooden box, a neat bundle and a huge umbrella. She was followed by a ragged coolie bearing a plethoric basket, lashed with a stout rope, but bulging in all directions. Little Willie sniffed once at the basket and stiffened. "Good dog," said Philip; "is that opium you have found?" The hound's tail wagged furiously, and he scratched at the basket in a paroxysm of excitement. The coolie dropped it and ran away. The *amah* waxed voluble and attacked Little Willie with the family umbrella. The hound grew more and more enthusiastic for the quest. Philip issued the fiat, "Open that basket, it contains opium," and struck an attitude.

The basket was solemnly unlashed amid the *amah's* shrill expostulations, and the contents soon flowed out upon the floor of the examination-hut. There was the usual conglomeration: Two pairs working trousers (blue cotton), two ditto jackets to match, one suit silk brocade for high days and holidays, two white aprons, three pairs Chinese shoes, three and a-half pairs of Mississy's silk stockings, several mysterious under garments (from the same source); one cigarette tin containing sewing materials, buttons of all sorts and sizes,



THE FAVOURED UNIFORM.

Indignant Lady. "I SUPPOSE *I'd* HAVE HAD A CHANCE IF I'D HAD BREECHES ON."

nine empty cotton-reels, three spools from a sewing-machine, one pair nail-scissors (broken); one cigar-box containing several yards of tape (varying widths), cuttings of many different materials, one button-hook, one tin-opener and corkscrew combined, one silver thimble, one ditto (horn), one Chinese pipe; one packet of tea, one ditto sugar, one tin condensed milk (unopened), half a loaf of bread (very stale), two empty medicine bottles—but no opium!

Little Willie was nearly delirious by this time, and tried to get into the basket, which was now all but empty. The search continued, and two rolls of material were lifted out: five and a quarter yards of white calico and three yards of pink silk. This exposed the bottom of the basket, where lay a tin! Ah, the opium at last. Philip stepped forward and prised off the lid triumphantly.

The contents consisted solely of Punter's "Freak" biscuits.

Little Willie has been dismissed from his position as Opium Sleuth-hound.

Commercial Candour.

"For Sale, owing to ill-health, Pedigree Flemish Stock."—*Daily Paper.*

THE EXODUS.

LIKE the last rose of Summer
I'm left quite alone;
All my blooming companions
To Paris are flown—
Three daughters, two brothers,
Two sons and a niece
Have all gone to Paris
To speed up the Peace.

'Tis just the same story
Wherever I go,
There's hardly a soul left
For running the show—
Five thousand officials,
Not counting police,
Have all gone to Paris
To speed up the Peace.

There 's calm in the City,
A hush in Whitehall—
A thousand fair typists
Have answered the call.
Henceforward their clicking
In London will cease—
They 've all gone to Paris
To speed up the Peace.

P.S.

An expert accountant
Has worked out the cost
Of the keep of officials
Who 've recently crossed.
It must be Three Millions;
Mayhap 'twill increase
If the delegates dally
In speeding up Peace.

"THE THAMES RISING.
LONDON MILK SUPPLY THREATENED."
Pall Mall Gazette.

A surprising change of affairs.

"Sprats in South London are 2½lb. a lb."
Continental Daily Mail.

This may explain why our fishmonger's price is 2½ shillings a shillingsworth.

"The story of an ingenious robbery by three young boys was told to the Stockport magistrates to-day.

The magistrates ordered them to receive the birch.

usual way.—Reuter."—*Provincial Paper.*

It was kind of Reuter to add this detail.

"It is understood an order has been issued for the demobilisation of men called to the Colours under the last Military Service Act after they had attained the age of 441."
Provincial Paper.

There can't be very many of them; still it is good to know that the authorities have made a beginning.



The Knight-Errant. "MY DEAR LADY, I HAVE THE HAPPINESS OF RESCUING YOU FROM A GREAT PERIL."
The Lady (indignantly). "HOW DARE YOU ADDRESS ME, SIR, WITHOUT A PROPER INTRODUCTION?"
The Knight-Errant. "MADAM, IF YOU HAD SPOKEN SOONER I WOULD HAVE ASKED OUR FRIEND HERE TO FULFIL THAT NECESSARY SOCIAL OBLIGATION."

HOW TO DINE WISELY—BUT NOT TOO WELL.

WE are exceedingly pleased to note that our contemporary, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, preaches frugality in the most practical manner by providing a daily *menu* card, with helpful comments on the preparation of the viands. The time for an unrestricted dietary is still far off, and it is a work of national importance to encourage the thrifty use of what our contemporary calls "left-overs." Herein we are only following ancient and honourable precedent, one of the earliest lyrics in the language informing us that

> "What they did not eat that day
> The Queen next morning fried."

Our only fault with the *P.M.G.'s chef* is that he is inclined to err on the side of generosity. The dinner for January 6th, for instance, is composed of no fewer than four dishes, of which only one is a "left-over." The bill of fare opens with "Kipper meat on toast"; it proceeds with a fine *crescendo* to "Beef *à la jardinière*," followed by "Fried macaroni," and declining gracefully on "Cabinet pudding."

"Left-over meat," as our contemporary remarks, "is more of a problem nowadays than ever before, for, being generally imported, it is not so tender as the pre-war home-grown meat to begin with, and the small amounts that can be saved from the rationed joint rarely seem sufficient for another meal." An excellent plan, therefore, would be to provide all the members of the family with magnifying-glasses. It is easy to believe a thing to be large when it looks large. Also there is great virtue in calling a thing by a nutritious name. "Kipper on toast" is not nearly so rich in carbohydrates, calories and aplanatic amygdaloids as "Kipper *meat*." As for the preparation of "left-overs" in such a way as to render them both appetising and palatable, "all that need be done is to add a few vegetables and cook them over again." And herein, as our instructor most luminously observes, "lies one solution of the problem of quantity, for the amount of vegetables used, if not the meat, can be measured by the size of the family appetite." Once more the wisdom of the ancients comes to our help, for, as it has been said, "the less you eat the hungrier you are, and the hungrier you are the more you eat. Therefore the less you eat the more you eat." The instructions for the preparation of a sauce for the "Beef *à la jardinière*" seem to us rather lavish. It is suggested that we should give the whole a good brown colour by dissolving in it "a teaspoonful of any beef extract." Walnut juice is just as effective. If the "left-over" is made of "silver-side," the silver should be carefully extracted and sent to the Mint. The choice of the vegetables must of course depend on the idiosyncrasies of the family. In the best families the prejudice against parsnips is sometimes ineradicable. But if chopped up with kitten meat and onions their intrinsic savour is largely disguised. Fried macaroni, as the *P.M.G. chef* remarks in an inspired passage, is delicious if properly prepared with hot milk and quickly fried in hot fat. But, on the other hand, if treated with spermaceti or train-oil it loses much of its peninsular charm.

Cabinet pudding, if a "left-over," should perhaps be called "reconstruction pudding." Here again the amount of egg and sugar used must vary in a direct ratio with the size of the family appetite. Prepared to suit that of the family of the late Dr. TANNER, such a dinner as the above is not merely inexpensive, it costs nothing at all.

"All mules attached to the American Army in France have little khaki bags containing gas masks fastened to the collars of their harness. In the event of a gas attack these are slipped over their pleading noses."
Daily Paper.

This, we understand, is not what the drivers call them.

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ.

OUR triumphal march into Germany having been arrested just west of the Meuse, Sir DOUGLAS HAIG (through the usual channels) gave me ten days' leave to visit the historic town of St. Omer. As I only asked for seven days and he gave me ten I knew there was a catch somewhere. It appeared that the ten days was worked out on the idea that it would take me five days to get there and five to get back. Needless to say I ignored trains, which are a snare and delusion in these days. I lorry-hopped. Most people would think many times before lorry-hopping from Charleroi to Lille *vid* Brussels and Tournai, but there is nothing that a man with a leave warrant in his pocket will not do—except perhaps save money.

It was during this leave that I barged right into GEORGE, "George" being our very own King, besides being Emperor of India.

To bridge the apparent gap between my arrival and the perturbing catastrophe referred to, it is only necessary to add that if you enter from the main route from Hazebrouck you will find just off the road a convoy of some sixty dear things seeing as much life as can be beheld while groping into the insides of the Red Cross motor ambulance which it is their job to feed, wash, coax and drive.

I have the *entrée* here (except when the relentless Miss Commanding Officer chases me out for breaking the two-and-a-half rules which govern the place), and when I admitted incautiously that the only place on the Front that I had not seen or been frightened at was Passchendaele, they smiled pityingly and promised to take me there on Sunday for a joy ride. Shades of 1917! What whirligigs of circumstance time and the armistice have brought us! It was in the joy ride we nearly upset a dynasty.

To accomplish the journey in greater comfort, Vee and her hut companion Sadie got hold of a perfectly good Colonel man who had a perfectly good car and had, moreover, a perfectly good excuse to go to Passchendaele (he was really going to Boulogne), but wanted to get a good flying start, and we set off. We were a perfectly organised unit, consisting of four sections (including two No. 2 Brownie Sections), A.S.C. complement (one lunch basket), Aid Post (bandage and thermometer, carried as a matter of course by Sadie, who thinks of these things), a Scotch dog (mascot) and a flask of similar nationality (medical comforts for the troops).

On our arrival at Ypres the traffic man held up his hand. That in itself would not have been important, for we have it on great authority that the blind eye may be employed on really special occasions, but the fellow stood determinedly in the middle of the road, and even traffic men, we have always insisted, should not be run over except on great provocation.

"All traffic stopped between 12 and 2," he said; "the KING is passing by."

We looked blankly at one another. I have an extraordinary respect for HIS MAJESTY, but I did wish that he did more of his work by aeroplane at times.

We ate sandwiches, selected and sited positions for sniping the royal progress with our No. 2 Brownies and photographed everything we saw, including an American cooker, the historic "Goldfish Chateau," and a Belgian leading a little pig, with the inscription, "The only good Bosch in the country"; but on the whole Ypres on a Sunday afternoon is hardly more exciting than the "great commercial centre" of Scotland.

At intervals the Staff dashed up and spoke a word or two to the traffic man, but they departed again and nothing happened. We *all* had a turn at that traffic man, and what we don't know about his home life, pre-war and probable post-war troubles, isn't worth putting on any demobilisation paper. And each time we tackled him we got a different idea of the KING'S movements—HIS MAJESTY must have had an extraordinarily complex journey that day.

Suddenly we were free! The KING was going to lunch near the Cloth Hall and would not be by till 2.30 P.M. Knowing that *any* order emanating from a Staff is liable to instant cancellation we rushed back to the car and told the driver to "Go!" with the "G" hard, as in shell fire. Whether we went round or over the traffic man I don't know, but we slid with terrific speed into Ypres. Traffic was a little congested round the ruined cathedral, and we barged right up against a panting Ford, which had one lung completely gone and the other seemingly a little porous. A stream of traffic was coming down our side of the road; no matter, we must get on. Urged on by our advice the driver pulled out from behind the dying Ford and tried to pass. It was fearfully exciting. Some Staff on the bank began to wave to us. Thinking perhaps they knew some of us, or thought the girls looked nice, I smiled and nodded back. More Staff waved more arms. We were awfully pleased with our reception. Still three abreast on the road, the Ford having flickered up before death, we reached the cross-roads as a large car with a flag on it came round the corner. The car stopped dead. So did we. The two cars glared at each other. The Ford writhed forward hideously in its death agony. I thought I felt funny, and when Vee whispered something about "the Royal Standard" I knew why. Royal Standard? Good Lord! I had visions of three laboriously acquired pips being torn from my sleeves by outraged authorities. The air was rent by my wild yell to our driver to go on—*go on* and carry the Ford with us on our bonnet if necessary.

What happened next is not very clear in my memory. I have a hazy picture of purple A.P.M.'s, of our GEORGE sitting calmly in a Rolls Royce, of irrepressible woman poking a No. 2 Brownie against the window of our car and trying to find a perfectly good king in a small viewfinder; of the Colonel on my right saluting, with a fearful waggle of the hand, without his hat on, that article having been simply swept off by my own tremendous "circular-motion-thumb-close-to-the-forefinger-touching-the-peak-of-the-cap, etc., etc." Through the haze I saw HIS MAJESTY graciously return our salute and I seem to recollect Vee taking his salute as a personal compliment to the feminine element in the car, and smiling back delightedly in return.

The next thing I remember was that the car had passed, the traffic man was gazing reproachfully at us, the Ford had expired and our chauffeur had stopped his engine. I don't know what Sadie did all this time, but since, from her position, she must have seen the whole thing in better perspective, I don't wonder the girl looked white.

Returning to consciousness I heard Vee utter a tremendous sigh of intense satisfaction.

"I *sniped* him," she said, and cuddled the No. 2 Brownie affectionately.

"Did you turn it round after the last one?" I asked suddenly.

"No, didn't you?"

And of course we hadn't. And there, in the undeveloped spool lies HIS MAJESTY superimposed on the back of the Bosch piglet we had photographed outside Ypres. Isn't that just the hardest of luck?

I'm going to ask if I can develop the film without running the risk of losing my commission. After all it's not so very inappropriate, is it? L.

"Extensive floods are reported in the Home Counties. Mr. Noah —— had a narrow escape from drowning at —— on Saturday."
Scotch Paper.

And yet people say, "What's in a name?"



THE WAR NURSERY.

Nurse. "WHICH BABY HAVE YOU COME FOR?" *Little Girl.* "THANK YOU, NURSE—I'M BEING SERVED."

TO A V.A.D. HALL-PORTERESS.

(With apologies to R.K.)

If you can keep your courage and your curls up
When life a whirling chaos seems to be
Of amorous swains who want to ring their girls up
And get them through at once (as you for me);
If you can calm the weary and the waxy,
When no appeals, however nicely put,
Can lure from rank or pub. the ticking taxi,
And they, poor devils, have to go on foot;

If you can stem the rush of second-cousins,
Who crowd to get a glimpse of darling Fred,
When Father, Mother, Aunts and friends in dozens
Already form a circle round his bed;
If, in a word, you run a show amazing,
With precious little help to see you through it,
Yours is a temper far above all praising,
And—here we reach the point—I 've seen you do it.

"Annie —— was fined £2 for failing to have the name attached to apples at a stall in —— Market. Mr. —— said the public were being wilfully kept in ignorance as to what they were buying."
Provincial Paper.

We think the Magistrate was rather pernickety. Most people know an apple when they see one, but the trouble in these days is to see one at all.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

I ADMIRE all poilus, and especially did I admire Pierre. Once only did I find him at fault. It was one of my functions on a hospital ship plying between —— and —— to wheel about the more fortunate of the patients. On the occasion on which I met Pierre he was journeying to his mother in London and was temporarily engaged in the same pursuit. I beheld him approaching with his charge and immediately ported my helm. He bore down on his, keeping to his right, and we collided.

"Keep to your left, you fool!" I cried as the crash came.

"*Mais non! le droit, M'sieur.*"

Here was a deadlock indeed. It was an English ship, therefore the English rule of the road should be maintained. On the other hand, the fact that we were still in French waters was in his favour. But my stubborn British will would not give way, and Heaven knows how long we should have remained there had not one of the invalids grunted, "Caan't thee keep t' the rule o' the waater?" and I saw a dignified way out of the difficulty. I withdrew to the right, and we passed on with no animosity towards one another. Still, it was a near thing for the Entente.

"The unfortunate lady was examining an unloaded pistol when it went off and caused instantaneous death."—*Times of Ceylon.*

In the circumstances we trust we are justified in thinking this tragic intelligence to be the result of a false report.

THE NEW GAME.

IF Hubbard were not my friend I should describe him as one of the most amiable and most muddle-headed of mankind. Under the influence of his mind things that are quite clear become confused and lose themselves in long vistas of statement and sub-statement and sub-sub-statement, and a plain tale is darkened until at the end nothing is left of what it originally was. If you don't believe me listen to what follows.

We were sitting in the drawing-room one evening recently; the various topics of the day having been more or less exhausted, somebody proposed a round game as a diversion. Hubbard saw his chance and dashed in. "Yes, by Jove," he said, "let 's have the new game of 'Likenesses;' it 's a perfectly ripping game. I played it the other day and never laughed so much in my life."

"How do you play it?" I said.

"Oh," said Hubbard, "it 's one of the easiest games in the world. All you have to do is to keep your mind clear and remember what you are driving at."

"Right," I said. "But what are you driving at?"

"Well," said Hubbard, "one of us goes out or stops his ears and the rest choose somebody."

"There 's nothing very new about that," I said; "I 've played it a thousand times."

"Wait a bit," said Hubbard, "and don't be so ready to plunge. I tell you this is an entirely new and original game."

"Let him," said somebody else, "get on with it in his own way or we shall be here till past midnight. Go ahead, Hubbard."

"Well," said Hubbard, "you choose somebody to be a likeness. When your man comes in again he begins to ask questions."

"Vegetable, animal or mineral," said Butterfield, "I knew it was."

"No, it isn't," said Hubbard. "The man who has gone out and has come in says to you, What food does the person you 've chosen remind you of? and you say tapioca pudding or beef-steak and kidney pie."

"But," I said, "there 's nobody in the whole wide world who reminds me of either of those things."

"Well, you can choose your own food," said Hubbard. "If you don't like tapioca pudding you can answer scrambled eggs. Only scrambled eggs must remind you of the person you have in your mind. Then you go on to the next man, and you ask him what cloth he reminds you of, and he answers tweed or Irish frieze or best Angola."

"Can anybody," said Butterfield, "tell me what 'best Angola' means? I 've seen it often in my tailor's bills; mostly, I think, as waistcoats, but I 've never known what it really is. If I had to guess now I should say it is something composed in equal parts of fancy waistcoats, tapioca pudding and scrambled eggs."

"Well, you 'd be wrong," said Hubbard; "it 's nothing of the sort. When you have got as far as scrambled eggs your man ought to begin to have a faint glimmering——"

"But," I said, "there 's the tapioca pudding. What are you going to do with that? You can't be allowed to play fast and loose with that."

"Don't you see," said Hubbard, "that that 's a mere example and now done with? Do please remember that we have got on to Irish frieze. You must allow me to explain the game in my own way. Now your man tackles the next person in turn. What building, he asks, does he remind you of? and the answer is Cologne Cathedral or the Bank of England."

"It would be difficult to choose anyone who reminded me of either of those celebrated structures," I said, "but I 'll take the Bank of England for choice."

"But," said Hubbard, "you don't *take* either of them, you see it in a flash and it 's gone."

"What do you see in a flash?" I said.

"The building that the man who has gone out and is asking questions in order to guess the person everybody is thinking of reminds you of," said Hubbard.

"Oh, yes. That makes it absolutely clear," said Butterfield. "Let 's get to work. Personally I haven't got beyond scrambled eggs."

"And I am lost in tapioca," I said. "Let 's get to bed." That 's as far as Hubbard ever got with the explanation of his game. We left him struggling and went to bed.

THE TRUTHFUL TRAVELLER.

ALL my life I 've been a rover; I have ranged the wide world over,
And I 've had the very devil of a time;
I 've philandered through Alsatia with the nautch-girl and the geisha;
I have heard the bells of San Marino chime.

I 've hobnobbed in Honolulu with the Zouave and the Zulu,
I have fought against the Turks at Spion Kop;
In a spirit of bravado I 've accosted the MIKADO
And familiarly addressed him as "Old Top."

I 've been captured by banditti, kissed a squaw in Salt Lake City,
Carved my name upon the tomb of LI HUNG CHANG,
And been overcome by toddy where the turbid Irrawaddy
Winds its way from Cincinnati to Penang.

I have crossed the far-famed ferry from Port Said to Pondicherry;
In a droschky shot the rapids at Hongkong;
I have pounded to a jelly dancing dervishes at Delhi,
And I 've chased the chimpanzee at Chittagong.

I 've smoked baksheesh in pagodas, stood a Dago Scotch-and-sodas,
Scaled the mighty Mississippi's snow-clad peaks,
Galloped madly on a llama through lagoons at Yokohama
And found rubies at Magillieuddy's Reeks.

Where the Tagus joins the Hooghly I have bowled the wily googly,
I have heard the howdah's howl at Hyderabad;
On a rickshaw I 've gone sailing, with my boomerang impaling
Hooded cobras on the ice-floes off Bagdad.

I have slain the beri-beri with a ball from my knobkerry;
I have climbed the Pole and leapt across the Line;
I 've seen seals in Abyssinia and volcanoes in Virginia,
And I 've dived into the shark-infested Rhine.

From the pemmican's fierce claws and the tiffin's gaping jaws
I have never shrunk in abject terror yet;
In the jungle I have tracked them and attacked them and then hacked them
Into mincemeat with my trusty calumet.

I have interviewed the MULLAH, KRUGER, MENELIK, ABDULLAH,
LOBENGULA, SITTING BULL and Clan-na-Gael;
When I think of where I 've been, what I 've done and what I 've seen,
I 'm surprised that I 'm alive to tell the tale.



Standing Lady. "MY HUSBAND WAS MADE A COLONEL JUST BEFORE THE ARMISTICE."
Seated ditto. "MY HUSBAND WOULD HAVE BEEN A GENERAL IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE WAR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

BATTLE-BOOKS have already come to wear (even in so short a time) a strangely archaic aspect. But *Through the Hindenburg Line* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is, as its name tells you, nearer to date than most. The writer, Mr. F. A. MCKENZIE, was a Canadian war correspondent whom the Canadian Staff, believing (as he himself says) "that the right place for a war correspondent is where he can see what he is supposed to describe," allowed to live among the troops in the front line. As a result of this unusual privilege, his pictures of the great fights in the last stages of the War have the reality of personal experience. The actual smashing of the Line, for example, is an epic of heroism and achievement still hardly realised by people at home, who cling to an idea that the final victories were gained over an enemy enfeebled and at disadvantage. There are other chapters in the record that may perhaps hardly be welcomed at this moment by those amiable sentimentalists who would have us treat the enemy as a Bosch and a brother. The hospital raid at Etaples is one of them; when, even after the light of the burning huts had made ignorance impossible, the gentle Hun, swooping low, swept with machine-gun fire the nurses and doctors who were attempting to remove the wounded. That, I think, is a memory that will linger. Another picture, queerly disproportionate in the anger it excites, is that of the fruit garden in a great country house, with its wealth of famous old peach and pear trees still in place along the walls, but every one methodically sawn through. By comparison a trifling crime, but somehow I may forget other things more easily. One would welcome the revised judgment of Dr. SOLF upon this particular expression of the German spirit.

To those who have been persuaded by writers like Mr. H. G. WELLS that the horse has not and ought not to have any part in modern warfare, Captain SIDNEY GALTREY'S *The Horse and the War* ("COUNTRY LIFE") will come as a revelation. Mr. WELLS has said that the sight of a soldier wearing spurs makes him sick, or words to that effect; yet so neglectful were our military authorities of Mr. WELLS'S opinions and teaching that they went on steadily adding horses, many of them cavalry horses, to the Army. We began the War with twenty-five thousand horses, and we finished it with considerably more than a million, to say nothing of the mules, who diffused an air of cynical amusement over the military proceedings in which they were compelled to bear a part. This may conceivably be one more proof in Mr. WELLS'S eyes of our incurable stupidity. But those who have watched the work of our armies at close quarters will be the last to agree with him. Captain GALTREY in fact proves his case. He has an enthusiasm for horses and has written a most interesting book. The illustrations are excellent and appropriate, and the book is admirably got up.

Valour is apt to get the better of discretion in any novel that attempts to be quite up to date with a political subject. Mrs. TWEEDALE places *The Veiled Woman* (JENKINS) in some vague period later than August, 1914, largely in order to decry a Government that really by now one fails to

identify, and to let off sundry feminist squibs and crackers which, in view of the present position of woman suffrage, can only be described as fireworks half-price on the 6th of November. Further, to get all my grumbles frankly over, she so constantly makes sweeping assertions against the other sex that even the most chivalrous of male reviewers may be inclined to kick. To hear a lady pronounce once or twice that the males of the species are obviously diminishing in stature and strength, or that the whole programme of the earth's return to the highest ideals is in woman's hands, may be good for the masculine soul, but after a while it brings up vividly BESANT'S story of *The Revolt of Man*—what happened then and just why. The claim to a monopoly of self-sacrifice in particular comes very badly in war-time. All the same, if you cut out this top-hamper the story of *The Veiled Woman* on its personal side is distinctly a good one. I wished the heroine had not spoiled her fine enthusiasms by mixing them so freely with a personal vendetta; but after all it is not the characterisation that intrigues one here. The plot—which I will not spoil by giving it away—goes excellently, and works up to a capital climax.

Mr. BOYD CABLE is the literary liaison officer between the Infantry and the Air Force. In the wonderful stories contained in *Airmen O' War* (MURRAY) his object is to make the armies on the ground understand what they owe to the armies of the air. If they suffer from a lack of understanding, this is not, I gather, likely to be removed by the airmen themselves, for they have evidently imbibed some of the spirit of our Navy and are magnificently reluctant to talk about their achievements. But this reticence has its dangers, and Mr. BOYD CABLE has set to work to remove them. Here he has written nothing for which he cannot find "an actual parallel fact." I honestly believe him and commend his book both to those who have a passion for tales of high adventure and also to those—if there are such—who need authentic instances of what our Airmen O' War have done for us.

The best I can honestly say of *Tony Heron* (COLLINS) is that it has all the makings of a good novel, but unfortunately stops there, unmade or rather unvitalized. It is the tale of a boy's upbringing by a sternly antagonistic father, of his growth to maturity, his love affairs, and in due course his relations with his own son. All the events happen that are proper to a scheme of this type; but somehow, despite the fact that Mr. C. KENNETT BURROW wields a practised and often picturesque pen, the whole affair remains a literary exercise and declines to come alive. Perhaps in justice I should except two characters, *Roland*, the sturdy son born out of wedlock to *Tony*, and *Phil*, weakling child of old *Heron* by a second marriage. Both these and the relation of the pair to each other furnish a pleasant contrast to the anæmia which seems to affect the rest of the tale. Stay, there is yet another, *Kenrick*, the private tutor of *Tony*, whose treatment by the author is at least vigorous. I found him just a little surprising. A creature, we are told, over fond of good food and wine, who, dining with his pupil on the latter's sixteenth birthday and attempting convivial airs, is shown his place with a promptitude recalling the best manner of the eighteenth century. Subsequently, one gathers, he took to chronic alcoholism, combined with amateur blackmail; and a final appearance shows the fellow dribbling wine over the evening shirt, to whose wear the author is at pains to tell us he was unused. Clearly a low race, these tutors, about whom I seem hitherto to have been strangely misinformed.

Captain ROBERT B. ROSS has made excellent business of *The Fifty-First in France* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). In any case there could be no doubts about the merits of this famous Scottish territorial division; it is one of the very many British divisions which has proved itself the best of all. I can recall its first appearance at the Front as a constituted unit, and can speak to it that the impression its arrival caused was welcome and comforting. But our author is not only a soldier; he has also the literary art. Clearly he appreciates that a fine subject is not all that is wanted to make a good book; that one needs, for instance, the gift of observation, the power of conveying an impression, and a reserve of humour always ready at need. All these are his in abundance. His book treats of two earlier periods of the war; the second, the long-drawn offensive of the Somme, will make the most intimate appeal to men of his own and the other divisions involved. To those who knew the affair at first hand the story will recall much that they saw and felt themselves; often they will recognise a map-reading or will come across the name of a humble billet which they too regarded as a paradise replete with every modern comfort. Upon those who now learn it for the first time a deep and enduring impression will be produced. Captain Ross writes always with a due respect for the serious nature of his subject; but there are times when he breaks away from his military and literary discipline. There is, for example, a moment when he dines well, "no more wisely than was desirable, no less wisely than was excusable." It must be added that the accompanying sketches are, if not of an ambitious order, yet of a certain merit. At any rate they assist.



Desperate Tenant. "CONCENTRATE ON THE COAL-SHED, GUV'NOR."

Smith Minor Again.

"*Cæsar autem erat imperator sui generis.*" "Now the Kaiser was a general of the pig tribe."

The Silent Service.

"As the President's steamer came alongside the officer shouted an inaudible order down a tube. There was a snap and a crash. A button was pressed, and, presto!"—*Daily Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE huge waterspout observed off Guernsey last week "travelling towards France" is believed to have been making for the Peace Conference.

* * *

The Captain of a Wilson liner on being torpedoed ate his pocket-book to prevent his sailing instructions from falling into the hands of the Germans. The report that the ex-Kaiser has whiled away the time at Amerongen by chewing up three copies of the German White Book and one of Prince LICHNOWSKY'S Memoirs is probably a variant of this story.

* * *

"Our chief hope of control of influenza," writes Sir ARTHUR NEWSHOLME of the Local Government Board, "lies in further investigation." Persons who insist upon having influenza between now and Easter will do so at their own risk.

* * *

Writing to a provincial paper a correspondent asks when Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN was born. Other people are content to ask "Why?"

* * *

"We think it prudent to speak with moderation on all subjects," says *The Morning Post*. There now!

* * *

We mentioned last week the startling rumour that a Civil Servant had been seen running, and a satisfactory explanation has now been issued. It appears that the gentleman in question was going off duty.

* * *

According to the *Matin*, the Bavarian PREMIER told a newspaper man that the Bavarian revolution cost exactly eighteen shillings. This seems to lend colour to the rumour that Dr. EISNER picked this revolution up second-hand in Russia.

* * *

"Springfield and Napsbury Lunatic Asylums," says a news item, "are to be known in future as mental hospitals." Government institutions which have hitherto borne that title will in the future be known simply as "Departments."

* * *

A German sailor, who is described as "twenty-seven, 6 ft. 9½ in.," has escaped from Dorchester camp. A reward has been offered for information leading to the recapture of any part of him.

* * *

The servant question is admittedly acute, but whether sufficiently so to justify the attitude of a contemporary, which deals with the subject under the sinister title, "Maxims for Mistresses," is open to doubt.

* * *

The case of the North Country workman who voluntarily abandoned his unemployment grant in order to take a job is attributed to a morbid craze for notoriety.

* * *

As a result of the engineers' strike and the failure of the heating apparatus, we understand that Government officials in Whitehall have spent several sleepless days.



"NOW LOOK HERE, SIMPKINS—I CAN'T HAVE MY CHIEF CASHIER TURNING UP LIKE THIS. IT'S A DISGRACE TO THE OFFICE."

"WELL, SIR, I STARTED ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAME BY TUBE."

We gather that the mine reported to have been washed up at Bognor turns out to be an obsolete 1914 pork pie—but fortunately the pin had been removed.

* * *

The Daily Express tells us that a crowd of new monkeys have arrived at the Zoo. We are pleased to note this, because several of the monkeys there were certainly the worse for wear.

* * *

A contemporary anticipates a boom in very light motor cars at a hundred and thirty pounds each. They are said to be just the thing to carry in the toolbox in case of a breakdown.

* * *

A sensation has been caused in Scotland, says *The National News*, by the passing of a number of counterfeit Treasury notes. As we go to press we learn that most of the victims are going on as well as can be expected, though recovery is naturally slow.

* * *

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX is said to be very much annoyed at the wicked way in which Russia has been appropriated by other writers.

* * *

Much regret is felt at the news that the recent outbreak of Jazz music is not to be dealt with at the Peace Conference.

* * *

Is gallantry dying out? We ask because *Tit Bits* has an article entitled, "Women Burglars." We may be old-fashioned, but surely it should be "Lady Burglars."

* * *

On the last day for investing in National War Bonds, a patriotic subaltern was heard at Cox's asking if his overdraft could be transferred to these securities.

* * *

"The market price of radium to-day," says a Continental journal, "is £345,000 an ounce." In order to avert waste and deterioration, purchasers are advised to store the stuff in barrels in a large dry cellar.

* * *

Mr. Punch does not wish to boast unduly of his unique qualities, but up to the time of going to press he had made no offer for Drury Lane Theatre.

* * *

In view of the recent newspaper articles on spiritualism, several prominent persons are about to announce that they have decided not to grant any interviews after death.

* * *

Liverpool Licensing Justices have urged the Liquor Control Board to take steps to prevent the drinking of methylated spirits by women. It is suggested that distillers should be compelled to give their whisky a distinctive flavour.

* * *

"A box of cigarettes was all that burglars took from the Theatre Royal, Aldershot," says a news item. There is something magnificently arrogant about that "all."

* * *

"Saying 'Thank you' to a customer," says a news item, "a Wallasey butcher fell unconscious." In our neighbourhood it used to be, until quite lately, the customer who fell unconscious.

THE CAREER.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Ere long the military machine will be able to spare one of its cogs—myself. Yes, James, soon you will once again see me in my silk hat, cerise fancy vest and brown boots (among other garments). I think I shall have brass buttons on all my coats for the sheer joy of seeing them without let or hindrance grow green from lack of polish. I shall once again train my hair in graceful curling strands under (respectively) the south-east and south-west corners of my ears. If I meet my Brigadier in the street I shall notice him or not just according to my whim of the moment. But, James, I shall have to work for my living. There 's the rub.

I must say the Army tries to help one. Somebody or other has issued a whole schedule of civil occupations to assist me in my choice of a career. It offers an embarrassment of riches.

Take the "A's." I was momentarily attracted by *Air Balloon Maker*. It sounds a joyous job. Think of the delight of sending forth these delicate nothings inflated and perfect. My only fear is that I should destroy the fruits of my own labour. One touch of my rough hands is always inimical to an air-balloon. And if you know of any more depressing sight than a collapsed air-balloon, all moist and incapable of resurrection, for heaven's sake keep it to yourself.

Allowance Man (*brewing*) sounds hopeful. My only question is: Does an *Allowance Man* (*brewing*) fix his own allowance (brewed)?

Am I slightly knock-kneed or am I not? Do write me frankly on the subject. You have seen me divested of trousers. Because if I am then I don't think I will try my luck as an *Artist's Model*.

Athlete.—Ha! I feel my biceps and find it not so soft. It 's a wearing life, though. Is there such a thing as an *Athlete* (*indoor*)? You know my speed and agility at Ludo.

I flatter myself I have musical taste, but *Back and Belly Maker* (*piano*) I consider vulgar—almost indecent, in fact. Such anatomical intimacy with the piano would destroy for me the bewitchment of the Moonlight Sonata.

There is something very alluring about *Bank Note Printer*. I see the chance of continuing the Army trick of making a living without working for it. Surely a *Bank Note Printer* is allowed his little perquisites. Why should he print millions of bank notes for other people and none for himself? I can imagine an ill-used *Bank Note Printer* very easily becoming a Bolshevist.

Barb Maker (*wire*) I do not like. I have too many unpleasant memories of the Somme. It is a hideous trade and ought to be abolished altogether.

If I am wrong correct me, but isn't the prime function of a *Bargee* to swear incessantly? Not my forte, James. What you thought you heard that day in 1911, when I missed a six-inch putt, was only "Yam," which is a Thibetan expression meaning "How dreadfully unfortunate!" I knew a Major once—but that 's for another article.

Beneath the heading "Bat" I find *Bat Maker* (*brick*) and *Bat Maker* (*tennis*). Under which king, James? Anyway, I hate a man who talks about a "tennis bat." He would probably call football shorts "knickers."

I am favourably inclined towards *Bathing Machine Attendant* (why not *Bathing Mechanic*, for short?) What a grand affair to ride old Dobbin into the seething waves and pretend he was a sea-serpent! Confidentially, there are lots of people to whose bathing-machines I would give an extra push when I had unlimbered their vehicles and turned Dobbin's nose again towards the cliffs of Albion.

My pleasure in stirring things with a ladle nearly decided me to train as a *Bean Boiler*; but I fear the monotony. Nothing but an endless succession of beans, with never a carrot to make a splash of colour nor an onion to scent the steamy air. And, James, I have a friend who is known to all and sundry as "The Old Bean." Every bean I was called upon to boil would remind me of him, whom I would not boil for worlds.

Here is something extraordinarily attractive—*Black Pudding Maker*. You know black puddings. I am told that when you stew them (do not eat them cold, I implore you!) they give off ambrosial perfumes, and that after tasting one you would never again touch *pêche Melba*. But as a *Black Pudding Maker* should I become nauseated?

Almost next door comes *Blood Collector*. Wait while I question the Mess Cook . . . James, I cannot become a Black Pudding maker. The Mess Cook tells me that *Blood Collector* and *Black Pudding Maker* are probably allied trades. How dreadful!

How about *Bobber?* Does that mean that I should have to shear my wife's silken tresses? Cousin Phyllis has appeared with a tomboy's shock of hair, and she says it "has only been bobbed." By a "bobber"? I would like to wring his neck. But if *Bobber* has something to do with those jolly little things that dance about on cotton machines (aren't they called "bobbins"?) I will consider it.

I have not even finished the "B's." A glance ahead and other enchanting vistas are revealed. For instance, *Desiccated Soup Maker*, *Filbert Grower* and (simply) *Retired*.

This Schedule is splendid in its way, but why can't they be honest? They must know that lots of us in our great national army are in ordinary life just rogues and vagabonds. The Schedule ignores such honest tradesmen. How is a respectable tramp to know when his group is called for demobilisation if he is not even given a group? What a nation of prigs and pretenders we are!

Yours ever, WILLIAM.

AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS.

My baker gives me chunks of bread—
He used to throw them at my head;
His manners, I rejoice to state,
Have very much improved of late.

My butcher was extremely gruff,
And sold me—oh, such horrid stuff;
But I observe, since Peace began,
Some traces of a better man.

I find my grocer hard to please
In little things like jam or cheese;
Now that the men are coming back
His scowl, I think, is not so black.

My coalman is a haughty prince
No tears could move or facts convince;
But tyrants topple everywhere
And he too wears a humbler air.

My milkman was a man of wrath
As he came down the garden path;
But, since the Hohenzollern fell,
I find him almost affable.

And what is this? My greengrocer
(A most determined character)
Approaches—'13 style—to say,
"What can I do for you to-day?"

"GERMAN CONSTITUTION.
BILL DISPOSING OF OLD PRUSSIA."
Manchester Guardian.

Tit for tat; Prussia had already disposed of Old BILL.

"Mr. Cecil Harmswirth has vacated his iffict in the 'gardtn suburb' at O. Downing Strtet.'—*Daily Mail.*

To the evident consternation of Carmelite Street.

"'I am an A.B.C. girl,' said a passenger to *The Daily Mirror*, 'and have been eleven hours on my feet. If a get a seat in the Dulwich omnibus, I shall have another hour's standing before I get to my house.'"
Daily Mirror.

It seems to be high time that the omnibus company adopted the railway regulation, "Passengers are requested not to put their feet on the seats, etc."



THE NEW COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

PUCK, R.A.F. (*to* SHAKSPEARE). "YOUR IDEA OF A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES IS A BIT TALL; BUT YOU BET YOUR IMMORTALITY WE SHALL GET AS NEAR IT AS WE CAN."

F. E.

A simple Biographic Recitative based on the Tonic Sol-Fa Note of Mi.

In ante-bellum days, ah me, when I a stuffman used to be, and proudly pouched a junior's fee, the *Law List* styled me "Smith, F. E." Oh, how my place seemed small for me; not that I scorned the stuffman's fee, but stuffy courts did not agree with me. I dearly longed to be respiring often, fresh and free, the breath that was the life of me, so I became a live M.P. And, lest the spacious H. of C. should fail to hold sufficiently the lot of air respired by me, said I, "A soldier I will be—not one of Foot (that's Infantry), nor yet the reg'lar Cavalry, for barrack-life will not suit me, yet ride I must the high gee-gee;" so I decided straight to be an officer of Yeomanry. Drilling the troopers on the lea, the vent I craved for gave to me. Moreover, on my high gee-gee I learned what galloping could be.

Those back-bench days! Ah me, ah me, rude Members christened me "F.E." And even *Punch*, in kindly glee, once on a time, did picture me a prowling beast, beside the sea, all spotted o'er with signs, "F. E." That patronymic thus will be preserved for immortality. Newspapers, too, I chance to see sometimes apply that name to me.

Although I found smart repartee, shot forth from back seats, gave me glee, still I aspired to climb the tree, so with restrained temerity I donned a gown of silk, *i.e.* became a fully-fledged K.C. Then, after able A. J. B. was shunted by his great party and A. B. L. assumed the see, the latter's finger beckoned me to face direct the enemy. Anon the KING created me a member of his own P.C.

And then "the active life" for me, as Galloper to "Gen'ral" C., the loyal Ulsterman, to free from acts of Irish devilry. I thanked "whatever gods may be" for training with the Yeomanry!

Then came the war with Germany. Alas, again I sighed, "Ah me," and viewed the aspect gloomily, for I was then in apogee from all that mighty company that domineered the H. of C. A. ruled the roast, not A. J. B. But, happy thought, that company of muddlers held one hope for me—my constant pal of Yeomanry, the smashing, dashing WINSTON C.; result—the Censorship for me. But not for long. The fresh and free and open air was calling me, so off I went across the sea to join the fighting soldiery. But soon there came a call for me, and back I came across the sea to be His Majesty's S.-G.

What next was I? Eureka! "*The* Right Hon. *Sir* F. E. SMITH, K.C."

Then came the storm. Sir EDWARD C. threw up his job and let in me, before I scarce could laugh, "He, he!" to be His Majesty's A.-G. That wasn't bad, I think, for me—a mild young man of forty-three!

Next came "the quiet life" for me. I held my tongue, but drew my fee and eke my A.-G. salary. Not e'en the great calamity that overtook A.'s Ministry and raised the wizard, D. L. G., to offices of high degree disturbed my sweet serenity. Nor did I jib when Sir R. B. FINLAY took on unblushingly the job that seemed cut out for me. Unwilling *he* his weird to dree! *I* whispered, "Mum's the word for me!"

Now, after waiting patiently, as fits a man of my degrée, the Woolsack cries aloud for me, and soft and soothing it will be to my whole frame and dignity. And unto those who wish from me to know what will the ending be of my august biography, I answer in a minor key and classic language, "Wait and see!"

TRANSFORMATION.

My house, which I am trying to let, is a modest little affair in the country. It has a small meadow to the south and the road to the north. There are some evergreens about the lawn. The kitchen garden is large but most indifferently tended; indeed it is partly through dissatisfaction with a slovenly gardener that I decided to leave. The nearest town is a mile distant; the nearest station two miles and a half. We have no light laid on except in a large room in the garden, where acetylene gas has been installed.

I am telling you these facts as concisely as I told them to the agent. He took them down one by one and said, "Yes." Having no interest in anything but the truth, I was as plain with him as I could be.

"Yes," he said, "no gas anywhere but in garden-room."

"Yes, small paddock, about two acres, to the south."

"Yes, one mile from nearest town."

I was charmed with his easy receptivity and went away content.

A few days later I received the description of the house which the agent had prepared for his clients. Being still interested in nothing but the truth I was electrified.

"This very desirable residence," it began. No great harm in that.

"In heart of most beautiful county in England," it continued. Nothing very serious to quarrel with there; tastes must always differ; but it puts the place in a new light.

"Surrounded by pleasure-grounds." Here I was pulled up very short. My little lawn with its evergreens, my desolate cabbage-stalks, my tiny paddock—these to be so dignified! And where do the agents get their phrases? Is there a Thesaurus of the trade, profession, calling, industry or mystery? "Garden" is a good enough word for any man who lives in his house and is satisfied, but a man who wants a house can be lured to look at it only if it has pleasure-grounds: is that the position? Does an agent in his own home refer to the garden in that way? If his wife is named Maud does he sing, "Come into the pleasure-grounds"?

"Surrounded," too. I was so careful to say that the paddock and so forth were on one side and the road on the other.

I read on: "Situated in the old-world village of Blank." And I had been scrupulous in stating that we were a mile distant—situated in point of fact in a real village of our own, with church, post-office, ancient landau and all the usual appurtenances. And "old world"! What is "old world"? There must be some deadly fascination in the epithet, for no agent can refrain from using it; but what does it mean? Do American agents use it? It could have had no attraction for COLUMBUS. Such however is the failure of our modernity that it is supposed to be irresistible to-day. And "village!" The indignation of Blank on finding itself called an "old world village" will be something fierce.

None the less, although I was amused and a little irritated, I must confess to the dawnings of dubiety as to the perfect wisdom of leaving such a little paradise. If it had all this allurement was I being sensible to let others have it, and at a time when houses are so scarce and everything is so costly? Had I not perhaps been wrong in my estimate? Was not the sanguine agent the true judge?

I read on and realised that he was not. "One mile from Blank station." Such a statement is one not of critical appraisement but of fact or falsity. The accent in which he had said, "Yes, two and a-half miles from the station," was distinct in my ear.

I read further. "Lighted by gas;" and again I recalled that intelligent young fellow's bright "Yes, gas only in the garden-room."

What is one to do with these poets, these roseate optimists? And how delightful to be one of them and refuse to see any but desirable residences and gas where none is!

But it was the next trope that really shook me: "Well-stocked kitchen-



PORTRAIT OF MR. ——, WHO HAD NO IDEA, WHEN HE FLED FROM LONDON TO ESCAPE AIR-RAIDS AND TOOK A THREE YEARS' LEASE NEAR MAIDENHEAD, THAT THE WAR WOULD BE OVER SO SOON.

garden." Here I ceased to be amused and became genuinely angry. The idea of calling that wilderness, that monument of neglect, "well-stocked." I was furious.

That was a week ago. Yesterday I paid a flying visit to the country to see how things were going and how many people had been to view the place; and my fury increased when, after again and for the fiftieth time pointing out to the gardener the lack of this and that vegetable, he was more than normally smiling and silent and dense and impenitent.

"You say here," he said at last, pulling the description of the house from his pocket and pointing to the words with a thumb as massive as it is dingy and as dingy as it is massive —"you say here 'well-stocked kitchen garden.'" *You!*

And now I understand better the phrases, "agents for good" and "agents for evil."

From an official circular:—

"If the man in question happens to be a seaman, he will be included on A.F.Z.8 in the figures appearing in the square of intersection between the horizontal column opposite Industrial Group 2 and the vertical column for Dispersal Area Ib."

Yet there are people who still complain of a want of simplicity in the demobilisation regulations.

STAGES.

1914.

Mr. Smith (of Smith, Smith and Smith, Solicitors) sat in his office awaiting his confidential clerk. There was a rattle as of castanets outside the door. It was produced by the teeth of the confidential clerk, Mr. Adolphus Brown.

Mr. Smith was a martinet . . .

1915.

Second-Lieutenant A. Brown was drilling his platoon. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of the platoon.

Adolphus was a martinet . . .

1916.

The raiding party hurled itself into the trench, headed by an officer of ferocious mien. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of the 180th Regiment of Landsturmers, awaiting destruction.

Adolphus fell upon them . . .

1917.

Captain A. Brown, M.C., on leave, sat by his fireside. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of Adolphus, Junior.

Daddy had changed . . .

1918.

Major A. Brown, D.S.O., M.C. (on permanent Home Service) was awaiting the next case. There was a rattle as of castanets. It was produced by the teeth of No. 45012 Private Smith (of Smith, Smith and Smith, Solicitors), called up in his group and late for parade.

Adolphus was famous for severity . . .

1919.

Mr. (late Major) Adolphus Brown stood outside the door of Mr. (late No. 45012) Smith (of Smith, Smith and Smith, Solicitors). There was a rattle as of castanets . . .

On which side of the door?

Both.

"Mr. Ian Macpherson, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, posed specially yesterday for the *Sunday Pictorial*. He has a difficult task to face."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Let us hope they will keep the portrait from him as long a possible.

"Three new telephone lines have been laid between London and Paris, and it is now possible to pick up a telephone in Downing Street and speak directly to Mr. Lloyd George at any time."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Immediately on the appearance of the above a long queue formed in Downing Street. Further telephones are to be installed to meet the rush. Some of the messages to the PREMIER, we understand, have been couched in very direct language.

A TRAGEDY OF OVER-EDUCATION.

IT must not be thought that I underestimate the value of education as a general principle; indeed I earnestly beg of Mr. FISHER, should these lines chance to meet his eye, not to be in any way discouraged by them; but I have been driven to the conclusion that there is such a thing as over-education, and that it has dangers. When you have read this story I think you will agree with me. It is rather a sad story, but it is very short.

The population of my poultry-yard was composed of five hens and Umslumpogaas. The five hens were creatures of mediocrity, deserving no special mention—all very well for laying eggs and similar domestic duties, but from an intellectual point of view simply napoo, as the polyglot stylists have it. Far otherwise was it with Umslumpogaas. He was a pure bred, massive Black Orpington cockerel, a scion of the finest strain in the land. Indeed the dealer from whom I purchased him informed me that there was royal blood in his veins, and I have no reason to doubt it. One had only to watch him running in pursuit of a moth or other winged insect to be struck by the essentially aristocratic swing of his wattles and the symmetrical curves of his graceful lobes; and the proud pomposity of his tail feathers irresistibly called to mind the old nobility and the Court of LOUIS QUATORZE. Pimple, our tabby kitten, looked indescribably bourgeois beside him.

But it was not the external appearance of Umslumpogaas, regal though it was, that endeared him to me so much as his great intellectual potentialities. That bird had a mind, and I was determined to develop it to the uttermost. Under my assiduous tuition he progressed in a manner that can only be described as astonishing. He quickly learned to take a letter from the post-girl in his beak and deliver it without error to that member of the family to whom it was addressed. I was in the habit of reading to him extracts from the daily papers, and the interest he took in the course of the recent war and his intelligent appreciation of the finer points of Marshal FOCH's strategy were most pleasing to observe. He would greet the news of our victorious onsweep with exultant crows, while at the announcement of any temporary set-back he would mutter gloomily and go and scratch under the shubbery. On Armistice day he quite let himself go, cackling and mafficking round the yard in a manner almost absurd. But who did not unbend a little on that historic day?

Perhaps his greatest achievement, however, was the mastering of a system of signals, a sort of simplified Morse code, which we established through the medium of an old motor-horn. One blast meant breakfast-time; two intimated that I was about to dig in the waste patch under the walnut trees and he was to assemble his wives for a diet of worms; three loud toots were the summons for the mid-day meal; four were the curfew call signifying that it was time for him to conduct his consorts to their coop for the night; and so on, with special arrangements in case of air-raids. Not once was Umslumpogaas at fault; no matter in what remote corner of the yard he and his hens might be, at the sound of the three blasts he would come hastening up with his hens for dinner. I was most gratified.

And then came the disaster. I was sawing wood one morning in the saddle house, and Umslumpogaas and his wives were sitting round about the door, dusting themselves. All was peaceful. Suddenly down the lane which passes the gate of my yard appeared a large grey-bodied car. Some school-children being in the road the driver emitted three loud warning hoots of his horn. In an instant Umslumpogaas was on his feet and, his wives at his heels, making a bee line for the gate. By the time he reached it the car had passed and was turning the corner that leads to the village, when the driver again sounded his horn thrice. With an imperious call to his wives to follow, Umslumpogaas set off at full speed in pursuit, and before I had fully grasped the situation my entire poultry-yard had vanished from sight in the wake of that confounded motor-car. And it is the unfortunate truth that neither Umslumpogaas nor a single member of his harem has been seen or heard of since. It is as bad as the affair of the *Pied Piper* of Hamelin.

I said at the beginning that this was rather a sad little story. Taking into consideration the present price of new-laid eggs it amounts more or less to a tragedy, and I put it down to nothing but the baleful effects of over-education.



"GET ON WITH YOUR SUPPER, ROBERT. IT'S ONLY THE MISSUS, AND SHE DAREN'T SAY ANYTHING FOR FEAR I SHOULD DEMOBILISE."

GARDENING NOTES.

Meconopsis cambrica (Welsh Poppy). Owing to the wide popularity of the energetic daughter of the PRIME MINISTER we understand that the authorities at Kew have decided to re-name this plant *Meganopsis*.

Digitalis.—The spelling of the homely name of this well-known plant is to be altered in the Kew List to *Foch's-glove*; the suggestion of an interned German botanist that *Mailed Fist* would be more suitable not having met with the approval of the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society.

"SPAIN'S REPUBLICAN PARLIAMENT.

Lisbon, Wednesday.—It would seem that the Cabinet just formed by Senhor Tamagnini Barbosa will have in the next Parliament a moderate Republican majority."
Liverpool Daily Post.

No other journal seems to have noticed the re-annexation of Portugal by Spain.

"The task of fitt ng the square men created by the war into square holes is certainly going to be one of tremendous magnitude."
Lancashire Daily Post.

From some of the new Government appointments we gather that the PRIME MINISTER gave up the task in despair.

"Wanted to purchase elephants, sound and without vice, and to sell a variety of pigeons at reasonable prices."—*Pioneer* (*Allahabad*).

But we doubt if the advertiser will be able to get all the elephants, however free from vice, into the old pigeon-house.



BRIGHTER CRICKET.

THE FINANCIER.

He had sat at the same table in the same restaurant for years—more years than he cared to count. He was not as young as he used to be.

Always when he could he sat on the comfortable sofa-like seat on the wall side of the table. When that was fully occupied he sat on the other side on an ordinary upright chair, in which he could not lounge at ease.

He sat there now discontentedly, keeping a watchful eye for vacancies in the opposite party.

Half-way through his meal a vacancy occurred. He pushed his plate across the table and went round, sinking with a sigh into the cushioned seat.

The departing customer had left the usual gratuity under the saucer of his coffee-cup. In a minute or two the waitress would collect the cup and saucer and the coins.

But the waitress was busy. The room was full and there was the usual deficient service.

He finished eating, lighted a cigarette and called for a cup of coffee. It was then, I think, the thought came to him. The other man's cup, saucer and money were still there.

His hand fluttered uncertainly over the cloth among the crockery. There seemed to be nobody looking. His fingers slid under the other man's saucer and in a moment the money was under his own.

He rose, took his hat and bill and went.

We left soon after.

"How mean!" said my wife. "Did you see? He made the other man's tip do. Even a woman wouldn't have done that."

It seemed severe, I thought, but that is what she said.

"The rats were chased out of camp and their skins tanned and made into dainty purses and handbags."
Manchester Guardian.

The rats having in their hurry left their skins behind them.

"The front door of the Lord Mayor's coachman opens on to a long, narrow staircase."
Weekly Dispatch.

Very interesting, no doubt; but the general public would have preferred to learn something about his bow-window.

IN WINTER.

Boreas blows on his high wood whistle,
Over the coppice and down the lane
Where the goldfinch chirps from the haulm of the thistle
And mangolds gleam in the farmer's wain.
Last year's dead and the new year sleeping
Under its mantle of leaves and snow;
Earth holds beauty fast in her keeping
But Life invincible stirs below.

Runs the sap in each root and rhizome,
Primrose yellow and snowdrop cold,
Windyflowers when the chiffchaff flies home,
Lenten lilies with crowns of gold.
Soon the woods will be blithe with bracken,
April whisper of lambs at play;
Spring will triumph—and our old black hen
(Thank the Lord!) will begin to lay.

ALGOL.

A "Dry" State.

"On the declaration of the armistice with Bulgaria the Balkan-Jug stopped running."
Observer.

THE NEW NAVY.

["The New Navy of small craft, created by the special needs of the War . . . has every reason to be proud of its share in bringing the War to a victorious conclusion. The good wishes of the Board of Admiralty and the Royal Navy will follow the armed yachts, trawlers, drifters and motor-boats after they have hauled down the colours they flew as His Majesty's Auxiliary Patrol Vessels."
Admiralty Message to the Auxiliary Patrol Service.]

THE Old Navy wakened and got under way
And hurried to Scapa in battle array,
While the drifters and trawlers looked on from afar
At the cruisers and battleships off to the War;
Having sped their departure with ev'ry good wish,
The drifters and trawlers returned to their fish.

Do you know the sensation, so hard to explain,
Of living a former existence again,
With never a clue to the why or the when?
Well, the drifters and trawlers were feeling it then,
And the sea chuckled deep as it washed to and fro
On the hulls of the battleships up in the Flow.

The Old Navy waited, the Old Navy swore,
While battleships costing two millions and more
Reviewed the position from starboard to port:
"It 's small craft again, but we 're terribly short;
Let us pray for the Empire whose sun never sets;"
Then the fishing fleet pensively hauled in its nets.

And rolling with laughter, at varying speeds
The New Navy sped to the Old Navy's needs;
Unblushingly paintless, by units or lots,
Came drifters and trawlers and whalers and yachts;
And, heedless of Discipline Acts, I 've been told,
The New Navy cheerfully winked at the Old.

Without any pride but the pride of its race,
The New Navy took its historical place
In warfare on quite unconventional lines
As hunting sea vermin or sweeping for mines,
Till the sea would agree when a battleship swore
That surely they 'd helped an Old Navy before.

Through Summer and Autumn, through Winter and Spring
The Old Navy patiently guarded the ring,
The while the Auxiliaries out on the blue
Were making the most of the flag that they flew,
And a cruiser would call to her sister, astern,
"Precocious as ever, they 've nothing to learn!"

The Old Navy stretched as they got under way
To take the Surrender that fell on a Day,
And the drifters and trawlers looked on from afar
At the cruisers and battleships winning the War,
And, cheering the conquest with ev'ry good wish,
Prepared to go back to their nets and their fish.

But scarce had the fishing fleet time to turn round
When there fell on their ears a remarkable sound,
And some who were present have given their word
That the roll of DRAKE'S drum through the squadrons was heard;
Resulted a sequel as strange as it 's true,
The Old Navy solemnly winked at the New.

The moral is simple but worthy of note
Whenever the spirit of DRAKE is afloat,
There 's only one Navy when foes come to grips,
And nobody knows it so well as the ships,
And so when the small craft are blessed by the Board,
Demurely they murmur: "*New* Navy? Oh, Lord!"

OUR BEAUTY COLUMN.

(*Latest Style.*)

WE four are *such* friends, Estelle, Rosalie, Beryl and I. If we weren't could we sit round and say the things to each other that we do? I ask you.

It 's quite a small flat we have, just the one room, but it 's *so* convenient. There 's a chemist's next door, so it 's no walk to get *everything* we require.

We were sitting round our cosy fireplace, wishing it were summer or that we had some coal, when one of those thoughts that make me so loved occurred to me.

"Estelle darling," I asked, though I knew, because the box was on the mantelpiece, "how *do* you get that lovely flush? Your nose is such a *delicious* tint; it reminds me of a tomato."

"I owe my colour to my fur coat," replied Estelle frankly; "you 've no idea how warm it keeps me. I think a natural glow is so much more becoming than an artificial one."

"By the way, Madge," put in Rosalie (*I* 'm Madge), "as you 've started the game may I ask you a question? How do you get such a lovely shine on *your* nose?"

"Chamois leather," I replied sweetly. (You see we 're such friends we love telling each other our boudoir secrets.)

"I wish I knew how you keep those cunning little curls, Estelle," sighed Beryl longingly. "*My* hair is so horribly straight."

"It 's quite easy," explained Estelle; "you can do it with any ordinary flat-iron, though of course an electric iron is the best. If you heat the iron over the gas or fire (if any) it gets sooty, and if you 've golden hair, as I have this year—well. Only," she went on warningly, "always see that you lay your curl flat on the table before you iron it."

"I wish I could get my hands as white as yours, Beryl," I said.

"You can't expect to, darling; working at Whitehall as you do your fingers are bound to get stained with nicotine. Warm water and soap is all *I* use. First I immerse my hands in tepid water, then I rub the soap (you can get it at any chemist's or oil-shop) into the pores—you 'd be surprised how it lathers if you do it the right way—and then I rinse the soap off again. I learnt that trick from watching our washer-woman—she had such lovely hands."

"Why do you never use powder now, Estelle?" asked Rosalie. "Before the War one could never come near you without leaving footprints."

"My reasons were partly patriotic, conserving the food-supply, you know, and partly owing to the mulatto-like tint the war-flour gave me. One doesn't want to go about looking half-baked, does one?"

"No," we murmured, making a pretty concerted number of it.

"But wrinkles, darling Estelle," I pleaded—"do tell us what you do for your wrinkles."

"Wrinkles," murmured Estelle, with a pretty puckering of her brow—"I haven't any left; I 've given them all to you."

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—This series will not be continued in our next issue.]

"MUSICAL.

1916 car, nearly new, two-seater body, hood, screen, complete, £13."
Provincial Paper.

At that price it probably would be "musical."

"The latest telegrams from Berlin state that the Spartacus (Extremist) leaders are in extremis."—*Sunday Paper.*

But, confound it, that 's their element.



Sergeant. "ONLY ONE BUTTON DECENTLY CLEAN. AND I SUPPOSE YOU MANAGED TO GET THAT ONE BRIGHT BY RUBBIN' OF IT AGAINST THE CANTEEN COUNTER."

A MILITARY EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to ask your advice. As you know, the Army Council in its wisdom decreed that the Army, before being demobilised, must be educated. I have been chosen as one of the Educators.

My efforts to lead the Army into the paths of light and learning were crowned with success until in an evil moment I undertook to teach Private Goodbody. This genial ornament of our regimental sanitary squad is especially anxious to plumb the mysteries of arithmetic. When he had, as I thought, finally mastered the principle that if you borrow one from the shillings' column you must pay it back in the pounds' column, I set him the following sum :—

"Supposing you owed the butcher sixteen shillings and three pence halfpenny and took a pound note to pay him with, how much change ought he to give you?"

Private Goodbody scratched his head for several minutes and at last decided that he did not know.

"But come, Goodbody," I urged, "surely it 's quite easy." And I repeated the question.

"I don't know, Sir; I don't never have no truck with butchers," he declared emphatically. "I leaves that 'ere to the missus."

"Ah!" I said, "and how does *she* get the money to pay him?"

"*I* gives it 'er," said Goodbody.

"What does she do with the change?" I asked next.

"Gives it back to me, I reck'n," he answered.

"Well," I continued, "if you don't know how much change there ought to be when you give her a pound and she spends sixteen shillings and three pence halfpenny, how do you know she gives you back the right amount?"

Private Goodbody eyed me with something suspiciously like contempt.

"If my missus started playin' any o' them monkey tricks on me, givin' the wrong change an' sich, I 'd put it across 'er," he said.

And there the matter rests for the present. I feel that I should not lead Private Goodbody any further into the intricacies of his subject until he has solved my problem. This he resolutely professes himself unable to do, and begs to be allowed to leave it and plunge into the giddy vortex of the multiplication table.

Yours faithfully, MENTOR.

"A cable message of 100 words from London to Johannesburg to-day, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a word, costs £1 10*s.*"—*Evening Paper.*

We suppose the Post Office makes a reduction for taking a quantity.

THE WIND.

THE day I saw the Wind I stood
All by myself inside our wood,
Where Nurse had told me I must wait
While she went back through the white gate
To fetch her work . . . I don't know why,
But suddenly I felt quite shy
With all the trees when Nurse was gone,
For quietness came on and on
And covered me right round as though
I was just nobody, you know,
And not a little girl at all . . .
But *then*—quite sudden—HER torn shawl
Came through the trees; I saw it gleam,
And SHE was near. Just like a dream
She looked at me. Her lovely hair
Was waving, waving everywhere,
And from her shawl—all tattery—
There blew the sweetest scents to me.
I didn't ask her who she was;
I didn't *need* to ask, because
I *knew*! . . . That 's all . . . She didn't wait;
She *went*—when Nurse called through the gate.

"HOT WATER BATTLES—Best quality rubber, from 4/3 each."—*Parish Magazine.*

A new kind of tank warfare, we suppose.



OUR DANCING MEN.

"WHO'S THE SLIGHTLY ANCIENT DAME THAT THAT KID BINKS HAS BEEN DANCING WITH ALL THE EVENING?"

"I DUNNO. YOUNG BINKS DOESN'T EITHER. BUT HE SAYS SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE ROOM WITH A GLIMMERING OF HOW TO 'JAZZ.'"

THOUGHTS IN COMMITTEE.

THE War decays; the Offices disperse,
And after many a bloomer flies the don;
All kinds of Bodies perish with a curse,
And only my Committee lingers on,
Still rambles gaily in the same old rings,
Still sighs, "At any rate, we are at one";
Yet even here, so catching are these things,
Something, I think, is going to be done.

For me, I would not anything were done,
But would for ever sit on this soft seat
Each sweet recurrent Saturday, and run
An idle pencil o'er the foolscap sheet,
The free unrationed blotting-pad, and scrawl
Delightful effigies of those who speak,
But not myself say anything at all,
Only be mute and beautiful and meek . . .

Are there not Ministers and ex-M.P.'s,
A Knight, a Baronet, a Brigadier?
Is it not wonderful to be with these,
To watch, and after in the wifely ear
Whisper, "This morning I exchanged some words
With old Sir Somebody, who thought of Tanks;
I saw the Chairman of the Board of Birds;
I said, 'How are you?' and he answered,
'Thanks'"?

So let us sit for ever—and expand;
Let us be paid, not properly, but well.
Let more men come, all opulent and bland,
So that we qualify for some hotel,
So that, as all the Constitution grows
From little seeds long buried in the past,
We too may be a part of it! Who knows?
We may become a Ministry at last.

And if indeed our end must be more tame,
Let large well-mounted photographs be made
Of this high gathering, and let each name
Beneath each face be generously displayed,
That I may say, when penury has crept
Too near for decency, to some old snob,
"*That* was the kind of company I kept
When England needed me"—and get a job.

A. P. H.

"Good Servants of all kings required at once.—Apply Mrs. ——'s Registry."—*Provincial Paper.*

There should be a good supply, as several monarchs have lately given up housekeeping.

"REQUIRED, ROMPOTER, to float £50,000 company for manufacturing bricks for reconstruction. Curiosity mongers please refrain."
Daily Paper.

But for the warning we should have been sorely tempted to inquire what a "Rompoter" may be.



"DORA" DISCOMFITED.

"DORA." "WHAT, NO CENSORSHIP?" [*Swoons.*]

[The Foreign Office has announced that Press Correspondents' messages about the Peace Congress will not be censored.]



Jock. "BON JOUR, M'SIEUR. NOUS AVONS REVENUS DE PERMISSION ET NOUS SOMMES BLINQUANT MISERABLE. SI VOUS FEREZ MON AMI DE SOURIRE, JE DONNERAI VOUS DIX FRANCS."

THE WAR DOGS' PARTY.

I AM a plain dog that barks his mind and believes in calling a bone a bone, not one of your sentimental sort that allows the tail—that uncontrollable seat of the emotions—to govern the head. I voted Coalition, of course. As a veteran—three chevrons and the Croix de Guerre—I could hardly refuse to support the man who above all others helped us war dogs to beat the Bosch. But to say that I am satisfied with the way things are going on—that's a mouse of a very different colour, as the phrase goes. A terrier person who claims to own the PRIME MINISTER and has been very busy demanding what he calls our invaluable suffrages buttonholed me the other day outside the tripe shop and commenced to tell me all the wonderful things that we dogs would get if we only elected a strong Coalition Government—better biscuits, larger kennels, equal rabbits for all and I don't know what else. But when I asked him plainly, "Are you in favour of keeping out the dachshunds?" the fellow hedged and said the question was not so important as some people seemed to think, and that financial interests had to be considered.

And that 's how the War Dogs' Party came to be formed, for when they heard how the land lay some of the influential dogs in our neighbourhood called a meeting in Jorrocks' Mews and elected me chairman. We decided that membership should not be confined to dogs who had actually seen service at the Front, but that any dog who had faced the trials of the War in the spirit of true patriotism should be eligible. A slight difficulty was encountered in the case of the Irish terrier who owns the butcher's shop and notoriously has never been on bone rations, some of the young hotheads claiming that he was not eligible. But Snap is a very popular dog, and when he is not brooding over his national grievances is a merry fellow and always ready to share a bone with a pal. So I ruled that on account of the historic wrongs of Ireland we would overlook Snap's defiance of the Public Bones Order and allow him to be one of us.

One of the first things you learn in the trenches is the use of tact in coping with delicate situations. Well, we drew up a very strong platform and were on the point of carrying it unanimously when our secretary, a clever fellow but temperamental, like all poodles, spotted the big yellow cat from No. 14 slinking down the street on some poisonous errand or other, and the meeting adjourned in what I can only describe as a disorderly manner. Of course we are treating the Declaration of Peace Aims, as we called it, as carried, though the secretary insists on adding a fifteenth point, which he says is of vital importance, relating to the Declawing of Yellow Cats.

The first plank in our platform is BRITAIN FOR BRITISH DOGS, which sounds very well, don't you think? Sassafras, the Aberdeen terrier from No. 3, a solid fellow but unimaginative, wanted it to be ONCE A U-DOG ALWAYS A U-DOG, but I ruled that that couldn't be right because once there had been a U-dog next door to us, but now there wasn't. Of course they all wanted to hear about it, but we war dogs are supposed to be as modest as we are



Official (to applicant for post as policewoman). "AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN THE EVENT OF A STREET ACCIDENT?"
Applicant. "OH, I SHOULD—ER—CALL A POLICEMAN."

brave, so I simply said that he was *spurlos versenkt*. But it isn't only German dogs we draw the line at. Take the Pekinese. I've always said if we didn't combat the Yellow Peril we'd regret it, and now the pests are everywhere. My master's woman has one which she calls Pitti Sing. Did you ever hear of such a name for a dog? But then it isn't a dog in the real sense of the word. Only last Friday the little beast flew at me—all over an absurd chicken bone which was really meant for me but had been put on to its plate by mistake—and deliberately filled my mouth full of nasty fluffy fur.

Of course the woman had to come in at that moment and, instead of chastising the little monster, she grabbed it up and hugged it, saying, "Diddums nasty great dog bite um poor ickle Pitti Singums?" and a lot more silly rot equally at variance with the facts. I wagged my tail at her to show it wasn't my fault, but she just wouldn't see reason and told master that I must have a good whipping. Of course master and I both know that one isn't whipped for a little thing like that, so we retired into the study, and while master pretended to whip me I pretended to howl. I was just beginning to howl in a very lifelike way when the woman rushed in and called master a cruel brute, and said she didn't mean him to hurt me really.

Women are funny creatures and I'm glad I don't own one. Snap, the butcher's dog, even went so far as to suggest that we should adopt anti-feminism as a plank in our platform, but the Irish Wolfhound who comes from Cavendish Square said that his mistress was driving an ambulance in France and that, in her absence, anyone who had anything to say against women would have to see him first. Of course it's very difficult to argue with that kind of dog, and, though Snap seemed inclined to press the point, I ruled the proposal out of order. The value of resource is one of the things you learn in the Army.

I think Snap was rather relieved really, because after the meeting he asked me to go and help him dig up a nearly new mutton bone that he had buried under a laurel bush in the Square.

Well, to return to our platform, what we say about these foreign dogs is "Keep them all out." Of course there are some Allied dogs, like Poodles and Plumpuddings and Boston terriers, that have earned the right to be considered one of ourselves, but when it comes to having Mexican Hairless and Schipperkes and heaven knows what else coming into the country and taking the biscuits out of our mouths—well, we say it isn't good enough. Not that we're insular, mind you, but to hear some of these mangy foreigners talking about the Brotherhood of Dogs! But I must tell you how Bolshevism raised its ugly head in our midst. It was while we were discussing the second plank in our platform, which is "DOGS, NOT DOORMATS."

But there, Master is calling me to take him for a walk, so it must wait till next week. ALGOL.

(To be continued.)

"German civil officials in Nancy must salute American officers. Failure to obey the order means arrest."—*Globe.*

We hear that the same regulation applies to all German civil officials in Lyons, Toulouse and Bordeaux.

NEW BOOKS

FROM MESSRS. TRUEMAN AND WASHINGTON'S LIST.

THE ZOOMERS.

By GLADYS WANK.

Price 6/11¾.

A new writer who by virtue of her god-like genius takes her seat with HOMER, DANTE, SHAKESPEARE and MARIE CORELLI, and a novel such as the world has not known since *The Miseries of Mephistopheles* startled the comatose mid-Victorians from their slumbers—both stand revealed in these soul-shaking pages. To say that this is the novel of the year is to malign its greatness It is the novel of the century, of all centuries, of all time.

FIRST REVIEW BEFORE PUBLICATION.

"It is not saying too much when I solemnly assert that I really believe that Miss Wank's first book is the best she has ever written."—"*A MAN OF KENT*," in *The Scottish Treacly.*

SIMIAN SONGS.

By ISABEL MUNKITTRICK.

Price 11/3½.

These remarkable lyrics are translations into vernacular verse of the prose versions of specimens of the literature of the great apes of Africa, collected by Professor GARNER. It is not too much to say that those touching *cris de cœur* redolent of the jungle, the lagoon and the hinterland, will appeal with irresistible force to all lovers of sincere and passionate emotion. The Chimpanzee's "swing song" on page 42 is a marvel of oscillating melody.

THE MILLENNIUM via ARMAGEDDON.

By REV. ANGUS WOTTLEY, D.D.

With a Foreword by

PRINCIPAL CAWKER.

Price 9/4¼.

This is a work of over 120,000 words of extraordinary beauty and distinction. It has gone into 150 editions in Patagonia, where the editions are very large, and ought to be in great demand in this country. Tiberius Mull, writing in the Literary Supplement of *The Scottish Oil World*, uses these remarkable words: "I do honestly believe that Dr. Angus Wottley's book is the most weighty volume he has ever given to the world."

POLLY ANDREA'S SACRIFICE.

By SALINA LAKE.

Price 8/3½.

This is the first attempt to present the limitations of the modern monogamous system in its true polyphonic perspective, several huge editions having been exhausted before publication. Professor McTalisker writes in the Theological Supplement of *John Bull*: "For a person in a state of partial exhaustion I can imagine no more efficacious stimulant than is to be found in those beautiful pages. Not being acquainted with any of the earlier works of the author, I can honestly declare that in my opinion it is the best thing that I have read from her pen, and, further, that it has made a deeper impression upon me than any other work which I have not read but which deals with the same subject."



DOPE.

Jack. "'ERE'S AN ARTICLE 'ERE ON THE 'FASCINATION OF OPIUM SMOKIN'.' FASCINATION, I DON'T FINK! THE ONLY TIME I SMOKED IT WAS IN CHINA, AN' FOR THREE DAYS I 'AD AN 'EAD ON ME LIKE A SMOKE BARRAGE."

PEACE AND PROMOTION.

Lucasta, prideful times they were
When first it came to pass
That on each shoulder I might bear
A little star of brass.

And when by reason of my zeal
I was awarded twain,
'Twas not mere vanity to feel
Almost as proud again.

My warrior soul was filled with song
In triumph's clearest key,
When, feeling thrice as broad and strong,
My shoulders shone with three.

Yet these I'll gladly from their place
Remove, and in their stead
Support one star of gentler grace—
Lucasta's golden head.

"GENTLEMAN required, knowledge of shorthand essential although not absolutely necessary."—*Local Paper.*

A very nice distinction.

"In my opinion the Asiatic cholera, 1850-1851, took more lives and caused more anxiety than the flu. In Spanish Town, with a population of 5,000, 7,800 died."

Daily Gleaner (*Kingston, Jamaica*).

We agree that the 'flu mortality can hardly have been greater than this.

"Flageolets soaked or parboiled previously and placed in alternate layers in a fireproof dish with sliced tomato or potato sprinkled with onion also make a valuable dish."

Evening Paper.

We have fortunately not yet been reduced to eating our wood-wind instruments; but we think we should need a double-bass to wash them down.

THE MUD LARKS.

I MET a man in the Club at Lille the other day who told me that he knew all about women. He had studied the subject, he said, and could read 'em like an open book. He admitted that it took a bit of doing, but that once you had the secret they would trot up and eat out of your hand.

Having thus spoken he swallowed three whiskies in rapid succession and rushed away to jump a lorry-ride to Germany, and I have not seen him since, much to my regret, for I need his advice, I do.

* * * * *

We splashed into the hamlet of Sailly-le-Petit at about eight o'clock of a pouring dark night, to find the inhabitants abed and all doors closed upon us.

However, by dint of entreaties whispered through key-holes and persuasions cooed under window-shutters, I charmed most of them open again and got my troop under cover, with the exception of one section. Its Corporal, his cape spouting like a miniature watershed, swam up. "There's a likely-lookin' farm over yonder, Sir," said he, "but the old gal won't let us in. She's chattin' considerable." I found a group of numb men and shivering horses standing knee-deep in a midden, the men exchanging repartee with a furious female voice that shrilled at them from a dark window. "Is that the officer?" the voice demanded. I admitted as much. "Then remove your band of brigands. Go home to England, where you belong, and leave respectable people in peace. The War is finished."

I replied with some fervour (my boots were full of water and my cap dribbling pints of iced-water down the back of my neck) that I was not playing the wandering Jew round one-horse Picard villages in late December for the amusement I got out of it and that I could be relied on to return to England at the earliest opportunity, but for the present moment would she let us in out of the downpour, please? The voice soared to a scream. No, she would not, not she. If we chose to come soldiering we must take the consequences, she had no sympathy for us. She called several leading saints to witness that her barn was full to bursting anyhow and there was no room. That was that. She slammed the window-shutter upon us and retired, presumably to bed. The Corporal, who during the parley had been scouting round about, returned to report room for all hands in the barn, which was quite empty. Without further ado I pushed all hands into the barn and left them for the night.

Next morning, while walking in the village street, I beheld a remarkable trio approaching. It consisted of a venerable cleric—his skirts held high enough out of the mud to reveal the fact that he favoured flannel underclothing and British army socks—and a massive rustic dressed principally in hair, straw-ends and corduroys. The third member was a thick short bulldog of a woman, who, from the masterly way in which she kept corduroys from slipping into the village smithy and saved the cleric from drifting to a sailor's grave in the duck-pond, seemed to be the controlling spirit of the party. By a deft movement to a flank she thwarted her reluctant companions in an attempt to escape up a by-way, and with a nudge here and a tug there brought them to a standstill in front of me and opened the introductions.

"M. le Curé," indicating the cleric, who dropped his skirts and raised his beaver.

"M. le Maire," indicating corduroys, who clutched a handful of straw out of his beard and groaned loudly.

"*Moi, je suis Madame, Veuve Palliard-Dubosc*," indicating herself.

I bowed, quailing inwardly, for I recognized the voice. She gave corduroys a jab in the short ribs with her elbow. "*Eh bien*, now speak."

Corduroys rolled his eyes like a driven bullock, sneezed a shower of straw and groaned again.

"*Imbécile!*" spat Madame disgustedly and prodded the Curé. But the Curé was engaged in religious exercises, beads flying through his fingers, lips moving, eyes tight closed. Madame shrugged her shoulders eloquently as if to say, "Men—what worms! I ask you," and turned on me herself. She led off by making some unflattering guesses as to my past career, commented forcibly on my present mode of life, ventured a few cheerful prophecies as to my hereafter and polished off a brisk ten-minutes' heart-to-heart talk by snapping her fingers under my nose and threatening me with the guillotine if I did not instantly remove my man-eating horses from her barn.

"Observe," she concluded triumphantly, "I have the Church and State on my side."

"Have you?" I queried. "Have you? Look again."

She turned to the right for the Mayor, but a strong trail of straw running up the by-way told that that massive but inarticulate dignitary had slunk home to his threshing. She turned to the left for the Curé, but the whisk of a skirt and a flannel shank disappearing into the church-porch showed that the discreet clerk had side-stepped for sanctuary. I thought it kinder to leave Madame the widow Palliard-Dubosc to herself at this juncture, but something told me I had not heard the last of her. Nor had I. A week later an imposing document was forwarded from the orderly-room for my "information and necessary action, please." It emanated from the French Military Mission and claimed from me the modest sum of two thousand three hundred and fourteen francs on behalf of one Madame Veuve Palliard-Dubosc, of the village of Sailly-le-Petit, Pas de Calais, the claimant alleging that my troopers had stolen unthreshed wheat to that value wherewith to feed their horses. A prompt settlement would oblige.

I fled panic-stricken down to stables and wagged the document in the faces of the thieves. They were virtuously indignant; hadn't pinched no wheat-straw at all—not in Sailly-le-Petit. Might have been a bit absent-minded-like at Auchy-en-Artois, and again at Pressy-aux-Bois mistakes may have been made, but here never—no, Sir, s'welp-them-Gawd. I wrote to the French Mission denying the impeachment. They replied with a fresh shower of claims. I answered with a storm of



Impressed Rustic Sightseer. "AY, AMOS, IT MUST TAKE YEARS OF OILING AN' COMBING TO TRAIN HAIR LIKE *THAT*."

denials. The sky snowed correspondence. Just when the French were putting it all over me and my orderly-room was hinting that I had best pay up and save the Entente Cordiale, the French ran out of paper and sent one of their missionaries in a car to settle the matter verbally. I gave him a good lunch, an excellent cigar and spread all the facts of the case before him as one human to another. He spent an hour nosing about the village, and the result of his investigations was that Madame Veuve Palliard-Dubosc, so far from having her wheat stolen, had had no wheat to steal, and furthermore never in the course of her agricultural activities had she harvested crops to the value of Francs 2314. Virtue triumphant. Evil vanquished. Madame the widow Palliard-Dubosc retired grimly into her cabin, slamming the door on the world.

Yesterday was New Year's Day. Imagine my surprise when, on visiting the horses at mid-day, Madame Veuve Palliard-Dubosc leaned over the half-door of her dwelling and waved her hand to me. "*Ah, ha, Monsieur le Lieutenant,*" she crowed, "many felicitations on this most auspicious day! *Bon jour, belle année!*"

I was so staggered I treated her to my *perfecto superfino*, my very best salute (usually reserved for Generals and Field Cashiers). "The same to you, Madame, and many of 'em. *Vive la France!*"

Madame bowed and smiled with all her features. "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" What a lot of weather we were having, weren't we? and what a glorious victory it had been, hadn't it?—mainly due to the dear soldiers, she felt sure. She hoped I found myself enjoying robust health.

I replied that I was in the pink myself and trusted she was the same.

Never pinker in her life, she said; everything was perfectly lovely. She beckoned me nearer. She had a small favour to ask. At this season of peace and goodwill would the so amiable Lieutenant deign to enter her modest abode and take a little glass of *vin blanc* with her?

The "amiable Lieutenant" would be enchanted.

She swung the door open and bowed me in. The glasses were already filled and waiting on the table—a big one for me, a little one for her.

We clicked rims and lifted our elbows to the glorious victory, to the weather (which was rotten) and our mutual pinkness.

"*À votre santé, mon Lieutenant!*" crooned Madame the widow Palliard-Dubosc.



"IT'S PERFECTLY SIMPLE, UNCLE—TWO SLOW, THREE QUICK, THREE SIDE CHASSÉES, WOBBLE-WOBBLE, LAME DUCK, LAME DUCK, DIP, GRASSHOPPER, TWO SLOW, SWIVEL, SCISSORS, JAZZ-ROLL, KICK, TURN, TWO CHASSÉES, BACK, TWINKLE AND ON AGAIN."

"*À votre, Madame,*" replied her Lieutenant, quaffing the whole issue in one motion. Paraffin, ladies and gentlemen, pure undiluted paraffin—paugh! wow! ouch!

* * * * *

If the fellow I met in the Lille Club who reads women's souls and gets 'em to feed out of his hand should also happen to read this, will he please write and tell me what my next move is? PATLANDER.

"TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

12 March and April pullets laying rabbits."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Personally we should place these admirable birds in a class by themselves.

"HUNT FOR CIGARETTES.

STATE CONTROL ENDS, BUT SUPPLY STILL SCARCE."
Daily Chronicle.

Is this the fag-end of State control, or the State control of fag-ends?

"Girl, about 18, for grocery; permanency; experience not necessary; must love locally."
Daily Paper.

But we doubt if this attempt to constrain the tender passion within geographical limits will prove a "permanency."

There was a young man from Dundee
Who didn't succeed with the Sea;
So they gave him command
Of the Air and the Land
Just to make it quite fair for all three.

THE END OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

AND now the fell decree by post went out
That all the world might understand and know
How that our Volunteers henceforth must live
A quite unkhaki'd and civilian life,
Stripped of their rifles, bared of bayonets too.
Ah, many a time had we passed by to drill
And scorned the loafer who hung round to see,
The while, with accurate swift-moving feet
And hands that flashed in unison, we heard
The Sergeant-Major's voice in anger raised
Because we did not mark it as he wished;
Or uttering words of praise for them that knew
To act when rear rank got itself in front.
And ah, we knew to mount a gallant guard,
To fix our sentries, and to prime them well
With varied information that might serve
To help them in their duties and to make
Them glib and eloquent when called upon
In all the changes of this martial life.
And we could march in line and march in fours,
And bear ourselves ferociously and well
When the inspecting officer appeared.
And one great day—it was our apogee—
When volunteers for France were called upon,
A forest of accepting hands went up;
But nothing further ever came of it.
At any rate it showed a right good will
And stamped our Volunteers as gallant stuff
To serve their country should the need arise.
And now their rifles have been ta'en away,
Their side-arms are removed, and they themselves
Are mocked in obloquy and sunk in scorn.

THE LINGUIST.

Nancy is eleven and thinks I know everything. I never could resist or contradict her.

"Now tell me about animals in Africa," she said. "Tell me lots."

This was better than usual, for I possess a heavily-mortgaged and drought-stricken farm in some obscure corner of that continent and have spent much time disputing with beasts who refused to acknowledge my proprietary claims.

So I told Nancy tales of lions that roared till the stars tumbled out of the sky with fright, and, when she crept very close to me, of the blue monkeys with funny old faces who swung through the trees and across the river-bed to steal my growing corn. I told her of the old ones who led them in the advance and followed in the retreat, chattering orders, and of the little babies who clung to their mothers. I told her that monkeys elected not to talk lest they should be made to work, but that there were a few men living who understood their broken speech and could hold communion with them.

She led me on with little starts and questions and—well, I may all unwillingly have misled her as to my general intelligence.

"We'll go to the Zoo to-morrow," Nancy commanded, "and you can talk to the monkeys and find out what they think. Let's."

* * * * * * *

Nancy shook her curls and turned her back on the patient-looking bear.

"He's stupid," she said. "Why can't you find the monkeys? You know you promised."

I suggested luncheon, but was overruled, and, on turning a corner, read my fate in large letters on the opposite building.

"Come on," said Nancy, taking me by the hand.

Her first selection was very old and melancholy. He accepted a piece of locust-bean with leisurely condescension and watched us with quiet interest as he chewed. He rather frightened me; the wisdom of all the ages was behind his wrinkled eyes.

"When you were in your prison did the Germans feed you through the bars?" Nancy asked with great clearness.

Several people in the vicinity became aware of our existence and, feeling the limelight upon me, I again mentioned the lateness of the hour.

"Talk to him," she said. "Ask him what it's like in there."

I treated the blinking monkey to a collection of clicks and chuckles which would have startled even a professor of the Bantu languages. He finished his bean and emitted a low bird-like call.

"What's that?" asked Nancy.

"You see," I said, "he's brown and comes from a different part of the country. It's like Englishmen and Frenchmen. Now, if he was blue——"

"Ask that keeper," said Nancy.

"He's very busy," I whispered. "We oughtn't to interrupt him."

Nancy at once ran over to the man.

"Have you got any blue ones?" she asked. "'Cos *he* can talk to them. We'd like to see one."

The man looked at me without interest. I was an amateur and a rival; but Nancy's smile can work wonders.

"Yes, Missy," he said, "a beauty round here."

We reached the cage all too soon.

"Now talk," Nancy ordered.

Again I went through my ridiculous performance. The monkey looked at the keeper.

The hand which lay in mine told me that Nancy's confidence was waning. I knew then how much I valued it.

"Not very well, is he?" I asked of the keeper. "A little out of sorts—this weather, you know."

My reputation was in his hands, but I dared make no sign. Nancy's eyes were on my face.

The man looked at me and then at the eager little face below him. "Heavy cold, Sir," he said stolidly. "Always makes 'em a bit hard o' hearing. Poor old Topsy! Want to be left alone, do you?"

"What a pity," said Nancy. "Mother *will* be sorry to hear that the only one you could speak to was so ill and deaf."

"What were you giving him?" she asked as we walked away.

"Only a little New Year present for his children," I said.

"How do you know he's got any children?" Nancy demanded. "He didn't say so, did he?"

"No, but I'm quite certain he has," I answered.

Letter received by an officer in Egypt:—

"Sir I have the honour and the opportunity to write you a letter and I am coming to ask you and to pray you perhaps perchance it is possible to found for me employment for translator. I am verry sorry and mutch vex grieve bother pester haras teass consequently accordingly consequtively I made you acknowledg may petion request and to bid you peradventure well you occpied me for 6 months with a contract. I beg you verry mutch to anwer respond reply if that letter I supose deeme concieve cogitate mediat when you will received my letter you will respond me at once imadiatty from your cervill and faitfull."

It is inferred that the would-be "translator" kept a dictionary at his elbow and took no chances.



Visitor. "YOU FOUGHT WITH THE GALLANT 51ST DIVISION, DID YOU NOT?"

Scot. "AY—D'YE MIND MY FACE?"

Visitor. "OH—NOT AT ALL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I WONDER if I am alone in a feeling of impatience and bewilderment over what I may call half-fairy stories. Magic I understand and love; but this new diluted form of it leaves me cold. Take for example the book that has occasioned this complaint, *The Curious Friends* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), an unconventional and perhaps just a little silly tale about a secret association of children and grown-ups, pledged to mutual help and a variety of altruistic aims—a scheme, with all its faults, at least human and understandable. But Miss C. J. DELAGREVE has chosen to complicate it by (apparently) a dash of the supernatural, in the person of a character called *Saint Ken*, about whom we are told that he lived in a tunnel on the Underground and employed himself in helping distressed passengers. Well, what I in my brutal way want to know is whether this is a joke, or what. Because if I have to credit it, over goes the rest of the plot into frank make-believe. And fantasy of this kind consorts but ill with a scheme that embraces such realities as heart-failure and typhus. Not in any case that Miss DELAGREVE's plot could be called exactly convincing. "Preposterous" would be the apter word for this society of the Blue-Bean Wearers, in which vague elderly persons wandered about with sadly self-conscious children and talked like the dialogue in clever books. This at least was the impression conveyed to me. I may add that I was continually aware of a certainty that Miss DELAGREVE will do very much better when she selects a simpler and less affected subject.

In *Douglas Jerrold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. WALTER JERROLD has executed a pious task. He has written the life of his grandfather, and has done it with great enthusiasm. The work is in two volumes, one thick and the other thin, and sometimes I cannot help feeling that one volume, the thin one, would have been enough. DOUGLAS JERROLD's reputation depends upon his work in *Punch* and his writing of plays, of which nearly seventy stand to his credit. To *Punch* he contributed from the second number and soon became a power by means of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "The Story of a Feather" and countless other articles which suited the taste of the public of that day. Of his work for *Punch* there is only the barest mention in this book, for that story has already been told at some length by the same author. In the present book Mr. WALTER JERROLD devotes a large amount of space to a review of DOUGLAS JERROLD's theatrical pieces. Where now is a five-act comedy, entitled *Bubbles of the Day*, which at the time of its production was described as "one of the wittiest and best constructed comedies in the English language"? I am afraid that this comedy, and even *Black-eyed Susan*, JERROLD's greatest triumph, have passed away into the limbo of forgotten plays and can never return to us. Another drama had in it as one of the characters "a certain cowardly English traveller named Luckless Tramp," a name, I should have thought, quite sufficient in itself to swamp every possible chance of success; yet our forefathers seem to have had no difficulty in accommodating themselves to it.

In an author's note to *Moon of Israel* (MURRAY) Sir H.

RIDER HAGGARD tells us that his book "suggests that the real Pharaoh of the Exodus was not Meneptah or Merenptah, son of Rameses the Great, but the mysterious usurper, Amenmeses . . ." I am not a student of Egyptology, and in this little matter of AMENMESES am perfectly content to trust myself to Sir RIDER, and, provided that he tells a good tale, to follow him wherever he chooses to lead the way. And this story, put into the mouth of *Ana*, the scribe, is packed with mystery and magic and miracles and murder. For fear, however, that this may sound a little too exhausting for your taste, let me add that the main theme is the love of the *Crown Prince of Egypt* for the Israelite, *Lady Merapi, Moon of Israel*. Sir RIDER'S hand has lost none of its cunning, and, though his dialogue occasionally provokes a smile when one feels that seriousness is demanded, he is here as successful as ever in creating or, at any rate, in reproducing atmosphere. I hope, when you read this tale of the Pharaohs, that you will not find that your memory of the Book of Exodus is as faded as I found mine to be.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER CULLEY, whom you may remember for a bustling, rather cinematic story called *Naomi of the Mountains*, has now followed this with another, considerably better. *Lily of the Alley* (CASSELL) is, in spite of a title of which I cannot too strongly disapprove, as successful a piece of work of its own kind as anyone need wish for, showing the author to have made a notable advance in his art. Again the setting is Wild West, on the Mexican border, the theme of the tale being the outrages inflicted upon American citizens by VILLA, and what seemed then the bewildering delay of Washington over the vindication of the flag. The "Alley" of its unfortunate name is the slum in Kansas City where *Dave*, stranded on his way westward, met the girl to whom the laws of fiction were inevitably to join him. I fancy that one of Mr. CULLEY'S difficulties may have lain in the fact that when the tale, following *Dave*, had finally shaken itself from the dust of cities, the need for feminine society was conspicuously less urgent. Even after a rescued and refreshed *Lily* is brought upcountry, she is kept, so to speak, as long as possible at the base, and only arrives on the actual scene of *Dave's* activities in time to be bustled hurriedly out of the way of the final (and wonderfully thrilling) chapters. The explanation is, I think, that the cowboy, whom he knows so well, is for Mr. CULLEY hero and heroine too. *Dave*, round whom the story revolves, is a pleasant study of a type of American youth which we are coming gratefully to estimate at its true worth; but in the development of the theme *Dave* soon becomes almost insignificant beside the greater figure of the cowboy, *Monte Latarette*. For him alone I should regard the book as one not to be missed by anyone who values a handling of character at once delicate and masterful.

Keeling Letters and Recollections (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is a book that will perhaps rouse varied emotions in those who read it. Regret there will be for so much youth and intellectual vigour sacrificed; admiration for courage and for a patriotism that circumstances made by no means the simple matter of conviction that it has been for most; and vehement opposition to many of the views (on the War especially) held by the subject of the memoir. By sympathy and environment KEELING was, to begin with, a wholehearted admirer of Germany. Strangely, in one of his social views, he carried this admiration even to the extent of advocating a Teutonic control that should include Holland. To such a mind the outbreak of war with Germany may well have seemed the last horror. But he admitted no choice. Within a few days he was a private soldier; he was killed, as sergeant-major, while bombing a trench on August 18, 1916. The spirit in which he entered the War is shown in an extract from a letter: "What we have got to do in the interest of Europe is to fight Germany without passion, with respect." How grimly those last two words sound now! Through everything KEELING held with a generous obstinacy to his original prejudices. Germany remained most tragically his second fatherland. Somewhere he writes, "I expect I shall be a stronger Pacifist after the war than any of the people who are Pacifists now. But I don't feel one will have earned the right to be one *unless one has gone in with the rest.*" The italics are mine. Before a vindication so unanswerable criticism has no further word to say.



Cophetua's Queen (on her first visit to a new royal residence). "OH, COPH! AIN'T IT A DINK!"

King Cophetua. "MY DEAR CHILD, BEFORE REMARKING THAT IT IS ALL YOURS AND NOT GOOD ENOUGH, I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT YOUR LANGUAGE, THOUGH EXCUSABLE, IS NOT QUITE IN KEEPING WITH YOUR ELEVATED POSITION."

Extract from collected works of Viscount HALDANE OF CLOAN, O.M., K.T., Op. 3001, Minister of Reconstruction. Report of the Machinery of Government Committee (Cd. 9230), par. 12:—

"We have come to the conclusion, after surveying what came before us, that in the sphere of civil government the duty of investigation and thought, as preliminary to action, might with great advantage be more definitely recognised."

"That 's the stuff to give 'em."

"Every boy in the street knows that all component factors in Jugo-Slav countries have proclaimed the union of Jugo-Slavia under the sceptre of the Karagorgjevic dynasty, and that the jurisdiction of the new Jugo-Slav Government extends over Belgrade and Nish, as well as over Zagreb, Sarajevo, Spljet, or Ljubljana."

Letter to "Manchester Guardian."

Then why all this talk about the necessity of higher education?

CHARIVARIA.

PEACE is only a matter of time, says Mr. HUGHES. The ex-Kaiser is said to be of the opinion that Mr. HUGHES might have been more explicit as to who is going to get that "time."

* * *

Meanwhile the ex-Kaiser is growing a beard. He evidently has no desire to share the fate of "Wilhelmshaven."

* * *

After reading the numerous articles on whether he should be charged with murder or not, we have come to the conclusion that the answer now rests solely between "Yes" or "No."

* * *

Mr. DE VALERA has been appointed a delegate of the Irish Republic to the Peace Conference. The fact that he has not ordered the Peace Conference to come to Brixton prison should satisfy doubters like *The Daily News* that Sinn Fein can be moderate when it wants to.

* * *

People in search of quiet amusement will be glad to know that there will be an eclipse of the sun on May 29th.

* * *

Owing to the overcrowding of Tube trains we understand there is some talk of men with beards being asked to leave them in the ticket offices.

* * *

It is reported that an All-Tube team has applied for admission to the Rugby Union.

* * *

A large number of forged five-pound notes are stated to be in circulation in London. The proper way to dispose of one is to slip it between a couple of genuine fivers when paying your taxi fare.

* * *

The ancient office of Town Crier of Driffield, which carries with it a retaining fee of one pound per annum, is vacant. Several Army officers anxious to better themselves have applied for the job.

* * *

A large number of "sloping desks," made specially for Government Departments, are offered for sale by the Board of Works. The bulk of them, it is understood, slope at 3.30 P.M.

* * *

The mysterious disappearance of sheep from Barnstaple has led to the report that some Government Department has fixed a price for sheep.

* * *

"It is not practicable," says the London Electric Railway Company, "for passengers to enter Tube cars at one door and leave by the other, because the end cars have only one door." The idea of reserving these cars for persons getting in or out, but not both, appears to have been overlooked.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that the lodging, fuel and light allowance of Officers is to be raised from two shillings and sevenpence to two shillings and sevenpence halfpenny per day, the cost of living having increased since the Peninsular War.



THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR.

PROBABLE EFFECT AT THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF THE ELECTION OF SIR ASTON WEBB, THE FAMOUS ARCHITECT, TO THE PRESIDENCY.

"What is reported to be the largest sapphire in the world," says a contemporary, "disappeared when the Bolshevists took Kieff." We suspect that the largest living Ananias had a hand in the affair.

* * *

It is not surprising to learn, following the Police Union meeting, that the burglars have decided to "down jemmies" unless the eight-hour night is conceded.

* * *

The rumour that there was a vacant house in the Midlands last week has now been officially denied.

* * *

With reference to the Market Bosworth woman who, though perfectly healthy, has remained in bed for three years, until removed last week by the police, it now appears that she told the officers that she had no idea it was so late.

"What can be done to make village life more amusing?" asks *The Daily Mirror*. We are sorry to find our contemporary so ignorant of country life. Have they not yet heard of Rural District Councils?

* * *

An Oxted butcher having found a wedding ring in one of the internal organs of a cow, it is supposed that the animal must have been leading a double life.

* * *

"In order to live long," says Dr. EARLE, "live simply." Another good piece of advice would be: "Simply live."

* * *

A Streatham man who has been missing from his home since November, 1913, has just written from Kentucky. This disposes of the theory that he might have been mislaid in a Tube rush.

* * *

"Distrust of lawyers," Mr. Justice ATKIN told the boys of Friars School recently, "is largely caused by ignorance of the law." Trust in them, on the other hand, is entirely due to ignorance of the cost.

* * *

Giving evidence at Marylebone against a mysterious foreigner charged with using a forged identity book, the police said they did not know the real name and address of the man. The Bench decided to obviate the difficulty in the matter of the address.

* * *

In a Liverpool bankruptcy case last week the debtor stated that he had lost six hundred pounds in one day rabbit-coursing. The Receiver pointed out that he could have almost bought a new set of rabbits for that.

From a list of wedding presents:—
"Case of sauce ladies from Mr. W. ——."
Provincial Paper.

No doubt he was glad to be rid of them.

"The —— National Kitchen has had to close down. . . The great majority of the patrons were Army Pap Corps."

Who presumably required only liquid refreshment.

"The German Government has protested to Russia against the 'criminal interference' of Bolsheviks in the internal affairs of Germany."
Daily Mail.

Much correspondence will now doubtless take place, as it seems evident that the Bolsheviks have sent their initial letter in reply.

GETTING OUT.

"IF you belong to any of the following classes," said the Demobilisation advertisement, "do nothing." So Lieut. William Smith did nothing.

After doing nothing for some weeks he met a friend who said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?"

"Not yet," said William, looking at his spurs.

"Well, you ought to *do* something."

So Lieut. William Smith decided to do something. He was a pivotal-man and a slip-man and a one-man-business and a twenty-eight-days-in-hospital man and a W.O. letter ZXY/999 man. Accordingly he wrote to the War Office and told them so.

It was, of course, a little confusing for the authorities. Just as they began to see their way to getting him out as a pivotal man, somebody would decide that it was quicker to demobilise him as a one-man-business; and when this was nearly done, then somebody else would point out that it was really much neater to reinstate him as a slip-man. Whereupon a sub-section, just getting to work at W.O. letter ZXY/999, would beg to be allowed a little practice on William while he was still available, to the great disgust of the medical authorities, who had been hoping to study the symptoms of self-demobilisation in Lieut. Smith as evidenced after twenty-eight days' in hospital.

Naturally, then, when another friend met William a month later and said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?" William could only look at his spurs again and say, "Not yet."

"Better go to the War Office and have a talk with somebody," said his friend. "Much the quickest."

So William went to the War Office. First he had a talk with a policeman, and then he had a talk with a porter, and then he had a talk with an attendant, and then he had a talk with a messenger girl, and so finally he came to the end of a long queue of officers who were waiting to have a talk with *somebody*.

"Not so many here to-day as yesterday," said a friendly Captain in the Suffolks who was next to him.

"Oh!" said William. "And we've got an army on the Rhine too," he murmured to himself, realising for the first time the extent of England's effort.

At the end of an hour he calculated that he was within two or three hundred of the door. He had only lately come out of hospital and was beginning to feel rather weak.

"I shall have to give it up," he said.

The Captain tried to encourage him with tales of gallantry. There was a Lieutenant in the Manchesters who had worked his way up on three occasions to within fifty of the door, at which point he had collapsed each time from exhaustion; whereupon two kindly policemen had carried him to the end of the queue again for air . . . He was still sticking to it.

"I suppose there's no chance of being carried to the *front* of the queue?" said William hopefully.

"No," said the Captain firmly; "we should see to that."

"Then I shall have to go," said William. "See you to-morrow." And as he left his place the queue behind him surged forward an inch and took new courage.

A week later William suddenly remembered Jones. Jones had been in the War Office a long time. It was said of him that you could take him to any room in the building and he could find his way out into Whitehall in less than twenty minutes. But then he was no mere "temporary civil-servant." He had been the author of that famous W.O. letter referring to Chevrons for Cold Shoers which was responsible for the capture of Badajoz; he had issued the celebrated Army Council Instruction, "Commanding Officers are requested to replace the pivots," which had demobilised MARLBOROUGH'S army so speedily; and, as is well known, HENRY V. had often said that without Jones—well, anyhow, he had been in the War Office a long time. And William knew him slightly.

So William sent up his card.

"I want to talk to somebody," he explained to Jones. "I can't manage more than a couple of hours a day in the queue just now, because I'm not very fit. If I could sit down somewhere and tell somebody all about myself, that's what I want. Any room in the building where there are no queues outside and two chairs inside. I'd be very much obliged to you."

"I'll give you a note to Briggs," said Jones promptly. "He's the fellow to get you out."

"Thanks *awfully*," said the overjoyed William.

A messenger girl took him and the note to Captain Briggs. Briggs listened to the story of William's qualifications—or rather disqualifications—and considered for a moment.

"Yes, we ought to get you out very quickly," he said.

"Good," said William. "Thanks *awfully*."

"Walters will tell you just what to do. He's a pal of mine. I'll give you a note to him."

So in another minute the overjoyed William was following a messenger girl to the room of Lieutenant Walters.

Walters was very cheerful. The thing to do, he said, was to go to Sanders. Sanders would get him out in half-an-hour. He'd give William a note, and then Sanders would do his best. The overjoyed William followed the messenger girl to Sanders.

"That's all right," said Sanders a few minutes later. "We can get you out at once on this. Do you know Briggs?"

"Briggs," said William, with a sudden sinking feeling.

"I'll give you a note to him. He knows all about it. He'll get you out at once."

"Thank you," said William faintly.

He put the note in his pocket and strode briskly out in search of the dear old queue.

"It will be quicker after all," he told himself, as he took his place at the end of the queue next to a Lieutenant in the Manchesters. ("Don't crowd him," said a policeman to William; "he wants air.")

* * * * *

And you think perhaps that the story ends here, with William in the queue again? Oh, no. William is a man of resource. The very next day he met another friend, who said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?"

"Not yet," said William.

"My boy got out a month ago."

"H-h-h-how?" said William.

"Ah well, you see, he's going up to Cambridge. Complete his education and all the rest of it. They let 'em out at once on that."

"Ah!" said William thoughtfully.

William is thirty-eight, but he has taken the great decision. He is going up to Cambridge next term. He thinks it will be quicker. He no longer stands in the queue for two hours every day; he spends the time instead studying for his Little Go. A. A. M.

TREES AND FAIRIES.

THE larch-tree gives them needles
To stitch their gossamer things;
Carefully, cunningly toils the oak
To shape the cups of the fairy folk;
The sycamore gives them wings.

The lordly fir-tree rocks them
High on his swinging sails;
The hawthorn fashions their tiny spears,
The whispering alder charms their ears
With soft mysterious tales.

The chestnut decks their ball-room
With candles red and white,
While all the trees stand round about
With kind protecting arms held out
To guard them through the night.

R. F.



THE LOST ALLY.

PEACE. "I HOPED HE WOULD MAKE MY PATH EASIER FOR ME—NOT MORE DIFFICULT."

THE MINISTERIAL TREADMILL.

(Being a free résumé of Lord CURZON's speech at the Eccentric Club on Wednesday the 22nd.)

LORD CURZON rises with the lark—
That is (at present) when it 's dark—
Breakfasts in haste on tea and toast,
Then grapples with the early post,
And reads the newspapers, which shed
Denunciation on his head.
Having digested their vagaries
He calls his faithful secretaries
And keeps them writing, sheet on sheet,
Until he 's due in Downing Street.
The Cabinet is seldom through
Until the clock is striking two,
When Ministers, dispersing, munch
Their frugal sandwiches for lunch.
Then back into affairs of State
Again they plunge from three till eight,
Presiding, guiding, interviewing,
Tea conscientiously eschewing,
Until exhausted nature cries
At half-past eight for more supplies.
Another hasty meal is snatched
And, when the viands are despatched,
Once more our admirable Crichton,
Though feeling like a weary Titan,
Resumes the toil of brain and pen
Till two is sounded by Big Ben.

* * * * *

The life of those whom duty spurs on
To lead laborious days, like CURZON,
Is not the life of BILLY MERSON
Or any gay inferior person.

RUS IN URBE.

THE Selborne Society, which used to be a purely rural expeditionary force, has lately taken to exploring London, and personally-conducted tours have been arranged to University College in darkest Gower Street, where Sir PHILIP MAGNUS and Sir GREGORY FOSTER will act as guides, and to the Royal Courts of Justice, where Sir EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, K.C., "will describe the methods of conducting civil actions." What GILBERT WHITE would say to all this brick-and-mortar sophistication we do not dare to guess. All that we venture to do is to suggest one or two more urbane adventures.

Why, for example, should not a visit be paid to the House of Lords, under the direction of the new LORD CHANCELLOR? Five minutes spent on the Woolsack in such company not only would be a treasured memory, but a liberal (or, at any rate, a coalition) education. After such an experience all the Selbornians should come away better fitted to climb the ascents which life offers.

Again, if Sir HORACE MARSHALL, the Lord Mayor, invited the Society to the Mansion House they might be enormously benefited. Of turtle doves they naturally know all; GILBERT WHITE would have seen to that; but what do they know of turtle soup? Well, the LORD MAYOR would instruct them. He would show them the pools under the Mansion House where these creatures luxuriate while awaiting their doom; he would indicate the areas beneath the shell from some of which is extracted the calipash and from some the calipee; he might even induce the Most Worshipful Keeper of the Turtles, O.B.E., to discourse on the subject.

Then there is New Scotland Yard. It would be a scandal for the members of the Selborne Society not to visit that home of amity and see all the New Scots at work in tracking down the breakers of the laws that are made in the picturesque building with the clock tower so close by. And not very distant is the War Office, where mobilisation-while-you-wait may be studied at first hand, we don't think. Indeed, London offers such opportunities that we shall be surprised if the Selborne Society ever looks at a mole or a starling again.

THE ROAD TO THE RHINE.

BUSINESS LEAVE.

OF course we *know* demobilisation is proceeding apace. We *know* that pivotal men are simply pirouetting to England in countless droves. We know it because we see it in the papers (when they come), and it is a great source of comfort to us. But since it is six days' train journey and four days' lorry-hopping from where we sit guarding the wrong side of the river to the necessary seaport, perhaps they have forgotten us, or they are keeping all the pivots in this area for one final orgy of demobilisation at some future date, which for the moment I am not at liberty to disclose.

At present my poor friend Cook is sitting in the Company Mess with his thoughts all of the inside of Army prisons, instead of the glowing pictures he used to have of himself exchanging his battle-bowler for the headgear of civilisation. He says I 'm responsible for his state of mind, because I first put the idea into his head. Well, I did; but I don't see how you can blame the fellow who filled the shell if some silly ass hits it on the nose-cap with a hammer.

It started like this. After the Demobilisation General Post had sounded Cook spent his time writing to everybody who did not know him well enough to down his chances, filled up all the forms in triplicate and packed his valise ready to start off any time of the day or night for England, home and wholesale hardware, which is his particular pivot. I may say here that nominally this business is run by him and his brother, and the fact that they are now both in the Army is probably the chief reason why the manager in charge is able to make the business pay. However, you know what people are; if they draw receipts from a business nothing will persuade them but that they must be there, "on the spot you know," to "look after it." So, seeing his face grow longer and longer as the days went by without the Quarter-Master coming round and handing him his ration trilby hat, civvy suit and the swagger cane he hopes for, I said, "Why don't you put in for two months' business leave?"

The air was at once rent with a fearful rush of leaves of his A.B. 153, and he ceased to take any interest in his platoon from that moment. In vain I urged upon him the consummate folly of neglecting to inquire more closely into the case of a reprobate in No. 11 Platoon who had so far forgotten all sense of discipline as to set out his kit with haversack on the left instead of the right (or *vice-versâ*, I forget which, but the Sergeant-Major spotted it). He even went the length of saying he didn't care a cuss; and when I asked him sarcastically if he had forgotten the Platoon Commander's pamphlet-bible, "Am I offensive enough?" he said he thought he was, and I agreed with him.

When the whole mess-room was simply a-flutter with torn-out leaves from his A.B. 153, representing his abortive attempts to put down his application succinctly and plausibly, we all began to take an interest in his case. We crowded round and offered him most valuable hints. Together we got through two very pleasant evenings and three or four A.B.'s 153, and still the application remained in a tentative state. We got on all right to start with, but it was after the "I have the honour to submit for the approval and recommendation of the Commanding Officer this my application for two months' business leave" that we got stuck.

Of course *I* knew it was no use, anyway. I have seen these things go forward before. They have no chance.

It was then that a stroke of genius (unfortunate, as it turned out, but a stroke of genius nevertheless) occurred to me. "Why not say that your manager is a complete fool and in his hands the business is going to rack and ruin?" I said. He bit at it like a tiger, and only the law of libel prevented him putting it into execution there and then;



Shortsighted Traveller. "IS THERE SOME DELAY ON THE LINE, MY GOOD MAN?"
Naval Officer. "WHO THE —— DO YOU THINK I AM, SIR?"
Traveller. "ER—N-NOT THE VICAR, ANYWAY."

but all the same we had a jolly fine argument (six of us) about it for some three hours, and nobody got put out of the room for introducing acrimony into the discussion.

Finally, he said that he was sure his brother wouldn't mind his saying it about *him*, and the application went in as follows:—

To Adjutant, First Crackshire Regt.

SIR,—I have the honour to submit for the approval and recommendation of the Commanding Officer this my application for two months' business leave in the following special circumstances:—

The necessity of my presence in the business (wholesale hardware) has become more and more urgent of late. It is imperative that I should get home at once owing to the total incapability of my partner to carry out simple directions which are dictated by letters, and it is no exaggeration to say that the business, which has been built up almost entirely by my efforts, must inevitably collapse unless it receives my personal attention at once.

My address would be, etc., etc., London. I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant, etc., etc.

The Adjutant looked serious when he read it. So did Cook, for he thought the Adjutant had noted the London address and had remembered the business was in Bristol. But it was all right. It wasn't that at all really. Pencil and squared paper are poor means of conveying information at any time, and when the Adjutant had been assured that the business was really "wholesale hardware," and not "wholesale hardbake," as he had first read it, everything went swimmingly. The C.O. signed it and off it went on its momentous journey. Cook began to take a renewed interest in his platoon, and, having discovered the recalcitrant one of No. 11 actually coming on parade with only the front of the tip of his bayonet-scabbard polished, he took a fiendish delight in seeing the criminal writhing under the brutal and savage sentence of three days' C.B.

A week later he got a great surprise. His brother-partner turned up with a draft of men and found himself posted to the battalion. The brothers met, as only brothers can, with the words, "What the deuce are you doing here?" Highly elated, Cook told him about the application for business leave and gloated over his chances of being home first, and on full pay too. His brother was intensely amused, and they both laughed heartily when he told us that he himself, while waiting at the reception-camp with the draft, had put in much the same kind of application, saying the same kind of things about Cook.

But when they realised that both applications would be forwarded to the same Divisional Headquarters for consideration the joke lost some of its savour. And when the Adjutant called them up and handed the two returned applications *pinned together* both brothers needed all their qualities of toughness and rigidity which, as I understand, are acquired in the wholesale hardware business. L.

"Homes Furnished Complete."

"Oak bedstead, 3 ft. 6 in., with wife and Wool Mattress, new condition, £5 10s. 0d lot."
Provincial Paper.

"One Parsel Furnishing goods curtains, cushion covers, etc., Rs. 26; one bundle babies, Rs. 5.—Apply Mrs. ——."
Ceylon Independent.

"Temporary Cook wants Hampshire."
Morning Post.

Really quite moderate. Some cooks nowadays seem to want the whole earth.



POST-WAR PROBLEMS.

Adjutant (who has been interrupted in his real work by a summons from Colonel). "YES, SIR?"

Temporary Colonel. "I SAY—ER—SMITH—IT'S SO UNCERTAIN HOW LONG WE SHALL BE OUT HERE—DEMOBILISATION, YOU KNOW. ER—FACT IS—*DO* YOU THINK IT WORTH MY WHILE GETTING ANOTHER PAIR OF BREECHES?"

THE VISITOR.

WHEN yesterday I went to see my friends—
(Watching their patient faces in a row,
I want to give each boy a D.S.O.)—
When yesterday I went to see my friends,
With cigarettes and foolish odds and ends
(Knowing they understand how well I know
That nothing I may do can make amends,
But that I must not grieve or tell them so),
A pale-faced Inniskilling, tall and slim,
Who 'd fought two years and now was just eighteen,
Smiled up and showed, with eyes a little dim,
How someone left him, where his leg had been,
On the humped bandage that replaced the limb,
A tiny green glass pig to comfort him.

These are the men who 've learned to laugh at pain,
And if their lips have quivered when they spoke
They 've said brave things or tried to make a joke;
Said it 's not worse than trenches in the rain,
Or pools of water on a chalky plain,
Or bitter cold from which you stiffly woke,
Or deep wet mud that left you hardly sane,
Or the tense wait for "Fritz's master stroke."

You seldom hear them talk of their "bad luck,"
And suffering has not spoiled their ready wit,
And oh! you 'd hardly doubt their fighting pluck,
When each new operation shows their grit;
Who never brag of blows for England struck,
But only yearn to "get about a bit."

"The Allies had threatened to destroy the Dardanelles if the Medina garrison did not surrender."—*Birmingham Mail.*

So, being reduced to its last Straits, the garrison surrendered.

"MATRIMONY—Young Lady (21), good prospects, wishes to correspond with young man, similar age, with a view to above; no rebels need apply."—*Irish Paper.*

But we guess there will be one Home Ruler in the family.

"Replying to a query concerning the rumour that Messrs. Guinness were in treaty for the purchase of the National hell Factory, Parkgate Street, a representative of that firm said this afternoon: 'We have no statement to make at all.' "—*Irish Paper.*

We gather that the printer is a Prohibitionist.

"At Doncaster on Saturday, Messrs. —— sold for £7,100 the fully licensed house at Armthorpe known as the Plough Inn to the Markham Main Colliery Company, the proprietors of the colliery being sunk in the parish."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Not *spurlos versenkt*, we trust. Perhaps it is hoped that the Plough will unearth them.

TEACHING TOMMY.

HERE is a simple method of aiding the admirable efforts of educational Staff-Officers in the army.

Let all Regimental Orders be interspersed with items of information likely to be of use in civilian life. Thus:—

53. . . . will be rendered to this office, in triplicate, by noon to-morrow.

53A. *Etiquette, Points of.* It is not considered correct to address an Archbishop as "Archie" unless one is on terms of considerable intimacy with him. In writing to a Duchess never commit the vulgar error of putting a stamp on the envelope; the sixth footman in a ducal household is always provided with a fund in respect of unpaid postage on incoming correspondence.

54. . . . is placed out of bounds to all troops on account of an outbreak of mumps.

54A. *Data, Geographical.*—Of all fish those of the Bay of Biscay are perhaps the best nourished. An isthmus is a piece of land which saves another piece of land from being an island. The principal exports of Germany are prisoners of war.

55. . . . to be read on three consecutive parades.

55A. *Theory, Untenable, Literary.*—The theory that BACON was a pork-butcher and derived inspiration for *Hamlet* by gazing at the viands in his shop has now been disproved.

56. . . . and a sum of twopence per haircut will be chargeable against public funds.

56A. *Courts, Foreign.*—The Sultan of Socotra is entitled to a salute of fourteen popguns and one catapult. Before approaching the throne of the Duke of the Djibouti one is required to take lessons from the Court Contortionist.

57. . . . and Company Commanders are reminded of their responsibility in this matter.

57A. *World, the Animal.*—It is interesting to know that the inventor of the Tank first planned that engine of warfare while watching the peregrinations of the armadillo at a travelling menagerie. The efficacy of our blockade was such that large consignments of armadillo-fodder were prevented from reaching Germany, the consequent demise of all German-kept armadilloes thus robbing our enemy of the opportunity of devising a similar instrument.

58. . . . will parade in full marching order at Reveille.

58A. *Facts, Historical.*—There once was a king who never smiled again, but history might have recorded a different verdict had His Majesty witnessed the spectacle of the Second-in-Command, on a frisky horse, trying to drill the Battalion.

59. . . . will therefore immediately submit rolls of all skilled organ-blowers of Category B ii.

59A. *Information, General.*—If all the Treasury Notes circulated in the United Kingdom since 1914 were placed end to end they might reach from Bristol to Yokohama and back, but they would not constitute a sufficient inducement to a London taxi-driver.

60. . . . and this practice must cease forthwith.

60A. *Query, Our Daily.*—What is Popocatapetl? Is it an indoor game, a cannibal tribe, a curative herb, or neither? Solutions are invited.

There are two very advantageous points about this scheme: (1) The ingenious system of numbering would avoid interference with army routine, which must go on; and (2) men might be encouraged to read Regimental Orders.

This suggestion is made without hope of fee or reward. Its author does not even ask for extra duty pay.



HIS STOCK-IN-TRADE.

Tramp. "CAN YOU SPARE A POOR OLD GENTLEMAN THE PRICE OF A CUP OF KOFFEE, SIR?"

Sub. (in high spirits). "RIGHT-O. ALL THE COFFEE YOU WANT AND THE PRICE OF A SHAVE AND A HAIR-CUT AS WELL."

Tramp. "WILL YER? THEN WHO'S A-GOIN' TO KEEP ME WHILE MY 'AIR AN' BEARD GROWS AGAIN?"

A FINE EAR FOR THE HASPIRATE.

"I WISH as 'ow I warn't married."

Mr. Punt crooned out the impious aspiration as he sorted a judicious modicum of hemp into the canary seed. He spoke in semi-soliloquy, yet quite loud enough to reach the vigilant ear of Mrs. Punt, who was dusting the cages at the other end of the live-stock store. She said nothing in reply, but her eye fixed itself upon him with a glint eloquent of what she might say later.

"Why is that, Mr. Punt?" I asked encouragingly.

"Why, it 's on'y to-day, Sir, as I met a lidy, a widder lidy, friend o' Uncle George's down Putney way, as 'as one leg, a nice little bit o' 'ouse property and two great hauk's eggs."

It did seem a rare combination of marriageable qualities. I asked the value of a great auk's egg, and was surprised to learn that a specimen had recently been sold at auction for something like three hundred pounds. I inquired whether all the great auks' eggs that came on the market were genuine, or whether "faked" specimens were to be met with. I had heard, I thought, of "faked" eagles' eggs.

"Different kind o' bird altogether, Sir, and different kind o' egg. Can't very well be imitated. You didn't think as I said great 'awk, Sir?" he asked very anxiously.

"No, no; I understand," I hastened to assure him.

"The 'awk, Sir, is a bird o' the heagle kind; the hauk 's a different kind altogether—web-footed, aquatic—was, I should rather say, seeing as 'ow 'e 's un appily extinct. Hauk and 'awk, Sir—you take the difference?"

I said that I thought the distinction was perceptible to a fine ear for the aspirate.

The phrase took the little man's fancy wonderfully. "That 's it, Sir," he exclaimed, beaming up delightedly at me. "You 've 'it it! Done it in one, you 'ave. 'Fine ear for the haspirate'—that 's what my darter Maria 'ave and what I, for one, 'ave not. I 'm not above confessing of it; 'tain't given to all of us to 'ave everything, as the ant said to the helephant when 'e was boasting about 'is trunk. Some there is as ain't got no ear for music—same as Joe Mangles, the grocer down the street, as 'as caught a heavy cold in 'is 'ead with taking 'is 'at off every time as 'e 'ears 'It 's a long long way to Tipperary.' Why, I 've knowed men," said Mr. Punt, in the manner of one who works himself up to an almost incredible climax—"I 've knowed men as couldn't tell the difference between a linnet's note and a goldfinch."

"Astonishing," I said.

One of the canaries suddenly broke into a rich trill of song, as if to add his personal expression of surprise.

"Now there!" Mr. Punt exclaimed, shaking a podgy forefinger at him. "There 's the bird as give all the trouble and cause words 'tween me and Maria, 'e did. 'Artz Mountain roller, that bird is. Beeutiful 'is note, ain't it, Sir?"

There really was a deep full tone, distantly suggestive of a nightingale's, that favourably distinguished the bird's song from the canary's usual acute treble.

"'I 'm doubting, Maria,' I say to 'er," Mr. Punt resumed. "No longer ago than this very morning I say it—'I 'm doubting whether I did ought to call that 'ere bird a 'Artz Mountain roller,' I say to 'er—me meaning, o' course, as the 'Artz Mountains being, as some thinks, in Germany, that pussons wouldn't so much as go to look at a canary as called 'isself a 'Artz Mountain bird, as it might be a German bird, for all as 'e 'd never a-bin no nearer Germany than the Royal Road, Chelsea, not never since 'e chip 'is little shell, 'e 'aven't.

"So I ask 'er the question, doubting like, and she up and say, all saucy as a jay-bird, 'Why, certainly you didn't ought to call 'im so,' she say.

"'Question is, Maria,' I says, 'in that case what did I ought to call 'im?'

"'And I can tell yer that too, Dad,' she say—Maria did. 'You didn't ought to call 'im 'Artz Mountain roller, but ha-Hartz Mountain roller. That 's the way to call 'im,' she says—impident little 'ussy! But there—what 's in a name, as the white blackbird said when 'e sat on a wooden milestone eating a red blackberry? Still, 'e weren't running a live-stock emporium, I expect, when 'e ask such a question as that 'ere. There 's a good deal in 'ow you call a bird, or a dawg or a guinea-pig neither, if you want to pass 'im on to a customer in a honest way o' trade."

I assured Mr. Punt I had not a doubt of it.

"But I shall be a-practisin' my haitches, Sir," he promised me, as I went out with the canary seed which I had called to purchase—"practise 'em 'ard, I shall. It 's what I ain't a-got at the present moment—'a fine ear for the haspirate.' Beeutiful expression that, Sir, if you 'll excuse me sayin' so. But I don't see no reason as a man mightn't 'ope to acquire it, 'im practising constant and careful—same as a pusson can learn a bullfinch to pipe 'Ome, sweet 'Ome.' That haitch is a funny letter, but it 's a letter as I shall practise. Still, haitches or no haitches," he concluded, with a profound sigh, "I wish as I knowed 'ow I could set about coming it over that 'ere one-legged widder lidy at Putney what 'ave the two great hauk's eggs."

Out of the dusty twilight in the far end of the shop Mrs. Punt's eye gleamed balefully.

BLIGHTY IMPRESSIONS.

THE BARBER.

I WENT into a tobacco-shop, tendered a pound note and asked for a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches. With much regret and a smiling face, she informed me she had the goods but no change.

What a dilemma! A shop with cigarettes and matches, but I couldn't spare a pound note for them.

An inspiration!—I would go into the hairdressing establishment behind the shop, have a shave—which I really didn't need—obtain change and make my purchase. Besides, with so many barbers closed owing to the strike, it was an opportunity.

This is what happened.

"Good morning, Sir. Your turn next but six."

A long, long interval.

"Shave, Sir? Lovely weather we 're having. Razor all right, Sir?"

I said as little as possible; it is the only safe thing.

"Face massage, Sir?"

"No, thanks," I mumbled.

"Wonderful thing for the face, Sir; make a new man of you. Invigorates the circulation, improves the complexion——"

"Oh, all right," I gasped.

And then for about twenty minutes snatches of conversation floated to me through bundles of wet towels. My head was having a Turkish bath. My face was covered with ointments and creams. Currents of electricity played about my brow.

"Just trim your hair, Sir?"

I swear I said "No," but before I knew what was happening the scissors were running merrily over my head.

"Singeing, Sir?"

"Er—no. I——"

"Finest thing in the world, Sir. It 's a treat to see hair like this. Just a bit 'endy,' but singeing will soon put that right."

Even had I been blind I should have discovered that I was undergoing the process.

"What would you like for the shampoo, Sir? Eau de Quinine—Violet——"

"I don't think——"

My feeble protest was cut short.



"MOTHER, I *HAVE* BEEN GOOD TO-DAY—SO PATIENT WITH NURSE."

"I always recommend Violet," he said, sprinkling my head profusely.

More rubbing, more towels, more electricity and finally a brush and comb.

"I've a hair-lotion here, Sir——"

"No, thank you."

I meant it.

He helped me on with my coat, brushed off a deal of imaginary dust, said something about skin softeners and bath requisites, but I'd had enough for one morning, and I was yearning to get those cigarettes and have a smoke.

I tendered my pound note.

He took it, and with his best smile said—

"Another sixpence, Sir, please."

BLIMP!

THERE are many things Dora kept dark
That she's now letting into the light,
And to-day an astounding aerial barque
Has suddenly sailed into sight;
But its past makes no sympathies burn,
And its future leaves interest limp,
Compared with the rapture I feel when I learn
That its name is the Blimp.

Who gave it its title, and why?
Was it old EDWARD LEAR from the grave?
Since Jumblies in Blimps would be certain to fly
When for air they abandon the wave.
Was it dear LEWIS CARROLL perhaps
Sent his phantom to christen the barque,
Since a Blimp is the obvious vessel for chaps
When hunting a snark?

And to-day, in the first-fruits of joy,
I scarcely believe it is true
That Blimp is a word we shall one day employ
As lightly as now Bakerloo;
And my reason refuses to jump
To the fact that a man, not an imp,
Can flash through the ether and land with a bump
From a trip in a Blimp.

"It needs no very profound knowledge of the politics of South-Western Europe to surmise that neither Rumania nor Greece would lend military assistance of this kind without being promised something in return."
Manchester Guardian.

But a rather more profound knowledge of the geography might be useful.

THE OLD INVINCIBLE.

IT is late in the day to draw attention to Mr. Punch as a prophet. Everyone knows that his eyes have always discerned the farthest horizon. None the less it is pleasant now and again to succumb to the temptation of saying "I told you so," and especially when it is the finger of a friendly reader that points the way to the Sage's triumph. Were we in the habit of quoting from past numbers, as many of our contemporaries do, we should print the following paragraph from the issue of September 2nd, 1871:—

"A REAL DANGER.

'According to *Le Havre*, about forty Prussian officers in mufti leave Dieppe every morning for England, their object being to visit the military establishments of Great Britain.'

Here at last is an actual invasion! Prussian officers landing on our defenceless shores, on the transparently flimsy pretext of making themselves acquainted with our military establishments, at the rate (excluding Sundays) of 240 a week, or in this present September, of 1,080 a month, or, amazing and terrifying total, of 12,520 a year! We commend this startling announcement to the attention of the Cabinet (Parliament, unfortunately, is not sitting), the Commander-in-Chief, the War Office, the Commanders of all Volunteer Corps, the Author of 'The Battle of Dorking,' *Sergeant Blower*, and *Cheeks the Marine*."



Tommy (homeward bound and determined not to disappoint). "WHY, MISSY, THREE DAYS BEFORE THE ARMISTICE THE AIR WAS THAT THICK WITH AEROPLANES THE BIRDS HAD TO GET DOWN AND WALK."

THE SAUSAGE ROLL.

THE VERY LATEST DANCE.

[To any English composer who has not yet contributed to the wave of music and dance which is now sweeping the country the writer offers the following as the basis of an entirely new and original dance, strictly national in character and full of that quaint old rustic, not to say aboriginal, grace which distinguishes modern dance-music.]

OH, say, won't you stay down-away at the Sausage Farm?
It 's a scream, it wouldn't seem you could dream such perfect
ch-e-arm;
You can bet that Jazz 'll be beat to a frazzle,
And the old Fox Trot 'll be a pale green mottle,
When they gauge what 's the rage of the age at the Sausage
Farm.
(CRASH! BANG! TINKLE!)

Come along, you 'll be wrong if you miss that Sausage Roll.
Every pig does the jig, for he 's in this heart and so-ul:
See the old sow shout, "What about my litter?"
But she dries those tears when she hears, poor crittur,
That they 're all at the Ball in the Soss-Soss-Sausage Roll.
(TZING! BOOM! The lights go out.)

Oh, haste, life 's a waste till you 're based at the Sausage
Farm,
Where the dog and the hog and the frog go arm-in-arm;
And the farm-yard bosses can all do Sosses;
The old man 's crazy, and his poor Aunt Maisie,
Over this bit of bliss (have a kiss) at Sausage Farm.
(CLATTER! BUMP! The walls begin to crack.)

Come a-quick, you 'll be sick if you miss that Sausage Roll,
For the cow does it now and the cat we can't contro-ol,
And I heard as she purred, "Oh, I 've found my kittens,
You could bet they 'd get with the best-born Britons,
For they 're all at the Ball in the Soss-Soss-Sausage Roll."
(CRASH! BANG! The roof falls in.) A. P. H.

A Tall Order.

"SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL COUNCIL POLICE FORCE.—Police recruits are now required. Applicants must be unmarried, of good physique, with sound teeth, about 20 to 25 years of age, not less than 57 ft. 10 in. in height."—*Weekly Paper.*

"Lloyd's agent at Chriseiansund telegraphs that wreckage marked 'Wilson Line' drifted ashore near Switzerland."—*Provincial Paper.*

Following the WILSON line the seas appear to be already behaving with unusual freedom.

"'George Eliot' (Mary Ann Evans), the gifted Warwickshire authoress, who wrote 'Adam Bede' and several other popular works."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We have noticed the name from time to time, and we are glad to know who "GEORGE ELIOT" was.

From a "multiple shop" catalogue:—

"SMOKING ROOM.—The decorations are well worth a special note, and are quite unique of their kind, being without a match anywhere."

Surely not "unique." We know a lot of smoking-rooms equally matchless.



THE FIRST GERMAN VICTORY.

[The German Elections have resulted in a signal defeat for the Extremists.]



Hostess (to small guest, who is casting lingering glances at the cakes). "I DON'T THINK YOU CAN EAT ANY MORE OF THOSE CAKES, CAN YOU, JOHN?"

John. "NO, I DON'T THINK I CAN. BUT MAY I STROKE THEM?"

A NEW SCHOOL.

AN evening newspaper informs its readers that arrangements are being made for "a school for M.P.'s"—"a weekly meeting of Unionist M.P.'s new to Parliamentary life, who will receive instruction in the forms of the House. They will be taught how to address the SPEAKER, how to frame a question," and so forth.

This intelligence is of particular interest in that it conveys an admission that our new M.P.'s do not know everything.

Interviewed by a correspondent, Mr. Raleigh Quawe, the able young educationist, who, it is understood, is watching the experiment with some concern, said, "While I do not wish to seem to be giving away too much to the gloom of youth, I cannot help feeling that the school may be run on wrong lines unless the greatest care is exercised. Will the opportunity be taken for testing methods which have been so disastrously absent hitherto from our public school system? I would urge those in authority to put away the old formulæ, and to ensure the introduction of a right spirit in the school by the appointment of young masters endowed with vision and enthusiasm.

"I hope that the worship of sport will not be encouraged. I was never one who believed that our battles have been won on the playing-fields of Westminster. I am confident that I am not alone in the hope that the old games at Westminster will be abandoned.

"It is most important that there should be no suppression of the emotional nature. Rob politics of emotion and the newspapers are not worth reading; and it must not be forgotten that what Westminster does to-day is read of by the British Empire to-morrow. No effort should be spared to awaken the artistic sense of the pupils. If the pictures and sculptures in and about the corridors of the Houses of Parliament are not enough, let others be prepared. No expense should be spared. For my part I see no reason why a little music should not be introduced occasionally.

"Freedom of opinion should also be encouraged. One fault of our educational system has been its tendency to produce mass-thinking. This will never do among our Unionist Members of Parliament. Yes, I would even advocate that some of the seniors should be allowed to read *The Herald* if they wished to do so, and I question whether *The Nation* would do any of them any harm."

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a watchmaker's window:—

"No repairs except to watches recently purchased."

Advertisement in Provincial Paper:—

"WALK IN,
But you will be happier when you go out."

"An extraordinary plague of rats prevails on the Sheffield Corporation rubbish tips at Killamarsh. The rodents have constructed beaten tracks eight inches wide, extending to corn stacks on a local farm, where they have wrought munch havoc."—*Local Paper.*

Quite the right epithet, we feel sure.

"We make a speciality of gorillas and chimpanzees. They are wonderfully intelligent and can be trained right up to the human standard in all except speech. One of our directors, Mr. ——, and his wife are both able to only be tamed to live in captivity."
Irish Paper.

A perusal of the above paragraph is said to have stimulated Mr.——'s gift of speech in a startling degree.



IF THE POETS STRUCK WOULD THE MILITARY BE CALLED IN TO DO THEIR WORK?

FATHER THAMES TALKS.

ONE day last week, it might be Wednesday, or even Friday,
A day not yet entirely dead,
A shortly-doomed-to-die day,
The Naiad who lay stretched in dream
Awoke and gave a shiver—
The Naiad who has charge of stream
And rivulet and river.

I had intended to write the whole of this article in verse, of which the above is a shocking sample, but, on the whole, I think I will go on in prose. When you have committed yourself to double rhymes, prose is the easier medium. In verse it is more difficult to stick to your subject, and as the subject in this case is a very important one and deserves to be stuck to, I shall do the rest in prose.

Anyhow, the fact is that I have read a paragraph in one of the papers about a proposed revival of rowing. Rowing, like other sports, has, it seems, lain dormant for the past four years and a half. From the moment in 1914 when war was declared it suffered a land-change; shorts and zephyr and blazer and sweater were abandoned at once, and, for the oarsman as for everybody else, khaki became the only wear. Already trained by long discipline to obey, our oarsmen trooped to the colours, and wherever hard fighting was to be done their shining names are to be found on the muster-roll of fame. Some will return to us, but for others there waited the *eternum exitium cymbæ*—a very different craft from those to which they were accustomed, but they accepted it with pride and without a murmur.

Bearing these things in mind, I went to Henley last week to interview Father Thames. I found the veteran totally unchanged in his quarters on the Temple Island, and immediately began the interview.

"Dull?" he said. "I believe you, my boy. But they tell me there 's talk of reviving the regatta. You tell them with my compliments not to be in too great a hurry about it. Think of what Henley meant to the lads who rowed. They hadn't learnt their skill in a day—no, nor in as many days as go to a year."

"Do you then," I said, "consider the regatta only from the oarsman's point of view?"

"Really," said the old gentleman, "there 's no other. Not but what," he added with a chuckle, "it gave them more pleasure to row their races with lots of pretty faces to look on. Lor' bless you, I don't object to 'em. It 's the prettiest scene in the world when the sun shines as it sometimes does. And that 's enough talking for one afternoon." With that he plunged, and nothing I did could bring him to the surface again.

EARLY ONE MORNING.

BOUND South from Japan to the port of Hong Kong
We fell in with a little junk blowing along;
We met her all bright at the breaking of day,
And we gave her good-morning and passed on our way.
She had stretched her red sails like the wings of a bat,
And light, like a gull, on the water she sat;
She had two big bright eyes for to keep a look-out;
On her stern there were dragons cavorting about.
And Mrs. Ah Fit by the kitchen did sit
Preparing some breakfast for Mr. Ah Fit,
The gentleman who, as we saw when we neared her,
By waggling the tickle-stick skilfully, steered her.
The little Fit men and the little Fit maids
Were playing at tig round the brass carronades,
And with all the delight of a juvenile Briton
The littlest Ah Fitlet was plucking the kitten.
With a "How do you do, Sir?" and "Hip, hip, hooray!"
'Twas so they blew by at the breaking of day.



Comedian (who has been instructed to modify his humour to suit the taste of a select audience at a charity performance at the local theatre). "THERE YOU ARE! NOT A LAUGH! THIS IS WOT COMES OF YOUR 'FUNNY WITHOUT BEIN' VULGAR'!"

OUR BIVVIE.

"NOT a bad possie," said George, looking round the village. "Let's rustle a bivvie before the crowd comes along."

All George's performances in the art of rustling bivvies rank as star. He permits no coarse and obvious gathering of an expectant horde about the opening door; no slacking of straps and bootlaces until the final "I will" is said on either side. He debouches in extended order on the doomed house; gets his range and has the barrage well in hand (the quantity and quality of Madame's gesticulations furnish the key to this) before Colin drifts off the horizon and shows a peaked face with haunting eyes over George's shoulder. Colin does not speak. That is not his *métier*. He is the star shell illuminating the position; and usually in about six minutes' time it is safe for John to put in an appearance with the kit.

This is the recognised procedure, and it has served us indifferently well up and down three years of war and a good deal of France and Flanders. Therefore John was not to blame when, after waiting the scheduled six minutes, he arrived to find the other two still in the thick of it. Either Colin was not haunting up to form (which was likely, as he had been over-fed lately) or George's French (which was never made in the place where they make marriages) had scandalised Madame.

She stood in the door like some historical personage, probably the Sphinx, and repeated a guttural kind of incantation while George stretched his ears until they stood out more than usual in a struggle to understand.

"Rotten patois some of these people speak," he said. "I believe she has a room, though something's biting her. Likely enough Fritz went off with all her furniture; but I've already explained twenty times that that doesn't matter. *Écoutez, Madame.* We only want a room. *Chambre-à-coucher.* We can furnish it. We have three beds. *Trois lits. Trois* stretcher-beds sent over from *Angleterre. À la gare.* We've just seen them. *Trois lits nous avons.* Three beds."

"Beds!" Madame pounced on the word. "*C'est cela!* No beds, *Monsieur. Je n'en ai pas.*"

"Ah, now we know where we are." George looked round triumphantly. "*Ecoutez, Madame.* We don't want beds. *Nous les desirons jamais.* We have them. *Trois lits.* We don't want them. We have beds. *Comprenez?*"

"No beds," explained Madame firmly.

"But I've just told you——" George plunged again into the maelstrom, and a pretty girl appeared from the firelit room behind to stir him to his highest flights of eloquence. A smell of savoury cooking came also, and out in the street night shut down dark and chill and sinister, as it does in all the best novels. John let part of the kit down on the door-sill. It was his way of explaining that at the present moment there was a deeper, more intimate call than the Call of the Wild. Colin moved up a step and turned the haunting-stop full on. George redoubled his efforts, making them very clear indeed. We could understand almost every word he said.

Then Madame answered, and we could understand that too.

"No beds," she said.

The pretty girl smiled in a troubled way and murmured something in a soft voice.

"She says they haven't got any beds in the rooms. Fritz took them all," interpreted George. "*Écoutez, Mademoiselle.* We have beds. *Trois li's. Nous les avons. Tous les trois. Oui. À la gare. Absolument.*"

Mademoiselle looked at Madame with a kink of her pretty brows. Madame rose like a balloon to the need.

"No beds," she said very distinctly, with a rounding of eyes and mouth. "No beds, Messieurs. No o-o—*beds.*"

Before George could recover John interfered. He makes a hobby of cutting Gordian knots.

"Oh, what's the earthly use of telling 'em we have beds when they can see for themselves that we haven't? They just think we can't understand. Let's go up and take the rooms if they're decent. Then we'll get the stretchers and put 'em up. That's the only sort of argument we can handle."

Manfully George went to work again. And reluctant, and yet obviously fascinated by his French, like a bird by a ake, Mademoiselle led up the narrow stairs and into a sizeable room, clean as a pin and as naked. On the threshold Madame washed her hands of hope.

"*Regardez!* No beds. *C'est affreux!*"

George began again. He had courage. Whatever else Nature and luck denied him there was no question of that. For a little it looked as though he were in sight of the goal. Then Mademoiselle explained. They were *désolées*, but the *sales Boches* had stolen all the beds, and Madame would not let the bare rooms to *Messieurs les Anglais*. It would not be *convenable* when they had no beds.

"No beds!" Madame appealed to the skylight as witness, and we looked at each other. It was getting late and the others would have rustled all the best bivvies by now. John had another brain-wave.

"Let's pantomime it. They always understand pantomime. There's no use *saying* we've got beds—not when George has to say it. We'll show them."

Earnestly we pantomimed stretcher beds—our own stretcher beds—and reposeful slumber thereon. "*Mon Dieu!*" cried Mademoiselle, retreating in haste. "No beds," repeated Madame, unconvinced and unafraid.

"She means that she doesn't want to have us," said John in cold despair.

"She'd be a fool if she did now," answered Colin grimly. "Let's get out of this."

And then John had a third brain-wave. He ordered George on guard, and descended with Colin in search of the concrete proof of our sanity. And Madame's voice, faint yet pursuing, followed us down.

"No beds," it said.

In ten minutes we were back triumphant with the three stretchers. It was a full six months since we had written to England for them, and they had come at last. Visions of rest went upstairs with us, and under the big eyes of Madame and Mademoiselle and several more Madames who had collected as unobtrusively as a silk hat collects dust we slashed at the coverings, ripped them off and disclosed—three deck-chairs.

We did not attempt to meet the situation. We left it to the devil—or Madame. And she, with the lofty serenity of one who through long and grievous misunderstanding has won home at last, was completely adequate.

"No beds," she said.



Grieved Wife. "OH, SIMON, ALL OVER YOUR NOO CONTROLLED TROUSERS."

"ADOPTION.—Fine healthy boy, 3½ years; entire surrender to good home. reception. 5 bedrooms; £1,100."—*Provincial Paper.*

What an exacting young rascal!

"Liebknecht was the son of a father who opposed tyranny in earlier days, who sounded the toxin for liberty."

Express and Star (Wolverhampton).

But, to do old LIEBKNECHT justice, it was the son, not the father, who spelt it that way.

THE WAR-DOG'S PARTY.

(Continued.)

I EXPECTED, of course, when I declared the resolution, "Dogs not Doormats," open for general discussion that there would be some pretty plain barking, but nothing calling for the intervention of the Chair. Britain's dogs are sound at heart, even if they do talk a bit wildly about the Tyranny of Man and Rabbitism and Abolishing the Biscuiteer. I don't agree with a lot of it myself—we Airedales have always been conservatively inclined; but I am bound to say that three years in the Army open one's eyes to a lot of things.

Nothing of a really seditious character was said until the Borzoi commenced to address the meeting. I had always disliked the fellow and half suspected him of being an Anarchist or the president of some brotherhood or other. (It's funny how these rascals, whose one idea is to get something which belongs to somebody else without working for it, always call themselves a brotherhood.) But those Russian dogs have such a shifty slinking way with them that you can't always tell what they are driving at. This Borzoi chap had tried once or twice to interest me in what he called the Community of Bones doctrine, but I soon found out that his master was a conscientious objector and a vegetarian and that the doctrine really meant that he would do the communing and I would provide the bones.

The rogue began with some fulsome ingratiating remarks about how pleased he was to see so many fine representatives of the canine race prepared to maintain intact their sovereign doghood whatever the sacrifice might entail. This brought loud applause from the young hotheads; but I noticed traces of disgust along the backs of the older dogs. The time had passed, he continued, for speeches and resolutions and votes of censure. Dogs must act if Man, the enemy, was to be finally crushed. I intervened at this point and told the Borzoi he must moderate his language, upon which he began to bluster, shouting that he would not be put down by an arrogant hireling of effete Militarism. One learns to practise self-control in the trenches, so I was able to repress an inclination to



"OO LUMME! THAT MUST BE THE BLOKE WOT WON THE WAR!"

assert my authority then and there. It was no use striking at man himself, he went on, for he had guns and whips and stones at his command. We must strike at him through his children.

Cries of dissent greeted this statement, and I really think the matter would have ended then and there only it so happened that none of those present were personally interested in children, except old Betty the bulldog, who belongs to four little girls who treat her sovereign doghood in a most disrespectful way. But old Betty had gone to sleep, and, anyway, she is rather deaf and has no teeth, so it 's likely she would have confined herself to a formal snuffle of protest. "Yes," shouted the Borzoi, now thoroughly worked up, "let every dog take a solemn oath to bite every child on every possible occasion—at least when no one is looking—and Man, the oppressor, will soon come begging for mercy and make peace with us on our own terms. No false loyalty or ridiculous sense of chivalry must withhold us," he continued. "The baby in the pram to-day is the man with the whip of to-morrow and must be bitten with all the righteous fury of outraged doghood." Cries of "Shame!" greeted this remark. I decided that it was time to interpose. With all the severity at my command I bade the wretch be silent.

"Fellow dogs," I said, "it is clear that we must choose here and now, once and for all, between Britishism and Bolshevism. Tails up those who wish to remain British!" And of course every tail went up. "Tails up, the Bolshevists!" But the Borzoi's was down beyond recall and shivering between his legs. "That being your decision, ladies and gentlemen," I continued, "the meeting will constitute itself a Committee of Safety. Remarks have been passed about your Chairman and the canine forces of His Majesty that cannot be allowed to go unchallenged. All I ask is plenty of room and no favour."

All this time the Borzoi had been edging towards the door, and I really think he would have tried to make a dash for it, only at the last minute he caught the eye of the Irish wolfhound. It 's no good running away from a dog like that, so Bolshy decided to stay and face the music. Well, as I said before, we war dogs are supposed to be as modest as we are brave, so I will confine myself to saying that down our way Bolshevism hasn't a leg to stand on. Of course Master, when he saw my ear, pretended to be angry, but he knows a war dog doesn't fight except for his country, and when the Borzoi's owner came round next day to complain Master told him he was a miserable Pacifist and had no *locus standi*. I told Master afterwards that the Borzoi had no *loci standi* either, because I 'd jolly well nearly chewed them off; and he laughed and gave me a whole cutlet with a lot of delicious meat on it, saying he wasn't hungry himself.

Of course we dogs met again and adopted the rest of our platform; and I don't mind saying I kept a pretty tight grip on the proceedings. In fact, several resolutions, such as those dealing with "Municipal Dog's-meat," "Rabbits in Regent's Park," "The Prosecution of Untruthful Parlourmaids," "Shorter Fur and Longer Legs," were carried without discussion. Naturally the meetings concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chair, to which I replied (they tell me) felicitously.

That is how the War Dogs' Party came into being; and to-morrow I shall tell that little terrier fellow from No. 10, Downing Street, that as long as his master remains faithful to the Dog-in-the-Street the War Dogs' Party will remain faithful to him. ALGOL.

"'The little lass, and what worlds away,' one says to oneself on coming out of Mr. Rosing's recital."—"*Times*" *Musical Critic.*
It 's the worst of music that it makes one so love-sick and sentimental.

AN EXPENSIVE AMUSEMENT.

"As," says one of Mr. Punch's many and very welcome correspondents, "you will probably be writing for the benefit of your readers a short handbook on how to be demobilised, I enclose for your guidance my solicitor's bill. He was engaged from November 12th until I returned home on leave on December 30th and took a hand in the game myself. The chief work was tracing the various Government Departments to their hidden lairs in which they indulge in the pleasing habit of exchanging minutes.

"Some day perhaps demobilisation will reach me. The sooner the better, for I can never settle this account on my Army pay."

So much for the preamble. Here, with the alteration only of certain names, is the document itself. Mr. Jones, it should be mentioned, is a member of the firm to which the Officer in question (whom we will call Mr. Lute) wishes to return:—

1918.	£	s.	d.
Nov. 12. Attending Mr. Jones on calling on the telephone as to Mr. Lute and advising him to make an application . .		6	8
,, 27. Attending Demobilisation Office, Whitehall Gardens, when the place was too crowded to be seen to-day. Engaged nearly two hours.		13	4
Writing Mr. Lute I was putting through application .		3	6
,, 28. Attending New Bridge Street when I interviewed Official and he handed me pivotal form after explaining circumstances		13	4
,, 29. Attending Mr. Jones on calling when Mrs. Lute was present, filling in form after discussing same. Engaged 3 to 3.50		10	0
Copy to keep		1	0
,, 30. Attending New Bridge Street, interviewing Official, and he referred Mr. Lute's case to Mr. Redford Smith, 105a, Portman Square, Head Food Department for your district		13	4
Dec. 2. Attending Portman Square, interviewing Official, when he said I had got the wrong form and requested me to go to Whitehall Gardens and ask them about it.			
Attending Demobilisation Office at Whitehall Gardens, interviewing Official when he wanted to know how I had got the form as I had no business to have it as the issue of them had been stopped, and I said it had been given to me, and he was unable to say what should be done with it, but in any event another form ought to be filled up, R.C.V., and he handed me such form. Engaged 10.30 to 1; 2 to 3.45	3	3	0
Dec. 3. Attending Portman Square office, when I said that I had been to the office at Whitehall Gardens and they wanted to know how I had got the pivotal form, but he took it in and said he would refer it to the local committee at once, and he gave me the name of the head man there and suggested we might push it if we went to him, and he had nothing to do with the R.C.V. form.	13	4	
Attending Whitehall Gardens asking what they wanted done with R.C.V. form and they said if it was sent in there filled up it would receive attention in its turn.	10	0	
Writing Mr. Jones to get in touch with Local Authority.	3	6	
,, 5. Attending Mr. Jones on telephone as to getting into touch with local representative, which he would do at once	3	4	
,, 6. Filling up same and writing them therewith	5	0	
,, 11. Attending Mr. Jones on telephone when he said Committee had recommended application last Friday evening	3	4	
,, 12. Attending Portman Square, interviewing Official and they had not received recommendation of local committee	13	4	
,, 13. Attending Mr. Jones, informing him thereof on telephone giving me reference No. and he would send on copy letter to him by local committee recommending application	3	4	
,, 16. Attending Portman Square when they had not heard from local committee, handing them copy of their letter and they would act on that	13	4	
,, 18. Writing Mr. Jones as to further form sent in to him to sign	3	6	
,, 19. Attending Portman Square when application had gone forward	13	4	
Telephoning to Mrs. Lute to that effect. Like Mr. Jones.	3	4	
,, 20. Writing Mr. Lute as to the matter	3	6	
,, 23. Attending Portman Square Official when application was on way to War Office and they said you would be demobilised shortly . . .	13	4	
,, 31. Attending Mr. Lute, showing me correspondence and requesting me to see Demobilisation Department, Broad Street.			
1919.			
Jan. 2. Attending Broad Street when they had removed to Hotel Windsor and obtaining two forms to fill up to extend your leave while your case went through if necessary and they knew nothing about your case	13	4	
Attending at your office getting Secretary to sign form.	10	0	
Jan. 4. Attending Windsor Hotel when department disbanded and had gone to Lancaster Gate	13	4	
Attending you reporting on telephone	3	4	
,, 6. Fare and expenses	15	0	
Total	£14	5	0

THE DRINK OF THE GODS.

A PROHIBITIONIST'S CANTICLE.

LET meaner souls make merry
O'er cups of ruby wine,
With claret, port or sherry
Their tunes incarnadine;
Let little boys emphatic
Become o'er ginger b.
Myself I grow ecstatic
About a drink called "Tea."

Tea elevates one's pecker,
Rejuvenates the mind,
Enriches the exchequer,
Yet never makes men "blind";
When footsore and effete I'm
From every ache set free,
And not alone at tea-time
I thank the Lord for "Tea."

It tells of balmy breezes
That blow "o'er Ceylon's isle"
(While HEBER mostly pleases
His accent here is vile)—
Of some far-flung plantation
Where Hindus bend the knee;
And would my occupation
Were prefixed (ah!) by "Tea"!

'Tis told in classic fable
The nectar served to Zeus
At his Olympic table
Was just a vinous juice;
That such is purely fiction
I heartily agree,
Having the sound conviction
'Twas nothing less than "Tea."

"PARIS, Saturday.
The Conference will be held in the imposing Salle de la Grande Horloge. The 'hall of the great clock' is about 30in. long by 15in. wide."
Liverpool Echo.

"Imposing," indeed.

"Manchester's £6,000,000 scheme for obtaining water supplies from Hawes water was approved last night at a meeting of ratepayers in the Town Hall. The annual increased consumption of water had been a little over a million gallons per head per day."
Daily Dispatch.

The new slogan of the temperance enthusiasts—What Manchester drinks to-day England will drink to-morrow.



Visitor. "BUT THOSE ATTACKS OF MALARIA DON'T LAST LONG, DO THEY?"
Tommy. "MINE ISN'T ORDINARY MALARIA. THE DOCTOR CALLS IT 'MALINGERING MALARIA.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I OWN that to find the publishers, those sometimes too generous critics, writing upon the wrapper of *An English Family* (HUTCHINSON) an appreciation that bracketed it with *The Newcomes*, did little to predispose me in its favour. Later, however, when I had read the book with an increasing pleasure, I was ready to admit that the comparison was by no means wholly unjustified. Certainly Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE has written a very charming story in this history of the *Frothinghams* and the growth of their typically English characters, maturing just in time for the ordeal that has tested and (one is proud to think) triumphantly approved the spirit of our country. In fact these memoirs of *Hugh Frothingham* are something more than an idle romance; there is an allegory in them, and some touch of propaganda, cunningly introduced in the fine character of *Torrance*, the great surgeon who married one of the *Frothingham* girls and was bombed in the hospital raids. Through the varied activities of the family, as they develop, passes the cleverly-shown figure of *Hugh*, the narrator, who, starting with fairer prospects than any of the others, is ruined by indolence and an income, and hardly saved by the War from degenerating into the torpid existence of a social pussy-cat. *Hugh* is an admirable example of the difficult art of seemingly unconscious self-revelation. Altogether I have found *An English Family* greatly to my taste, displaying as it does a dignity and breadth that recall not unworthily the best traditions of the English novel. But did we speak of *Serbia* in 1914? I only ask.

High Adventure (CONSTABLE) is in certain ways the most fascinating account of flying and of fliers which has come my way. Captain NORMAN HALL, already well known to readers of *Kitchener's Mob*, tells us in this later book how he became a member of the Escadrille América ne and how he learned to fly. And, as his modesty is beyond all praise, I feel sure that he will forgive me for saying that it is not the personal note which is here so specially attractive. What makes his book so different from other books on flying is that in it we have a novice suffering from all sorts of mishaps and mistakes before he has mastered the difficulties of his art. Whether consciously or not Captain HALL performs a very great service in describing the life of a flier while his wings are—so to speak—only in the sprouting stage. In an introduction Major GROS tells us of the work done by American pilots before America entered the War, a delightful preface to a book which both for its matter and style is good to read.

I confess at once that *The Uprooters* (STANLEY PAUL) is a story that I have found hard to understand. There seems an idea somewhere, but it constantly eluded me. To begin with, exactly who or what were the Uprooters, and what did they uproot? At first I thought the answer was going to name *Major* and *Mrs. Elton*, who for no very sufficient reason would go meddling off to Paris, and transporting thence the brother and sister *Ormsby* to Ireland. The *Ormsbys* had been happy and (apparently) harmless enough hitherto, but once uprooted they promptly developed the most unfortunate passions—reciprocated, moreover—for their well-wishers. The obvious and laudable moral of

which is, never remove your neighbour from his chosen landmarks. Later, however, it became apparent that Mr. J. A. T. LLOYD had a more subtle interpretation for his title in the activities of a band of pacifists, headed by a multi-millionaire, who called himself an American, though somehow his name, *Schwartz*, hardly inspired me with any feelings of real confidence. On his death-bed, however, this gentleman reveals blood of the most Prussian blue, confessing that his wealth has actually been derived from the dividends of Frau BERTHA; and as the War has by this time resolved the emotional difficulties of the other characters the story comes to its somewhat procrastinated finish. My own belief in it had to endure two tests, of which the less was inflicted by a scene specifically placed in a "dim *second class* carriage" on the L.&N.W.R. in 1916; and the greater by the *cri de cœur* of the lady, whose husband surprised her with her lover: "Edmund, get that murderous look out of your eyes, the look of that dreadful ancestor in the portrait gallery!" I ask you, does that carry conviction under the circumstances?

Really, the delight of the publishers over *Cecily and the Wide World* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is almost touching. On the outside of the wrapper they call it "charming," and are at the further pains to advise me to "read first the turnover of cover," where I find them letting themselves go in such terms as "true life," "sincerity," "charm" (again), "courage," and the like. The natural result of all which was that I approached the story prepared for the stickiest of American cloy-fiction. I was most pleasantly disappointed. Miss ELIZABETH F. CORBETT has chosen a theme inevitably a little sentimental, but her treatment of it is throughout of a brisk and tonic sanity, altogether different from—well, you know the sort of stuff I have in mind. *Cecily* was the discontented wife of *Avery Fairchild*, a young doctor with three children and a fair practice. After a while her discontent so increased that she betook herself to the wide, wide world, to live her own life. And as both she and *Avery* before long fell cheerfully in love with other persons I suppose the move could so far be counted a success. Before, however, the divorce facilities of the land of freedom could bring the tale to one happy ending an accident to *Cecily's* motor and the long arm that delivered her to her husband's professional care brought it to another. I am left wondering how this dénouement would have been affected if *Avery* had been, say, a dentist, or of any other calling than the one that so obviously loaded the dice in his favour. I repeat, however, a distinctly well-written and human story, almost startlingly topical too in one place, where *Dr. Avery* observes, "There's a lot of grippe in town, and it's a thing that isn't reported to the Health Department." The obvious inference being that it ought to be. *Avery*, you observe, had more practical sense than the majority of heroes, few of whom would ever have thought of this, or, at any rate, mentioned it.

Baroness ORCZY's romance of old Cambrai, *Flower o' the Lily* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), should not be regarded as in any way bearing upon the more modern history of that remarkable city. It has nothing to do with our war; it has a war of its own, a rapid affair of bows and arrows, scaling ladders and such desperate situations as can be, and were, saved by the arrival of the right man, single-handed, in the right place at the right moment. Familiar as is his type in novels of this adventurous kind, I think I shall never tire of the consummate swordsman hero who impersonates, for political and matrimonial ends, a man of infinitely higher degree but far less real worth than himself, handling the vicarious business with an incredible adroitness, but mistakenly carrying by storm the love of the lady for himself. The lady is so confoundedly attractive in these circumstances, possibly because there is about them a tonic which lends additional colour to the feminine cheek and a new brilliance to the eye. And, however bitter may be the first moment when the true personalities are divulged, it all comes right in the end. Here is a story of intrigue and battle and love, written in the necessary phraseology of the time and woven round (and, I trust, consistent with) the historical contest between the Spanish and French Powers, disputing the terrain of Flanders; in every way a worthy successor of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. It is inevitable to suggest that this story should also be dramatised in due course; it would make as a play an instant and irresistible appeal to that great public which loves the theatre most when it is most theatrical. And it is doubtless destined also for the Movies.



SCENE.—*Cologne—Present Day.*

"GIE YE CHOCOLATE! *GIE YE CHOCOLATE!!* D' YE THINK I'VE BEEN BOBBIN' UP AN' DOON IN FRONT O' YOUR AULD MON FOR FOUR YEARS JUST TAE COME HERE AN' GIE YE CHOC...LATE?"

More Secrets of the Fleet.

"Few people realise the difficulty senior officers in the Navy who are married and have children have in making both ends meet. Naval officers who entered over fifteen years ago did not, as a rule, come from the married classes."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Whilst waiting to be bathed, an old blind female inmate of the —— Institution fell to the floor, breaking her thigh. Her injury has accentuated her death from bronchitis."—*Birmingham Post.*

With a grave accent, we fear.

"The war broke Germany's hold on world's wild animal trade, the New York Zoological Society chairman states. Zoos and circuses are now turning to British dealers to fill their cages."—*Evening Paper.*

Provided that the above paragraph has made the British dealers sufficiently wild.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Germans refer to the Armistice negotiations as *Waffenstillstandeverhandlungen*. We hope it will be worse even than they think.

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that among the many new performances of *Hamlet* which are promised there will be one in aid of the fund for brightening the lives of the clergy, with the Gloomy Dean as the Gloomy Dane.

* * *

"We Americans do not consider ourselves the salt of the earth," says Senator HENRY. No, but their bacon certainly is.

* * *

In view of the fact that there is a large quantity of marmalade in the country, it has been decided to release it. This is such a satisfactory solution of the problem that people are wondering whether the Food Ministry thought of that one themselves.

* * *

Our heart goes out to the soldier who, when offered, on demobilisation, the option of fifty-two shillings and sixpence or a standard suit, replied that he would rather pay the fine.

* * *

The only surprising thing about Mr. C. B. COCHRAN'S proposal for a Peace Fair in Hyde Park, to be arranged largely by himself, is that there is no mention of a Serpentine dance for DELYSIA.

* * *

The Australian Government proposes to send returned Australian soldiers to prospect for minerals in the Northern Territories. Whether they will be interested in them after their experience in England in failing to locate quarts is another matter.

* * *

Sir EDWARD ELGAR has dedicated his new orchestral work, "Polonia," to M. PADEREWSKI. The report that the distinguished pianist-politician is thinking of retorting with a fugue, "Stiltonia," is not confirmed.

* * *

The Aircraft Salvage branch announces that not less than one thousand five hundred yards of the aeroplane linen which is being disposed of to the public will be sold to one purchaser. In the event of the purchaser deciding to use it as a pocket-handkerchief he can have it hemstitched for a trifling sum.

* * *

Improvement is reported in the condition of the taxi-cab driver who had a seizure in Piccadilly Circus while attempting to say "Thank you" to a fare.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to announce that the Kensington man who last week managed to board a tube train has consented to write a book about it.

* * *

Writing to a contemporary a Leeds correspondent says that he does not think much of an inactive corporation. As a matter of fact, since the introduction of rationing we didn't think active ones were being worn.

* * *

As a result of munition work, says a health journal, quite a number of men have given up smoking tobacco. We suppose the theory is that they have now taken to smoking threepenny cigars.

* * *

Mrs. MAGGIE HATHWAY of Montana is to be congratulated upon running a six-hundred-acre farm without the help of men's labour. After all we men must admit that her sporting effort is a distinct score for the second oldest sex in the world.

* * *

Anglesea Police Commission are offering one shilling and sixpence a dozen for rats' tails to residents of the county. Some difficulty is expected in distinguishing local from imported tails once they are separated from the rat.

* * *

In connection with the offers for Drury Lane Theatre it appears that one of the would-be purchasers declares that he was more syndicate than sinning.

* * *

In connection with the epidemic of burglaries in London, *The Daily Express* has now published a leader note saying there have been too many of late. It is hoped that this will have the desired effect.

* * *

We are glad to report that the gentleman who, at the BURNS festival, upon being asked if he would take a little haggis replied that he wouldn't mind trying a wing, managed to escape with his life.

* * *

A West Hampstead architect has designed a cottage in which there will be no bricks in the walls, no timber in the roof, no slates or tiles and no register grates. Too late. Jerry-builders accomplished that trick years ago.

* * *

While walking in Highams Park, Chingford, says a contemporary, a postman picked up a package containing one ounce of butter. To his eternal credit let it be said that he at once took it to the nearest police station.

* * *

The best brains of the country are still exercised by the alleged need of brightening cricket. One of our own suggestions is that the bowler should be compelled to do three Jazz-steps and two Fox-trots before delivering the ball.

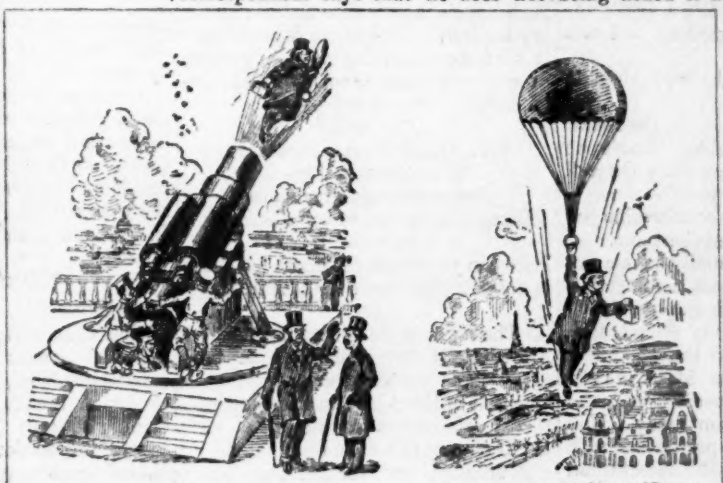
* * *

A typist recently fell from a moving train on the Isle of Wight railway, but was able to get up and walk towards her destination. We hear she had a good deal to say to the guard when she overtook the train.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"He had a cleft in his chain which Rosemarie thought most attractive."
Evening News.

There is no accounting for tastes. *We* should have thought it suggested the Missing Link.



DEPARTURE FROM DOWNING STREET 10 A.M.

ARRIVAL AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY 10.5 A.M.

THE NEW AERO-GUN SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS.

SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF HOW MR. LLOYD GEORGE CAN BE IN BOTH PLACES MORE OR LESS AT ONCE.

EVICTED.

(A common scandal, inviting the attention of the Government.)

I was amazed the other day to hear that my landlord had called to see me. Hitherto our intercourse had been by letter and we had had heated differences on the subject of repairs. His standpoint seemed to be that landlords were responsible for repairs only to lightning conductors and weathercocks. My house possesses neither of these desirable adjuncts.

I moved an armchair so that no one sitting in it could fail to see the dampest wall and ordered him to be shown in.

He was a most benevolent-looking old gentleman, and I felt I had done him an injustice in regarding him as a property shark.

"Glad to see you," he said, shaking me warmly by the hand.

"Do sit down," I said. "That chair is the most comfortable. Don't be afraid. At that distance from the wall the damp won't affect you."

"So glad to see how comfortable you are here," said the benevolent one.

"If we could occasionally have a hot bath we should be more comfortable, but the kitchen range is impossible."

"What you need, my friend, is a house of your own so that you can adapt it to your own ideas. How would you like this house?"

My breath was taken away. Had the kindly one come to present me with a house? Was I to be the object of an amiable plutocrat's benevolence?

"I should like it very much," I said.

"You shall have it," he said, slapping me amiably on the knee.

I gasped for breath. In my time I had had boxes of cigars given me, but never houses.

"For fifteen hundred pounds, as you are the tenant," continued the benevolent one.

I gasped for breath again.

"But you bought it for five hundred and fifty pounds just before the War," I said when I had recovered.

"Ah, before the War," chuckled the philanthropist.

"I don't think I can afford fifteen hundred pounds."

The benevolent one looked disappointed in me. "Dear me," he said, "and I wanted so much to sell it to you. Well, I shall have to give you notice to quit in June. This house must be sold."

"But I can't get another house."

"You can have this house. But surely you have some friend who will advance you fifteen hundred pounds?"

"You don't know my friends. It would be very awkward to be turned into the street."

"You should have a house of your own and be independent. Every man should own his home. Now can't you think of some friend who could assist you?"

"Could you lend me fifteen hundred pounds for a rather speculative investment?" I inquired.

"Since my kindly consideration for a tenant is treated with mockery I give you written notice to leave. A 'For Sale' board will be placed in your garden. A clause in the lease authorises me to do that. I wish you good morning."

Well, I am to be evicted, and, as I'm not an Irishman, no one will care. I shall not lie in wait with a shot-gun for my landlord. But there is no clause in the lease forbidding me from putting up my sale announcement beside the landlord's. It will run:—

FOR SALE
THIS UNDESIRABLE PROPERTY
COST £550 IN 1913.
Never been repaired since.
Damp guaranteed to come through every wall.
Mice can run under the doors but there is not sufficient space for cats to follow them.
The Kitchen Range is unusable.
All hope of baths abandon ye who enter here.
One half of the windows won't open—the others won't shut.
All chimneys smoke in all winds.
A unique chance for the War-rich.

THE PUFF ERRATIC.

The New Statesman contains a letter from Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, disclaiming all responsibility for the publisher's official description of his new novel printed on the "jacket" or paper cover thereof. It had not been submitted to him for approval and he knew nothing of it. Mr. BENNETT is, of course, entitled to his protest, but we greatly hope that publishers will not be induced thereby to abstain from supplying these interesting summaries. If only the method could be applied to standard works the results would be even more illuminating. As for example:

"HAMLET."

This delicious comedy is the romance of the *Prince of Denmark*, which, unlike other romances, begins after his marriage: with *Polonia*, daughter of *Horatio*, who had been previously engaged to both *Rosenstern* and *Guildencranz*. *Hamlet*, by joining a troupe of strolling players, offends his uncle, the reigning sovereign, and is confined in a lunatic asylum.

Brilliant pictures of society in Copenhagen, Denmark Hill and Heligoland alternate with sparkling studies of the inner life of a touring company on the Continent.

"Can a woman love three men?" is the theme of this engrossing extravaganza.

"IDYLLS OF THE KING."

In a series of exciting episodes, written in fluent heroic couplets, the author gives us a thrilling picture of the manners and customs of the Court of *King Arthur*, an early British sovereign, whose stately home was situated on the Cornish Riviera.

Owing to the compromising attentions which he pays to *Elaine*, the Lady of Shalott, the *King* alienates the affections of *Queen Guinevere* and is slain by one of his knights, *Lancelot* by name.

Winsome women, gallant paladins and mysterious magicians throng the e fascinating pages, which incidentally throw much light on the theological problems discussed by the Knights of the Round Table, among whom *Merlin*, *Vivien* and *Enid* are especially prominent.

"VANITY FAIR."

Major Dobbin, a *beau sabreur* of irresistible charm, is on the point of eloping with *Amelia Osborne*, the wife of a brother-officer, when the Battle of Waterloo breaks out and *Dobbin* is slain. *Captain Osborne*, in the mistaken impression that *Amelia* has shared her betrayer's fate, marries the beautiful *Becky Sharp* and is tried for bigamy, but is acquitted, as *Becky Sharp* is proved to have been already married to an Indian Nabob of the name of *Crawley*. On the death of *Crawley*, *Becky* marries the *Marquis of Steyne*, becomes deeply religious and dies in the odour of sanctity.

"Is marriage a failure?" is the problem of this kaleidoscopic drama, which is handled with all the author's well-known soulful *verve*.

"Smith Minor" again.

"*Apelles fuit carus Alexandro propter comitate.*" "Apples were dear in the days of Alexander on account of the Committee." (? Food Controller.)

"A resolution was passed requesting the responsible local authority to provide thirty new houses in accordance with the Local Government Board's scheme. The houses required were—first, those which were unfit for human habitation."—*Sussex Paper.*

And, to judge by some of the fantastic designs for rural cottages published in the newspapers, those are what they will probably get.



THE ORDER OF RELEASE.

PIVOTAL PIG (*demobilised*). "SO LONG, LEAGUE OF RATIONS. SEE YOU LATER."

THE REAL DALRYMPLE.

You would feel quite uncomfortable if you heard Dalrymple talk. He conveys the impression that everything is badly in the way and ought to be removed at once. That's his view. Dalrymple has no patience with the social system. This includes everything, from the washing bill to the House of Commons.

Dalrymple said the General Election made him impatient. By the way, Dalrymple is a fine upstanding personage, with just the coloured hair the lady novelists dote on, and eyes in harmony; but despite his handsome placid bearing Dalrymple is a fire-eater of the hungriest.

"What you want to do is to make a clean sweep of everything," he said. "Money is an anachronism, and in a perfectly ordered State would not be required."

Of course it is no more use arguing with Dalrymple than it would be to attempt a controversy on naval affairs with Lord Nelson on his pedestal.

And then there is this about Dalrymple—you remember what some Court poet said concerning LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH; it was to the effect that *quand le Roi parle*—well, apparently everything and everybody else had to put up the shutters. I forget exactly how the thing ran. It is just so with Dalrymple. He comes into my room in the City and warms himself, though no fire is needed to fan his enthusiasm for destruction. The Bolsheviks are peaceable Sunday folk compared with him. A Nihilist on a war footing would be considered Quaker-like in his symptoms.

Dalrymple is neck or nothing. He is a whole-hogger even to the most indigestible bit of crackling.

"What we want is a fresh start," he said. "Then you could begin anew and everybody would have a chance. Burn things, blow them up, leave nothing; then we should see something. Your whole scheme is faulty. Your Underground——" Dalrymple has an irritating habit of fathering things on me, which is unfair, for, as regards the Tubes, for instance, I am sorry to say I have not even a share, and often not as much as a strap.

"But the Underground is only a bit overcrowded," I ventured to say. "It can't help that, you know."

"It is all wrong," said Dalrymple. "The entire gadget is defective. Look at France, look at America, look at Germany and Russia and the Jugo-Slavs."

It was rather breathless work looking at all these nations and peoples, but I did my best. Dalrymple is particularly strong when it is a question of the Jugo-Slavs, and he always gave me the idea that he spent his Saturday afternoons enunciating chatty pleasantries in Trafalgar Square and on Tower Hill.

But—you might just see the finish—Dalrymple was not doing anything of the sort the afternoon that I was out house-hunting. Yes, it is true. You will scarcely credit the fact that I found any difficulty in tracking down an eligible villa, but that is the case.

The quest took me to a pleasant semi-rural neighbourhood where there was room for gardens with the borders edged with the nice soft yellow-tinted box, and rose walks, and dainty little arbours, and fandangled appurtenances which amateur gardeners love with perfect justification.

And there was Dalrymple. I won't deceive you. I recognised him on the other side of a low oak fence. He was wearing an old hat of the texture of the bit of headgear which the man who impersonates Napoleon at the music-hall doubles up and plays tricks with, only Dalrymple's hat had obviously been white and was now going green and other colours with wear and tear.

And wherever Dalrymple went a small cherub in a holland frock went too. The cherub would be about five. Dalrymple was fashioning a hen-coop out of two or three soap-boxes. Both he and the cherub ceased activities when I hailed and approached; and I stopped to dinner. Dalrymple told me he rather fancied he could wangle me a bungalow.

"I know the agent chap," he said, as we sampled a very pleasant glass of port. "Of course they want to keep it fairly dark or we should be swamped. I have taken a lot of trouble myself, you know, and am just starting gardening lectures at our club."

So he went on—the house, his new roses, the hens, the jam his wife made, the idea he had for a winter garden in the interests of his wife's mother, who could then take the air in her Bath-chair.

"But," I said, "you want to sweep everything away. You aim at sending villages like this to pot—your own word, you remember. And then there are the Jugo-Slavs——"

Dalrymple winked and handed me the cigars.

I fancy he is a fraud.

"AEROPLANE FLIGHT TO INDIA.
PREPARATIONS FOR DECEPTION IN DELHI."
Englishman (Calcutta).

But the aviators, in order that there might be no doubt about their *bona fides*, wisely landed at Karachi.

MY SERGEANT-MAJOR-DOMO.

WHEN WILSON has abolished War
And grim Bellona claims no more
The greatest of her sons,
What job has Peace to offer thee
That shall fulfil thy destiny,
O Sergeant-Major Buns?

Shall thy great voice, at whose behests
Trembled a hundred martial breasts,
Be heard without a smile
Urging astonished Cingalese
To tap the tapering rubber trees
Upon their distant isle?

Shall thy dread presence clothed in tweed
Be seen, O Buns, without the meed
Of some regretful sigh,
Fresh from the triumphs of the trench
Upon the Opposition Bench
Begging the SPEAKER'S eye?

Nay, rather let thy mighty mind
At length its true vocation find
In the domestic sphere;
The trivial round, the common task
Shall furnish all thou needst to ask—
There shalt thou earn thy beer.

Yes, thou shalt play a worthy rôle,
Thou great unconquerable soul,
Within my humble flat;
For when thy voice shall thunder, "Where
Is master's cream?" what maid shall dare
Invoke the mystic cat?

And what of volatile Miss Gripps?
The weekly notice on her lips
Shall wither at thy look.
And still one triumph waits for thee—
And, oh! may I be there to see—
When thou shalt face my cook!

"DATE FIXED FOR HANGING RETAILERS."
Provincial Paper.

And some of them richly deserve it.

"The League will reconsider tracty obligations from time to time.
The League will reconsider tracyt obligations from time to time."—*Evening Paper.*

And then the printer gave it up.

"A Handley Page, with two Rolls-Royce engines, was the first and only machine to fly to India, and was the first and only machine to fly to India, and is the second to fly to India."
Daily Paper.

Not the third and only, as for the moment we were tempted to believe.

"Young Educated Girl Pupil Wanted, help animals; live clergyman's family; pocket-money."—*Newcastle Journal.*

We are glad to hear of a really live clergyman. So many parsons nowadays are accused of being dead-alive.



THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.

Maid. "NO, MUM, I'M NOT GOING TO STAY IN THIS HOUSE TO BE INSULTED BY HAVING 'SLAVEY' WRITTEN ON THE MAT."

DAILY AND MAILY.

Mr. Daily burst into the room, slamming the door behind him, to find Mr. Maily seated before the fire.

"Maily, you're not getting things done," he shouted as he walked swiftly up and down the Turkey carpet.

"Only buttoning my spat, Daily," said Mr. Maily. Then he too, springing from his chair, walked rapidly to and fro. But whereas Mr. Daily chose the route between the window and the motto, "Do something else NOW!" Mr. Maily took the line between the fireplace and "Keep on keeping on!" for they seldom felt compelled to stick to one direction.

"Maily, I'm worried," exclaimed Mr. Daily in passing. "Things seem to be easing down. Even you are not so nimble as you were. This silence of the public troubles me—haven't been saying things about us for a long time."

"Some people even praise us," remarked Mr. Maily, disgust mingling with the perspiration on his face.

"We'll be damned if we put up with praise," Mr. Daily declared.

"We shall. We'd give praise if they'd damn us," said Mr. Maily.

"Never be funny, Maily, if you can help it," warned Mr. Daily. Then he remarked wistfully, "If they'd only burn us again!"

"Couldn't we go for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY?" asked Mr. Maily. "To be burnt during morning service in a cathedral——"

"No, these church-people couldn't be roused, Maily. Too much dilly-dally about them. They'd never fall to it."

Mr. Daily jabbed his thumb against a white bell-push, and a clerk appeared. "Got enough work to do?" asked Mr. Daily.

"And then some," said the clerk.

"Well, get on with it," shouted Mr. Daily impatiently, and pressed a red bell-push.

"Plenty doing?" he asked the compositor who appeared.

"Twice that," said the compositor.

"Then go to it," barked Mr. Daily. Turning to behold Mr. Maily mopping his brow, he cried, "For heaven's sake don't let anybody see you standing still, Maily."

"I was only thinking," said Mr. Maily.

"Whatever for?" asked Mr. Daily.

"Do you suppose——"

"Suppose nothing. Know!"

"How would it be to—to denounce beer?" asked Mr. Maily.

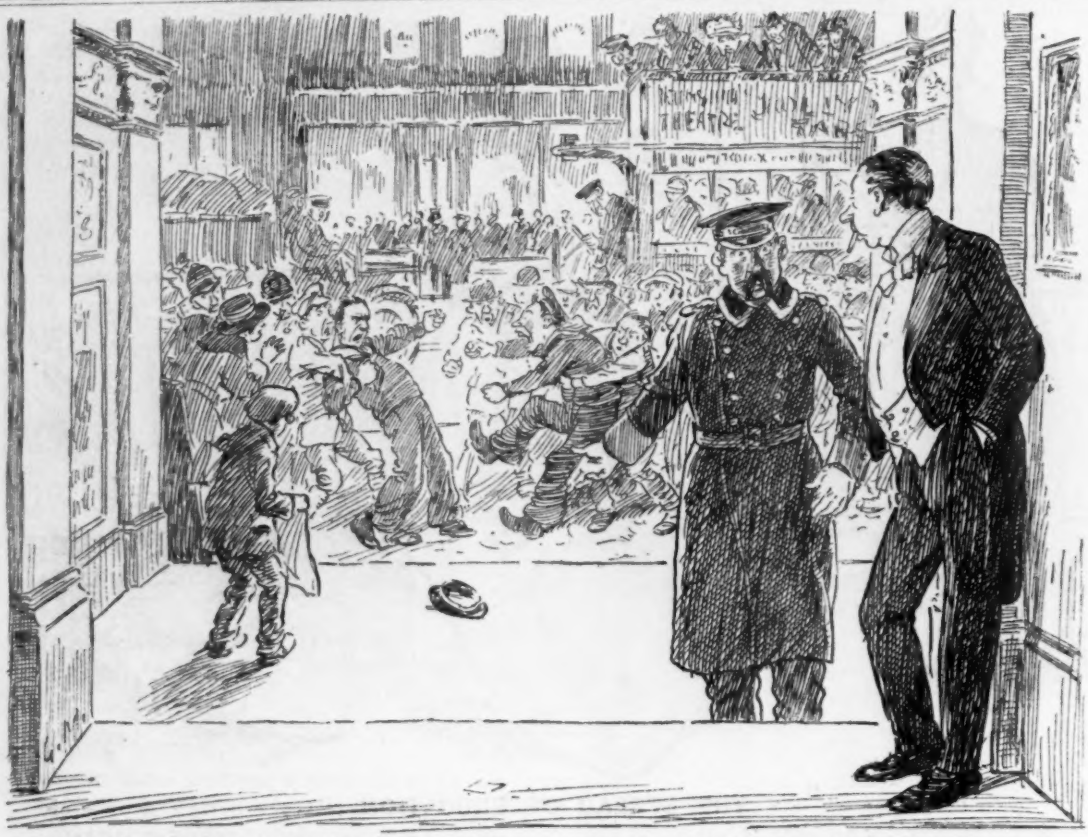
"Gad, but you've still got pluck," said Mr. Daily with something like admiration. "They'd burn us right enough. But there is such a thing as too much pluck, Maily. Think again, if you must think."

"No," Mr. Daily went on, "I doubt if a satisfactory burning can be worked—it only comes by accident. Meanwhile, if the public won't talk about us, we must boom ourselves;" and he sprinted to a yellow bell-push to summon the editor.

"This peace business," said Mr. Daily to him—"*Peace must be signed!* How's that for a new stunt? Cut out 'The Soldiers' Paper' and call ourselves 'The Paper that gets Peace.' Get the boys together, work out a scheme and come and show us in half-an-hour."

"But, Daily, is there any likelihood of peace not being signed?" asked Mr. Maily, when the editor had gone.

"For goodness' sake, Maily, pull yourself together. Don't you understand that one of the principles of our job is to back certs?" said Mr. Daily.



Manager of Kinema Theatre (referring to the two turbulent members of audience who have been ejected). "HOW DID THE QUARREL COMMENCE?"

Doorkeeper. "THEY WERE FIGHTING, SIR, ABOUT WHICH OF THEM THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE WAS WINKING AT."

LINES TO A LEGIONARY.

(Members of the new corps of domestic servants are called legionaries.)

SOLE hope of this my household, martial maid
Whom ordered ranks and discipline austere
Have shaped (I gather) for a braver trade,
So that respect, not all unmixed with fear,
Informs my breast as I await you here,
Your title, with its stern Cæsarian touch,
Does, to be frank, alarm me very much.

Come not, I pray you, to my casual home
(Where moulting cats usurp the best arm-chair)
With the harsh practices of Ancient Rome,
The brow severe, the you-be-careful air
Which (on the film) all legionaries wear;
My dream is just a regulated ease;
Rules, if you like, but not too stringent, please.

Come not with rude awakenings, nor request
That I at stated hours must rise and feed;
I like my morning slumber much the best
And hate a life by drastic laws decreed
(I'm not a Persian born, nor yet a Mede);
No, but with step demure and tactful come,
And if soft music greet you, oh, be dumb!

In careless comfort let my days be spent
And, maiden, mutual happiness shall reign;
The crash of crockery I'll not lament
Nor (when I fain would sing) will I complain
Though you should raise the far from dulcet strain;
But with a sweet content I'll bless the day
My legionary came, and came to stay.

"LOST, large retriever dog, flat-coated; when pleased or expectant he grins, showing all his teeth; information leading to his recovery will be rewarded."—*Glasgow Herald.*

It is supposed that he has been studying the portraits of "Variety" ladies in the illustrated papers.

"He must, said Mr. Thomas, urge men to recognise that, in the present state of the country, it was imperative that soppages should be avoided."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Excellent advice; but in the present state of the country, unless one wears waders, extremely difficult to follow.

"WANTED.—A suitable match for a well-connected and refined Suri widower of 37; healthy and of good moral character; monthly income about 500 rupees. Possesses property. Late wife died last week."—*Indian Paper.*

It is a sign of the truly moral character to be definitely off with the old love before you are on with the new.

"The five main points in the Prime Minister's programme are: (1) Punch the ex-Kaiser."—*Sunday Times (Johannesburg).*

The other four don't matter, but we wish to take the earliest opportunity of denying this totally unfounded suggestion. Mr. Punch is not the ex-Kaiser, and never was.



Late Superintendent of Munition Canteen (in dairy where she has dealt for over three years). "AND YOU WON'T FORGET THE CREAM AS USUAL."

Dairy Girl. "SORRY, MADAM. I REGRET YOU CANNOT HAVE ANY MORE CREAM, AS YOU HAVE CEASED TO BE OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE."

A LITTLE FAVOUR.

Maisie was terribly upset when she lost her gold curb bangle (with padlock attached) between the hospital and the canteen. The first I knew of it was seeing a handbill offering two pounds' reward on our front gate, with the ink still damp, when I came home to lunch. There was a similar bill blowing down the road. My wife had some more under her arm and she pressed them on me. "Run round to the shops," she said; "get them put right in the middle of the windows where they 'll catch everybody's eye."

The first shop I entered was a hosier's. Since drilling in the V.T.C. I have acquired rather a distinguished bearing. Shopkeepers invariably treat me with attention. The hosier hurried forward, obviously anticipating a princely order for tweeds at war prices. I hadn't the courage to buy nothing. I selected the nearest thing on the counter, a futurist necktie at two-and-six-three, and, as I was leaving the shop, turned back carelessly. "By the by, would you mind putting this bill in your window?" I said.

His lip curled. "This is a high-class business. We make it a rule—no bills," he said.

At the butcher's next door there were several customers. They all gave way to me. I made purchases worthy of my appearance and carriage, half an ox tail and some chitterlings. Then I proffered a handbill. The man in blue accepted it and, before I had opened my lips, returned it to me wrapped round the ox tail. I was too taken aback to explain. In fact, when he held out his hand, I mechanically gave him another bill for the chitterlings.

At the next shop, a fancy draper's, I acted with cunning. In the centre of the window, on a raised background of silver paper, was displayed a wreath of orange-blossom veiled with tulle. I bought it. The young ladies were hysterical. "May I ask permission to put this little handbill in its place?" I said. They appealed to the shopwalker. "In the absence of the head of the firm I cannot see my way to accede to your request," he said. "At present he is on the Rhine. On his demobilisation I will place the matter before him if you will leave the bill in my hands." I left it.

I skipped a gramophone emporium and a baby-linen shop and entered a fishmonger's. Here I adopted tactics of absolute candour. "Look here," I said, "I haven't come to buy anything. I don't want any fish, flesh or red-herring, but I should be no end grateful if you would stick this bill up for me somewhere."

"Certainly, Sir, as many as you like," said the proprietor heartily.

Gleefully I gave him two. One he stuck on a hook on top of a couple of ducks, and it flopped over face downwards on their breasts. The other he laid in the middle of the marble counter, and the next moment his assistant came along and slapped an outsize halibut on it.

I went into a jeweller's next and purchased a gold curb bangle (with padlock attached).

"You clever old thing," said Maisie; "you 'd never tell one from the other, would you? Mine 's a tiny bit heavier, don't you think? I 've just found it in the soap-dish. I 'll change this for a filigree pendant. All my life I 've longed for a filigree pendant."

"For 85 tons of blackberries, gathered last autumn, Northamptonshire elementary school children were paid £2,380, 8d. a lb."
Daily Paper.

The young profiteers!

"Splendid imitation almond paste for cakes can be made as follows: Take four ounces of breadcrumbs, one small teaspoonful of almond essence, four ounces of soft white sugar, and one well-eaten egg to bind the mixture."
Answers.

The difficulty is to get the egg.

APRÈS LA GUERRE.

"*On ne sait jamais le dessous des cartes,*" as the perplexing dialect of the aborigines of this country would put it. William and I, when we used to discuss after-the-war prospects o' nights in the old days, were more or less resigned to a buckshee year or two of filling shell-holes up and pulling barbed wire down. Instead of which we all go about the country taking in each others' education. No one, we gather, will be allowed to go home until he has taken his B.A. with honours. And after that—— But it would be better to begin at the beginning.

It began within ten days of the signing of the armistice, assuming the shape of an official inquiry from Division, a five-barred document wherein somebody with a talent for confusing himself (and a great contempt for the Paper Controller) managed to ask every officer the same question in five different ways. They cancelled each other out after a little examination and left behind merely a desire to discover whether or not each officer had a job waiting for him on his return to civil life. William and I took the thing at a gallop, stuck down a succinct "Yes, Yes, No, No, Yes," subscribed our signatures and returned the documents—or so William proposed to do—"for your information and necessary inaction."

"They 're getting deuced heavy about these jobs, aren't they?" observed William a day or two later. "The Old Man wants to see us all at orderly-room for a private interview—he 's got to make a return showing whether his officers have got jobs waiting for them, if not, why not, and please indent at once to make good any deficiencies. Hullo, what 's this?"

It happened to be William's mail for the day—one large official-looking envelope. It turned out to be a document from his old unit (he had entered the Army from an O.T.C.), headed, "Resettlement and Employment of ex-Officers: Preliminary Enquiry." It was a formidable catechism, ranging from inquiries as to whether William had a job ready for him to a request for a signed statement from his C.O. certifying that he was a sober, diligent and obliging lad and had generally given every satisfaction in his present situation. In case he hadn't a job or wanted another one there were convenient spaces in which to confess the whole of his past—whether he had a liking for animals or the Colonies, mechanical aptitude (if any), down to full list of birth-marks and next-of-kin. William thrust the thing hastily into the stove. But I observed that there was a cloud over him for the rest of the day.

However, we both of us satisfied the examiner at the orderly-room, though the renewed evidence of a determined conspiracy to find work for him left William a trifle more thoughtful than his wont. Shades of the prison-house began to close about our growing joy. "These 'ere jobs," remarked William, "are going to take a bit of dodging, dearie. Looks to me as though you might cop out for anything from a tram-driver to Lord Chief. Wish people wouldn't be so infernally obliging. And, anyway, what is this—an Army or a Labour Exchange?"

As the days wore on the strain became more and more intense. William's old school had contrived an association which begged to be allowed to do anything in the world for him except leave him for a single day in idleness. And what time the Army was not making inquiries about his own civil intentions and abilities it was insisting on his extracting the same information from the platoons. William grew haggard and morose. He began looking under his bed every night for prospective employers and took to sleeping with a loaded Webley under his pillow for fear of being kidnapped by a registry office. He slept in uneasy snatches, and when he did doze off was tormented by hideous nightmares.

In one of them he dreamt he was on leave and walking through the City. At every doorway he had to run the gauntlet of lithe and implacable managing directors, all ready to pounce on him, drag him within and chain him permanently to a stool—with the complete approval of the Army Council. In another he was appearing before a tribunal of employers as a conscientious objector to all forms of work.

The last straw was when the Brigadier caused it to be made known that if any officer was particularly unsettled about his future he might be granted a personal interview and it would be seen what could be done for him. William sat down with the air of one who has established a thumping bridge-head over his Rubicon and wrote to the Brigadier direct and as follows:—

"SIR,—I have the honour to hope that this finds you a good deal better than it leaves me at present. In case you should be in any uncertainty over your prospects on return to half-pay, I shall be happy to grant you a personal interview at my billet (Sheet 45; G 22a 3.7.) and see whether anything can be arranged to suit you. I may add that I have a number of excellent appointments on my books, from knife-boy to traveller to a firm of mineral water manufacturers. For my own part my immediate future is firmly settled, thank you. For at least three months after my discharge from the Army I have no intention of taking up any form of work.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
YOUR OTHERWISE OBEDIENT
SERVANT, ETC."

* * * * *

The court-martial was held last Thursday and sentence will be promulgated any day now. Medical evidence certified William as sane enough to understand the nature of his offence, but as the War is over it is unlikely that he will be shot at dawn. William himself is confident that he will be cashiered, a sentence which carries with it automatic and permanent exclusion from all appointments under the Crown. "That makes a tidy gap in the wire," says William hopefully. "They won't even be able to make a postman of me. With a bit of luck I 'll dodge the unofficial jobs—I get that holiday after all, old bean."

"HUNTING.
THE DANGER OF KICKING HORSES."
Times.

Generally the shoe is on the other foot.

"The Falkirk iron fitters, by an overwhelming majority, have opposed the forty-hour week and have agreed to a forty-four hour week."—*Provincial Paper.*

Bravo, Falkirk!

"The announcement of the augmentation of the British beet in the Mediterranean appeared exclusively in the 'Sunday Express.'"
Daily Express.

It doesn't seem anything to boast about.

"WANTED.—On a farm, two capable European young or middle-aged girls."
South African Paper.

There are lots of girls answering this description, but the difficulty is that most of them are too shy to admit it.

"M. Clemenceau . . . speaks English with rare perfection, having spent years in the United States."—*Daily Paper.*

"M. Clemenceau, speaking in excellent English, said 'Yes.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

What he really said, of course, was "Yep."

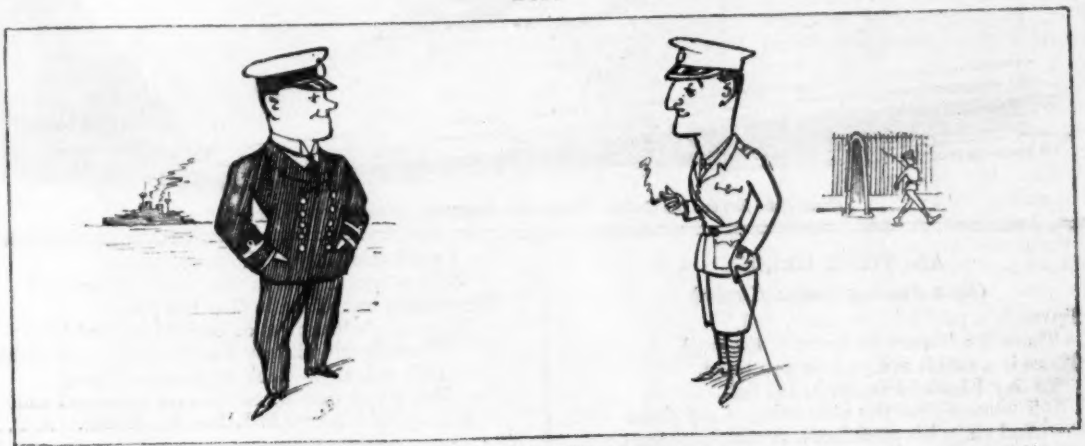
Question and Answer.

"What *are* you, Sir?" the Counsel roared.
The timid witness said, "My Lord,
A Season-ticket holder I
Where London's southern suburbs lie."
"Tut, tut," his Lordship made demur,
"He meant what is your business, Sir."
The witness sighed and shook his head,
"I get no time for that," he said.

SERVICE EVOLUTION.



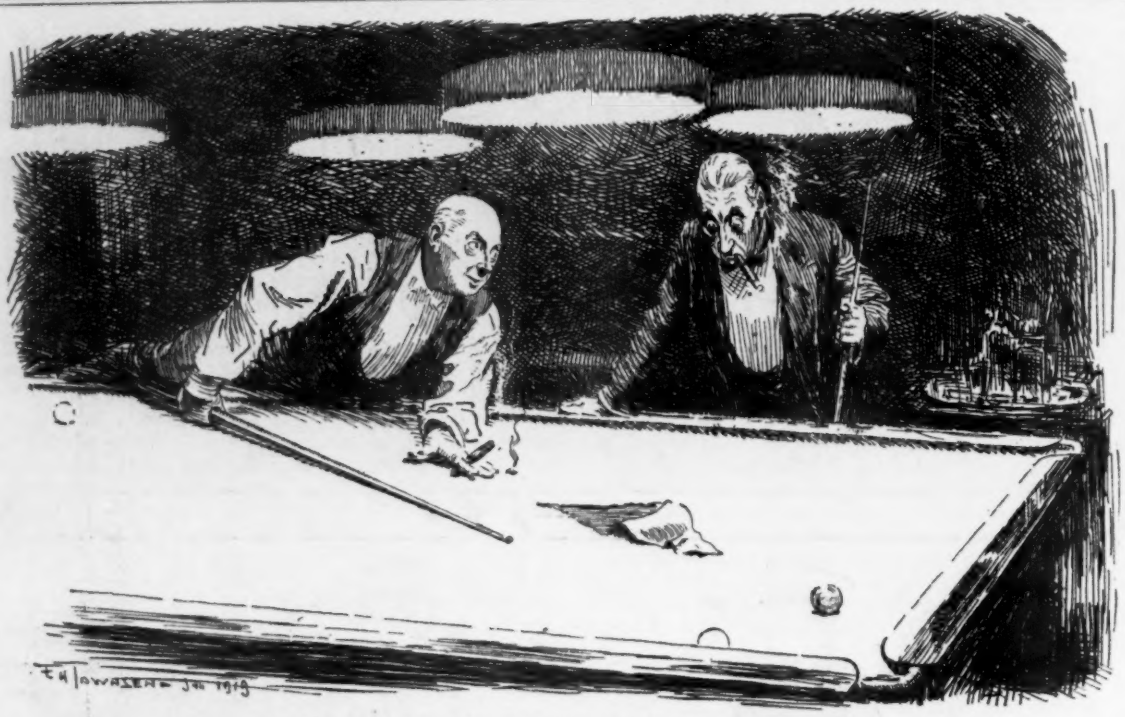
BUD.



BLOSSOM.



FRUIT.



Guest (who has cut the cloth). "BILLIARDS REQUIRE CONSTANT PRACTICE."

ANOTHER CRISIS.

(*By a Futility Rabbit Keeper.*)

THERE is a rabbit in the pansy bed,
  There is a burrow underneath the wall,
There is a rabbit everywhere you tread,
  To-day I heard a rabbit in the hall,
    The same that sits at evening in my shoes
    And sings his usefulness, or simply chews;
    There is no corner sacred to the Muse—
  And how shall man demobilise them all?

Far back, when England was devoid of food,
  Men bade me breed the coney and I bought
Timber and wire-entanglements and hewed
  Fair roomy palaces of pine-wood wrought,
    Wherein our first-bought sedulously gnawed
    And every night escaped and ran abroad;
    Yet she was lovely and we named her Maud,
  And if she ate the primulas, 'twas nought.

The months rolled onward and she multiplied,
  And all her progeny resembled her;
They ate the daffodils; they seldom died;
  And no one thought of them as provender;
    The children fed them weekly for a treat,
    And my wife said, "The *little* things—how sweet!
    If you imagine I can ever eat
  A rabbit called Persephone, you err."

Yet famine might have hardened that proud breast,
  Only that victory removed the threat;
And now, if e'er I venture to suggest
  That it is time that some of them were ate,
    That Maud is pivotal and costing pounds,
    And how the garden is a mass of mounds,
    She answers me, on military grounds,
  "Peace is not come. We cannot eat them yet."

So I shall steal to you allotment space
  With a large bag of rabbits, and unseen
Demobilise them, and in that fair place
  They all shall browse on cauliflower and bean;
    There Smith will come on Saturday, and think
    That it is shell-shock or disease or drink;
    But Maud shall dwell for ever there and sink
  A world of burrows in Laburnum Green. A. P. H.

Secrets of the Peace Conference.

"The proceedings yesterday afternoon began punctually at three o'clock. Lord Robert Cecil sat with the British delegates. M. Léon Bourgeois sat among the French delegates."—*Kanchester Guardian.*

And not, as might have been thought, *vice versâ.*

"A thoroughly capable and energetic man wanted, who will look after a family concern: Must understand management of 25 acre farm with 10 cows, about four acres may have to be broken up. Must be an experienced brewer, capable of mashing 10 times a week, and taking entire charge of brewing operations with assistance of unskilled labour. Must be conversant with licensing laws and requirements, also present restrictions as applying to brewing; thoroughly understand and superintend wines and spirits department, direct repairs, capable buyer, general manager, organiser and foreman. Must be thorough accountant, capable of directing office and branch work, conversant with income-tax and excess profits duty practice. Able to drive, or willing to learn a 4-ton Commer lorry, must be motor-cyclist to visit branches, and manage public-houses. Absolutely essential to understand and drive oil engines.—Further particulars apply —— and Sons."—*Daily Paper.*

What we chiefly miss is any information as to how the man is to fill up his spare time.

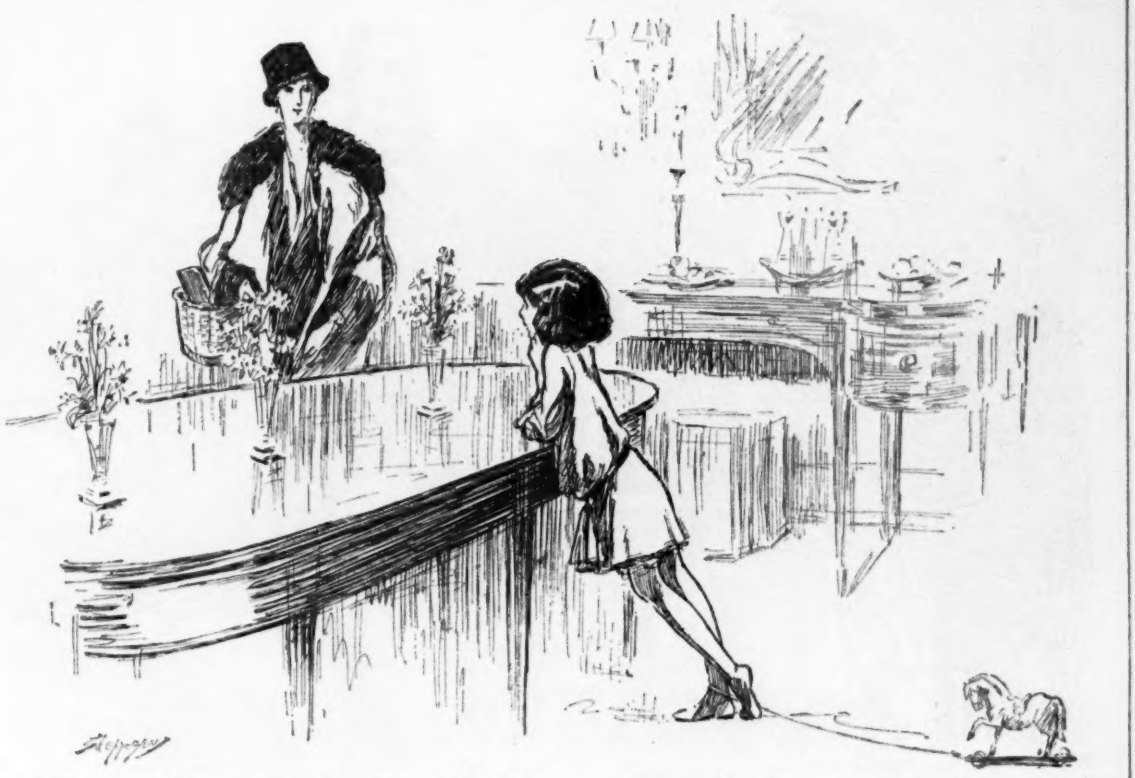
"ITALIAN SPELLING.

There are to be streets in Athens named after President Wilson and after Mr. Lloyd George. In the 'Patris,' an Athens paper, we read that 'Wilson' is spelt 'Ouilson,' whilst 'George' is Tzortz.' 'Bonar Law' is 'Mponar Lo.' "—*Birmingham Mail.*

We bow to our contemporary's erudition, but we confess it all looks Greek to us.



THE PROGRESSIVE WEIGHT-LIFTER.



Betty. "MUMMY, DOES GOD SEND US OUR FOOD?" *Mother.* "YES, DEAR; OF COURSE HE DOES." *Betty.* "BUT WHAT A PRICE!"

ALL THE TALENTS.

Now that hostilities are at an end it is thought by many intelligent young subalterns that a little variety might well be introduced into Army routine.

For instance, at a General's Inspection why should not Officers' duties be allotted after this fashion?—

The Commanding Officer will bind up the Second-in-Command with a length of red tape, showing that no escape is possible from this form of entanglement.

The Adjutant will give an exhibition of paper manipulation, using various Army Forms for this purpose.

The Assistant-Adjutant will demonstrate how a morning's work may be made of the changing of a pen-nib, while still creating an impression of devoted industry.

The Messing Officer will fry a fillet of sole by means of haybox cookery, and during the process will publicly skin a ration rabbit in such a way that not the slightest depreciation is caused in the value of 2½*d.* attached to a rabbit-skin.

The Officer i/c Demobilisation will demobilise you while you wait (provided you can wait long enough).

The Quartermaster will make a model of Hampton Court Maze, illustrative of the intricacies of his department, taking care that his model appropriately differs from the original in having no means of exit.

The Medical Officer will demonstrate how the huge national accumulation of No. 9 pills may be adapted to civilian purposes by using the pill (*a*) as a fertiliser for the Officers' tennis lawn, and (*b*) as a destroyer of the superfluous grass bordering thereon.

Company Commanders will collaborate in a display of standing on their own feet without the assistance of their respective Company Sergeant-Majors. (N.B.—Absolute silence is requested during this very delicate performance.)

The Junior Subaltern will give an exhibition of stunt saluting.

TO MY DRESS SUIT.

OLD friend, well met! I 've longed for this reunion;
You 've been the lodestar of this storm-tossed ship
In those long hours which poets call Communion
With one's own Soul, and common folk the Pip.

The foe might rage, the Brigadier might bluster.
Was I down-hearted? No! My spirit soared
And dreamt of you and me with blended lustre
Gracing some well-spread and convivial board.

And what if now you fit askew where erstwhile
Fair lines bewrayed a figure not too svelte?
What if your shoulder-seams are like to burst, while
A sad hiatus shows beneath the belt?

As April fills the buds to shapely beauty,
As cooks fill Robert with plum-cake and tea,
So, it may be, a diet rich and fruity
May fill the gap that sunders you from me.

And if it fail, as I 'm a living sinner
I 'll save you from the gaze of scornful eyes.
They say that Bolsheviks don't dress for dinner;
I 'll off to Petrograd and Bolshevize.



The Mayor. "THE CONTENTS OF THE PURSE WILL IN TIME INEVITABLY DISAPPEAR; BUT (*laying his hand on the clock*) HERE IS SOMETHING WHICH WILL NEVER GO."

A PLEA FOR PROPORTION.

[Its contemporaries having told us all about Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's hat and how President WILSON ate a banana, *The Daily Express* recently went one better with the headline, "Mr. Balfour joins a Tennis Club," as the sub-heading of its "Peace Conference Notes."]

Has it always been this way, I wonder,
Did editors always display
The same disposition to blunder
O'er the weight of the news of the day?
When simpler was war and directer,
Was Athens accustomed to see
In the sheets of its *Argus* how HECTOR
Had bloaters for tea?

If so—or indeed if it 's not so—
One cannot but gently deplore
That the custom of chronicling rot so
Has not been expunged by the War.
When the world with its horrors still stunned is
And waits for vast hopes to come true,
What boots it if delegates' undies
Are scarlet or blue?

All facts of those delegates' labours
I'm ready to read with a zest,
And they must, like myself and my neighbours,
I know, have their moments of rest;
I do not begrudge them their pleasures,
But frankly I don't care a rap
If the sport that engages their leisure 's
"Up, Jenkins" or "Snap."

Since the founts of its wisdom present us
Each morning with gems of this kind,
Such matters must strike as momentous
The news-editorial mind;
'Tis time this delusion was done with,
High time that some voice made it clear
We don't want those fountains to run with
Such very small beer.

"A married man, aged 34 years, collided with the mail train when riding a motor-cycle into Hawera on Friday. His right arm, collarbone, and blue hospital uniforms on Thursday morning."—*New Zealand Herald.*

We rather like this telescopic style of reporting. It leaves something to the reader's imagination.

"TO PARENTS AND PAWNBROKERS.—Anyone assisting to remove the Charity Boots, marked B., from the Children's Feet, which are the property of Mr. J. B—— and his Supporters, WILL BE PROSECUTED."—*Irish Paper.*

A distressful country, indeed, where the children do not own their own feet.

WINCHESTER'S OPPORTUNITY.

WAR legislation has pressed hard on many callings, and on none more than that of the architect. But the embargo has been lifted; the ancient art is coming to its own again, and it is of happy omen that the new President of the Royal Academy has been chosen from the architects. In this context we welcome the stimulating article in a recent issue of *The Times à propos* of the Winchester War Memorial. "Are we never," asks the writer, "to take risks in our architecture?" and his answer, briefly summed up, is "Perish the thought. *De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*" It is, of course, a pity that the Winchester War Memorial scheme has not met with the unanimous approval of Wykehamists. Possibly they have reason, for while adding a new cloister, a new gateway and a new hall to the existing school buildings, it involves the pulling down of the Quingentenary Memorial Building, erected some twenty years ago, and of some old houses in Kingsgate Street. Some consider such a drastic destruction to be unfortunate, but, says *The Times*, it is "necessary if any scheme worthy of the occasion is



THE SOFT ANSWER.

Navvy (to person who has accidentally bumped him). "GO TO BLANKETY—BLANK—BLANK—BLAZES."
Person. "GENTLE STRANGER, YOUR LIGHTEST WISH, EXPRESSED IN SUCH COURTEOUS LANGUAGE, IS TO ME A COMMAND."
[Ambulance call.]

to be carried out." Moreover it is proposed to re-erect the Quingentenary Memorial on a new site, "where it will certainly look as well as ever."

The greatest event in our history, as the writer finely observes, cannot be worthily commemorated by any timid compromise. Winchester has set a splendid example, but it is perhaps too much to expect that it will be followed by London, owing to the inevitable clash of conflicting interests in our unwieldy metropolis. The erection of a new Pantheon on the site of St. Paul's and the removal of WREN'S massive but *démodé* structure to Hampstead Heath, where it would certainly look as well as ever, is, we fear, however much *The Times* may desire it, beyond the range of practical politics. But example is infectious, and if only the Winchester authorities would expand their scheme and carry it out with Dantonesque audacity to its full logical conclusion, other towns and cities might ultimately fall into line.

Winchester Cathedral, as we need hardly remind our readers, has only been rescued from subsidence and collapse at an immense cost by a lavish use of the resources of modern engineering. The building itself is not without merits, but its site is inconspicuous and the swampy nature of the soil is a constant menace to its durability. The scheme which we venture with all humility to suggest is that it should be removed and re-erected, in the same spirit though in the architectural language of our own day, on the summit of St. Catherine's Hill, where it would look better than ever, and be connected by a scenic neo-Gothic railway with Meads. This would not only add to the amenities of the landscape, but enable the present cathedral site to be utilized for a purpose more in consonance with the needs of the age. We do not presume to dictate, but may point out that if the deanery and the canons' houses were pulled down and re-erected on the golf-links, where they would look better than ever, space would be available for a majestic aerodrome, or, better still, an experimental water-stadium for submarines, in memory of KING ALFRED, the founder of our Fleet.

Into the question of details, design and cost it is not for us to enter. We confine ourselves to appealing with all the force at our command to Winchester, fortunate, as *The Times* reminds us, in the choice of an architect of genius and ingenuity, to persevere, to rise to the occasion, to cast compromise to the winds and above all to remember that the greatest compliment which can be paid to the architects of the past is to remove their buildings to sites where they look better than ever and do not suffer from the immediate neighbourhood of the masterpieces of their successors. Architecture has been defined as "frozen music." But on great occasions such as this it needs to be taken out of its cold-storage and judiciously thawed.

"Lost, sulky inflator."—*Glasgow Citizen.*
Well, why worry?

CIVIL EDUCATION FOR SOLDIERS.

WHEN the armistice was signed and the close season for Germans set in, it occurred to the authorities that it would be a waste of labour to continue to train some few million good men for a shooting season that might never re-open, and the weekly programme became rather a sketchy affair till some brain more brilliant than the rest conceived the idea of giving a good sound education in the arts of peace to this promising and waiting multitude. The idea was joyfully accepted, and gradually filtered through its authorised channels, suffering some office-change or other at each stage till it finally reached one of our ancient seats of learning. It arrived rather like the peremptory order of a newly-gazetted and bewildered subaltern, who, having got his platoon hopelessly tied up, falls back on the time-honoured and usually infallible "Carry on, Sergeant."

There were some six-hundred white-hatted cadets stationed at this spot, all thirsting (presumably) for information on gas, and Mills bombs, and studs on the cocking-piece, and forming fours, and vertical intervals and District Courts-martial; and when the order came to "carry on" with education it caused something like a panic. A council of war nearly caused Head-quarters to cancel a battalion parade, but they pulled themselves together and held the drill, and then appointed Jack as "Battalion Education Officer," and empowered him to draft a scheme of work.

When produced it consisted of fourteen paragraphs, each of which finished up with the sentence, "This is obviously a problem for the Company Commander." Jack had nothing to learn as to the duties of a battalion specialist and realised that his responsibility lay simply in providing Company Commanders, and then finding problems for them to solve. As the Company Commanders were already in being his work was simplified.

However, the Company Commanders, being men of merit, cheerfully accepted the situation and approached their victims. "We are going to teach you," they said. "What would you like to be taught?"

"Well," said the victims, "what have you got?"

"Oh, anything you like," said the Company Commanders. "Just you choose your subject and we'll do the rest."

Now that was very generous, but rather rash. For the victims took them at their word, and so by the time the perspiring Platoon Commanders had produced their returns (in triplicate) it was found that there were forty-three subjects to be provided for, including seven languages, six branches of science, four kinds of engineering, six commercial subjects and various sundries, such as metaphysics, wool-classing and coker-nut planting.

The way the Company Commanders dealt with this problem was quite simple and ingenious. They sent for all junior officers and asked what they were prepared to teach. The result seemed really rather good. Tom said he would take French, having spent three months in Northern France before they sent him to Salonika. Dick's father has an allotment and Dick himself occasionally hunts, so he chose Agriculture. Oswald chose Mathematics, on the strength of having been a Quartermaster-Sergeant in the Public Schools Brigade in September, 1914. Wilfred once went to a gas course for ten days, so of course his subject was Science. Arthur really does know something about Architecture and can also enlarge a map quite nicely, so he put down Drawing. John chose Theology. He said he once read the lessons in church; really he thought he was safe to draw a blank.

Once more the Company Commanders were equal to the emergency. They looked at it in this way. French is a foreign language; Spanish is also a foreign language. Tom offers to teach a foreign language; therefore Tom shall teach Spanish. Corn-growing in Western Canada, sheep-raising in Australia and coker-nut planting are all obviously agriculture. Dick says he can teach Agriculture; so he shall. The science of manures caused some discussion as to whether it should be agriculture or science, but it was finally settled in favour of science, which also included physics, electricity and crystallography. John got four theological students, but, when he investigated, he found that one was a Jew and one a Presbyterian minister, while the other two, like himself, thought that no one else would have thought of it. And these touch only the fringe of the subject.

The indent sent in for materials was a rather formidable one, but the article most in demand was a sheep, which was wanted at the same time by Dick for his Agriculture and Arthur for his Drawing, and also by Mac, who is O.C. the Butchery class. Mac wrote a polite little note saying he must have at least one a week, and he'd like "a pig to be going on with, if you please," promising to hand the latter over complete and in good order, when he'd done with it, to Jones for his bacon-curing class, "upon receipt of signature for same."



Politically inclined Nurse (exhibiting new daughter to M.P.). "LET US 'OPE, SIR, THAT SHE MAY LIVE TO BE CALLED THE MOTHER OF THE 'OUSE OF COMMONS."

Commercial Candour.

"120 Pairs Unbleached Calico Sheets, 2×2½ yards. Sale price, 12/11 per pair; present value, 1/- per pair."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"Including new enlistments there are about 1,000 men concentrated in and around Berlin."
Manchester Guardian.

Let FOCH be warned.

"BAD BOYS AND THE BIRCH.

We are glad to observe that the Recorder has decided to adopt stern measures with juvenile offenders who are brought before him in future."—*Irish Times.*

"Stern measures" is good.

"NON-STOP WAIST DRIVES,
Every Wednesday Evening at 8.30.
£10 Top, and Six other Special Prizes."
Local Paper.

Believed to be under the patronage of the FOOD-CONTROLLER.

THE FOOD PROBLEM IN PARIS.

THE cost of living in the vicinity of the Peace Conference has been enormously exaggerated. Likewise the difficulty of reorganizing Europe on a truly ethnic basis. By combining the two questions I have found them immensely simplified, and I have been in Paris only three days.

My meaning will be clearly illustrated by the record of a single day's experience—with the representative of the Dodopeloponnesians for *déjeûner* and the delegate of the Pan-Deuteronomaniads for dinner.

I made the acquaintance of the first in the lift. On the way down it came out that I was *journaliste* assisting at the Conference of the Peace, whereupon the other introduced himself as secretary of the Dodopeloponnesian delegation and eager for the pleasure of entertaining me at *déjeûner*.

Nothing international arose in connection with the *hors d'œuvres*. It was between the soup and the fish that my host inquired whether I had yet found time to look into the just claim of the Dodopeloponnesian people to the neighbouring island of Funicula.

"You mean," I said, "on the ground that the island of Funicula was brought under the Dodopeloponnesian sceptre on September 11th, 1405, by Blagoslav the Splay-fingered, from whom it was wrested on February 3rd, 1406, by the Seljuks?"

"Precisely," he said. "But also because the people of Funicula are originally of Dodopeloponnesian stock."

"Yet they speak the language of Pan-Deuteronomania," I said.

"A debased dialect," he said, "foisted upon them by a remission of ten per cent. in taxes for every hundred words of the lingo learned by heart, with double votes for irregular verbs."

The *entrée*, something with eggs and jelly, was excellent.

"Far be it from me to deny," I said, "the fact that Funicula is by right a part of the inheritance of the Octosyllabarians"—and I bowed gracefully to my host, who raised his glass in return—"and I agree in advance with every argument you put forward in favour of a restored Sesquicentennial commonwealth by bringing together the scattered members of the Duodecimal race from all over the world. In fact," I added as the waiter poured out the champagne, "it seems to me that in addition to the Island of Funicula there properly belongs, in the realm of your Greater Anti-Vivisectoria, the adjacent promontory, geyser and natural bridge of Pneumobronchia, from which the last Seljuk ruler, Didymus the Forty-fifth, leaped in front of a machete wielded by his eldest son, who therefore became Didymus the Forty-sixth."

He was delighted to find so much sympathy and understanding in an alien journalist from far across the seas. His bill, so far as a hurried and discreet glance could reveal, was 89 francs 50 centimes, not including the *taxe*.

On the other hand, the *sous-secrétaire* of the Pan-Deuteronomaniad delegation, who took me out to dinner that same night, paid 127 francs (including theatre tickets) before he proved to my satisfaction that the basic civilization of Funicula Island is after all Pan-whatever-you-call-it.

At any rate my point is made. My expenditure on food these three days in Paris has been negligible, and there is rumour that the Supra-Zambesian delegation is thinking of opening a hotel with running water, h. and c., in every room.



Gunner. "DO YOU PLAY THE PIANO?" *Jack.* "NO, SIR."
Gunner. "NOR THE 'CELLO?" *Jack.* "NO, SIR."
Gunner. "WELL, THE NEXT TIME YOU HEAR RUMOURS OF A BARBER JUST FOLLOW THE MATTER UP."

DULCE DOMUM.

THE air is full of rain and sleet,
A dingy fog obscures the street;
I watch the pane and wonder will
The sun be shining on Boar's Hill,
Rekindling on his western course
The dying splendour of the gorse
And kissing hands in joyous mood
To primroses in Bagley Wood.
I wish that when old Phœbus drops
Behind yon hedgehog-haunted copse
And high and bright the Northern Crown
Is standing over White Horse Down
I could be sitting by the fire
In that my Land of Heart's Desire—
A fire of fir-cones and a log
And at my feet a fubsy dog
In Robinwood! In Robinwood!
I think the angels, if they could,
Would trade their harps for railway tickets
Or hang their crowns upon the thickets
And walk the highways of the world
Through eves of gold and dawns empearled,
Could they be sure the road led on
Twixt Oxford spires and Abingdon
To where above twin valleys stands
Boar's Hill, the best of promised lands;
That at the journey's end there stood
A heaven on earth like Robinwood.

Heigho! The sleet still whips the pane
And I must turn to work again
Where the brown stout of Erin hums
Through Dublin's aromatic slums
And Sinn Fein youths with shifty faces
Hold "Parliaments" in public places
And, heaping curse on mountainous curse
In unintelligible Erse,
Harass with threats of war and arson
Base Briton and still baser CARSON.
But some day when the powers that be
Demobilise the likes of me
(Some seven years hence, as I infer,
My actual exit will occur)
Swift o'er the Irish Sea I'll fly,
Yea, though each wave be mountains high,
Nor pause till I descend to grab
Oxford's surviving taxicab.
Then "Home!" (Ah, HOME! my heart be still!)
I'll say, and, when we reach Boar's Hill,
I'll fill my lungs with heaven's own air
And pay the cabman twice his fare,
Then, looking far and looking nigh,
Bare-headed and with hand on high,
"Hear ye," I'll cry, "the vow I make,
Familiar sprites of byre and brake,
J'y suis, j'y reste. Let Bolsheviks
Sweep from the Volga to the Styx;
Let internecine carnage vex
The gathering hosts of Poles and Czechs,
And Jugo-Slavs and Tyrolese
Impair the swart Italian's ease—
Me for Boar's Hill! These war-worn ears
Are deaf to cries for volunteers;
No Samuel Browne or British warm
Shall drape this svelte Apolline form
Till over Cumnor's outraged top
The actual shells begin to drop;
Till below Youlberry's stately pines
Echo the whiskered Bolshy's lines
And General TROTSKY's baggage blocks
The snug bar-parlour of 'The Fox.'"

ALGOL.

ROMANCE WHILE YOU WAIT.

MY friend and I occupied facing seats in a railway-carriage on a tedious journey. Having nothing to read and not much to say, I gazed through the windows at the sodden English winter landscape, while my friend's eyes were fixed on the opposite wall of the compartment, above my head.

"What a country!" I exclaimed at last. "Good heavens, what a country to spend one's life in!"

"Yes," he said, withdrawing his eyes from the space above my head. "And why do we stay in it when there are such glorious paradises to go to? Hawaii now. If you really want divine laziness—sun and warmth and the absence of all fretful ambition—you should go to the South Seas. You can't get it anywhere else. I remember when I was in Hawaii——"

"Hawaii!" I interrupted. "You never told me you had been to Hawaii."

"I don't tell everything," he replied. "But the happiest hours of my existence were spent in a little village two or three miles from Honolulu, on the coast, where we used to go now and then for a day's fun. It was called—let me get it right—it was called Tormo Tonitui—and there were pleasure-gardens there and the most fascinating girls." His eyes took on a far-away wistfulness.

"Yes, yes?" I said.

"Fascinating brown girls," he said, "who played that banjo-mandolin thing they all play, and sang mournful luxurious songs, and danced under the lanterns at night. And the bathing! There's no bathing here at all. There you can stay in the sea all day if you like. It's like bathing in champagne. Sun and surf and sands—there's nothing like it." He sighed rapturously.

"Well, I can't help saying again," I interrupted, "that it's a most extraordinary thing that, after knowing you all these years, you have never told me a word about Honolulu or the South Seas or this wonderful pleasure-garden place called—what was the name of it?"

He hesitated for a moment. "Morto Notitui," he then replied.

"I don't think that's how you had it before," I said; "surely it was Tormo Tonitui?"

"Perhaps it was," he said. "I forget. Those Hawaiian names are very much alike and all rather confusing. But you really ought to go out there. Why don't you cut everything for a year and get some sunshine into your system? You're fossilising here. We all are. Let's be gamblers and chance it."

"I wish I could," I said. "Tell me some more about your life there."

"It was wonderful," he went on—"wonderful. I'm not surprised that STEVENSON found it a paradise."

"By the way," I asked, "did you hear anything of STEVENSON?"

"Oh, yes, lots. I met several men who had known him—Tusitala he was called there, you know—and several natives. There was one extraordinary old fellow who had helped him make the road up the mountain. He and I had some great evenings together, yarning and drinking copra."

"Did he tell you anything particularly personal about STEVENSON?" I asked.

"Nothing that I remember," he said; "but he was a fine old fellow and as thirsty as they make 'em."

"What is copra like?" I asked.

"Great," he said. "Like—what shall I say?—well, like Audit ale and Veuve Clicquot mixed. But it got to your head. You had to be careful. I remember one night after a day's bathing at—at Tromo Titonui——"

"Where was that?" I asked.

"Oh, that little village I was telling you about," he said. "I remember one night——"

"Look here," I said, "you began by calling it Tormo Tonitui, then you called it Morto Notitui and now it's Tromo Titonui. I'm going to say again, quite seriously, that I don't believe you ever were in Hawaii at all."

"Of course I wasn't," he replied. "But what is one to do in a railway carriage, with nothing to read, and a drenched world and those two words staring one in the face?" and he pointed to a placard above my head advertising a firm which provided the best and cheapest Motor Tuition.

Demobilised.

Daddy's got his civvies on:
In his room upstairs
You should have heard him stamping round,
Throwing down the chairs;
When I went to peep at him
Daddy banged his door . . .
Well, I think I'll hide from Daddy
Till the next Great War!



Exhausted Shopman. "WELL, SIR, YOU 'VE HAD ON EVERY HAT IN THE PLACE. I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SUGGEST."
Fastidious Warrior (hopelessly). "NO, I SEE NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO REMAIN IN THE ARMY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S new novel, *The Roll Call* (HUTCHINSON), is a continuation of the *Clayhanger* series to the extent that its hero, *George Cannon*, is the stepson of *Edwin*, who himself makes a perfunctory appearance at the close of the tale. The scene is, however, now London, where we watch *George* winning fame and fortune, quite in the masterful Five-Towns manner, as an architect. The change is, I think, beneficial. That quality of unstalable astonishment, native to Mr. BENNETT's folk, accords better with the complexities of the wonderful city than to places where it had at times only indifferent matter upon which to work. But it is noticeable that Mr. BENNETT can communicate this surprise not only to his characters but to his readers. There is an enthusiasm, real or apparent, in his art which, like the beam celestial, "evermore makes all things new," so that when he tells us, as here, that there are studios in Chelsea or that the lamps in the Queen's Hall have red shades, these facts acquire the thrill of sudden and almost startling discovery. I suppose this to be one reason for the pleasure that I always have in his books; another is certainly the intense, even passionate sympathy that he lavishes upon the central character. In the present example the affairs of *George Cannon* are shown developing largely under the stimulus of four women, of whom the least seen is certainly the most interesting, while *Lois*, the masterful young female whom *George* marries, promises as a personality more than she fulfils. We conduct *George's* fortunes as far as the crisis produced in them by the War, and leave him contemplating a changed life as a subaltern in the R.F.A. It is therefore permissible to hope that in a year or two we may expect the story of his reconstruction. I shall read it with delight.

Iron Times with the Guards (MURRAY), by an O.E., is emphatically one of the books which one won't turn out from one's war-book shelf. It fills in blanks which appear in more ambitious and more orderly narratives. This particular old Etonian, entering the new Army by way of the Territorials in the first days of the War, was transferred, in the March of 1915, to the Coldstreams and was in the fighting line in April of the same year. A way they had in the Army of those great days. Details of the routine of training, reported barrack-square jests and dug-out conversations, vignettes of trench and field, disquisitions on many strictly relevant and less relevant topics, reflections of that fine pride in the regiment which marks the best of soldiers, an occasional more ambitious survey of a battle or a campaign —all this from a ready but not pretentious pen, guided by a sound intelligence and some power of observation, makes an admirable commentary. Our author's narrative carries us to those days of the great hopes of the Spring of 1917, hopes so tragically deferred. Perhaps the best thing in an interesting sheaf is the description of the attack of the Guards Division — as it had become — on the Transloy-Lesbœufs-Ginchy road, with its glory and its carnage.

It is to be feared that *Battle Days* (BLACKWOOD), a new

work by Mr. ARTHUR FETTERLESS, author of *Gog*, will lose a good many readers as the result of the armistice. There are battle stories and battle books that are not stories that will live far into the piping times of peace because they are human documents or have the stamp of genius. These attractions are not present in *Battle Days*, which in truth is rather a prosy affair, though ambitious withal. It is not fiction in the ordinary sense. Mr. FETTERLESS essays to conduct the reader through every phase of a big "Push." Pushes were complicated affairs, and the author does not spare us many of the complications. And unless the reader happens to be an ardent militarist he is apt to push off into slumberland. Cadets should be made to read this book as a matter of instruction; for, though it lacks the subtle humour that endeared *Duffer's Drift* to us, it provides a striking analysis of modern trench warfare.

The Curtain of Steel (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the fourth book which the author of *In the Northern Mists* has given us during the War, and in essentials it is the most valuable of the quartette. For here we have real history, served, it is true, with some trimmings, but none the less a true record of the doings of our Grand Fleet since the day when the "curtain" was lowered. "Nothing," our author says, "nauseates a naval man so much as the attempt to represent him as a hero or to theatricalise him and his profession." It behoves me then to choose my words with the utmost circumspection, and I beg him to forgive my audacity when I say that, if I were Book-Controller, a copy of *The Curtain of Steel* would be in (and out of) the library of every school in the Empire. I find courage to make this statement because I see that he does not deny that a part of our "disease of ignorance" concerning the Senior Service is due to the modesty of Naval men. If he will please go on correcting that ignorance, and in the same inspiring style, I wish an even greater access of power to his elbow.

"I am allowed the reputation of a tolerable guide in writing and style, and I can certainly help you to produce clear English." These words, written in 1881, are to be found in a letter of GEORGE MEREDITH to his eldest son. They show how wildly mistaken even the best of us may be with regard to our own qualities and gifts; for if there is one thing that MEREDITH could not produce, that thing is clear English. Mr. S. M. ELLIS agrees with me in this particular point, and has written *George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to his Work* (GRANT RICHARDS) to prove that this is so. The book is a curious compound. At one moment Mr. ELLIS sets out in detail the Meredithian genealogy, and shows that MEREDITH was the son and grandson of tailors and did not relish the relationship; at another moment he describes MEREDITH'S delightful and exuberantly youthful characteristics as a friend; and again he shows how badly MEREDITH behaved in regard to his first wife (though she was much more in fault), and also in regard to his first son, Arthur. Still the book is extremely interesting and, though it does not profess to deal in elaborate criticism, it contains some very shrewd comments on MEREDITH'S work and the reasons that made his novels so many sealed books to the British public. Here and there Mr. ELLIS allows himself almost to write a passage or two in the style of the master. This is one of them: "As he [Maurice Fitzgerald] was the gourmetic instrument that brought Mrs. Ockenden's art to perfect expression, he appropriately attained immortalisation jointly with her at the hands of the friend who had shared with him the joys of that good woman's superlative cookery in Seaford days."

"Wanted, half-governess for boy aged nine, girl aged six; wages £30 per year."—*Morning Post.*

A half-governess is, we suppose, the feminine equivalent of two quartermasters.

"Lady Nurse, nursery college trained, wanted, under 94; very experienced babies."—*Provincial Paper.*

Perhaps they will know too much for her.

"Will gentleman, navy mackintosh, who spoke to lady, blue hat, vicinity Park Station, Tuesday, 6 o'clock, speak again same time?"
Liverpool Echo.

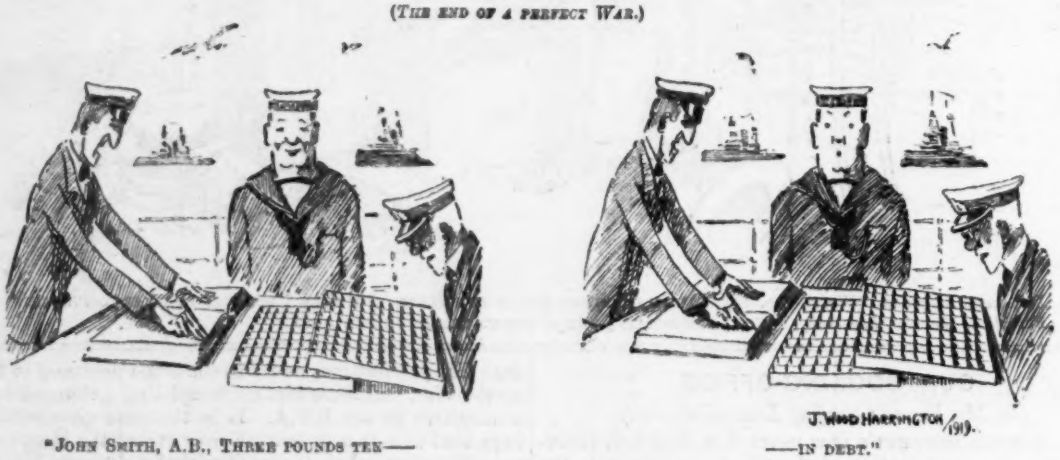
The gentleman will doubtless beg a ride on Mr. H. G. WELLS'S "Time Machine" in order to get back in time for the appointment.

[Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, K.C.B., has been appointed Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Food.]

To skimp its daily bread for beer
Was not this nation's mood;
But now with lightened hearts we hear
That BEVERIDGE turns to Food.

THE PAY-TABLE.

(*THE END OF A PERFECT WAR.*)



"JOHN SMITH, A.B., THREE POUNDS TEN——

——IN DEBT."

CHARIVARIA.

"Officers," says a recent A.C.I., "may use their public chargers for general purposes." Army circles regard this as a body blow at the taxi-sharks.

* * *

"I had a thrill the other night," writes a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. "I encountered a badger on Hampstead Heath." We hesitate to think what he would have encountered if he had had two or three thrills.

* * *

The United States Immigration Bill now before Congress provides that "an alien resident may be joined by his grandfather if over fifty-five years of age." A proposal to extend the privilege to great-grandfathers who have turned their sixtieth year appears to have met with no success.

* * *

"It is highly probable," says the chief medical officer of the Local Government Board, "that masks and goggles will be necessary to ensure freedom from infection from influenza." People who refuse to adopt this simple preventative should be compelled by law to breathe exclusively through their ears.

* * *

The sensational report that the new Director-General of Housing has already found a house turns out to be unfounded. It is no secret, however, that the Department is on the track of several.

* * *

"There is a Members' cloak-room," says a contemporary in "Hints to M.P.'s," "where an attendant will take your coat and hat." So different from those other political clubs where another member usually takes them.

* * *

SHAKSPEARE on Glasgow: "For this relief much tanks."

* * *

The salute, says a correspondent, is being reintroduced into the German Army. Kicking an officer on the parade-ground for other than political reasons is also forbidden.

* * *

The Consumers' Council urge, *inter alia*, "that the Food Ministry ought to be retained so long as there is any need of food control." This view is regarded as entirely too narrow by officials of the Ministry, who feel that the public is just beginning to love them for themselves alone.

* * *

A sale of ninety specially-selected mules is announced to take place at Tattersall's to-morrow. In the technical language of the live-stock trade a "specially-selected" mule is one which has a clear reach of six feet at either end.

* * *

"The Government must say what it will do," states *The Daily Mail*. Waiting for *The Daily Mail* to say it first must not be allowed to degenerate into a mere mechanical habit.



WHEN TAKING A NEW HOUSE ALWAYS EMPLOY A PROFESSIONAL DRAUGHT DETECTOR.

For impersonating a voter a carpenter of Gloucester has just been sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Where he succeeded in obtaining the disguise from is not known.

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

HE was a smart new clinical thermometer. She was a pretty nurse in an influenza ward. His figurings were clear and his quicksilver glittered. Her eyes were blue and a little curl peeped from under her cap. He fell madly in love with her; and when her dainty fingers toyed with him his little heart swelled to bursting and he registered all he could.

So when she took her morning temperatures her patients were desperately high, and when the other nurse took them in the evening they were three degrees lower; and the doctors were much perplexed.

They put the love-struck thermometer in a tumbler of warm water with two others to test him; and, freed from her influence, he recorded correctly. Learned authorities on medical research meditated pamphlets on the new variation of the universal plague.

Then came a morning when the pretty nurse, after too many cigarettes the night before, took her own temperature. For the adoring thermometer the supreme moment had arrived. In raptuous ecstasy at the touch of her dear lips he rose to heights of exaltation that left his other efforts far behind. "Drat the thing," exclaimed the pretty nurse, putting him down hastily, "I've got it myself now," and went off to bed. He, broken-hearted, rolled off the table and died.

LONG MEMORIES.

"I REMEMBER," said a veteran of nineteen, "when there was a hansom at the stand at the corner."

"Oh, that's nothing," said a venerable spinster of twenty-one. "I've been to dances with a female chaperon where there was no smoking on the stairs, and some people danced a thing they called a 'tango.'"

"When I was working on the land," resumed the first speaker, "I had a day off and went to lunch with people close by. The man who sat next me was a judge and asked me what an 'old bean' meant."

"Oh, cut it out!" interposed an aged matron who had not hitherto taken any part in the conversation. "When I was born there was no *Daily Mail*, when I went to school I was taught to play the piano with my fingers, and when I married people hadn't begun to 'jazz.'"

A New Game of Bawl.

"An open howling handicap will be held at Talleres, F.C.S., next Sunday."
Standard (Buenos Ayres).

"At a meeting of the newly-formed British and Allied Waiters', Chefs' and Employees' Union the president said that one of their main objects was to stop enemy aliens from spoiling their business. 'They must do this themselves.'"—*Daily Paper.*

And some of them, it must be admitted, have been making considerable efforts in this direction.

EDENTULOUS PERSONS.

IT happened a long time ago. Higgins, Mackenzie and I, three irresponsible subalterns, had been lent to the Government of India for famine relief work. One Sunday we foregathered in the cool of the evening at a dak bungalow, near the point where our three districts met, to compare notes and to swap lies.

"How are you getting on?" I asked Higgins.

"I'm not getting on at all. I'm just stagnating. I do all my work and draw my pay, and there's the end of it. I'm sure the regiment has forgotten all about me, and in fact no one seems to be aware of my existence."

"Why not write to the Government of India about it?" remarked Mackenzie.

"Yes, I'm sure that's the best thing to do," I agreed. "The Collector in my district is always writing to the Government of India, and the Government prints all he writes and sends it round with remarks and decisions. He will get all sorts of honours and rewards out of this famine."

"Yes. But what shall I write?" asked Higgins. "If I simply say there is a chap called Higgins who is terribly bored and wants some notice taken of him, they won't print that sort of tosh."

"Not that particular kind of tosh, perhaps," agreed Mackenzie. "You've got to write about your work and ask for a decision on some point or other. Then they'll remember your existence; and if you write often enough you will gradually crawl out of obscurity into the limelight. Almost anything will do to start with."

"Well, I found an old woman to-day in one of my camps who could not eat her ration, because she had no teeth. Can you make anything out of that?" asked Higgins.

"We'll have a shot at it anyway," replied Mackenzie. He pulled a sheet of note-paper and a pencil out of his pocket and wrote the following draft:—"There are in the famine camps in my area some toothless old people who cannot eat the ordinary ration. What shall I do about it?"

"The gist of the letter is all right," I said, "but the style wants polishing. Higgins's education will be gauged by our style. Cross out 'some toothless old people' and write 'certain edentulous persons.' Put 'masticate' instead of 'eat.' Then you must not say, 'What shall I do about it?' That sounds too helpless. You, or rather Higgins, must appear as a man of unbounded initiative and resource. You must write, 'I suggest that a special ration of soft food be issued to such persons.' That will help the Government of India to solve a very difficult problem, and Higgins will earn its eternal gratitude."

The amendments were passed unanimously. Higgins copied out the letter in his best handwriting and sent it off through the long and winding channels by which subalterns on famine duty communicate with the heaven-born ones who sit on the far-off hills.

We separated next day, and I forgot all about the matter until three weeks later, when, going through my official mail, the name Patrick Aloysius Higgins caught my eye. There was our letter printed in full, and below it was the epoch-making decision of the Government: "A special ration of soft food may be issued to edentulous persons in famine camps."

Higgins's success evidently provoked Mackenzie to emulate it. Some time later I received another printed document. After the usual official opening, with its reference numbers, etc., it ran as follows: "There are in the famine camps in this area certain persons who, though not edentulous, are yet unable to masticate the ordinary ration. Though they have some teeth, the teeth are all in one jaw. May such persons be considered as edentulous for the purposes of the decision referred to above? Signed, JAMES DOUGLAS MACKENZIE." The Government was again pleased to record its approval.

The letter roused my jealousy. Higgins and Mackenzie, by the use of my distinguished literary style, had both got well along the road to fame, whilst I was still languishing in obscurity. Something must be done about it. I took a pen and wrote: "There are in the famine camps in this area certain persons who, though they are not edentulous and though they have some teeth in both jaws, are yet unable to masticate the ordinary ration because the teeth in the upper jaw correspond with the gaps in the lower, and *vice versâ*. May such persons be considered as edentulous for the purposes of the two previous decisions?"

I sent the letter off to the Government of India. The reply came by return of post:—

"The Government of India, in response to representations, has authorised the issue of a special ration of soft food to edentulous persons in famine camps. In the interpretation of the term 'edentulous' considerable latitude may be permitted, and is indeed desirable, so that it may in practice be applied to many individuals who, according to meticulous physiological standards, should not be so classified. The determining factor in the application of the term should be the inability of the individual concerned to extract sufficient nutriment from the normal ration, owing to imperfect mastication. Such persons will invariably exhibit symptoms of mal-nutrition or cacotrophy.

"The Government is confident that the foregoing general ruling will enable junior and inexperienced officers, temporarily employed on famine duty, to classify appropriately and with facility as denticulate or edentulous all individuals afflicted with dental hiatus, malconformation and labefaction, without further reference to higher authority."

As I read the letter with the help of a dictionary, it dawned upon me that the Government of India had won the game beyond all doubt and peradventure.

TO SAINT VALENTINE.

PATRON of hearts and darts and smarts
(Which, I suspect, you stole
From Cupid, when the Pagan arts—
Which only edified in parts—
Took on an aureole),

And patron of the robins, who
Select your day to mate
(An act, from any point of view,
Considering what March can do,
Rash and precipitate),

We seek no boon for any friend
(Or lover, if you like);
We only ask that you will send,
If saintly powers so far extend,
One day without its strike.

The Drug Habit—Alarming Development.

"The old-fashioned doctor is scandalised at the trade union movement in the profession. In extreme cases he is said to be taking his own medicines."—*Provincial Paper.*

Extract from *The London Customs Bill of Entry*, January 25th:—

"Import. s. @ Rotterdam, of Holland, 175 bdls baskets containing 700 strikes."

We always suspected they were of foreign origin; and here we have "manifest" proof.

From a report of Col. F. B. MILDMAY'S speech:—

"Just as an accomplished horseman exercised ideal control over the strongest horse with the lightest hand, so Mr. Lowther had shown such tactful skill in handling them that those who had sat under him had bus-consciously been disposed to accept his guidance."
Provincial Paper.

A praiseworthy effort of the printer to keep up the metaphor.



THE VICTIM.

THE PATRIOT PIG.

LAST Spring I was discussing food with our local doctor. Last Spring it was quite a favourite topic.

"Now," I said, "we can manage to scratch along somehow. But next year . . ."

The Doctor, a hearty man, gave me a smashing blow on the shoulder. "I have it!" he trumpeted. "We 'll start a Patriot Pig Club."

Before he left I found myself an important pillar of the scheme. Pillars, you know, are the parts of an edifice that bear the weight. Their function is to be sat upon by the arches. In this case the arches were Jones the doctor and Perkins the butcher.

The Committee began sitting. I put five pounds into the preliminary pool and promised them all my pig-swill. I know I did, because the Doctor came straight from the meeting to my house to tell me I had, and to collect the cheque.

The pigs arrived. I myself and a number of other enthusiasts turned out to welcome them. The Doctor, I remember, made a happy little speech, and we all laughed a lot. The Committee were very pleased with themselves. They *were* dear little chaps—the pigs, I mean—very small, of course, but that gave me the opening for what was undoubtedly the most successful sally of the afternoon. Someone said they weighed five pounds apiece. "One pound per pound," I remarked.

A week later the Doctor called for my second instalment. "Pig going strong," he chattered gaily while I wrote out the cheque; "best of a good litter—bust its pink ribbon yesterday; twice the weight it was when it came."

It was on the tip of my tongue to repeat my witticism, which was still true, but I refrained.

I paid the first dozen five-pound instalments without comment. Up till then I had been fully occupied in studying how FOCH was getting on with the other sort of pig over there. But now I began to think.

I was thinking heavily when I put on my hat, but when I reached the premises of the Patriot Pigs I was thinking things that I prefer not to talk about. To begin with, they were housing the poor little beasts in a place you wouldn't dream of inflicting on the poorest labourer. And the overcrowding! And the dirt! And the pigs themselves! They were positively uncanny. There was something almost human about them. They were all heads and no bodies. It was just as though the other half of the wits of the half-witted boy who looked after them had distributed itself among the whole herd. I could have wept when I thought how my purse and my swill-tub had been emptied to keep such puny monstrosities in the land of the living.

I had my pig taken out and weighed. He turned the scale at forty-eight pounds.

A week later I went and weighed him again; he had shrunk to forty.

I am a man of action. In a flash my mind was made up. I put him on a string and led him home.

My wife seemed rather surprised when we entered the drawing-room, but I hastened to explain.

"I paid five pounds," I said, "for a five-pound pig. Since then I 've paid fifty-five pounds more, and I have been led to expect that at the very least the pig was keeping pace. But it isn't. The sterling is increasing by leaps and bounds; the avoirdupois is not even stationary. That 's not counting several tons of swill that ought to be inside him but aren't. It can't go on." I paused and added darkly, "That pig shall not return."

"But surely you 're not going to have him live with *us*, Henry?"

I controlled myself.

"No, Maria," I said, "I am not. At a late hour to-night we will take him out into the country and lose him."

"Oh, Henry," she began, "supposing——"

I interrupted gently but firmly.

"My mind," said I, "like BERT COOTE'S, is made up. He is my pig and I may do what I like with him. There is no law against one losing one's pig. Besides, he is ruining me."

At 10 P.M. we set out *en famille*. It was July. I remember the date rather particularly because it was just then that they ceased to ration bacon altogether. At 10.30 the pig was safely lost. At 11 the front-door closed upon us. At 11.1 little Willy Perkins, the butcher's son, arrived with the pig and claimed something for restoring lost property.

A man with a position to keep up simply can't afford to be caught in the act of feloniously making away with pigs in war-time; besides DORA was still alive and she might have something to say; so I had to pretend how pleased I was, and I gave the scamp half-a-crown.

Now I know Perkins and Son well enough to realise that if the animal had been worth more than half-a-crown they would have allowed me to lose my pig free of charge. So I made another resolution. It was pretty drastic, but in a crisis like this severe measures are often the best. In short, it was murder I contemplated—nothing less.

I went to work carefully. I let four months slip by to allay any possible suspicion. I paid my weekly cheque without being asked; without a murmur I parted daily with my swill; in fact I comported myself as though the unholy plot maturing in my breast was non-existent.

At length the night arrived. I took down my long magazine Lee Enfield and my cartridge (I am not a Volunteer for nothing) and crept to the Patriot Pig H.Q.

The once-crowded sty lay dark and still. I entered and switched on my torch: it shone on the loathsome features that I knew so well. He was all alone, so there could be no mistake. His head was as large as ever, but his body seemed scarcely visible. I weighed him; he registered fourteen pounds.

I will not harrow you, my reader, with details. Suffice it to say my nerve was sure, my eye true and my hand steady. I killed that pig with a single shot and went home to bed.

The Doctor arrived next morning while I was shaving. He was white with rage. He said:

"What the deuce do you mean by killing my pig?"

"*Your* pig?" I smiled. "No, *my* pig!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he spluttered. "*Your* pig died four months ago—caught cold last July through being out so late at night and died next day."

That roused me. "Do you mean to tell me," I asked coldly, "that I 've been paying five pounds a week for the last four months for a dead pig?"

"Very kind of you, I 'm sure," replied the Doctor, "but no one asked you to, you know."

Adding together all my expenses—the weekly subscription for my pig; a similar sum paid to the Doctor for his; the value of my swill; the fine imposed (by DORA) for improper use of firearms; ditto (by the Magistrate) for shooting game without a licence; alleged damage to the P.P. premises and the remaining wits of their custodian; and finally, the bill from Mr. Perkins for a pound of pork purchased in July, and the account from Dr. Jones for professional attendance subsequent to consumption of same—adding all these together I find that from first to last I disbursed £385 5*s*. 5½*d*. on the patriot.

With pork at two shillings a pound my outlay should have produced a pig that weighed 1 ton 14½ cwt. Truly that would have been a very Hindenburg of a pig. It was almost worth trying.

Our Euphemists.

"General Servant wanted by middle of February; no small family."—*Oxford Times.*



Proprietor (to assistant recently released from the Army). "WHY, WHATEVER MADE YOU OFFER TO SEND THE GOODS HOME FOR HER? ANY FOOL COULD TELL YOU 'VE BEEN OUT OF CIVILISATION DURING THE WAR."

TO THE SPEAKER ON HIS RE-ELECTION.

GOOD Mr. SPEAKER, in this troublous time,
When it is hard to string a cheerful rhyme,
Your genial influence unshaken bides
Amid the flux of shifting sands and tides;
And, re-electing you by acclamation,
The Parliament has acted for the nation,
Which, while acknowledging the Members' *nous*,
Congratulates not you, Sir, but the House.

'Tis fourteen years since you were called to bear
The heavy burdens of your "perilous Chair"—
What years, what burdens! Yet your steadfast mien
Has never failed to dominate the scene.
Others have found the post a giant's robe
Or lacked the needful patience of a Job;
But you, by dint of fearless common sense,
Have won and held all Parties' confidence;
Firm as the rock and as the crystal clear,
When need arises righteously austere,
Ready, not eager, your advice to lend,
And not afraid in season to unbend.

Thus, tested by a strain that very few,
If any, of your predecessors knew,
You come at last, among the lesser fry,
To loom so largely in the public eye,
That we regard you, greatest of your clan,
More as an institution than a man.

The Rest-Cure.

"Will young officer requiring rest help farmer catch rabbits for a month?"—*Church Family Newspaper.*

THE RETURN.

IT was at tea last Sunday that we met for the first time for three-and-a-half years. He was sadly altered. To the casual observer he may still appear his own attractive self; the change in him is deeper.

He isn't what he was, but none the less it is wonderfully delightful to have him among us again. A girl at the next table noticed him and spoke smilingly to her companion. But I—I sat and looked at him and never said a word.

Before the War I was fond of him, but I doubt if I could ever have realised how much I should miss him; and nothing has brought home to me so surely the astounding fact that at last it is over as his return.

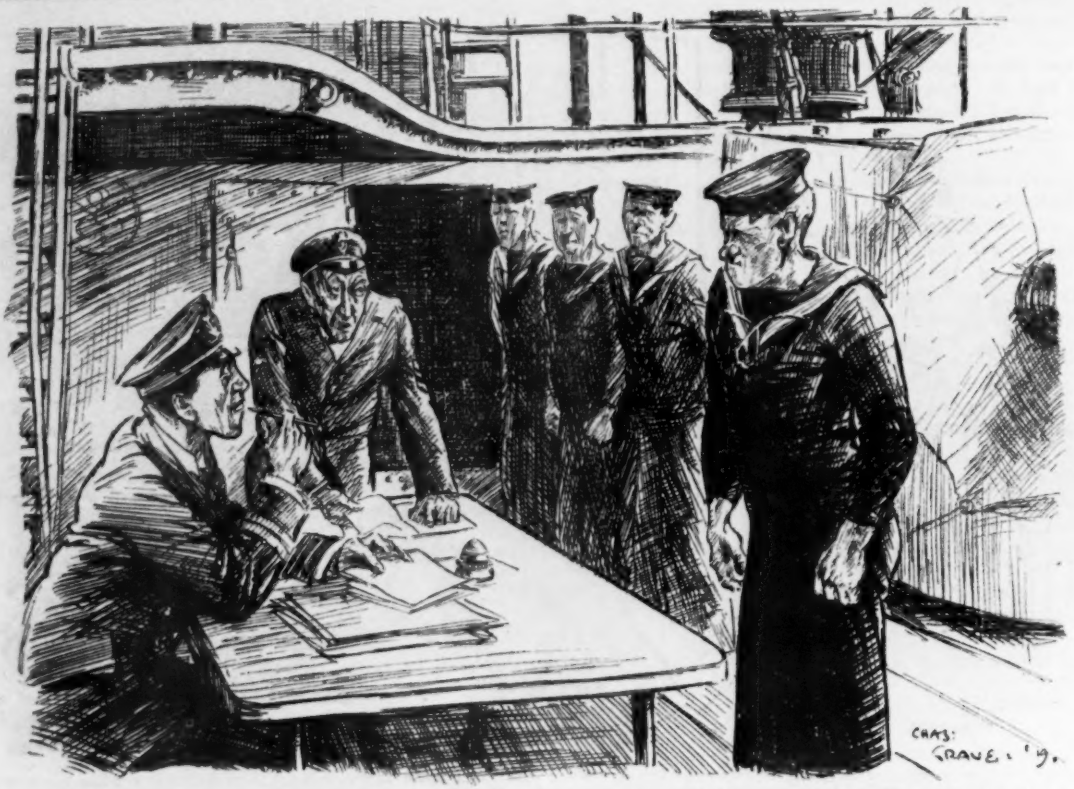
Sitting opposite to him here brought back the jolly memories of other teas in that distant pre-war life of ours—memories of bright faces, gentle clatter of cups, charm of soft clothes, strange forgotten sense of comforts, and one particular smile; and, throwing off from me the gathering gloom of the war-weary, I dug my fork joyously into his brown bosom and raised the chocolate *éclair* to my lips.

"By placing a lemon in the oven for a few minutes nearly the entire pulp turns to juice. When next you want orange-juice try this."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

But why not use an orange?

"As a woman married to an Army officer for nineteen years I do not consider that I could possibly, on less than our present income, provide my children and husband with the necessary education and comfort."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

Some husbands take a lot of educating.



Assistant Paymaster. "HOW LONG WERE YOU IN YOUR LAST JOB?"
A.P. "WHAT WERE YOU DOING?"

"Hostilities only" Man. "THREE MONTHS, SIR."
H.O.M. "THREE MONTHS."

THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME

(A SOLILOQUY AFTER A DAY'S WORK AT THE MINISTRY OF FOOD).

[Sir JOHN FIELD BEALE, formerly First Secretary of the Ministry of Food, has been in consultation with the Supreme Council for Supply and Relief in Paris. Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE has just returned from a mission of inquiry into the food situation in Austria.]

LET others speed to far Sequanian shores
To end the War that was to end all wars,
Where peace-pursuing Discord loud debates
And all hotels are packed with Delegates;
Where pundits in the Parliament of Man
Discuss or Georgian or Wilsonian Plan;
Where fickle Fate dispenses weal or woe
Respectively assigned to friend and foe;
Where Cornucopia meekly comes to heel
Under instructions from Sir JOHN FIELD BEALE.

Let others in Icarian feats engage
With the ingenious aid of HANDLEY PAGE;
Haste to discover all that may be known
About the situation in Cologne;
Or, like Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, to appease
The clamourings of esurient Viennese—
In none of these things Fortune waits for me,
Nor Knighthood cheap, nor unctuous O.B.E.
Ah, not for me to note with facile pen
Successive stages of the L. of N.
With calorimetric and statistic arts
Administer the prog of Foreign Parts,
Or, eager not to do the thing by halves,
To reconcile the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs—
I will, resigning honours, kudos, pelf,
Administer hot cocoa to myself;
Then to repose; for it is truly said
The best location of mankind is BED.

Emancipation.

"Wanted by respectable woman, a couple of Gentleman's Trousers (left off)."—*Irish Paper.*

"A Caproni machine flew a distance of 325 miles in four fours."—*Scottish Paper.*

A correspondent writes to ask if this is double the time usually described as "two two's."

"At 11 o'clock the muster roll at many shops and offices was still incomplete. Indeed assistants were reported 'missing' at many establishments an hour later. There were girls—Government and others—who styed at home."—*Evening Paper.*

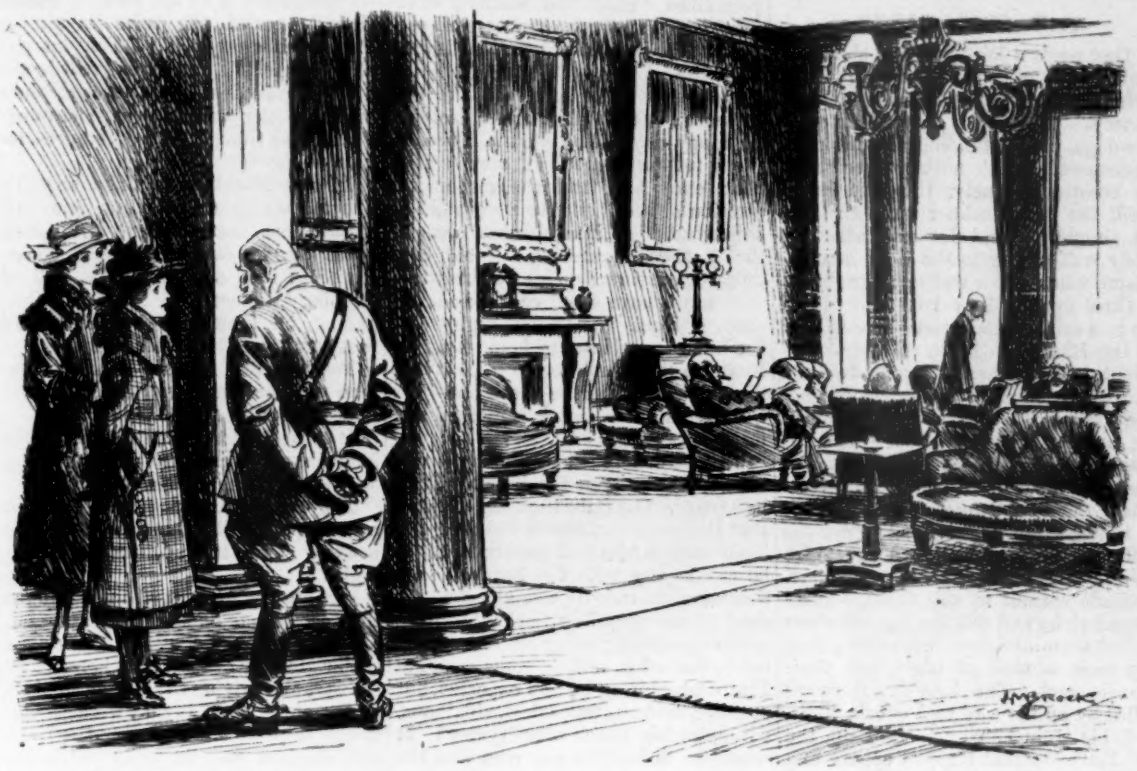
Little pigs who wouldn't go to market.

"At Bolton on Saturday the United Textile Factory Workers' Association decided to put forward a demand for a 4-hours week, with the same rate of pay as for 55½ hours."—*Provincial Paper.*

We trust this is a misprint and not an "intelligent anticipation" of what we are coming to.

"The teachers of —— are not satisfied with the scale of salary fixed by the Education Committee, and yesterday morning a deputation waited upon the Special Salaries Committee to state their case. The Education Committee decided to increase the salary of the borough Director of Education from £450 to £500."
Provincial Paper.

And if that don't satisfy 'em—Bolshevism, my dear Sir, Bolshevism!



The General (showing his nieces round Club). "THERE 'S BEEN A LOT OF ARM-CHAIR FIGHTING DONE IN THIS ROOM."
School-Girl. "HOW TOPPING! THAT BEATS PILLOW-FIGHTING. BUT ISN'T IT RATHER DANGEROUS?"

OLD HEN-PECK.

Captain Edwin Peck, R.N.,
Had the habits of a hen.
Edwin's nose was like a bone,
And his teeth were not his own;
Neither, I regret to tell,
Did they fit him very well.
It was not his fault, no doubt,
That they tried to tumble out,
And in fact he seldom dropped
them,
For he almost always copped them
Just as they became unstuck
By ejaculating, "Cluck."

Yoked to this elusive plate,
Did our Edwin curse his fate?
No, he was content to live,
For he was inquisitive.
If he saw a speck of grit
He must needs examine it,
Not as any other might,
Standing at his proper height,
But with body slightly slanted
And his head obliquely canted,
While with small unblinking eye
He surveyed it wickedly.

One fine Sunday Captain Peck
Stalked along the lower deck,
Pausing now and then to stare,
Poking here and scratching there,
Like a pullet in her prime
Clucking softly all the time.
Presently the Captain spied
One small scuttle open wide.
"Cluck!" he said, and likewise,
"Tut!
Every scuttle should be shut;"
And with a malignant snort
Poked his head out through the port.

That was easy, but, alack!
When he tried to get it back
There was heard an angry cluck—
Captain Edwin Peck was stuck!

Strange at first as it appears,
He had overlooked his ears;
But it 's not so queer, perhaps,
When you ask, "Have hens got
flaps?"

Silence! You 'd have heard a pin
Fall upon the deck within,
Till the Bloke was heard to shout,
"Stick it, Sir! We 'll get you out!"

Everybody had a go—
Chief, Commander, P.M.O.,
Padre, Carpenter and Stoker,
Using engine-grease and poker,
Hawser, marlin-spike and soap,
Till at length they gave up hope,
For, in spite of all they did,
Edwin fitted like a lid.

Suddenly upon the scene
Came a German submarine.
Then a flash, a roar, a groan;
"We are sinking like a stone!"
Cried the Bloke with angry frown;
"Can we leave poor Peck to drown?
Really, this is *too* absurd;"
Then a miracle occurred.

As the cold green waters roll
Round poor Edwin in his hole,
Are the watchers wrong in thinking
That the Captain's neck is shrinking?
As she took her final list on,
Sighing, "ὕδωρ μὲν ἄριστον!"
Long-enduring Captain Peck
Gracefully withdrew his neck,
Poked it out again and spoke
To the sorrow-stricken Bloke:
"Nothing more that we can do?
No? Then sound the 'Sove kee
poo!'"

Need I tell how Captain Peck
Was the last to leave the wreck,
How the good ship perished, or
How he brought them safe to shore,
Landing, after all his men,
Clucking softly like a hen?

Up-to date quotation for foot-sore Londoners: "Et Tube, brute!"

THE MUD LARKS.

ONE reads a lot nowadays about the "slavery" of various habits (drug, drink, bigamy, etc.) and loud is the outcry. But there is yet another bondage, just as binding and far more widespread, which nobody ever seems to mention, namely, the drill habit. Drill the young soldier up in the way he should go and for ever after his body will spring to the word of command, whether his soul approves or no.

Once upon a time two men turned up in a railway construction camp deep in the Rhodesian bush. They were a silent, furtive, friendless pair, dwelling apart, and nobody could discover whence they came, whither they were bound, or, in fact, anything about them. It was generally conceded that they had some horrid secret to bury (camp optimists voted for "murder") and left it at that. Time went by and so did the rail-head, leaving the two mysteries behind as permanent-way gangers. Solitude seemed to suit them. Years passed along and still the two remained in that abomination of desolation guarding their stretch of track and their horrid secret. Then one day ROBERTS rolled by on his way to Victoria Falls, and, his train halting to tank-up, the old Field-Marshal stepped ashore and called to the two gangers, who happened to be close at hand tinkering at their trolley. The guard, who was taking a bottle of Bass with the steward on the platform of the diner, suddenly jabbed his friend in the brisket.

"Look, for the love of Mike!" he giggled.

The two gangers were standing talking to "Bobs," shoulder to shoulder, heels together, feet spread at an angle of forty-five degrees, knees braced, thumbs behind the seams of their trousers, backs hollowed, heads erect—in short in the correct position of attention as decreed in the Book of Infantry Training. The old man finished speaking and the two saluted smartly and broke away. The steward looked at his friend and nodded, "Old soldiers."

"Old deserters, you mean," retorted the guard. "*Now* we know."

The drill habit had been too strong for those two fugitives even after ten years.

The other night our Babe, as Orderly Officer, sat up alone in the Mess, consuming other people's cigarettes and whisky until midnight, then, being knocked up by the Orderly Sergeant, gave the worthy fellow a tot to restore circulation, pulled on his gum-boots and sallied forth on the rounds. By 12.45 he had assured himself that the line guards were functioning in the prescribed "brisk and soldierly manner," and that the horses were all properly tucked up in bed, and so turned for home.

He paused at the cross-roads to hear the end of the Sergeant's reminiscences of happy days when he, the Sergeant, (then full-private, full in more senses than one) had held the responsible position of beer-taster to a regiment at Jaipurbad ("an ideal drinkin' climate, Sir"), then, dismissing the old connoisseur, continued on his way bedward.

It must have been one o'clock by then, a black wind-noisy night. As the Babe turned into the home straight, he saw a light flash for an instant in a big cart-shed opposite the Mess—just a flicker as of a match scratched and instantly extinguished.

This struck him as curious; it was no weather or hour for decent folk to be abroad. The Babe then remembered that the mess-cart was in the shed, and it occurred to him that somebody might be monkeying with the harness. He thereupon marched straight for the shed (treading quite noiselessly in his gum-boots) and, pulling out his electric torch, flashed it, not on some cringing Picard peasant, as he had expected, but on three unshorn, unwashed, villainous, whopping big Bosch infantrymen! It would be difficult to say who was the most staggered for the moment, the Huns blinking in the sudden glare of the torch or the Babe well aware that he was up against a trio of escaped and probably quite desperate prisoners of war. "Victory," says M. HILAIRE BELLOC (or was it NAPOLEON? I am always getting them mixed) "is to him who can bring the greatest force to bear on a given position." That is as may be, but, after personal participation in one or two of the major disputes in the late lamented war, I put it this way. Two opposing factions bump, utter chaos reigns supreme and the side which recovers first wins. In this case the Babe was the first to recover. A year before the War he found himself in a seminary in the suburbs of Berlin, learning to cough his vowels, roll his r's and utter German phonetically. Potsdam was near at hand, and many a pleasant hour did the Babe spend on a bench outside the old Stadt Palast, watching young recruits of the Prussian Guard having their souls painfully extracted from them by *Feldwebels* of great muzzle velocity and booting force. The sight of those three Hun uniforms standing before him must have pricked a memory, which in turn set some sub-conscious mechanism to work, for suddenly the Babe heard a voice bawling orders in German. It was fully five seconds, he swears, before he recognised it as his own. "Attention!" snarled the voice in proper Potsdammer style. "Quick march! Right wheel!" The three great hooligans trembled all over, clicked their heels and stepped off the mark as punctiliously as though on the Tempelhofer Feld at the Spring Parade.

In two minutes the Babe, snarling like a Zoo tiger at dinner-time, had manœuvred them across a hundred yards of bog and filed them, goose-stepping, into a Nissen Hut full of sleeping Atkinses. The Atkinses rolled, gaping, off their beds at the Babe's first shout, and the game was up.

Ten minutes later the Bosch gentlemen were *en route* for the main guard under strong, if *déshabillé*, escort.

It turned out that one of them spoke English quite badly and on reaching the Guard Room he opened out.

They had escaped from a prison camp at Abbeville, he said, and were heading for Holland, travelling by night.

Passing the farm at about midnight they espied our hooded mess-cart and, feeling tired and footsore, had conceived the bright idea of stealing a horse to fit the cart and driving to Holland in style and comfort. Just as they were getting things shipshape along came the Babe and clapped the lid on—"*verfluchte kleine Teufel!*"

When the Main Guard lads inquired how it was that after all their trouble they had allowed one lone unarmed infant to corral the three of them, instead of quietly biffing him on the head, as they quite easily might have done, the Huns were very confused. At one moment they were in the shed, they said, fascinated like moths in the glare of the torch, and the next thing they knew they were in the midst of a horde of underclothed Tommies — trapped. As to what had happened in the interval, or how they had been spirited from one place to the other, they were not in the least clear—couldn't explain it at all.

The Drill Habit again.

PATLANDER.

Armistice-Time Economy.

"The Consecrating Officers were elected Honorary Members of the Lodge and were presented with a souvenir in the form of a solid silver cigar ash-tray, made from the lead used in the production of shrapnel bullets."
Freemason's Chronicle.

"Several persons dropped to the pavement, several dripping with blood. One man had his head partially opened, and he lay writing on the ground."—*Provincial Paper.*

If the poor fellow was, as we presume, a reporter, we cannot too much applaud his devotion to duty.



NEWS FROM THE SHIRES.

Customer. "WELL, JARVIS, WHAT'S THE LATEST?"
Farrier. "I HEAR AS HOW THAT ADMIRAL BEATTY IS LIKELY TO BECOME A PUBLIC MAN."
Customer. "HOW DO YOU MEAN?"
Farrier. "WHY, I HEAR SOME TALK OF HIM BEING MASTER OF THE QUORN."

THE BET.

THE Colonel was, as usual, laying down the law.

"Economy!" he said with a snort; "economy 's dead. No one cares about saving money any more. No one cares about the value of money. We are asked excessive prices and we pay them. We eat, drink and are merry—or approximately so—and be hanged to you! With the exception of the halfpenny stamp we put on circulars I can think of nothing that has not gone up or, in other words, lost buying power. I defy anyone to name a thing that hasn't."

He glowered fiercely and challengingly around.

"I repeat," he said, "that the purchasing power of money is not what it was in any respect. The other day, for instance, I bought a new hat. I used to pay a guinea; it is now thirty-two and six. And a worse hat probably. What do you think I was charged for soling and heeling shoes? One pound ten! And worse leather. That 's partly what I mean by the loss of purchasing power; where the price may in some extraordinary way remain the same, the quality of the article paid for is inferior. There 's a steady deterioration. Can anyone name a case where I am wrong?"

His red eyes again defied us.

"Yes, I can," said a meek voice.

The Colonel subjected the speaker to a long and ferocious scrutiny.

"You can?" he said at last.

"Yes," replied the meek voice. "Will you bet on it?"

"Bet on it? Most certainly I will," said the Colonel, who has done fairly well in wagers in his time. "How much?"

"What you like," replied the meek voice.

"Very well," said the Colonel, "make it a tenner."

"With pleasure," was the rejoinder. "The bet is that I can't name a single thing which has not either increased in price or decreased in quality since the War?"

"Yes," said the Colonel.

We all sat up and waited, as though for the maroons in the old, old days.

"Well," said the meek voice, "the cost of pulling a communication cord is still five pounds, and you can have just as good a pull as ever."

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"WHY, what 's this, Ben, they 're telling me?—
Eighty and going to get a wife!
Gaffer, I thought you 'd surely be
A snug old bachelor for life."

"Well, Sur, ye see I allus meant
To take ole Martha some fine day;
But 'wed in haste and then repent'
I heer'd as many folks did say.

"But now, thinks I, there 's sure no fear
Through too much haste o' goin' wrong;
An', anyways, at eighty year
I can't repent fur wery long."

THE GREATEST PATRIOT OF ALL: A public servant who did not strike during the War—Big Ben.



EFFECT ON BALLROOM IF, OWING TO THE STRIKE MANIA, THE MUSICIANS WERE SUDDENLY TO "DOWN INSTRUMENTS."

THE APPOINTMENT.

THEY tell me there is work for most,
However tired they be,
That there are Offices engrossed
In finding me a well-paid post
Of suitable degree;
That there are businesses that itch
To make the young lieutenant rich,
Yet I have not discovered which
Is itching after me.

And this is strange; for I could shine
In any place you please,
Although, if there is any line
Which is most obviously mine,
It is the man of ease—
The man whose intellect is such
He never has to labour much,
But does the literary touch
In comfort at "The Leas."

Or I could be a splendid Squire
And watch the harvest grow,
Could urge the reaper to perspire
And put the cattle in the byre
(If that is where they go),
And every morning do the rounds
Of my immense ancestral grounds
With six or seven faithful hounds,
And say, "It looks like snow."

And there are moments when I feel
The diplomatic call;
No trickery would long conceal
The state of things at Bubazeel
When I was at the Ball,
To spy across the "brilliant floors"
On daughters of Ambassadors,
And "obviate" impending wars
By dancing with them all.

A bishopric I can't afford,
Though I could give it tone,
And often when the people snored
I 've felt they would not be so bored
By sermons of my own;
But if the Secretaries cry
For secretaries—here am I;
Or nobly would I occupy
The taxi-driver's throne.

For I should beam across the street
When people waved at me,
And say, "My petrol 's incomplete,
I haven't had my bit of meat
Nor yet my bit of tea,
But just because I like your face
I 'll take you out to any place
However distant from my base—
And ask no extra fee."

And yet I doubt could England bear
To see my rest destroyed?
A soul so delicate and fair
Should simply saunter through the air
And cultivate the void;
One would not readily degrade
One's loveliness in *any* trade,
Only, of course, one must be paid
For being unemployed.

A. P. H.

SMITH MINOR PROFFERS A REQUEST.

(*An authentic document.*)

WILL you please send me a fountain pen because nearly every boy but me has a fountain pen and I should so like to have one because I often want to write something outside and I carn't and then when I come in I don't no what it is and I miss something out of my letter then when I have writen my letter I remember what it was and genulry I remember it in lesons and when I begin to write my next letter I have for goten it and it goes on like that till at last I remember it and then some times I don't rember it all and that is why I want a fontin pen.



"DRY" HUMOUR.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "OUR FUTURE LIES UPON THE WATER!"
BRITANNIA. "ALLUDING, I PRESUME, TO YOUR PROHIBITION MOVEMENT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MR. LOWTHER TAKES THE CHAIR FOR "POSITIVELY THE LAST TIME." HIS ENTHUSIASTIC PROPOSER AND SECONDER (COLONEL MILDMAY AND SIR HENRY DALZIEL), BITTEN BY THE POPULAR CRAZE, PUT A BIT OF "JAZZ" INTO THE PROCEEDINGS.

Tuesday, February 4th.—There is much virtue in horsehair. Few who attended the informal opening of the Third Parliament of KING GEORGE THE FIFTH would have guessed that under the full-bottomed wig and gorgeous black-and-gold robes of the dignified figure on the Woolsack lay the volatile personality of "F. E." He played his new part nobly. A trifling error in the setting of his three-cornered hat, whose rakish cock was for the moment reminiscent of the "Gálloper," was quickly corrected on the advice of one of the Lords Commissioners at his side; and by the time the faithful Commons were admitted to hear the Commission read there was nothing to differentiate Lord BIRKENHEAD (as he had now become) from any previous occupant of his exalted position. Nor was there any lack of dignity in his delivery of the instructions to the Commons to "proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker"—though I fancy that when he bade them "repair to the place where you are to sit" he must have been tempted to add the words, "provided that you can find room there."

For the Lower House, when we returned there, was a seething mass of humanity. How many of the 707 duly elected Members were present I know not; but there were enough to swamp the floor and surge over into the Galleries. Seeing that the "Tubes" were closed and taxis few and far between, some of them were obliged to resort to unusual methods of locomotion. Sir HENRY NORMAN surprised the police in Palace Yard by arriving on a motor-scooter, and there is an unconfirmed rumour that the Editor of *John Bull* made his *rentrée* to the House in a flying-boat drawn by four *canards sauvages*. Anyhow, there they were, so thick and slab that Mr. DE VALERA, who was reported to have escaped from durance vile with the intention of presenting himself at the House and creating a disturbance, would have found it impossible to gain entry unless preceded by a charge of gelignite. As it was, none of the Sinn Feiners was present, nor indeed any representative of Irish Nationalism at all, and the proceedings were as orderly as a Quaker funeral.

Not that they were by any means dull. For both Colonel MILDMAY, who proposed, and Sir HENRY DALZIEL, who seconded, the re-election of Mr. LOWTHER as Speaker, spiced their compliments with humour. The former was confident that even if Woman appeared on the floor of the House the SPEAKER-ELECT'S "consummate tact" would be equal to coping with her artfullest endeavours to get round the rules of procedure; while the latter attributed his priceless gift of humour to "Scottish ancestry on the mother's side."

Horsehair again! I hardly recognised in the quietly-dressed Member who rose from the Bench behind Ministers to acknowledge these encomiums the man whose awe-inspiring appearance (when clothed in wig and gown) has quelled so many storms in the last four Parliaments. Let us hope that the fifth, of which, being the outcome of his famous Conference, he may in a sense be described as the "onlie begetter," will not disgrace its parentage.

Already there are elements of difficulty. Through the non-return of Mr. ASQUITH the Opposition has lost its head literally and is in some danger of losing it figuratively, for the remnant of the un-"couponed" Liberals and the Labour Party are at present acutely divided on the question upon whom the lost Leader's mantle should fall. To-day Sir DONALD MACLEAN, as senior Privy Councillor, took the *pas* and was able from personal experience to give his conception of the ideal Speaker,



Donald (who a short time before had put the bottle in the cupboard "for another day," breaking long silence). "SAXPENCE FOR YOUR THOCHTS, SANDY."

Sandy. "WEEL, I'M THENKIN' IT'S JEST TWA MEENITS SEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE—AN' IT'LL BE ANITHER DAY."

who "must not only have good vision but be sometimes quite blind; not only have acute hearing but occasionally be almost stone-deaf." Fortunately the SPEAKER-ELECT can assume these physical defects at will; for, despite its quiet opening, I doubt if the new Parliament when it gets to work will prove precisely a Lowther Arcadia.

Wednesday, February 5th.—To the Lords again, where the SPEAKER-ELECT, attired in Court dress and accompanied by the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS dandling the Mace as if it were a refractory infant, presented himself at the Bar to hear from the LORD CHANCELLOR the pleasing intelligence that HIS MAJESTY was convinced of his "ample sufficiency" to execute his arduous duties, and readily approved his election. Thereupon Sir COLIN KEPPEL swung the Mace on to his shoulder and escorted the SPEAKER, now confirmed in his rank, back to the Commons.

There was an unusual rush of Members to take the oath. This was not entirely due to the new Members, naturally desirous of completing their initiatory rites, but was shared by many of the older hands, for the good and sufficient reason that, until a Member is certified as having been duly sworn, he cannot recover his one hundred and fifty pounds deposit from the Returning Officer. In their zeal to be in a position to reimburse themselves Members crowded in such numbers to the tables that there was some danger that they would be overturned. As one of our Latinists remarked, "It looks as if we should have *novæ res* outside and *novæ tabulæ* inside."

Thursday, February 6th.—The process, once immortalized by a Lords' reporter in the sentence, "A few Bishops looked in, swore, and went away again," went on in both Houses; but in the Commons in a more orderly fashion than yesterday. For the SPEAKER, ever ready, as he said on his election, "to carry out the old rules in a modern spirit," directed the waiting Members to form up in line. One of the Coalitionists evinced a little surprise. He had always understood that when coupons were issued queues were superfluous.

"Wanted a Certificated (Resilient) Lady Teacher for Std. V."—*Times of India.*

A sort of WINSTON in petticoats, we suppose.

TENDENCIES

(*Being some extracts from the daily Press of, say,* 1925).

. . . The bi-monthly strike of Clyde workers took place yesterday. The proceedings were quite orderly. The matter in dispute this time is a very simple affair. The men, who are now working on a full half-hour a week basis at one hundred and sixty-eight hours' pay, with three snap meal-times of ten minutes each per day, are not pressing for any alteration in pay or hours, but demand the dismissal of Mr. John Smith, the managing director of one of the large shipbuilding yards, who rudely refused to fetch a pint of beer for one of the rivetters. The Government department dealing with strike questions is full up for three months yet, but hopes are entertained that, unless a critical by-election should intervene, it will be possible to deal with the matter at the expiration of that period.

. . . Much interest was aroused last evening by the production of a new musical show, both the book and music of which have been written by natives of this country. A strong protest has



BEFORE THE COMBAT.

Excited Duellist. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
Nervous Opponent. "I'M PUTTING MAGIC DROPS ON MY SWORD, WHICH WILL MAKE IT IRRESISTIBLE."
Excited Duellist. "BUT THAT'S NOT FAIR TO ME."
Nervous Opponent (relieved). "ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN HAVE SOME AND WE'LL CALL IT A DRAW."

been lodged by the United States Embassy.

. . . A passenger on one of the Tube railways alleges that he entered a train at Oxford Circus Station last evening. No confirmation is as yet forthcoming, and the rumour must be treated with reserve.

. . . The Peace Conference held a sitting yesterday and definitely decided that the ex-Kaiser should be tried one of these days. It is confidently stated in the inner circles of Paris that peace will inevitably be concluded within the next ten or twelve years.

. . . Dancing still holds its own as the principal amusement of the bulk of the population. The latest dance, the Guzz-Jinx, which is danced on the hands with the right foot placed in the mouth of one's partner, is stated to be very graceful indeed. The correct music is provided by a band performing entirely on hair-combs and tea-trays.

. . . A reduction is promised in the price of tobacco shortly. An ounce recently changed hands at a well-known Piccadilly shop at two hundred and seven pounds, but the new season's prices are not expected to be much above one hundred and fifty pounds.

A man was charged at Bow Street yesterday with endeavouring to ride in a motor-bus on Tuesday, the 12th of the month, when his permit was only for Thursday, the 15th of each month. He was severely cautioned and ordered to get a new calendar.

A VALENTINE.

DEAR Lydia, long before your time,
When I was half the 'teen you own to,
Don Valentine was in his prime,
The world not yet the thing it's grown to.
The postman then with double knocks
This morning many a heart was thrilling,
And brought a shining cardboard box
With round red hearts in paper frilling.

A simpler world, and well content
With what seems small by modern measure;
And winters came and roses went,
Yet Time dulls pain as well as pleasure.
Though, with this fashion out of date,
His hand to-day weighs almost lightly
If this my war-time chocolate
Makes two dark eyes to shine more brightly.

HINTS FOR THE GARDEN.

To those who are about to re-establish their herbaceous borders it will come as a welcome surprise that restrictions as to the sale of the following foodstuffs by nurserymen have now been withdrawn:—

Stucky's *Germania* (Lamb's Ear).
Scolopendrium (Hart's Tongue).

No coupons will be required for these in future.

Fatsia Horrida.—This is no longer grown by nurserymen, but can be obtained at any butcher's, large quantities having recently arrived from Greece. Smith minor, possibly a prejudiced witness, says he gets it at school; that it is beastly and only another name for Cod Liver Oil.

Sambucus (the Elder).—A correspondent inquires if anything is known of the younger branch of this family. On being appealed to the Secretary

of the Linnæan Society sent the following somewhat enigmatic telegram: "Recommend CLEMENCEAU non-Papa, who may know something of Uncle Sam."

Hydrangea.—This hardy shrub is so called as it was originally raised by the Ranger of Hyde Park. The American variety "radiata" succeeds well indoors if grown on hot-water pipes.

Pirus.—There are several varieties of this species. The best known, however, comes from Cornwall and was raised by the late Sir W. S. GILBERT, who introduced the Savoy cabbage. It is called the *Pirus of Penzance*.

DANCING DEMOBILISED.

[It is said that demobilised officers, anxious to dance, are finding it almost impossible to buy dress-shirts and evening pumps.]

Now that I've been demobilised
  I'm going again to dances—
I do not care with whom or where,
  I'm taking any chances.
And evening dress, I've been advised,
  Will never become transitional;
Yet once or twice I've been surprised
To find my khaki pals disguised
  In new dress suits and old trench boots,
  Which scarcely seems traditional.

I met my Colonel at a hop
  Jazzing in his goloshes,
With a dress-tie pert on a cricket-shirt
  That had shrunk in various washes;
And my Major was doing the Donkey-Drop
  Between a couple of rippers—
Yet his pink-and-white pyjama-top
If anything seemed a shade *de trop*,
  And his faultless coat hardly echoed the note
  Of his worsted bedroom slippers.

But the world long since went off its chump,
  And the cry of the man from France is,
"I simply refuse to let shirts and shoes
  Prevent me from going to dances.
I'll take the shine out of collar and pump,
  And their wearers *will* look silly
When I once begin the Giraffe-Galump,
The Chicken-Run and the Jaguar-Jump,
The Wombat-Walk and the Buffalo-Bump,
With a chamois vest on my manly chest,
  And football-boots and the smartest of suits
  They can cut in Piccadilly."

The Grand Trunk Line.

"The following are some alternative routes which could be used by people going home this evening from the City or West End:—
Clapham Common.—By Elephant, trams and 'buses."—*Evening News.*

LOCAL COLOUR.

I RAN upstairs after lunch to-day to see old Harris. He has the flat over mine, you know. In addition to this Harris is an author. Sometimes he even gets money for it.

"Doin' a bit of work to-day, Harris?" I remarked casually.

"I'm doing a little flying story," he informed me with dignity.

"Oh, yes," I agreed carelessly, then woke up and stared hard.

"Flying?" I repeated. "But what the—I mean, what do you know about flying, anyway?"

Brutality is the only thing with Harris. He was very hurt. He gasped and glared at me in a most annoyed manner.

"I know a pretty good lot," he announced with some asperity. "I've talked to dozens of pilots about it and I've read books on flying—and the newspapers——"

"And don't forget you once passed Hendon in the train too, old son," I soothed him. "I'd no idea you were so well up in it. Sorry I spoke. Let's see it; may I?"

Harris picked up a couple of sheets of paper from the desk and, coughing imposingly, proceeded to read out his masterpiece:—

"Lionel Marchant came slowly out of the hangar, drawing on his long fur gloves and studying his maps with an intent and keen face.

"His machine, a single-seater scout of the latest type, was just being wheeled out and now stood glistening in the bright autumn sunshine, which danced on the shining brasswork and threw deep shadows on the grass beneath.

"The airman swung lightly into his seat; a final word or two with his commanding officer and he flung over the levers and gave a sharp turn to the starting handle.

"The powerful engine in front of him woke into life deafeningly and, waving away the mechanics holding the wings, he pressed the clutch pedal and moved slowly forward.

"His face is very grim and determined—he throws across another lever and the low hum of the motor changes into a deep-throated roar. Gathering speed, he goes faster and faster—now he is in the air—now a little speck in the sky, heading for the enemy's lines——"

"Oh, no, please," I broke in feebly. "I can't stand any more just now. You're not seriously thinking of having this published, are you?"

As in a dream I took the manuscript from his fingers and gazed blankly at it whilst his indignant flow of speech passed harmlessly over my head.

"But, Harris," I said at length, with infinite compassion in my voice, "Harris, I love you as a brother, but this really is awful—why—well, listen here"—

"'As the second German machine came down on them in a steep dive Lionel gave a hasty glance behind him, where the huge engine raced madly, and shouted excitedly to his observer.

"'The latter, swinging the machine gun round sharply, took rapid aim and pressed the trigger——'"

I stopped.

"Well?" demanded the author icily.

"No, it's too frightful," I bleated. "Harris, this *might* conceivably be read by a real pilot. Heaven forbid, of course! And he'd simply hate this scout 'bus with the engine ahead to change into a 'pusher' two-seater in six paragraphs."

Harris was routed, absolutely demoralised. "They told me to put in lots of flying talk," he murmured abjectly, "and tons of local colour to make it lifelike."

"Yes," I said grimly, "but this colour's too local for words."

"Of course, if you think you could do it better yourself," Harris observed with heavy sarcasm, "well, then——"

"Certainly," I agreed heartily. "I don't mind showing *you*, Harris, seeing you're a pal of mine. Just pass the ink and let your uncle get to work."

Behold my effort!—

"'Orderly, what about tea?'

"'Very nearly ready, Sir.'

"'Right. Then I think a small piece of toast is indicated;' and he proceeded to hack the loaf to pieces with great vigour.

"'Hun over somewhere, sounds like,' said a sleepy voice as the throb of an engine was heard overhead.

"'Oh, I can't help his troubles,' observed the toast-maker airily. 'He's got no right to come at tea-time. In about half-an-hour or so I might think about——'

"Here the telephone bell rang.

"'Now that's a splendid joke,' said his unfeeling friend as he laid down the receiver. 'You've got to go up after that chap. They're getting your 'bus out now, so——'

"'What!' came in disgusted tones from the fireside. 'Don't be so dam funny. What do you mean?'

"'Not ragging, really, Bill. The C.O. said he wanted you to have a shot at that fellow. Run like a hare. You may catch him up over Berlin somewhere. I'll eat your toast for you.'

"'Oh, will you?' grunted the other. 'What awful rot it is! Oh, the devil—where's my hat?' and out he plunged.

"Two minutes later he was struggling into a heavy leather coat and, feeling thoroughly ill-used, climbed into his machine.

"The propeller was swung, emitting one hollow cough.

"'Switch off. All right, contact.'

"At the third attempt the engine remembered its manners and started up with a jerk. A few moments to get her running smoothly, a rapid test to see that she was "giving her revs." and the chocks were waved away from the wheels.

"Within twenty yards he was off the ground and, throttle wide open, climbing towards the little white dot thousands of feet above.

"And all the time he was grumbling.

"'What awful rot it is! I've about as much chance of reaching the blighter as . . . Running my engine to bits as it is . . . May be able to cut him off when he's dropped his eggs.'

"Which is precisely what happened. The last gift had been thankfully received in a ploughed field beneath and the Hun was turning for home when the scout struggled to his level.

"The watchers on the ground saw the small machine press determinedly towards the bigger and a faint crackle of gun-fire broke out.

"It was answered by all the guns on board the enemy craft and the single-seater wavered undecidedly.

"Then he got his adversary fairly in his ring sight again and, risking everything, fired burst after burst.

"All at once the big machine heeled over and dived—a flash and a sudden sheet of flame from the engine and down dropped the raider, to dash to pieces in the French fields three miles below.

"Ten minutes later the British machine slithered on to the ground and switched off in front of the sheds.

"'By Jove, Bill,' said his friend, rushing up excitedly, 'that was the best show——'

"'Not so much of it,' interposed the 'hero,' scrambling out of his seat. 'What about my tea? Did you look after my toast for me? No, might have known you wouldn't.'"

What our Poets have to put up with.

"They who faced the terrors of the deep,
Who guarded our snores while we were asleep." *Scottish Paper.*

"Though his career was entirely that of a public servant, he had personality and that self-evident efficiency which mark a man out for promotion."—*Times.*

That "though" is rather cynical.



"I SAY, TAXI, I'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH CHANGE TO PAY THE EXACT FARE. D'YOU MIND TAKING A CHEQUE FOR THE TIP?"

RECIPROCITY.

[Discussing the unruliness of modern children, a correspondent in the Press suggests that parents might exchange offspring for educational purposes.]

Hector, one thought alone forbade
  Your stout progenitor to squirm
Through all the months the Huns essayed
  To pink his epiderm—
The thought that you, through what he'd done,
Might find a better world, my son.

Now must you do your bit for me,
  For, guided by the sage's lore,
I mean to barter progeny
  With Brown, the man next door,
And educate in place of you
Bertram, his brazen-lunged Yahoo.

Too long, too long have I been banned
  From giving what he's been denied,
The checkings of a chiding hand,
  Impartially applied,
But now he's going to get it, Hec
(Though not exactly in the neck).

Exile from your ancestral hut
  At first may fill your soul with pain;
If so, this filial thought should cut
  Your tears off at the main:
The hours he spends across my knee
Will mean a better world for me.

It happened in Ireland.

"Mr. —— held that purchased meat would be better than that supplied by contractors, who were not saints. He knew of one case where cattle were actually killed after they died."—*Irish Times.*

"The following has been issued by the Sinn Fein Executive:—

'At the weekly meeting of the Executive it was unanimously decided to appeal to the subscribers to the Mansion House Anti-Subscription Fund."—*Irish Times.*

"This enabled him [Mr. Bottomley] to provide a sum sufficient to yap the other shareholders 12. in the pound."—*Evening Paper.*

We always thought him a bit of a dog.

THE BLANKET ASTRAY.

Now that most of us are on the point of escaping into civil life, the relentless department to whom the W.O. entrusted the stewardship of Army blankets is calling us to strict account as to our dealings with these articles.

Between us and freedom rise the accusing phantoms of blankets we signed for and failed to return, blankets we misused as carpets, curtains and table-cloths. The bright dawn of the new era is overcast by their threatening shadow.

The A.A.L.R.B.G.S.—Acting-Assistant Local Recorder of Blankets General Service, a very important Hat indeed—some time last winter paid us a visit and went away without complaint. We had specialised in cherishing Blankets G.S. For fear of loss or damage none had been issued for use, and the enthusiasm of all ranks was so warm that the men were glad to sleep without them, if only they might go and see for themselves the full tally of blankets folded correctly to a hair's-breadth and piled irreproachably and unapproachably in the stores.

Then, three days ago, arrived a chit asking us to explain a curt quotation from the report of the A.A.L.R.B.G.S., to the effect that

"*There was a blanket on the table in the store.*"

By a civilian this might be interpreted as a word of praise for our care of the table or for the comfortable *tout ensemble* of the Quartermaster-Sergeant's treasure-house; but we know better. We read it with the sensations of a householder who, after the call of a Scotland Yard official, should be invited to explain, in an otherwise satisfactory account of his visit, the sentence—

"*There was a corpse in the boot cupboard.*"

It suggested criticism, suspicion, disapproval. In his dilemma the O.C. replied as follows:—

"Owing to the fact that, in view of the paper scarcity, the keeping of Individual History Sheets for the Blankets under my command was discontinued early in the War, I have found it difficult to collect evidence. I beg, however, to submit the likeliest explanations that offer.

"(1) Possibly the blanket was placed on the table, folded and compressed beneath the weight of the various utensils, literature and stationery necessary to the functioning of a B.Q.M.S., in order that the correct regimental wrinkles, as laid down in the various handbooks, might be made and maintained; the blanket to be used as a model at lectures to young soldiers on the care of equipment.

"(2) The distance between the Main Blanket Dump and the table under suspicion is only four feet. It is in the experience of all familiar with conditions in the Field that blankets with long service frequently develop extreme activity. I beg to suggest that the blanket in question may have absented itself without leave from the main dump and proceeded as far as the table by its own locomotive power.

"(3) About the date of the inspection the name of an N.C.O. was submitted with a recommendation for the O.B.E., but was withdrawn on compassionate grounds. I cannot trust my memory, but possibly the justification of this recommendation was the N.C.O.'s zealous care of the property of H.M. THE KING, in that he sacrificed his own blanket for the welfare of the table." (On paper, of course, our blankets are issued in the normal way.) "The weather at the time was inclement, either (*a*) wet and dirty or (*b*) extremely cold. The N.C.O. was determined that this table should be protected from the deleterious effects of (*a*) moisture likely to result from the vicinity of the Q.M.S., damp from out-door duties or (*b*) very low temperature, which is known to injure such articles of furniture.

"(4) The blanket may have been known to be likely to try to escape from custody, and have been placed conspicuously on the table so as to be directly under the observation of the Q.M.S.

"(5) The table may have intended illegally to absent itself without leave, and have concealed itself beneath the accused blanket in the hope of eluding the vigilance of the sentries, disguised as a civilian table, *i.e.* covered with a table-cloth. This theory is unlikely, the table bearing an excellent character and never having been known to attempt desertion or be in any way guilty of conduct contrary to good order and military discipline.

"(6) The Storeman—now demobilised and dispersed—may have committed the irregularity suggested, with the idea of increasing the amenity of the stores during the inspection, as a humble compliment to the A.A.L.R.B.G.S.

"(7) No. 55,442, Procter, Mary, a member of the Q.M.A.A.C., may be correct in her statement that the article described as a 'blanket' was not a blanket, but a rug, travelling. She says she is 'in a position to know this,' as the article is her own property, and supports the claim by demonstrating the presence of her initials embroidered across one corner.

"I await your reply."

And so we all do.

VICTRIX.

HERE 's a lady come to town
  Puts us all to shame;
Walking in with noiseless feet,
Very light and very fleet,
  Over-night she came.
Not a beauty in the land,
  Though she knew no peer
Both for comeliness and grace,
But must take a second place—
  The snow is here.

Never monarch wore, I swear,
  Such a radiant dress;
All the whitenesses we prize
Suddenly before our eyes
  Turn to dinginess.
Gone are all the shining joys
  That we held so dear;
Linens, marbles, gleaming plumes
We must hide in shadowed glooms—
  The snow is here.

Veil your brows, you pretty maids,
  With your falling curls;
Should you venture forth to-day
Tuck your milky throats away,
  Cover up your pearls.
Naught shall match your loveliness
  Later in the year
(Who so foolish as to dare
Say the lily is more fair?)
  But—the snow is here. R. F.

A MASTER OF GROTESQUE.

THE Leicester Galleries for laughter just now! For the walls of the inner room are hung with drawings by Mr. H. M. BATEMAN, not a few of which—such as "The Leave Wangler," and "The Man who Clung to the Railings," and "The Infectious Hornpipe"—have already rejoiced the readers of *Punch*.

Mr. BATEMAN's appeal is double, for, having enjoyed his broad or subtle farce and his keen satirical observations, one may turn to the admiration of his technique, or *vice versâ*. He did not invent the idea of the humorous sequence—the accumulative pictorial comedy; CARAN D'ACHE had come before, and before CARAN D'ACHE was WILHELM BUSCH, the German; but he has made it his own to-day. Some of his series are irresistible. As a delineator of types, accurate beneath the caricature, he is deadly; particularly, perhaps, when he turns his attention to the Senior Service. But his Brigadiers and his Clubmen are also always within an ace of being identifiable.

For anyone in the dumps Mr. Punch prescribes a speedy visit to the Leicester Galleries.

Our Plutocratic Clergy.

"Curate wanted. £22. 2 churches. E.P."
Church Times.



Mabel (to newly-married sister). "YOU DON'T MIND ME STILL CALLING YOU 'SYBIL,' DO YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY is a most deceptive writer. He lures a reader on by a display of gentleness and smoothness and moderation, and then turns on him and makes it plain that he is really a most provocative fellow and is engaged in matching his mind against yours. He tries to commit you to some such statement as this: "The allegiance of the workman in time of peace is not rendered to the State, but to himself and his own class." Or this: "I think editors, journalists, old gentlemen and women will be brutalised [by the War] in larger numbers than our soldiers." Or this: "This is at once a spiritual link with America and yet one of the great barriers to friendship between the two peoples. We are not sure whether we are better men than Americans." Or this: "My mind is open, and when one says that, one generally means that it is shut." Disconcerting, very, and all to be found in *Another Sheaf* (HEINEMANN). Mr. GALSWORTHY'S chief object in his little book is to arouse us to the disgrace and destruction of our State and race if we continue to allow ourselves to be fed, not by our own resources, but by alien corn and meat, which may so easily become hostile corn and meat. Incidentally Mr. GALSWORTHY finds that we are in the mass far too ugly. For instance, how few of us have chiselled nostrils! We ought not to eat so much pure white flour.

On the second page of *The Secret City* (MACMILLAN) Mr. HUGH WALPOLE (or, to be meticulously correct, *Durward*, into whose mouth the story is put) says that "there is no Russian alive for whom this book can have any kind of value except as a happy example of the mistakes that the Englishman can make about the Russian." Well, after finishing the book, which is in some ways a sequel to *The Dark Forest*, I felt so very disinclined to believe this statement that I consulted a Russian, who is very much alive, and received the opinion that, if Mr. WALPOLE has not succeeded in drawing the real average Russian, he has given us a type whose faults and virtues sound the keynote of the situation as it is to-day. Such an opinion is worth a thousand times more than any judgment of mine, and I am glad of the opportunity to record it. From a literary point of view it seems to me that Mr. WALPOLE, in allowing *Durward* to tell the tale, has created innumerable difficulties for himself—difficulties which to a great extent have been cleverly overcome, but which nevertheless make the story wobble dangerously and once or twice threaten it with devastation. To me, however, the interest never really flagged, for granted that one has a sympathy with Russia one feels acutely what Mr. WALPOLE is aiming at and how wonderfully he succeeds. It is not difficult to find faults: to complain, for instance, that a strong man like *Semyonov* would not have taken such elaborate measures to get himself killed; but these points are trivial in a book which is not to be read so much for its story as for its idea. And the idea is great.

Rollo Johnson was incautious enough to be born the natural son of a peer. This fact caused just sufficient complications to keep MARY L. PENDERED'S latest story, *The Silent Battlefield* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), from any threat of stagnation while she was developing the theme that really intrigued her. This was the struggle between increasing wealth and early-acquired Socialism as it arose in the mind of a hero working his way up from poverty to millionairedom, a seat in the House and the opportunity of hobnobbing with lords, suffragettes and other notables. When I say that the two sides of the Socialist case are pre-

sented with rather uncommon fairness you may think that is only because my own particular creed is upheld; but really and truly I was frowning quite as much as purring while the silent battle proceeded, and the end is neutral enough to bring despair to all true believers. Lest you should suppose the book all made up of election addresses I hasten to add that, in the quiet and thoughtful way one expects of the author, the story is a good one, the pictures of a small country town are true to life, and the characters without exception real creatures of flesh and blood. Remembering the puppets that so often have been made to represent their country in a political novel, this is saying more than a little, and if it is true that, among the ladies of the cast, one still finds those the most attractive who have no pronounced opinions to speak or vote about, no doubt this is just old prejudice, and, anyway, the book is one that can be heartily commended.

The scene of *In Happy Valley* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is laid spiritually, if not strictly geographically, in that part of the continent of America which everybody who has gone to a cinema, hoping against hope, knows so well. I mean the country where people have "shooting irons" and use them on the slightest provocation to insist that other people shall carry their hands at an absurd and wearisome elevation, and all the men wear fringy trousers, and all the women shawls, save the heroine, who has to be suitably arrayed for the performance of athletic feats. I admit that I didn't feel quite at home *In Happy Valley*, because I missed the sheriff and his posse, and nobody held up the stage-coach; still the young doctor and the school teacher and the ladies at the mission did their best for me, and I found it a great help to know the language, an attainment of which I am justifiably a little vain, for not everyone could translate at sight to "thud" the road or "shoot up" a Christmas party. Mr. JOHN FOX, Junr., has not placed his largest strawberries —and some of them are quite nice ones—at the top of the basket. His first story did not attract me as much as others further on, such as, for instance, that excellently humorous one, "The Angel from Viper," though here and in other places a lady called *St. Hilda*, obviously not she of Whitby, confused me a little. I fancy that we were supposed to have made her acquaintance in some previous book. But my real quarrel with Mr. Fox is that he has only given walking-on parts to the actors who do best when such tales are told upon the screen—I mean the horses.

When it is granted that books on flying by fliers have at present a peculiar fascination, the fact still remains that what I will call The Library of Aviation has usually been remarkably fortunate in its contributors. *Cavalry of the Air* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL) is the last flying work which it has been my good fortune to read, and the only conceivable reason for finding fault with it is that "FLIGHT COMMANDER" occasionally becomes a little facetious. But when that small complaint is made I have nothing left except praise. The author was first of all an Observer—or, as he calls it, a "Shock Absorber"—in France, and he describes his life so that we groundlings may understand and sympathise with every phase of it. Especially I like the way in which he pays tribute to the infantry. In the second part of his book he tells us of his training as a pilot; and here he gives information which deserves to be most thoroughly studied. The illustrations by Mr. GEOFFREY WATSON add to the charm of this attractive volume. Of another contribution to the literature of the air which lies before me I cannot speak so well. Lieut.-Colonel CURTIES has an inventive mind, and in *Blake of the R.F.C.* (SKEFFINGTON) he uses it unsparingly. But although I am ready to believe almost anything in a book of this kind, I am bound to confess that I found myself bewildered by this breathless romance. Indeed the pace is so hot at the outset that even the author seems to have lost control of it. If, however, you are craving for excitement you will find it here. The scene is laid in Cairo, and we all know that funny things happen in that city. Not the least funny thing that happened to the characters in this story was the careless ease with which they drank whisky-and-soda. But this—let me warn you—happened nearly two years ago.



TRUE POLITENESS.

WARMING THE HAND BEFORE GREETING—— ——A POOR RELATION ON A COLD DAY.

Unique Exploit of a Lady-Voter.

"I felt a very proud woman when I walked into the ballot-box, for the first time, and cast my vote. And it took me 4½ hours to get there and back."—*Local Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE report that demobilisation will be completed by March 31st is now officially denied. There would appear to be something in the rumour that the Demobilisation Staff have expressed the hope of dying in harness.

* * *

It is stated that Woolwich Arsenal is preparing to manufacture ice-cream freezers. People are wondering if it was the weather that gave them this happy thought.

* * *

The German ex-Crown Prince is so determined that the Allies shall not place him on trial that he now threatens to commit suicide or die in the attempt.

* * *

"There are things we want to get rid of," says "BACK BENCHER" in *The Daily Mail*. The rumour that Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, M.P., has already demanded an apology is unconfirmed.

* * *

Soldier-golfers, says a sporting writer, are already urging the introduction of fresh features into the game. A new method of addressing the ball, introduced from Mesopotamia, is said to be most efficacious.

* * *

With reference to the North of England man who has decided not to strike, we now learn that he happens to be out of work just at present.

* * *

ISAAC DENBIGH, of Chicago, is, we are told, one-hundred-and-thirteen years of age. He must try again. We expect better things than this from America.

* * *

Statesmen, says Sir WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A., are poor sitters. The impulse to rush out and cackle has probably something to do with it.

* * *

It is said that a soldier in the Lancashire Fusiliers decided, on being demobilised, to accept a standard civilian suit instead of the usual gratuity. The Sergeant-Major in charge of the case lies in a critical condition.

* * *

Sand-gleaners at Ramsgate are making money from bags of sugar washed ashore. This answers the oft-propounded question, "How do grocers spend their week-ends?"

Another hold-up by American soldiers has occurred in Liverpool. In view of the magnitude of our debt to the United States it is felt that this method of collecting it in instalments is bound to prove unsatisfactory.

* * *

"Humour and love," says a contemporary, "are what will pay the average writer best at the moment." It is not known whether Labour or the Peace Conference has done most to send up the price of these luxuries.

* * *

Officials of the Waiters' Union are perturbed over the rumour that restaurant *habitués* are preparing to strike in favour of a fifty per cent. reduction in tips.

* * *

Several of our leading magistrates declare that unless some High Court judge asks, "What is beer?" they will be compelled to do it themselves.

* * *

A St. Bernard dog belonging to a New York hotel-keeper perished after swallowing a bundle of dollar notes. It is said that the deceased died worth sixty-five pounds.

* * *

One explanation for the many daylight robberies committed recently in London is that several of our better-class burglars object to breaking into people's houses like thieves in the night.

* * *

Because a Highgate lodger refused to pay his rent, the landlady wrote asking his wife to come and fetch him away. If he is not claimed in three days he will be sold to defray expenses.

* * *

Only a person with a perfectly healthy skin, says a contemporary, can afford to face the keen winds without taking precaution. If you have any doubts about your skin the best thing is to leave it at home on the hat-rack.

* * *

At a football match at South Hindley last week the referee was struck in the mouth and severely injured by one of the backs, after ordering three other players off the field for fighting. This, we understand, was one of the first fixtures to be brought off under the auspices of the Brighter Football League.

* * *

The L.C.C. are said to be formulating a plan to meet the rush for trains on the Underground. Personally we always try to avoid it.

* * *

A medical journal refers to a new method of raising blisters by hypnotic suggestion. This is said to be an improvement on the old East End system of developing black eyes by back-answering.

* * *

A defendant told the Tower Bridge magistrate that he only took whisky when he had a cold. It must be hard work for him to resist sitting by an open window this weather.

* * *

A gold vase, said to have been stolen from Assyria 2478 years ago, has just been found in a sarcophagus at Cairo. We understand that the local police have been instructed to take action.

* * *

The typist who, as reported in these columns last week, fell out of a moving train on the Isle of Wight Railway and had quite a lot to say to the guard when she overtook the train, is now understood to have been told she could keep on walking if she liked. However, as her people were not expecting her until the train arrived, she again entered the carriage from which she had fallen.

* * *

Russian soldiers are now permitted to smoke in the streets and to travel in railway carriages. Later on it is hoped that the privilege of dying a natural death may be extended to them.



House-agent's Clerk (to gentleman hunting for a flat). "NOW THEN, BE OFF WITH YOU. WE NEVER BUY ANYTHING FROM ITINERANTS."

THE CAM OFFENSIVE.

ONCE more on Barnwell's fetid ooze,
Neglected these long years of slaughter,
In stolid tubs the Lenten crews
Go forth to flog the same old water.

Fresh from the Somme's resilient phase,
From Flanders slime and bomb-proof burrows,
Much as we did in ancient days
They smite the Cam's repellent furrows.

Their coaches sit the old, old gees,
But with a manner something larger,
As warriors who between their knees
Have learned to steer the bounding charger.

Unchanged their language, rude and firm,
Save where a khaki note is sounded,
And here and there a towpath term
With military tags confounded.

"Get forward! Are you ready? Quick—
March!" "Get a move on! Keep it breezy!"
"Two, mind the step!" "Swing out and kick!"
"Halt! Sit at—ease! Ground—oars! Sit easy!"

"The dressing's bad all down the line."
"Eyes on your front rank's shoulders, Seven!
Don't watch the Cam—it's not the Rhine—
Or gaze for Gothas up in heaven!"

"I want to hear your rowlocks ring
Like a good volley, all together."
"Hands up (or 'Kamerad') as you swing
Straight from the hips. Don't sky your feather,

As if I'd given the word, 'High Port'!"
"Five, I admit your martial charms, Sir,
But now you're on a rowing-thwart,
So use your legs and not your arms, Sir!"

"Six, you've a rotten seat, my son;
Don't trust your stirrups; grip the saddle!"
"Squad—properly at ease! Squad—'shun!
Get forward! By the centre—paddle!" O. S.

CAST.

THE auctioneer glanced at his book. "Number 29," he said, "black mare, aged, blind in near eye, otherwise sound."

The cold rain and the biting north-east wind did not add to the appearance of Number 29, as she stood, dejected, listless, with head drooping, in the centre of the farmers and horse-dealers who were attending the sale of cast Army horses. She looked as though she realised that her day had waned, and that the bright steel work, the soft well-greased leather, the snowy head-rope and the shining curb were to be put aside for less noble trappings.

She had a curiously shaped white blaze, and I think it was that, added to the description of her blindness, which stirred my memory within me. I closed my eyes for a second and it all came back to me, the gun stuck in the mud, the men straining at the wheels, the shells bursting, the reek of high explosive, the two leaders lying dead on the road, and, above all, two gallant horses doing the work of four and pulling till you'd think their hearts would burst.

I stepped forward and, looking closer at the mare's neck, found what I had expected, a great scar. That settled it. I approached the auctioneer and asked permission to speak to the crowd for a few moments.

"Well," said he, "I'm supposed to do the talking here, you know."

"It won't do you any harm," I pleaded, "and it will give me a chance to pay off a big debt."

"Right," he said, smiling; "carry on."

"Gentlemen," I said, "about this time a year ago I was commanding a battery in France. It was during the bad days, and we were falling back with the Hun pressing hard upon us. My guns had been firing all the morning from a sunken road, when we got orders to limber up and get back to a rear position. We hadn't had a bad time till then, a few odd shells, but nothing that was meant especially for our benefit. And then, just as we were getting away, they spotted us, and a battery opened on us good and strong. By a mixture of good luck and great effort we'd got all the guns away but one, when a shell landed just in front of the leaders and knocked them both out with their driver; at the same time the gun was jerked off the road into a muddy ditch. Almost simultaneously another shell killed one of the wheelers, and there we were with one horse left to get the gun out of the ditch and along a road that was almost as bad as the ditch itself.

"It looked hopeless, and it was on the tip of my tongue to give orders to abandon the gun, when suddenly out of the blue there appeared on the bank above us a horse, looking unconcernedly down at us.

"In those days loose horses were straying all over the country, and I took this to be one from another battery which had come to us for company.

"I turned to one of the men. 'Catch that mare quick.'

"In a few minutes we had the harness off the dead wheeler and on the new-comer. Pull? Gentlemen, if you could have seen those two horses pull!

"We'd just got a move on the gun when another shell came and seemed to burst right on top of the strange mare. I heard a terrified squeal, and through the smoke I saw her stagger and with a mighty effort recover herself. I ran round and saw she'd been badly hit over the eye and had a great tearing gash in the neck. We never thought she could go on, but she pulled away just the same, with the blood pouring off her, till finally we got the gun out and down the road to safety.

"I got knocked out a few minutes later, and from that day to this I've often wondered what had happened to the mare that had served us so gallantly. I know now. There she stands before you. I'd know her out of a thousand by the white blaze; and if there was a doubt there's her blind eye and the scar on her neck.

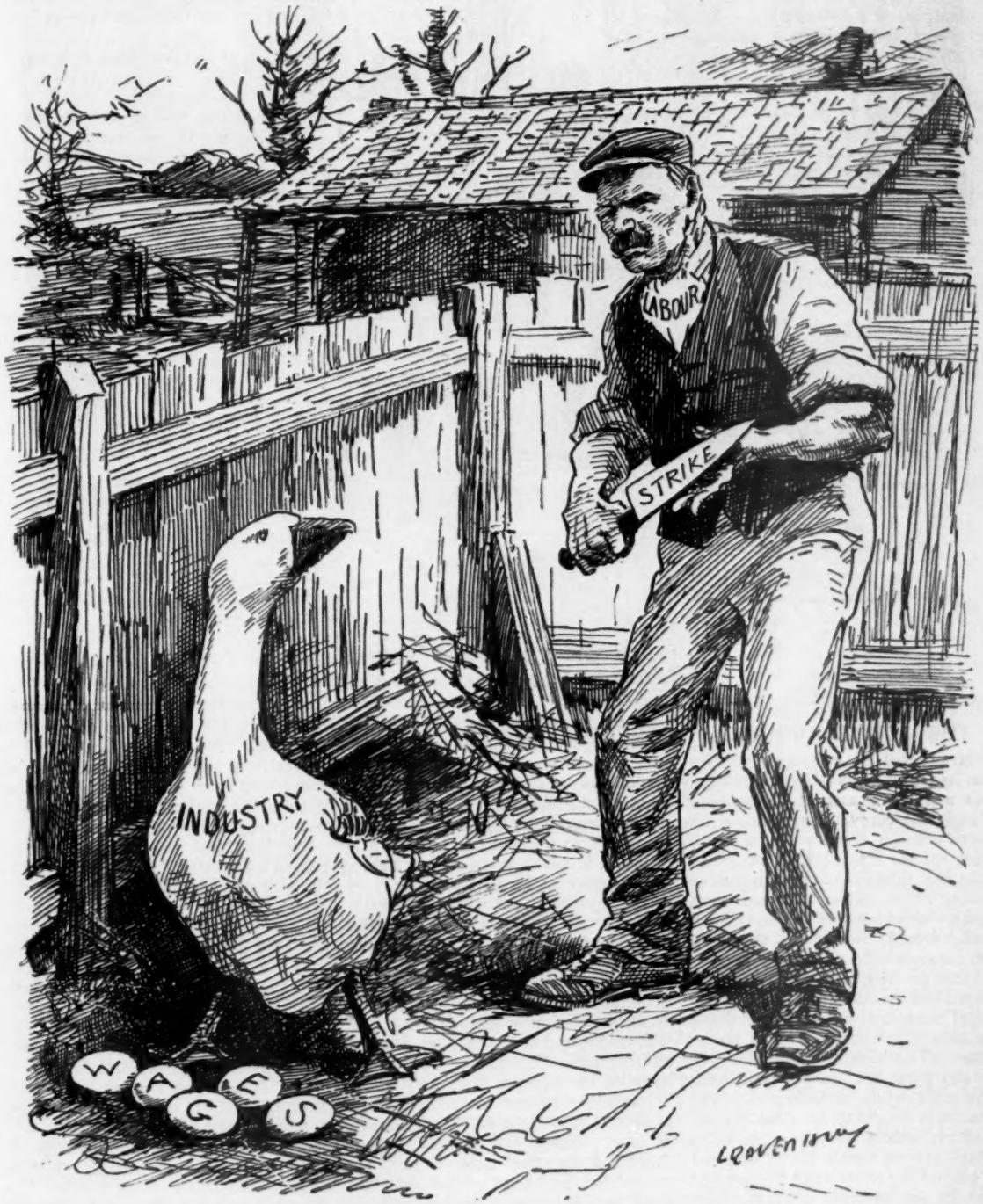
"That's all, gentlemen; but I'm going to ask the man who buys her to remember her story and to see that her last days are not too hard."

She fell at a good price to a splendid type of West Country farmer, and the auctioneer whispered to me, "I'm glad old Carey's got her. There's not a man in the county keeps his horses better."

"Old Carey" came up to me as we were moving off. "I had a son in France," he said, "in the gunners, too, but he hadn't the luck of the old mare"—he hesitated a moment and his old eyes looked steadily into mine—"for he'll never come back. The mare'll be all right, Sir," he went on as he walked off, "easy work and full rations. I reckon she's earned them."

"The bride was given away by her grandfather who was dressed in Liberty satin in empire style, with hanging sleeves of chiffon."
Provincial Paper.

He must have looked a sweet old dear.



THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

The Bird. "HAVE YOU REALISED, MY GOOD SIR, THAT IF YOU PROCEED TO EXTREMES WITH THAT WEAPON MY AURIFEROUS ACTIVITIES MUST INEVITABLY CEASE?"



ECHO OF THE TUBE STRIKE.

"TAKE YER UP TO THE CITY FOR 'ALF-A-QUID, GUV'NOR."

THE ACUTE ANGLER.

THE Colonel of our Reserve Battalion has an almost unique reputation as an angler. Scattered elements of the regiment carry his piscatorial heroics to obscure corners of the earth. Majors on the Pushti Kuli range recount the episode of the ingenuous troutling which, having apparently conceived a violent passion for the Colonel, literally forced itself upon the hook seven times within a short afternoon. Captains on the Sultanitza Planina rehearse the epic incidents of how the Colonel snatched victory from defeat after pursuing for three miles an infuriated pike which had wrenched the very rod from his grasp. Subalterns in the chill wilds of Cologne, adding picturesque details to an already artistic story, relate how he hooked a mighty veteran carp near Windsor, and played it for nine full hours (with a rest of ten minutes after the first, and five after each successive hour); how, under a full moon, he eventually grounded it on the Blackfriars' mud and beached it with a last effort; how they lay panting side by side for a space, and how, finally, with the courtesy due to an honourable foe from a gallant victor, he forced neat brandy down its throat and returned it to its domain in a slightly inebriated but wholly grateful condition.

Consequently the Colonel's announcement that in view of the armistice he intended to spend three days in fishing the waters of a friend's estate was received by the Mess with lively satisfaction. An overwhelming fish diet was deprecated, but it was generally held that the honour of the regiment was in some way involved, and the Major felt it his duty to escort his senior officer on an expedition of such gravity.

It transpired that the first day was unfortunate. The Colonel was silently impolite throughout Mess and retired immediately afterwards. The Major explained that the conditions had been adverse. The punt leaked at the end depressed by the Colonel and the ground-bait had been left behind. The wind was fierce and cutting, and the brandlings had been upset into the luncheon-basket. In addition the Colonel's reel had escaped into the river and had declined to give itself up until the whole length of line had been hauled in; and, in leaning over the side to reclaim it, his gold fountain-pen had vanished. Five hooks had failed to return from the deep and two were left suspended from inaccessible branches. Also in the Major's opinion there was not a single fish in the river.

By breakfast the Colonel had regained his spirits. He commented on the lack of support given him by the Major, and in his place invited the Adjutant on the ground that he was probably less clumsy. He remarked that the offensive had not yet opened and that the previous day had been mainly devoted to a thorough reconnaissance of the whole sector. He had reason to believe that the enemy was present in considerable force.

The second day proved equally unfortunate. The Colonel took his dinner in private, and the Mess orderly, who had dismally cut the two of clubs in the kitchen, returned from his ministrations a complete nervous wreck. The Adjutant explained that misfortune had followed misfortune. They had barely settled down midstream, and he was in the act of extracting a hook from the Colonel's finger with his jack-knife, when the punt broke from its moorings and carried them half-a-mile down-

stream. It was uncanny how the craft had contrived to navigate four bends without giving an opportunity of landing. In the afternoon they had fished from the bank, and the Colonel had fallen asleep while the Adjutant mounted guard. The Adjutant protested that it was not his fault that the float suddenly disappeared, or that the Colonel, on being vigorously awakened by him, struck so violently at what proved to be a dead branch that he lost his footing and tobogganned heavily into the river, and was compelled to waste three hours in the neighbouring hostelry taking precautions against a chill.

At breakfast next morning the Colonel intimated that on this his last day he would go unaccompanied. With one eye on the Major and the other on the Adjutant, he passed a few remarks on the *finesse* of fishing. The element of surprise should be the basis of attack. Precision and absolute secrecy in the carrying out of preliminary operations was vital. Every trick and every device of camouflage should be brought into play. There should be no violent preliminary bombardment of ground-bait to alarm the hostile forces, but the sector should be unostentatiously registered on the preceding night. The enemy's first realisation of attack should be at that moment when resistance was futile—though for his part he preferred a foe that would fight to the fish-basket, as it were. He thought the weather was vastly improved and admitted that his hopes were high.

In the evening the Colonel positively swaggered into Mess. He radiated good fellowship and even bandied witticisms with the junior subaltern in an admirable spirit of give-and-take. He had enjoyed excellent sport. Later, in the ante-room, he delivered a useful little homily on the surmounting of obstacles, on patience, on presence of mind and on nerve, copiously illustrated from a day's triumph that will resound on the Murman coast as the unconditional surrender of the intimidated roach. He described how he had cunningly outmanœuvred the patrols, defeated the vigilance of the pickets, pierced the line of resistance, launched a surprise attack on the main body, and spread panic in the hearts of the hostile legions.

Unhappily for us, common decency, he said, had forced him to present his catch to his friend.

"WANTED, to kill time whilst waiting demobilisation, an old gun, rifle, or pistol."
Morning Paper.

Now we know why Time flies.



Barber (carried away by his reminiscences). "AND WHEN HE'D LOOPED THE LOOP HE DID A NOSE-DIVE THAT FAIRLY TOOK YOUR BREATH AWAY."

THE TWOPENNY BIN.

IT was called *Greatheart;* or, *Samuel's Sentimental Side;* and I think you will agree that it was a lot of title for twopence. Day after day, as I fumbled among the old books in the Twopenny Bin of the little secondhand bookseller's shop, that volume would wriggle itself forward and worm its way into my hands; and I would clench my teeth and thrust it to the remotest depths of the box.

Then it haunted me. All day in my room I could hear *Greatheart;* or, *Samuel's Sentimental Side* calling out to me, "How would you like to be in the Twopenny Bin?"

I began to grow sentimental myself, and to handle those unconsidered trifles with tenderness. For you never know; I might be in the Twopenny Bin myself some day; might be picked up, just glanced at and shifted back into the corner out of sight.

Yesterday *Greatheart* again found himself in my hands, and I looked to see the date of his entry upon the world. I reflected on his sixty years of life, on the many happy fireside hours that had been spent in his company, on the gentle solace he had furnished to lesser hearts.

I had decided what to do. There were few people about; the bookseller was not looking, and, if offence it was, well, I could fall back on the mercy of those who would judge.

I leaned forward and tenderly deposited him in the Fourpenny Bin.



The Visitor. "BY JOVE, PERSEUS, I NEVER KNEW YOU WENT IN FOR SCULPTURE. GOOD STUFF, TOO, BUT A TRIFLE REALISTIC."
Perseus. "OH, JUST A HOBBY. BUT, BETWEEN OURSELVES, IT'S THE MEDUSA'S HEAD THAT DOES IT. TURNS PEOPLE INTO STONE, AND THERE YOU ARE."

TO A DEAR DEPARTED.

["Georgina," the largest of the giant tortoises at the Zoo, has died. She was believed to be about two hundred and fifty years old.]

WINDS blow cold and the rain, Georgina,
Beats and gurgles on roof and pane;
Over the Gardens that once were green a
Shadow stoops and is gone again;
Only a sob in the wild swine's squeal,
Only the bark of the plunging seal,
Only the laugh of the striped hyæna
Muffled with poignant pain.

Long ago, in the mad glad May days,
Woo'd I one who was with us still;
Bade him wake to the world's blithe heydays,
Leap in joyance and eat his fill;
Sang I, sweet as the bright-billed ousel, a
Pæan of praise for thy pal, Methuselah.
Ah! he too in the Winter's grey days
Died of the usual chill.

He was old when the Reaper beckoned,
Ripe for the paying of Nature's debt;
Forty score—if he 'd lived a second—
Years had flown, but he lingered yet;
But you had gladdened this vale of tears
For a bare two hundred and fifty years;
You, Georgina, we always reckoned
One of the younger set.

Winter's cold and the influenza
Wreaked and ravaged the ranks among;
Bills that babbled a gay cadenza,
Snouts that snuffled and claws that clung—
Now they whistle and root and run
In Happy Valleys beyond the sun;
Never back to the ponds and pens a
Sigh of regret is flung.

Flaming parrots and pink flamingoes,
Birds of Paradise, frail as fair;
Monkeys talking a hundred lingoes,
Ring-tailed lemur and Polar bear—
Somehow our grief was not profound
When they passed to the Happy Hunting Ground;
Deer and ducks and yellow dog dingoes
Croaked, but we did not care.

But you—ah, you were our pride, our treasure,
Care-free child of a kingly race.
Undemonstrative? Yes, in a measure,
But every movement replete with grace.
Whiles we mocked at the monkeys' tricks
Or pored apart on the apteryx;
These could yield but a passing pleasure;
Yours was the primal place.

How our little ones' hearts would flutter
When your intelligent eye peeped out,
Saying as plainly as words could utter,
"Hurry up with that Brussels-sprout!"
How we chortled with simple joy
When you bit that impudent errand-boy;
"That 'll teach him," we heard you mutter,
"Whether I 've got the gout."

Fairest, rarest in all the Zoo, you
Bound us tight in affection's bond;
Now you 're gone from the friends that knew you,
Wails the whaup in the Waders' Pond;
Wails the whaup and the seamews keen a
Song of sorrow; but you, Georgina,
Frisk for ever where warm winds woo you,
There, in the Great Beyond.

ALGOL.



TECHNICALITIES OF DEMOBILISATION.

Officer. "WHAT ARE THESE MEN'S TRADES OR CALLINGS, SERGEANT?" *Sergeant.* "SLOSHER, SLABBER AND WUZZER, SIR."

A CONTRA APPRECIATION.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE has recently contributed a remarkably outspoken criticism of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE by way of "send-off" to his latest journal, *The New Illustrated*. The following extracts from an article about to appear in *The Pacific Monthly*, kindly communicated to us by wireless, seem to indicate that the PREMIER is indisposed to take it lying down:—

"In a letter recently published without my authority I said that I was unable to control or influence him. This was true at the time and remains true now. Time and again have efforts been made to harness his energies to the State, but they have never succeeded. The responsibilities of office are irksome to his imperious temperament. There is something almost tragic in a figure, equipped with the qualities of an hereditary autocrat, endeavouring to accommodate himself to the needs of a democracy. The spectacle of this purple Emperor of the Press, with his ear constantly glued to the ground, is not wanting in pathos. With him the idols of yesterday are the pet aversions of to-day. He denounces me as 'a political chameleon, taking on the colour of those who at the moment happen to be his associates.' But what are you to say of a man who clamours for a saviour of the situation and then turns him into a cock-shy; of a Napoleon who is continually retiring to Elba when things are not going as he likes; of a politician who claims the privileges but refuses the duties of a Dictator?

"It is obvious that he is still labouring under the hallucination that the War was a duel between him and the KAISER; that he 'downed' his antagonist single-handed, and that the prospects of a stable peace have been shattered by my failure to include him among the British Peace Delegates. So, all in a moment, the 'Welsh Wizard' is converted into the miserable creature of the Tory Junkers—a man without 'high moral courage,' 'wide knowledge' or 'large ideas.'

"Personally I have no illusions about my consistency, but I *do* think that here I displayed some moral courage, also some unselfish consideration for CLEMENCEAU and WILSON and others. Just think of the panegyrics that would have been showered upon my head in the Press which he controls if he had been invited to the Table!

"But with all deductions he is a man to be reckoned with, if not counted upon. He is a man of large type—almost of "Pica" type. And sometimes he deviates into sound and just criticism; as for example when he says that I 'depend greatly upon others.' It is true. What is more, I know on whom I can depend; and I have learnt that his support can only be secured on terms which would reduce the PREMIER to the level of one of his minor editors."

Shakspeare will be Pleased.

"CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC.
PROBLEM OF OUTLET TO SEA.
Port at Prague or Dantzig."
Scottish Paper.

". . . Our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia."
The Winter's Tale, III. 3.

"At the Dogger Bank fight, Lion, the flagship of Sir David Beatty, was crippled. Some people say she was torpedoed, almost miraculously, by a Hun destroyer from five miles' range (which version is probably tripe)."
Scottish Paper.

Like so many things that we read in the Press nowadays.

NOUVELLES DE PARIS.

(With acknowledgments to the "Society" Press).

Paris, Feb., 1919.

DEAREST POPPY,—*Que la vie est drôle!* Who was it said that there are two great tragedies in life—not getting what you want, and getting it? I never understood that saying until now. For instance, when I left London most people I knew seemed to have a feverish desire to get to Paris. They were ready to move heaven, earth and the Ministry of Information to obtain the desired passport. They would go to any lengths to prove how necessary their presence is here during the Peace Conference.

And now I find my countrymen over here longing with an equal feverishness to go home again. *Ils s'attristent. Ils s'ennuient.* They have *nostalgie* in its acutest form. It quite goes to my heart to hear the pathetic questions they put to newcomers: "How is London looking? What shows are running now?" And they go on to speak of dear dirty dark London, its beloved fogs, how adorable is the atrocious climate of England, in a way that would bring tears to your eyes. Why *don't* they go back? you ask, *ma chère.* It 's just because they want to be "in at the death" and say they were here when *la paix était signée.*

So these poor exiles continue to sacrifice themselves and drift aimlessly about Paris, making it so full that there 's scarcely room for people like myself—who really *are* on important work here—to breathe.

Imagine! I met Eleanor Dashgood on the Boulevard Haussmann to-day, descending from her car with her two poms yapping at her heels, just as if she were *chez elle.* I really felt like saying something pointed; but, after all, my only comment was, "My dear, what a *strange* lot of people one meets in Paris nowadays!"

"Yes, dearest," she said, "that just occurred to me, too." I 'm wondering now what the creature meant. Believe me, my dear, that woman has illegally wangled a passport out of the authorities by representing herself as her husband's typist—he 's got a diplomatic passport, you know. I inquired if the maid she had brought with her had turned into a typist, too, to say nothing of the poms. The *toupet* of some people!

And, of course, all this unnecessary rabble is helping to make everything *horriblement cher.* The price of things makes one's hair stand on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine. I can assure you that *le moindre petit dîner coûte les yeux de la tête.* Poor Bobbie Lacklands had a *tragic* experience yesterday. He said he quite unthinkingly dropped into that most *recherché* of eating places, Fouquet's, for a snack. With only a modest balance at the bank he ordered a sardine. Then he called for a *filet mignon* and half-a-pint of *vin rouge*—he was always a reckless spendthrift sort of boy, you know. A cup of *café noir* and an apple completed his financial ruin.

But he still declares that they were most awfully decent to him about it. They agreed, with scarcely any trouble, to take all the notes and loose silver he had with him on account. They accepted his securities and are now allowing him to pay off the balance gradually.

Paris is beginning to think of dress once more, or I ought to say undress, for with the skirts short and the sleeves short and the bodice low there isn't *very* much left to write about. I hope these short tight skirts will reach the ankles before they reach England, for I notice the people who have the courage to wear them generally lack the excuse of symmetry.

Figurez-vous! Jenny Bounceley, who considers herself quite a *Parisienne* now she 's got her official *carte d'alimentation*, appeared the other day in a skirt that resembled the *jupe* of a *gamine.* I think it 's disgraceful in one of her age and proportions. If she were simply knock-kneed; but, as Bertie says, she 's knock-ankled as well.

Votre bien dévouée, ANNE.

"RUMANIA REDIDIVUS."

East African Standard.

To judge from the rumours of revolution, this false concord is only too apt.

"Music was supplied and enjoyed by a local orchestra."—*Provincial Paper.*

This phenomenon has frequently been observed; the audience meanwhile continuing its conversation.

"Colonel Sir Rhys Williams, who wore his khaki uniform, moved the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne . . .

It was not the glamour of war, Mr. Rhys Williams continued . . ."—*Evening Standard.*

It is refreshing to come across a case of really rapid demobilisation.

"A message from Vienna states that the Emperor Carl intends to be a candidate in the forthcoming elections for the Australian National Assembly."—*Australian Paper.*

But there is no truth in the rumour that, by way of reprisal, Mr. HUGHES intends to put in for CARL'S vacant throne.

RIME FAIRIES.

LAST night about the country-side
The nimble fairies flew,
And forests on the latticed pane
In quaint devices drew,
The grasses standing straight and tall,
The ferns with curious frond,
And just a peephole left to show
The misty world beyond.

The voices of the murmuring streams
They silenced one by one,
And bound their feet with gleaming chains
So they no more could run;
They hung the icicles about,
And you would laugh to see
Just how they flung the diamonds down
Upon the whole bare tree;
And every little blade of grass
A thing of beauty stood,
And when they 'd finished it was just
Like an enchanted wood.

They paused beside the old barn door;
A spider's web hung there
As fragile as a little dream,
As delicate and fair;
They decked it with a thousand gems
Of oh! such dazzling sheen,
It was the very loveliest thing
That you have ever seen!

The sun from his soft bed of cloud
Came pale and timidly;
He knew if he let loose his rays
The mischief there would be;
He woke the sleeping world to life
With finger-tips of gold,
And up from meadow, wood and stream
The shimmering mists unrolled;
He lit the candles of the dawn
On every bush and tree;
The fairies on their homing wings
Looked back and laughed with glee,
"We 've made a Fairyland for you,
O Mortals, wake and see."

"It is also extremely likely that the Democrats have induced a considerable number of former Centre voters in South Germany to join them."—*Christian World.*

"Domocrats" would seem to be the German equivalent of "Home Rulers."

Extract from a recent novel:—

"She wore under it a white blouse of thin stuff, snowy white . . . the big floppy sleeves gently bellowed in the slight breeze."

It sounds rather a loud dress. Possibly *le dernier cri.*

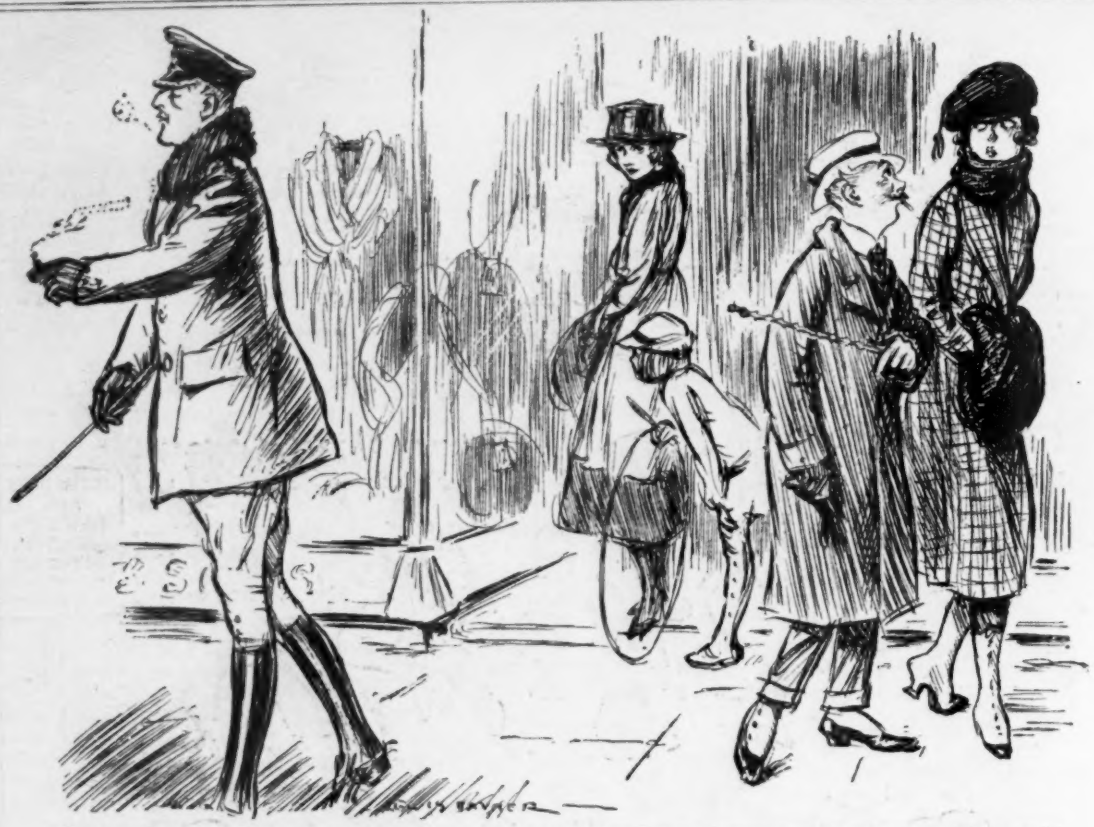
"It is like a red rag to a bull to the 'bus drivers to see those lorries running about picking up members of the public.

We are trying to keep our heads, but our shoulders are bending under the pressure, and presently, I am afraid, we shall collapse and find ourselves in the vortex."—*Daily Paper.*

We should like to see this situation illustrated. Would some Vorticist oblige?



THE MAN WHO GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH.



The Demobilised One. "SEEMS FUNNY TO THINK THAT ONLY LAST WEEK I WAS WALKING ABOUT LOOKING LIKE THAT, EH?"

LITERARY OPTIONS.

IN these days of ever-increasing strikes it is suggested, for the convenience of contributors to those magazines which of necessity go to press some time in advance, that they should submit to editors stories with interchangable situations:—

Algernon Aimless rose { lazily / hastily } from the breakfast-table at { 9 A.M. / 7 A.M. } on a dark winter's morning { in order / in preparation } { to catch the 9.15 to his office in the City. / for his four-mile trudge to the City (Tube strike). }

The { electric lights gleamed with dazzling brilliance / solitary candle shed a dismal light (Electricians' strike) }

on the { well-polished / neglected } china, silver and table cutlery which { were the joy and pride of the admirable parlour-maid. / no servants' hands had touched for weeks (Domestic servants' strike). }

Algernon { had glanced casually at his letters. / had had no letters to read (Postmen's strike). }

As he stood in the { spotlessly kept and charming / dusty discomfort of the dark } hall, arranging his { sleek well-brushed brown hair / long untidy hair (Barbers' strike) } before putting on his hat, Ermyntrude Aimless { glided / bounced } { gracefully down the staircase, clad in a charming / breathlessly up from the basement, wearing an old } { *négligée* of satin and lace. / over-all above her dressing-gown. }

{ "A handkerchief, dearest," she murmured. "I was afraid / "Your sandwiches, old thing," she gasped. "I believe you 'd forgotten { to take one;" / about 'em;" } and she held out in her { white delicately-manicured hand a silk handkerchief / none-too-clean hand an untidy brown-paper parcel which } { of palest mauve, exquisitely scented. / contained his luncheon (Restaurant strike). }

NOTE TO INTENDING AUTHORS.—This is not supposed to be a complete story, but just gives you the idea.

AT PARIS PLAGE.

OFT have I begged the high gods for a boon,
That they would bear me from the Flanders slosh
Back to a desert *not* made by the Bosch,
The sunny Egypt that I left too soon.
O silvery nights beneath an Eastern moon!
O shirt-sleeved days! O small infrequent wash!
O once again to see the nigger "nosh"
The camel, rudely grunting (out of tune)!
Loudly I called; the high gods hearkened not
Till came the signal and the big guns ceased;
But then they brought me to this sea-kissed spot,
Heeded my prayer and gave me back at least
One of the pleasures that of old I knew,
For here once more there 's sand within the stew.



GIVING HIM ROPE?

GERMAN CRIMINAL (*to Allied Police*). "HERE, I SAY, STOP! YOU'RE HURTING ME! [*Aside*] IF I ONLY WHINE ENOUGH I MAY BE ABLE TO WRIGGLE OUT OF THIS YET."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 11th.—The KING'S Speech outlined a programme of legislation which would in the ordinary way occupy two or three Sessions. But the Parliamentary machinery is to be ruthlessly speeded up and "a short cut to the Millennium" is to be discovered by way of the Committee-rooms. Precisians observed with regret that the customary reference in the Speech to "economy" had by some oversight been omitted; and the prospective creation of several additional Departments led Lord CREWE to express apprehension lest the country should be "doped" with new Ministries, to the detriment of the national health.

"Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?" was the question one asked oneself on looking at the crowded benches of the House of Commons. It was said of a Past President of the United States that he was the politest man in America—"he gave up his seat in a street-car and made room for four ladies." The gap made on the Front Opposition Bench by the involuntary retirement of Mr. ASQUITH—to which generous allusion was made by the PRIME MINISTER—is so vast that the joint efforts of Sir DONALD MACLEAN and Mr. ADAMSON to fill it met with only partial success. Unless, by the way, Mr. SPEAKER definitely decides the problem of precedence, it is to be feared that the hoped-for acceleration of business will not occur, for at present each of them thinks it necessary to speak whenever the other does, like the hungry lions on Afric's burning shore. For all their outward politeness I am sure "the first lion thinks the last a bore"; and if they insist on roaring together much longer the House will think it of both of them.

The corner-seat whence Mr. PRINGLE flung his barbed darts at the Government is filled, physically, by Mr. STANTON. Lonely Mr. HOGGE now sits uneasily upon the Front Opposition Bench, but, fearing perhaps lest its dignified traditions should cramp his style, makes frequent visits to the Lobby.

In accordance with ancient custom Sir COURTENAY ILBERT asserted the right of the House to initiate legislation by calling out "Outlawries Bill" in the middle of the SPEAKER'S recital of the Sessional Orders. Some of the new Members, I fancy, took the interruption seriously, and thought that this was the outcome of the "Punish the KAISER" movement.

The Mover and Seconder of the Address fully deserved the customary compliments. Col. Sir RHYS WILLIAMS' quiet and effective style explained his success as a picker-up of recruits; while Lt.-Commander DEAN, V.C., though he faced the House with much more



THE OPPOSITION FREAK.
THE ADAMSON-MACLEAN COMBINATION.

trepidation than he did the batteries of Zeebrugge, got well home at the finish.

The lot of a Labour leader just now is not a happy one. Perhaps that accounted for the querulous tone assumed by Mr. ADAMSON, who seemed more concerned with the omissions in the KING'S Speech than with its contents. His best sayings were imported from America, but he would have done better to content himself with LINCOLN and abjure BRYAN, whose "cross-of-gold" fustian will not bear repetition.

After Sir DONALD MACLEAN had thoughtfully provided a welcome tea interval the PRIME MINISTER rose to reply to his critics. The accusation that he had forgotten some of his recent promises, such as "No Conscription," "Punish the Kaiser," and "Germany must pay," did not trouble him much. If these election-eggs had hatched out prematurely and the contents were coming home to roost at an inconvenient moment he had no time to attend to them. What the country most needs at the moment is a firm clear statement on the Labour troubles, and that is what it got. So far as those troubles are due to remediable causes they shall be remedied; so far as the demands of Labour are based upon class-greed they shall be fought tooth and nail. There were a few dissentient shouts from the Opposition Benches, but the House as a whole was delighted when the PREMIER in ringing tones declared that "no section, however powerful, will be allowed to hold up the whole nation."

Wednesday, February 12th.—The Lords had a brisk little debate on agriculture. Lord LINCOLNSHIRE paid many compliments to Lord ERNLE for what he had accomplished as Mr. PROTHERO, but could not understand why, having exchanged the green benches for the red, he should have reversed his old policy, "scrapped" the agricultural committees and begun to dispose of his tractors. Lord ERNLE, in the measured tones so suitable to the Upper House, made a good defence of the change. The chief thing wanted now was to "clean the land," where noxious weeds, the Bolshevists of the soil, had been spreading with great rapidity. As for the tractors, the Board thought it a good thing that the farmers should possess their own, but would retain in its own hands enough of them to help farmers who could not help themselves—not a large class, I imagine, with produce at its present prices.

In the Commons an hour was spent in discussing the Government's now customary motion to take all the time of the House. Up got Mr. ADAMSON, to denounce it, now the War was over,



SOUTH HACKNEY'S CHAMPION.

as sheer Kaiserism. Up got Sir DONALD MACLEAN to defend it as commonsense, though he induced Mr. BONAR LAW to limit its duration to the end of March. Colonel WEDGWOOD pleaded that private Members might still be allowed to bring in Bills under the Ten Minutes' Rule; but that Parliamentary pundit, Sir F. BANBURY, asserted that there was no such thing in reality as the Ten Minutes' Rule, and pictured the possibility of whole days being swallowed up by a succession of private Members commending their legislative bantlings one after another with the brief explanatory statement permitted on such occasions. Alarmed at the prospect Mr. LAW decided not to admit the thin end of the WEDGWOOD.

The debate on the Address was resumed by Mr. BOTTOMLEY, who had a large audience. During his previous membership, terminated by one of those periodical visits to the Law Courts to which he made humorous reference, he delivered some capital speeches; and it was pleasant to find that the necessity of constantly producing "another powerful article next week" has not caused him to lose his oratorical form. His gestures are slightly reminiscent of the action of the common pump-handle, but his voice is excellent, and his matter has the merit of exactly resembling what our old friend "the Man in the Street" would say in less Parliamentary language. He has no hesitations, for example, on the subject of making Germany pay. By one of those rapid financial calculations for which he is renowned he has arrived at the comfortable figure of ten thousand millions sterling as Britain's little bill; and if you express doubts as to the debtor's capacity to pay he replies that he cannot recall any judge who made an order against him ever prefacing his judgment with an inquiry whether it would be convenient for him to find the money.

Payment in kind is Mr. RONALD MCNEILL's prescription. Let Leipzig library replenish the empty shelves of Louvain and the windows of Cologne make good—so far as German glass can do it—the shattered glories of Rheims.

Mr. CLYNES warned the Government against neglecting the legitimate aspirations of Labour, one of which, he had the courage to affirm, was access to more and better beer. He also sought a clear statement of the Government's policy in Russia. This request was repeated by Sir SAMUEL HOARE, who, having spent a year and a half during the War in that distracted country, declared that "we must decide between Bolshevists and anti-Bolshevists." Unfortunately that is exactly what, according to the PRIME MINISTER's reply, we cannot do. The Allies are not prepared to intervene in force; they cannot leave Russia to stew in her own hell-broth. The proposed Conference is admittedly a *pis-aller;* and, if it ever meets, no one can feel very hopeful of a tangible result from the deliberations of the Prinkipotentiaries.



ELEMENTARY ECONOMICS.

Thursday, February 13th.—Labour unrest produced a capital debate, in which Mr. BRACE, Mr. THOMAS and Mr. SEXTON made excellent speeches on the one side, and Major TRYON, Mr. REMER (an employer and a profit-sharer) and Mr. BONAR LAW were equally effective on the other. Brushing aside minor causes the Leader of the House, in his forthright manner, said the root of the matter was that "Labour wants a larger share of the good things which are to be obtained in this world"—not an unreasonable desire, he indicated, but one which would not be permanently realised by strikes directed against the whole community. Mr. SEDDON, of the National Democratic Party, compressed the same argument into an epigram. If the miners' full demands were conceded they would have "an El Dorado for one minute and disaster the next."

FROST AND THAW.

I WAS earlier than usual that morning, which was bad luck, as I heard Fitz-Jones click his gate behind me and thud after me in his snow-boots. Fitz-Jones and I had a little disagreement, not long ago, about the sole possession of a servant-maid. Since then there has been a coolness. Curiously enough, the hideous frost that raged at the moment (the thermometer stood at twenty-five degrees in the hen-house) seemed to thaw Fitz-Jones. And I knew why.

Last summer Fitz-Jones had spent four torrid days with the thermometer at 75 degrees, winding up his pipes in straw "against" the winter. I had seen his purple face as I hammocked it with an iced drink. He had seen and heard me laugh.

"Ah," he croaked, "you may laugh on the other side of the hedge now, but you'll laugh on the other side of your face later."

So now I knew that he was thudding after me in the snow, bursting to hear that my pipes had burst or were about to burst.

"Hallo, Browne," he began, "how d' you like this?"

"Oh, all right," I said airily. Here I did a wonderful step. Slide on the right heel—hesitation shuffle on the left toe—two half slips sideways. Wave both arms—backward bend. Recover. Jazz-tangle-tickle-toe was nothing to it.

"Slippery, isn't it?" he said. "My flannel was frozen to the wash-stand to-day—had to get it off with a chisel."

I was prepared for these travellers' tales. I knew he was leading up to water-pipes.

"Couldn't get my cold tub," he went on; "frozen solid overnight."

I had heard of this cold tub before.

"My tooth-brush froze on to my teeth," I capped him; "the teapot spout was hung with icicles, and the cat's tongue froze on to the milk when it was drinking."

"How about your pipes?" he began. "Who was right about wrapping?"

"Rapping," I said in well-feigned innocence—"rapping? Who rapped? Rapped on what?"

That set him going.

I gathered when we reached the station there was a strike on. But we found a milk-lorry travelling our way. So Smith had the entire use of my right ear into which to say, "I told

you so," for an hour, while we travelled to the spot on which we win our bread. He had dragged from me the fact that our hot-water tap had also struck. The milk cans clattered. Smith chattered. So did my teeth.

When I got home that night our house seemed to be more handsomely garnished with icicles than any other house I had seen that day.

"Keep the home fires burning!" I said to my wife on entering. "If need be, burn the banisters and the bills and my boot-trees and everything else beginning with a 'b.' Keep us thawed and unburst, or Fitz-Jones will feel he has scored a moral victory; he will strut cross-gartered, with yellow stockings, for the rest of his days."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Evangeline, "but Christabel and I" (Christabel is our general-in-command) "have been cosseting those pipes all day. Been giving them glasses of hot water and dressing them up in all our clothes. The bath-pipe is wearing my new furs and your pyjamas, and I've put your golf stockings on the geyser-pipe. I expect they'll all blow up. Come and look at the hot-water cistern."

The cistern looked dressy in Evangeline's fur coat. I added my silk hat to the geyser's cosy costume and a pair of boots on the bath-taps. But I was told not to be silly, so took them off again.

I suggested that the geyser should go to a fancy-dress ball as "The Winter of our Discontent," but was again told not to be silly.

Two days elapsed. The frost held. Then something happened. Fitz-Jones's lady-help came round at 7.30 A.M. to borrow a drop of water, as they were frozen up.

We lent them several drops, and I breathed again, and continued to breathe, with snorts of derision.

Three days later the thaw came.

As I passed Fitz-Jones's house I was grieved to hear a splashing sound. A cascade of water was spouting from his bathroom window. Fitz-Jones himself was running round and round the house like a madman, flourishing a water-key and trying to find the tap to the main.

I begged him to be calm, to control himself for his wife's sake, for all our sakes. I was most graceful and sympathetic about it.

But with the thaw Fitz-Jones had frozen again.

"Civil Servant requires house."
Local Paper.

On the other hand, many houses just now require a civil servant.



Lady. "YOU COME HERE BEGGING AND SAY YOU ARE NOT EXPECTED TO DO ANY MORE WORK. I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING."

Tramp. "THEN I'VE BEEN MISINFORMED, LIDY. I CERTAINLY 'EARD THAT AFTER THE WAR ENGLAND WAS GOIN' TER BE A BETTER PLACE FER THE LABOURING CLASSES."

PAST AND PRESENT.

(*After* T. HOOD.)

I REMEMBER, I remember
The line where I was borne,
The little platform where the train
Came rushing in at morn;
I used to take a little seat
Upon the little train,
But now before I get at it
It rushes out again.

I remember, I remember
The 'buses red and white,
The corner where they used to stop
And take me home at night;
They never gave a wink at me
And shouted, "Full to-day,"
But now I often wish that one
Would carry me away.

I remember, I remember
The cabs we used to get,
The growler from the "Adam Arms"
(The horse is living yet);
My spirit was impatient then,
That is so meek to-day,
And now I often think that that
Would be the quickest way.

I remember, I remember
The lights against the sky;
I used to think that London would
Be closer by-and-by;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther from the Strand
Than when I was a boy.

A. P. H.

CUE TYPES.

AT the present moment, when the billiard professionals are contesting the palm and Mr. S. H. FRY has re-captured the title of amateur champion seven-and-twenty years after he first won it, there is such interest in the game that a kind of *Guide to Billiard Types* cannot but be of value. Hence the following classification of players who are to be met with in clubs, country-houses or saloons by any ordinary wielders of the cue. Any reader who has ever endeavoured to master what may be called (by way of inversion) the Three Balls Art has power to add to their number.

The player who, as he drops behind in the game, says so often that it is months since he touched a cue that your success is robbed of all savour.

The player who is funny and calls the red the Cherry, the Robin, the Cardinal or the Lobster.

The player who comes to the game as to a solemn ritual and neither smiles nor speaks.

The player who keeps on changing his cue and blames each one in turn for his own ineptitude.

The player who can use his left hand as well as his right: a man to be avoided.

The player who whistles while he plays. This is a very deadly companion.

The player who never has a good word for his opponent's efforts.

The player who congratulates you on every stroke: a charming antagonist.

The player who is always jolly whatever buffets he receives from fortune.

The player who talks about every one of his strokes.

The player who swears at most of them.

The player who doubts the accuracy of your scoring. Avoid this one.

The player who hits everything too hard. This is a very exasperating man to meet because fortune usually favours him. Either he flukes immoderately or he does not leave well. He is usually a hearty fellow with no sense of shame. Perhaps he says "Sorry;" but he adds, "It must have been on."

The player who hits everything too gently: the lamb as compared with the previous type, who is a lion. The lamb is good to play with if you prefer winning to a real contest.

The player who groans loudly when you make a fluke.

The player who is accustomed to play on a much faster table than this.

The player who calls the game Pills.

The player who calls it Tuskers.

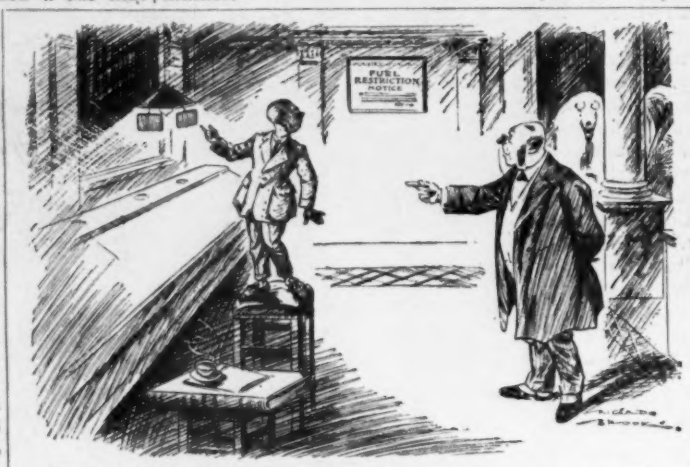
The player who counts your breaks for you, but whether from interest or suspicion you are not sure.

The player who pots the white when he should and says nothing about it.

The player who pots the white when he should, with a thousand apologies.

The player who pots the white when he shouldn't, with a thousand apologies.

The player who is snappy with the marker.



Ministry Official. "NO NEED TO SCREEN THE LIGHTS *NOW*, MY BOY. D' YOU THINK THE WAR'S STILL ON?"

Infatuated Office Boy. "I WAS JUST TRYING TO MAKE MISS JENKINS A BIT OF TOAST, SIR."

The player who drops cigar ash on the cloth.

The player who hates to lose.

The player who would much rather that you won. This type is a joy to play with, unless towards the end he too patently ceases to try.

The player who, after the stroke, tells you what you ought to have done.

The player who talks to the balls, particularly to the red. "Now then, red," he says, "don't go into baulk;" or, "Stop just by that pocket;" or "White, don't go down."

The player who has just come from a spectacular match and keeps on trying to reproduce that shot of STEVENSON'S.

"In a licensing prosecution at —— yesterday it was stated that one shilling was charged for a 'drop' of whisky of about one-sixth of a gallon."—*Daily Paper.*

In the interests of temperance we have suppressed the name of the town at which this bargain was secured.

CONTRACTS.

IT was shortly after the commencement of the March offensive that it was decided to open new munition works in Glenwhinnie, N.B. The contract for building was offered to the well-known firm of McTavish, McTurk & McThom, of Auchterinver.

They accepted. With thanks.

And so it came about that, early in April, Glenwhinnie, N.B., became the scene of great activity. Men bearing strange instruments came and took extensive measurements; large bodies of gentlemen in corduroys, armed with powerful implements indicative of toil, arrived and smoked clay pipes; a special light railway was rapidly constructed, and bore colossal cranes and more gentlemen with clay pipes to the scene of action. And Mr. McTurk went in person to open the proceedings.

In a speech pulsating with patriotism, Mr. McTurk exhorted his men to do their best for their King and country, and show everybody what the firm of McTavish, McTurk & McThom could do. He then departed, leaving things in the hands of a dozen subordinates well tried and true . . .

And so by the early days of June the work began . . .

Came November 11th . . .

On November 20th it was decided that the new works in Glenwhinnie, N.B., would not be necessary after all.

What was to be done?

A special committee decided that the buildings should be demolished, and the contract was offered to the well-known firm of McClusky, McCleery & McClumpha, of Auchtermuchty.

They accepted. With thanks.

And so it came about that a second army of occupation descended upon Glenwhinnie, N.B. Fresh bodies of gentlemen in corduroys and armed with a rather different set of powerful implements arrived and smoked clay pipes. Another light railway was rapidly constructed, and Mr. McCleery went in person to open the proceedings.

In a speech full of fervour . . .

And so by early January the work commenced.

By this time Messrs. McTavish and Co. had got the buildings well in hand. What was to be done? Leave



"AND ARE YOU A GOOD NEEDLEWOMAN AND RENOVATOR, AND WILLING TO BE USEFUL?"
"MADAM, I AM AFRAID THERE IS SOME MISUNDERSTANDING. I AM A LADY'S MAID—NOT A USEFUL MAID."

their work uncompleted? Never! As Mr. McThom pointed out with considerable emotion to his partners, a contract was a contract all the world over.

If it ever came to be said that any firm he was interested in had failed to fulfil a contract, he for one (Angus McThom) would never hold up his head. The contract must be completed. It was a sacred duty. Besides—a minor point—what about payment?

So Mr. McTurk was despatched to Glenwhinnie, N.B., where in a speech of great power he pointed out the path of duty.

Amid scenes of enthusiasm the work went on apace.

And at the other end the well-known firm of McClusky, McCleery & McClumpha tore down the buildings with equal enthusiasm.

And that is the state of affairs just now in Glenwhinnie, N.B. What will happen when—as they are bound to do—the wreckers overtake the builders is a matter for speculation. Mr. McTurk may make another speech. Possibly Mr. McCleery may also exhort. There is promise of a delicate situation.

THE STOICS OF THE SERPENTINE.

I, FOR my part, admire
The snug domestic fire,
The comfortable hearth, the glowing coals,
Nor in the least aspire
To emulate those strong heroic souls
Who get up while it 's dark
And haste to chill ablutions in Hyde Park.

It can't be very nice
To break the solid ice
And, like a walrus, plunge into the deep;
Then jump out in a trice,
Dissevering the icicles as you leap,
Even though the after-glow
Of virtue melts the circumjacent snow.

And we of milder mould,
And we who 're growing old,
Wish they would wash, like other folk, elsewhere;
It makes us feel quite cold
To think of them refrigerating there;
We shiver in our beds;
Our pitying molars chatter in our heads.

"THE DOVER PATROL.
VINDICTIVE MEN AS PROGRAMME SELLERS."
Times.

After what men have suffered from the flag-day sex, no wonder they get vindictive when they have a chance of retaliation.

"The causes of the engineers' strike in London are a little obscure, but the stoppage of the ten minutes allowed for tea before the 47-hour day was introduced brought the men out from one motor works."
Provincial Paper.

The great objection to a day of this length is that it gives so little scope for overtime.

"The Association for the Betterment of the Highlands and Islands of the Free Church of Scotland have prepared and presented to the Secretary for Scotland a memorandum on the reconstruction of the Highlands."
Scots Paper.

We have always thought that judicious thinning of the more congested views would help the tourist.

"The men who had watched the daily search set up a cheer. ffi— —fl."—*Sunday Paper.*

We hope the cheer was more hearty than it appears at first sight.

CUE TYPES.

AT the present moment, when the billiard professionals are contesting the palm and Mr. S. H. FRY has re-captured the title of amateur champion seven-and-twenty years after he first won it, there is such interest in the game that a kind of *Guide to Billiard Types* cannot but be of value. Hence the following classification of players who are to be met with in clubs, country-houses or saloons by any ordinary wielders of the cue. Any reader who has ever endeavoured to master what may be called (by way of inversion) the Three Balls Art has power to add to their number.

The player who, as he drops behind in the game, says so often that it is months since he touched a cue that your success is robbed of all savour.

The player who is funny and calls the red the Cherry, the Robin, the Cardinal or the Lobster.

The player who comes to the game as to a solemn ritual and neither smiles nor speaks.

The player who keeps on changing his cue and blames each one in turn for his own ineptitude.

The player who can use his left hand as well as his right: a man to be avoided.

The player who whistles while he plays. This is a very deadly companion.

The player who never has a good word for his opponent's efforts.

The player who congratulates you on every stroke: a charming antagonist.

The player who is always jolly whatever buffets he receives from fortune.

The player who talks about every one of his strokes.

The player who swears at most of them.

The player who doubts the accuracy of your scoring. Avoid this one.

The player who hits everything too hard. This is a very exasperating man to meet because fortune usually favours him. Either he flukes immoderately or he does not leave well. He is usually a hearty fellow with no sense of shame. Perhaps he says "Sorry;" but he adds, "It must have been on."

The player who hits everything too gently: the lamb as compared with the previous type, who is a lion. The lamb is good to play with if you prefer winning to a real contest.

The player who groans loudly when you make a fluke.

The player who is accustomed to play on a much faster table than this.

The player who calls the game Pills.

The player who calls it Tuskers.

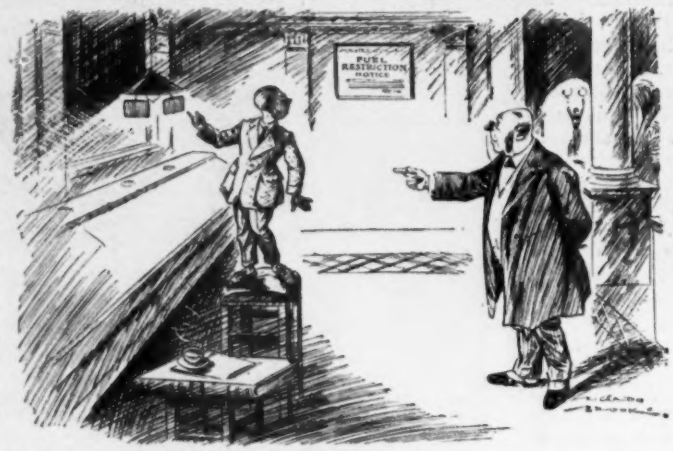
The player who counts your breaks for you, but whether from interest or suspicion you are not sure.

The player who pots the white when he should and says nothing about it.

The player who pots the white when he should, with a thousand apologies.

The player who pots the white when he shouldn't, with a thousand apologies.

The player who is snappy with the marker.



Ministry Official. "NO NEED TO SCREEN THE LIGHTS NOW, MY BOY. D'YOU THINK THE WAR'S STILL ON?"

Infatuated Office Boy. "I WAS JUST TRYING TO MAKE MISS JENKINS A BIT OF TOAST, SIR."

The player who drops cigar ash on the cloth.

The player who hates to lose.

The player who would much rather that you won. This type is a joy to play with, unless towards the end he too patently ceases to try.

The player who, after the stroke, tells you what you ought to have done.

The player who talks to the balls, particularly to the red. "Now then, red," he says, "don't go into baulk;" or, "Stop just by that pocket;" or "White, don't go down."

The player who has just come from a spectacular match and keeps on trying to reproduce that shot of STEVENSON'S.

"In a licensing prosecution at —— yesterday it was stated that one shilling was charged for a 'drop' of whisky of about one-sixth of a gallon."—*Daily Paper.*

In the interests of temperance we have suppressed the name of the town at which this bargain was secured.

CONTRACTS.

IT was shortly after the commencement of the March offensive that it was decided to open new munition works in Glenwhinnie, N.B. The contract for building was offered to the well-known firm of McTavish, McTurk & McThom, of Auchterinver.

They accepted. With thanks.

And so it came about that, early in April, Glenwhinnie, N.B., became the scene of great activity. Men bearing strange instruments came and took extensive measurements; large bodies of gentlemen in corduroys, armed with powerful implements indicative of toil, arrived and smoked clay pipes; a special light railway was rapidly constructed, and bore colossal cranes and more gentlemen with clay pipes to the scene of action. And Mr. McTurk went in person to open the proceedings.

In a speech pulsating with patriotism, Mr. McTurk exhorted his men to do their best for their King and country, and show everybody what the firm of McTavish, McTurk & McThom could do. He then departed, leaving things in the hands of a dozen subordinates well tried and true . . .

And so by the early days of June the work began . . .

Came November 11th . . .

On November 20th it was decided that the new works in Glenwhinnie, N.B., would not be necessary after all.

What was to be done?

A special committee decided that the buildings should be demolished, and the contract was offered to the well-known firm of McClusky, McCleery & McClumpha, of Auchtermuchty.

They accepted. With thanks.

And so it came about that a second army of occupation descended upon Glenwhinnie, N.B. Fresh bodies of gentlemen in corduroys and armed with a rather different set of powerful implements arrived and smoked clay pipes. Another light railway was rapidly constructed, and Mr. McCleery went in person to open the proceedings.

In a speech full of fervour . . .

And so by early January the work commenced.

By this time Messrs. McTavish and Co. had got the buildings well in hand. What was to be done? Leave



"AND ARE YOU A GOOD NEEDLEWOMAN AND RENOVATOR, AND WILLING TO BE USEFUL?"
"MADAM, I AM AFRAID THERE IS SOME MISUNDERSTANDING. I AM A LADY'S MAID—NOT A USEFUL MAID."

their work uncompleted? Never! As Mr. McThom pointed out with considerable emotion to his partners, a contract was a contract all the world over.

If it ever came to be said that any firm he was interested in had failed to fulfil a contract, he for one (Angus McThom) would never hold up his head. The contract must be completed. It was a sacred duty. Besides—a minor point—what about payment?

So Mr. McTurk was despatched to Glenwhinnie, N.B., where in a speech of great power he pointed out the path of duty.

Amid scenes of enthusiasm the work went on apace.

And at the other end the well-known firm of McClusky, McCleery & McClumpha tore down the buildings with equal enthusiasm.

And that is the state of affairs just now in Glenwhinnie, N.B. What will happen when—as they are bound to do—the wreckers overtake the builders is a matter for speculation. Mr. McTurk may make another speech. Possibly Mr. McCleery may also exhort. There is promise of a delicate situation.

THE STOICS OF THE SERPENTINE.

I, FOR my part, admire
The snug domestic fire,
The comfortable hearth, the glowing coals,
Nor in the least aspire
To emulate those strong heroic souls
Who get up while it 's dark
And haste to chill ablutions in Hyde Park.

It can't be very nice
To break the solid ice
And, like a walrus, plunge into the deep;
Then jump out in a trice,
Dissevering the icicles as you leap,
Even though the after-glow
Of virtue melts the circumjacent snow.

And we of milder mould,
And we who 're growing old,
Wish they would wash, like other folk, elsewhere;
It makes us feel quite cold
To think of them refrigerating there;
We shiver in our beds;
Our pitying molars chatter in our heads.

"THE DOVER PATROL.

VINDICTIVE MEN AS PROGRAMME SELLERS."
Times.

After what men have suffered from the flag-day sex, no wonder they get vindictive when they have a chance of retaliation.

"The causes of the engineers' strike in London are a little obscure, but the stoppage of the ten minutes allowed for tea before the 47-hour day was introduced brought the men out from one motor works."
Provincial Paper.

The great objection to a day of this length is that it gives so little scope for overtime.

"The Association for the Betterment of the Highlands and Islands of the Free Church of Scotland have prepared and presented to the Secretary for Scotland a memorandum on the reconstruction of the Highlands."
Scots Paper.

We have always thought that judicious thinning of the more congested views would help the tourist.

"The men who had watched the daily search set up a cheer. fli——fl."—*Sunday Paper.*

We hope the cheer was more hearty than it appears at first sight.

A CONSULTATION.

Persons of the dialogue: Arthur Pillwell, M.D., *a fashionable physician;* Henry Swallow, *a patient. The scene is laid in* Dr. Pillwell's *consulting-room—a solid room, heavily furnished. A large writing-table occupies the centre of the scene. There are a few prints on the walls; two bookcases are solidly filled with medical books.* Dr. Pillwell *is seated at the writing-table. He rises to greet his patient.*

Dr. P. Good morning, Mr. —— (*He looks furtively at a notebook lying open on the table*) Mr.—ah—Swallow.

Mr. S. (*thinking to himself: Ought I to call this Johnnie "Doctor," or not? I'm told they're very particular about a thing like that. Like a fool, I never gave it a thought. Still, I can't go so very far wrong if I call him "Doctor." Besides, he's got to be called "Doctor" whether he likes it or not. Here goes.*) (*Aloud*) Good morning, Dr. Pillwell. I've been troubled with some symptoms which I can't quite make out. I think I described them in my letter. (*To himself: They made several doctors Knights of the British Empire, and I'm almost certain Pillwell was one of them. Sir John Pillwell. Yes, it sounds all right; but I shan't call him "Sir John" because if he isn't a knight he might think I was trying to make fun of him and then he might retaliate by calling me "Sir Henry," and I should hate that*). (*Aloud*) The chief symptoms are a steady loss of appetite and a disinclination to work. I was recommended to consult you by my friend, Mr. Bolter, as I think I explained in my letter.

Dr. P. It's curious how prevalent these symptoms are at the present moment. I think, if you don't mind, I will begin by taking your temperature.

[*Produces clinical thermometer and gives it three good jerks.*

Mr. S. (*to himself: There—I knew he'd want to put one of those infernal machines in my mouth. I simply loathe the feeling of them, and I'm always on the verge of crunching them up. Perhaps I ought to warn him.*) (*Aloud*) I'm afraid I'm not much good as a thermometer man.

Dr. P. Oh, it's a mere trifle. All you've got to do is just to hold it under your tongue. There—it's in.

Mr. S. (*talking with difficulty*). Ish i' in 'e ri' plashe?

Dr. P. Yes. But don't try to talk while it's in your mouth. I've had patients who've bitten it in two. There—that's enough. (*Extracts it deftly from patient's mouth and examines it.*) Hum, hum, yes. A point below normal. Nothing violently wrong *there.* (*He now performs the usual rites and mysteries.*) I'll make you out a little prescription which ought to put you all right. And if you can spare a week, and spend it at Eastbourne, I don't think it will do you any harm.

Mr. S. (*To himself: I like this man. He doesn't waste any time. It's a curious coincidence that I should have been thinking this very morning of arranging a visit to the seaside. Now of course I've absolutely got to go. Can't disobey my new doctor, and wouldn't if I could. By Jove, I'd all but forgotten about the two guineas fee. Yes, the cheque's in my breast-pocket. Two guineas for the first visit. The rule is not to give it too openly, but to slip it on to a desk or table as if you were half ashamed of it. Where shall I put it so as to make sure he spots it out of the corner of his eye? Ha! on the blotting-pad, which I can just reach. Does it with his left hand, and feels a man once more.*)

Dr. P. And here's your prescription.

Mr. S. Thank you a thousand times. (*To himself: He's edging up to the blotting-pad, and he'll have the cheque in another second.*)

TO A CHINESE COOLIE.

O HAPPY Chink! When I behold thy face,
Illumined with the all-embracing smile
Peculiar to thy celestial race,
So full of mirth and yet so free from guile,
I stand amazed and let my fancy roam,
And ask myself by what mysterious lure
Thou wert induced to leave thy flowery home
For Flanders, where, alas! the flowers are fewer.

Oft have I marked thee on the Calais quay,
Unloading ships of plum-and-apple jam,
Or beef, or, three times weekly, M. and V.,
And sometimes bacon (very rarely ham);
Or, where St. Quentin towers above the plain,
Have seen thee scan the awful scene and sigh,
Pick up a spade, then put it down again
And wipe a furtive tear-drop from thine eye.

And many a Sabbath have I seen thee stride
With stately step across the Merville Square,
Beaming with pleasure, full of conscious pride,
Breaking the hearts of all the *jeunes filles* there;
A bowler hat athwart thy stubborn locks
And round thy neck a tie of brilliant blue,
Thy legs in football shorts, thy feet in socks
Of silken texture and vermilion hue.

Impassive Chu (or should I call thee "Chow"?),
Say, what hast thou to do with all this fuss,
The ceaseless hurry and the beastly row,
The buzzing plane and roaring motor-bus,
While far away the sullen Hwang-ho rolls
His lazy waters to the Eastern Sea,
And sleepy mandarins sit on bamboo poles
Imbibing countless cups of China tea?

A year ago thou digged'st in feverish haste
Against the whelming onset of the Hun
A hundred miles of trench across the waste—
A year ago—and now the War is won;
But thou remainest still with pick and spade,
Celestial delver, patient son of toil!
To fill the trenches thou thyself hast made
And roll the twisted wire in even coil.

But not for thee the glory and the praise,
The medals or the fat gratuity;
No man shall crown thee with a wreath of bays
Or recommend thee for the O.B.E.;
And thou, methinks, wouldst rather have it so,
Provided that, without undue delay,
They let thee take thy scanty wage and go
Back to thy sunny home in Old Cathay;

Where never falls a shell nor bursts a bomb,
Nor ever blows the slightest whiff of gas,
Such as was not infrequent in the Somme,
But on thy breast shall lean some slant-eyed lass;
And she shall listen to thy converse ripe
And search for souvenirs among thy kit,
Pass thee thy slippers and thy opium pipe
And make thee glad that thou hast done thy bit.

"SELF MADE MAN

Young widwep lady intelligent, wealthy wishing to remarie, wishes to make acquaintance in a Swiss Sportplace with a well situated english or american gentleman. Preference is given to a businessman, self made, with fine caracter aged 35-45 handsome as the lady is it too."
Swiss Paper.

We foresee a rush of profiteers to the Alps.



Sportsman. "THEY DON'T SEEM VERY ANXIOUS TO HUNT TO-DAY, TOM."

Tom (exasperated by a bad scenting day). "POOR THINGS, THEY'VE ALMOST FORGOT HOW TO; THEY'VE BEEN SO BUSY GETTIN' OUT OF THE WAY OF YOU YOUNG OFFICER GENTS SINCE YOU CAME 'OME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

FINDING *Midas and Son* (METHUEN) described on the wrapper as a tale of "the struggle of a young man and his immense riches," I said to myself (rather like *Triplet* in the play) that here was a struggle at which it would greatly hearten me to assist. As a fact, however, the conflict proved to be somewhat postponed; it took Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA more than two hundred pages to get the seconds out of the ring and leave his hero, *Deryk*, face to face with an income of something over a million a year. Before this happened the youth had become engaged to a girl, been thrown over by her, experienced the wiles of Circe and gone in more or less vaguely for journalism. Then came the income and the question what to do with it. Of course he didn't know how to use it to the best advantage; it is universal experience that other people never do. But *Deryk* impressed me as more than commonly lacking in resource. All he could think of was to finance and share in an archæological venture (rather fun), and to purchase a Pall Mall club-house—apparently the R.A.C.—and do it up as a London abode for himself and his old furniture. Also for his wife, as fortune had now flung him again into the arms of his early love. But it is just here that the subtle and slightly cruel cleverness of Mr. MCKENNA'S scheme becomes manifest. The million-a-year had been at work on *Deryk;* it had slain his capacity for romance. In plain words, he found that he cared more for his furniture than for his *fiancée*, whose adoration soon bored him to shrieking point. So there you are. I shall not betray the author's solution of his own problem. I don't think he has proved his somewhat obvious point as to the peril of great possessions. *Deryk* was hardly a quite normal subject, and *Idina* (the girl) was a little fool who would have irritated a crossing-sweeper. But what he certainly has done is to provide some scenes of pre-war London not unworthy to be companion pictures to those in *Sonia;* and this, I fancy, will be good enough for most readers.

Its publishers call *The Pot Boils* (CONSTABLE) a "provocative" book, and certainly the title at least deserves this epithet. But I decline to be drawn into the obvious retort. Besides, with all its faults, the story exhibits an almost flaunting disregard of those qualities that make the best seller. About the author I am prepared to wager, first, that "STORM JAMESON" is a disguise; secondly, that the personality behind it is feminine. I have hinted that the tale is hardly likely to gain universal popularity; let me add that certain persons, notably very young Socialists and experts in Labour journalism, may find it of absorbing interest. It is a young book, almost exclusively about young people, written (or I mistake) by a youthful hand. These striplings and maidens are all poor, mostly vain, and without exception fulfilled of a devastating verbosity. We meet them first at a "Northern University," talking, reforming the earth, kissing, and again talking—about the kisses. Thence they and the tale move to London, and the same process is repeated. It is all rather depressingly narrow in outlook; though within these limits there are interesting and even amusing scenes. Also the author displays now and again a happy dexterity of phrase (I remember one instance—about "web-footed Socialists . . . . dividing and sub-dividing into committees, like

worms cut by a spade"), which encourages me to hope that she will do better things with a scheme of wider appeal. But to the general, especially the middle-aged general, the contents of her present *Pot* will, I fear, be only caviare.

Little *Sara Lee Kennedy*, betrothed to one of those alert grim-jawed young Americans one sees in the advertising pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, learns of the suffering in Belgium at the beginning of the great War and finds she must do something about it. She can cook, so she will go and make soup for KING ALBERT'S men. She takes her young man's photograph and his surly disapproval; also a few dollars hastily collected from her obscure township in Pa.; and becomes the good angel of a shattered sector of the Belgian line. And she finds in *The Amazing Interlude* (MURRAY) her prince—a real prince—in the Secret Service, and, after the usual reluctances and brave play (made for the sake of deferring the inevitable) with the photograph of the old love, is at last gloriously on with the new. It is a very charming love-story, and MARY ROBERTS RINEHART makes a much better thing of the alarms and excursions of war than you would think. It was no good, I found, being superior about it and muttering "Sentiment" when you had to blink away the unbidden tear lest your fireside partner should find you out. So let me commend to you this idealised vision of a corner of the great War seen through the eyes of an American woman of vivid sympathies.

Rovers of the Night Sky (CASSELL) is for more reasons than one a welcome addition to my rapidly bulging collection of books about flying. "NIGHT HAWK, M.C.," was in the Infantry—what he calls a "Gravel-Cruncher"—before he took to the air, and by no means the least interesting part of his sketches is the way in which he explains the co-operation which existed between the fliers and the men fighting on the ground. And his delight when a bombing expedition was successful in giving instant assistance to the Infantry is frequently shown. After his training in England "NIGHT HAWK" was attached as an observer to a night-flying squadron in France, and he tells us of his adventures with no sense of self-importance but with an honest appreciation of their value to the general scheme of operations. He has also a keen eye for the humours of life, and can make his jest with most admirable brevity. "Doubtless," he says in a foreword, "the whole world will fly before many years have passed, but for the moment most people have to be content to read about it." I am one of them, and he has added to my contentment.

My studies of recent fiction induce the belief that modern Wales may be divided into two parts, in one of which the inhabitants call each other *Bach* and follow a code of morals that I simply will not stoop to characterise; while the other is at once more Saxon in idiom and considerably more melodramatic in its happenings. It is to the latter province that I must assign *A Little Welsh Girl* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), the Romance, with a big R, of *Dylis Morgan*, who pushed an unappreciated suitor over a precipice and came to London to make her fortune in revue. Really the suitor didn't go all the way down the precipice; but as, by the time he recovered, *Dylis*, disguised, had fled for England, he was promptly arrested for her murder, and as *Dylis* thought she had murdered him there was presently so much confusion (increased for me by the hopelessly unpronounceable names of a large cast) that I found it increasingly hard to keep the affair in hand. As for *Dylis's* theatrical career—well, you know how these things are managed in fiction; for my part I was left wondering whether Mr. HOWEL EVANS' pictures of Wales were as romantically conceived as his conception of a West-End theatre. Though of course we all know that Welsh people do sometimes make even more sensational triumphs in the Metropolis; just possible indeed that this fact may have some bearing on the recent flood of Cambrian fiction. Certainly, if *A Little Welsh Girl* achieves success on the strength of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S triumph, she may thank her luck, for I have my doubts whether she could manage it unassisted.



Man in the Air. "ANOTHER OF THESE BEASTLY PIVOTAL MEN!"

Of *Ladies Must Live* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) one may say, in the first place, that it is fortunately unnecessary as well as unusual for the bulk of them to live in the scalp and tomahawk atmosphere that distinguishes the sexual and social rivalry of *Christine Fennimer* and *Nancy Almar*, the two beautiful American Society dames whose duel for the affections of the eligible hero form the plot, the whole plot and nothing but the plot of Miss ALICE DUER MILLER'S latest book. Nature red in tooth and claw has not mothered them—they are too well-bred for that; they simply bite with their tongues. *Mrs. Almar*, who is married and purely piratical, comes off worst in the encounter, and the more artful *Christine*, ultimately falling in love with the object of her artifices, becomes human enough to marry him, despite his lapse from financial eligibility. The plot is a thin one, but smoothly and brightly unfolded. Unhappily Miss MILLER lacks the gift of delicate satire and the sense of humour that the society novel above all others seems to require. With a lighter and less matter-of-fact treatment one would accept more easily the overdrawing of her rather impossible felines.

"Sir Charles Sykes, Director of Wood Production, has conferred with representatives of each section of the tailoring trade, with a view to simplifying the regulations and making possible a larger output of Standard suits."—*Daily Paper.*

We look forward to the part that this new clothing will play in the general scheme of afforestation.

"A lady visiting the town complained that she went to a licensed house and asked to be served with tea. She alleged that the licensee was very rude to her, and refused to grant her request. He [the Superintendent of Police] desired to point out to license holders that they were bound to provide proper accommodation and refreshment for man and beast."—*West-Country Paper.*

And we desire to point out to the Superintendent that that is not the proper way to refer to a lady.

CHARIVARIA.

"GERMANY," says Count RANTZAU, "cannot be treated as a second-rate nation." Not while it is represented by tenth-rate noblemen.

* * *

People are now asking who the General is who has threatened not to write a book about the War?

* * *

On Sunday week, at Tallaght, Co. Dublin, seven men attacked a policeman. The campaign for a brighter Sunday is evidently not wanted in Ireland.

* * *

The United States Government is sending a Commission to investigate industrial conditions in the British Isles. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, we understand, has courteously offered to try to keep one or two industries going until the Commission arrives.

* * *

"Everything that happened more than a fortnight ago," says Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW in *The Daily News*, "always is forgotten in this land of political trifling." We must draw what comfort we can from the reflection that Mr. SHAW himself happened more than a fortnight ago.

* * *

"Margarine," says an official notice, "can be bought anywhere after to-day." This is not the experience of the man who entered an ironmonger's shop and asked for a couple of feet of it.

* * *

A woman who threatened to murder a neighbour was fined one shilling at Chertsey. We shudder to think what it would have cost her if she had actually carried out her threat.

* * *

A contemporary refers to "those abominable face-masks" now being worn in London. Can this be a revival of the late Mr. RICHARDSON'S campaign against the wearing of whiskers?

* * *

"A Court of Justice is not a place of amusement," said Mr. Justice ROCHE at Manchester Assizes. Mr. Justice DARLING'S rejoinder is eagerly awaited.

* * *

We are informed by "Hints for the Home," that "Salsify may be lifted during the next few days." So may Susan, if you don't watch out.

So many safes have been stolen from business premises in London that one enterprising man has hit upon the novel idea of putting a notice on his safe, "Not to be Taken Away."

* * *

A sapper of the Royal Engineers who climbed the steeple of a parish church and reached the clock told the local magistrates that he wanted to see the dial. That, of course, is no real excuse in these days of cheap wrist-watches.

* * *

By order of the Local Government Board influenza has been made a notifiable disease. We sincerely hope that this will be a lesson to it.

* * *

An evening paper suggests that the Albert Hall should be purchased by the nation. We understand, however, that our contemporary has been forestalled by a gentleman who has offered to take it on the condition that a bathroom (h. and c.) is added.

* * *

A correspondent writes to a paper to ask if it is necessary to have a licence to play the cornet in the streets. All that is necessary, we understand, is a strong constitution and indomitable pluck.

* * *

We are asked to deny the foolish allegation that several M.P.'s only went into Parliament because they couldn't get sleeping accommodation elsewhere.

* * *

In connection with the rush for trains on the Underground, an official is reported to have said that things would be much better if everybody undertook not to travel during the busiest hours.

* * *

An American journal advertises a lighthouse for sale. It is said to be just the thing for tall men in search of a seaside residence.

* * *

The policeman who told the Islington 'bus-driver to take off his influenza mask is going on as well as can be expected.

* * *

Pwllheli Town Council is reported to have refused the offer of a German gun as a trophy. The Council is apparently piqued because it was not asked in the first instance whether it wanted a war at all.

* * *

All Metropolitan police swords have been called in. We decline to credit the explanation that, in spite of constant practice, members of the force kept cutting their mouths.

* * *

French politicians are advocating the giving of an additional vote for each child in the family. In France, it will be remembered, the clergy are celibate.

* * *

"We are looking for the ideal omnibus," says an official of the L.G.O.C. We had no idea that they had lost it. Meanwhile their other omnibus continues to cause a good deal of excitement as it flashes by.

* * *

"Buildings occupied by the League of Nations," says *The Daily Mail*, "are to enjoy the benefits of extraterritoriality." It sounds a lot, but we were afraid it was going to be something much more expensive than that.

* * *

"In a month," says a news item, "fourteen abandoned babies have been found in London." Debauched, no doubt, by the movies.



THE MORNING AFTER THE BURGLARY.
"AND HE'S LEFT THE LIGHT ON!"

A Striking Advertisement.

"Negib Fahmy, Assistant Goods Manager Egyptian State Railways, was attacked by a discharged railway poster a short time ago."
Egyptian Gazette.

"On Sunday morning the engine of the Paris-Marseilles express on arriving at the Gare de Lyon mounted the platform and only came to a standstill in front of the buffet."
Times.

Machinery nowadays exhibits almost human intelligence.

"BOURNEMOUTH.—Delicate or Chronic Lady received in charming house."—*British Weekly.*

In the new army a gentleman may be "temporary;" but once a lady always a lady.

THE HUN AS IDEALIST.

A GUILELESS nation, very soft of heart,
Keen to embrace the whole wide world as brothers,
Anxious to do our reasonable part
In reparation of the sins of others,
We note with pained surprise
How little we are loved by the Allies.

What if the Fatherland was led astray
From homely paths, the scene of childlike gambols,
Lured to pursue Ambition's naughty way
(And incidentally make earth a shambles),
All through a wicked Kaiser—
Are they, for that blind fault, to brutalize her?

Just when we hoped the past was clean forgot,
They want us to restore their goods and greenery!
They want us to replace upon the spot
The "theft" (oh, how unfair!) of that machinery
By which our honest labours
Might have secured the markets of our neighbours!

Bearing the cross for other people's crime,
Eager to purge the wrong by true repentance,
When, to a purer air we fain would climb,
How can we do it under such a sentence?
Is this the law of Love,
Supposed to animate the Blessèd Dove?

Oh, not for mere material loss alone,
Not for our trade, reduced to pulp, we whimper,
But for our dashed illusions we make moan,
Our spiritual aims grown limp and limper,
Our glorious aspirations
Touching a really noble League of Nations.

So, like a phantom dawn, it fades to dark,
This vision of a world made new and better;
And he whose heavenly notes recalled the lark
Soaring in air without an earthly fetter—
WILSON is gone, the mystic,
Whose views, like ours, were *so* idealistic! O. S.

GOOD-BYE TO THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

I.—THE SHIP.

WHEN it was announced that we were to be paid off and that the gulls and porpoises that help to make the Dogger Bank the really jolly place it is would know us no more, there was, I admit, a certain amount of subdued jubilation on board. It is true that the Mate and the Second Engineer fox-trotted twice round the deck and into the galley, where they upset a ship's-tin of gravy; and the story that the Trimmer, his complexion liberally enriched with oil and coaldust, embraced the Lieutenant and excitedly hailed the Skipper by his privy pseudonym of "Plum-face," cannot be lightly discredited; but at the same time I think each one of us felt a certain twinge of regret. Life in the future apart from our trawler seemed impossible, almost absurd. Pacificists must have known a similar feeling on Armistice day.

Although to the outsider one trawler may look very like another, to us who know them personally they differ in character and have their little idiosyncrasies no less than other people. Some are quite surly and obstinate, others good-humoured and light-hearted; where one exhibits all the stately dignity of a College head-porter another may be as skittish and full of fun as a magistrate on the Bench. There was one trawler at our base so vain that they could never get her to enter the lockpits until her decks had been scrubbed and a string of bunting hoisted at the foremast. It is surprising.

Taking her all in all our trawler was a good sort, one of the best. When steaming head to wind in a heavy sea she certainly shipped an amazing quantity of water, and even in a comparative calm she would occasionally fling an odd bucketful or so of North Sea down the neck or into the sea-boots of the unwary; but it was only her sense of fun. She took particular delight in playing it on a new member of the crew; it made him feel at home.

She was not what you would call a really clean ship—as the Skipper said, if you washed your hands one day they were just as bad again the next—but anyone who makes a fuss over a trifle like that is no true-born sailorman. We all loved her and were proud of her speed, for she could make nine knots at a push. Even the Second Engineer, who had been a fireman in the Wilson line, was moved to admit in a moment of admiration that she didn't do so badly for a floating pig-trough, which was no meagre praise from a man with such a past.

She was a touchy ship, quick to resent and avenge a slight on her good name. We had a strange Lieutenant one trip who came from a depôt ship at Southampton and wore a monocle. He was rather sore at having to exchange a responsible harbour billet for the command of a mere sea-going trawler, and expressed the opinion that there might be more disgustingly dirty ships afloat than ours, but if so they were not allowed out during official daylight. We felt her quiver from stem to stern with rage. She took her revenge that evening as the Lieutenant was coming aft for tea. It was a floppy sea and he unwisely ventured along the windward side of the casing, and she seized her opportunity. The Mate picked him up out of the scuppers and we dried his clothes over the boilers, but the monocle was never seen again. The crew were not so sympathetic as they might have been; they felt that he had asked for it.

But, though her personal beauty would not have been unrivalled at a Cowes Regatta and her somewhat erratic motions were not calculated to bring balm to the soul of an unseasoned mariner, she was a faithful ship, and no one could ever question her courage. At the sight of a hostile periscope she used positively to see red, and she once steamed across a mine-field without turning a hatch-cover. Throughout her naval career she was a credit to the White Ensign and bravely upheld the proud traditions of her ancestors.

She is to be handed back to her owners and will presumably return to the more peaceful occupation of deep-sea fishing. It will be strange to think of her still labouring away out there on the Nor'-East Rough whilst we who have shared her trials so long are following once more the less arduous ways of the land. If she prove as eager in the pursuit of her undersea quarry as she was on the trail of the U-Boat I would not change places with the cod and haddocks of the North Sea for the prize-money of an Admiral. Good luck to her!

"ROYAL fully qualified, wishes to obtain appointment, with Flying School or Aircraft Firm."—*Technical Paper.*

Judging by his advertisement he is an expert in looping.

"Station Officer R. D. Coleman, who has been for ten years in charge of the Lewisham station of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade (in which he has served 282 years), retired on Tuesday last. Sub-officer Seadden was recently the medium of presenting to him a marble-cased timepiece and ornaments from the officers and men of the brigade."
Local Paper.

But what use will the clock be to a man for whom time obviously stands still?



THE DAWN OF INTELLIGENCE IN BERLIN.

FIRST TEUTON. "AFTER ALL IT SEEMS THAT OUR EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY WAS BEATEN IN THE FIELD. ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED?"

SECOND TEUTON. "JA!"

THE MUD LARKS.

ONLY a few months ago our William and his trusty troop swooped upon a couple of Bosch field batteries floundering in a soft patch on the far side of Tournai. William afflicted their gun teams with his little Hotchkiss gadget, then prepared to gallop them. He had unshipped his knife and was offering his sergeant long odds on scoring first "pink," when our two squadron trumpeters trotted out from a near-by coppice and solemnly puffed "Cease Fire"—for all the world as if it was the end of a field-day on the Plain and time to trot home to tea. William was furious.

"There y'are," he snorted. "Just because I happened to have a full troop out for once, all my horses fit, no wire or trenches in the way, the burst of the season ahead and the only chance I've had in four and a-half years of doing a really artistic bit of carving they must go and stop the ruddy War. Poo! ain't that the bally Army all over? Bah! I've done with it."

So he filled in the bare patches in every Demobilisation Form Z 15 he could lay pen to.

Taking the proud motto of the MOND dynasty—"Make yourself necessary"—for guide, he became something different every day in his quest after an "Essential Trade." He was in turn a one-man-business, a railway-porter, a coal-miner, a farmer, a NORTHCLIFFE leader-writer, a taxi-baron, a jazz-professor and a non-union barber. At one moment he was single, an orphan alone and unloved; at another he had a drunken wife, ten consumptive young children and several paralytic old parents to support. All to no avail; nobody would believe him.

Then one day he heard from a friend who by the simple expedient of posing as a schoolmaster for a few minutes was now in "civvies" and getting three days' hunting and four days' golf a week.

William grabbed up yet another A.F. Z 15, and dedicated his life to the intellectual uplift of the young.

This time he drew a reply and by return.

Corps H.Q. held the view that he, William, was the very fellow they had been looking for, longing for, praying for. They had him appointed Regimental Educational Officer (without increase of rank, pay or allowances) on the spot, and would he get on with it, please, and indent through them for any materials required in the furtherance of the good work?

William was furious. Confound the Staff! What did the blighted red-tape-worms take him for? A blithering pedagogue in cap, gown and horn spectacles? He kicked the only sound chair in the Mess to splinters, cursed for two hours and sulked for twenty-four. After which childish display he pulled himself together and indented on Corps' Educational Branch for four hundred treatises on elementary Arabic, Arabic being the sole respectable subject in which he was even remotely competent to instruct.

Corps H.Q. tore up his indent. It was absurd, they said, to suppose that the entire regiment intended emigrating to Arabia on demobilisation. William must get in touch with the men and find out what practical everyday trades they were anxious to take up.

William was furious. "Isn't that the rotten Staff all over?" he fumed. "Make an earnest and conscientious effort to give the poor soldiers a leg-up with a vital, throbbing, commercial and classical *patois* and the brass-bound perishers choke you off! Poo-bah! Na poo!"

Then he pulled himself together again and indented on Corps Educational Branch once more, this time for "Lions; menagerie; one." Corps came down on William like St. Paul's Cathedral falling down Ludgate Hill. What the thunder did he mean by it? Trying to be funny with them, was he? He must explain himself instantly—Grrrr!

William was very calm. Couldn't understand what all this unseemly uproar was about, he wrote. Everything was in order. Obeying their esteemed instructions to the letter he had made inquiries among the men as to what practical everyday trades they were wishful to learn, and, finding one stout fellow who was very anxious to enter public life as a lion-tamer, he had indented for a lion for the chap to practise on. What could be more natural? Furthermore, while on the subject, when they forwarded the lion, would they be so good as to include a muzzle in the parcel, as he thought it would be as well to have some check on the creature during the preliminary lessons.

Corps H.Q.'s reply to this was brief and witty. They instructed the Adjutant to cast William under arrest.

William was furious. PATLANDER.

From a speech at a St. Andrew's Day dinner:—

"The Navy have but recently had a partial reward in the unparralleled spectacle of the surrender of the bulk of the German fleet which run lies swigly in Scotish waters, which now lies snugly, as is meet and fittinf, in Scottish for ever. Loud cheers."

South American Paper.

It is inferred that the printer was at the dinner.

PRINCESS CHARMING.

ONCE upon a time there was a Royal christening.

It was a very grand christening and the highest in the land were among the assembled guests. There was more than one Royal Personage present, and many lords and ladies and ambassadors and plenipotentiaries and all manner of dignified and imposing people.

For it was a real Princess that was being christened, which is a thing that does not occur every day in the year.

Quite a number of fairies were there too. Fairies are very fond of christenings, and there are always a good many of them about on these occasions.

They were very lavish in their gifts.

One gave the baby beauty; another gave her a sweet and gentle disposition; another, charm of manner; a fourth, a quick and intelligent mind. She really was a very fortunate baby, so many and so varied were the gifts bestowed upon her by the fairy folk.

Last of all came the Fairy Queen.

She arrived late, having come on from a coster's wedding in the East End of London, a good many miles away.

She was rather breathless and her crown was a little on one side, indeed her whole appearance was a trifle dishevelled.

"Oh, my dear," she murmured to her chief lady-in-waiting as she bustled lightly up the aisle, "I've had such a time. It was a charming wedding. The tinned-salmon was delicious, and there were winkles—and gin. I only just tasted the gin, of course, for luck, you know, but really it was very good. I had no idea—— And there was a real barrel-organ, and we danced in the street. The bride had the most lovely ostrich feathers. The bridegroom was a perfect dear. I kissed him. I kissed everyone, I think. We all did . . . Now what about this baby?" For by this time they had reached that part of the church where the ceremony was taking place. "I suppose you've already given her most of the nice things?"

The lady-in-waiting rapidly enumerated the fairy-gifts which the fairies had bestowed upon the child.

The Queen looked at the baby.

"What a darling!" she said; "I must give her something very nice." She hovered a moment over the child's head. "She shall marry the man of her choice," she said, "and live happily ever after."

There was a little stir among the fairies. The lady-in-waiting laid her hand on the Queen's arm.

"I'm afraid Your Majesty has for-



Lieut. X. (in Paris for the Peace Conference). "VOUS FEREZ LE POLISSON AVEC UN PEU DE LINGERIE."

gotten," she said; "this is a Royal Baby."

"Well," said the Queen, "what of that?"

"You know we rather make it a rule not to interfere in these matters in the case of Royalty," said the lady-in-waiting. "We generally leave it to the family. You see they usually prefer to make their own arrangements. There are reasons. We can give a great deal, but we can't do *everything*. Besides, it would hardly be fair. They have so many advantages——"

The Fairy Queen looked round at all the people who were assembled in the church; she had indeed forgotten for the moment what a very important occasion this was. Then she looked at the baby.

"I don't care," she said, "I don't care. She's a darling, and she *shall* marry the man of her heart. I'm sure it will be someone nice. You'll see, it'll be all right."

She kissed the baby's forehead, and the little Princess opened wide her blue eyes and smiled. Several people noticed it.

"Did you see the baby smile at the Bishop?" they said to one another afterwards. But then, you see, nobody but the baby could see the Fairy Queen.

The other fairies were still a little perturbed. They shook their heads doubtfully and whispered to one another as they floated out of the church. It wasn't done.

"If only she had made it a King's son," the chief lady-in-waiting muttered to herself. "That would have made it so much better. But 'the man of her choice'—so very vague."

The Fairy Queen, however, was quite happy. She laughed at the solemn faces of her retinue.

"You'll see," she repeated, "it will be quite all right." And she flew gaily off to Fairyland.

* * * * *

This isn't a fairy story at all. That's the nicest part about it. It all really happened. And the real name of the Princess—— Oh, but I needn't tell you that. *Everybody* knows who Princess Charming is. R. F.

Letter received at a Demobilisation office:—

"I have Certified that I Pte. —— as got Urgent on the L N W R Curzan St goods as also taken a Weeks Notice from Feburary 2nd to 9th to Leave Colours on His Magesties forces and allso beg to Resign. Signed Pte. ——."

Private —— was evidently taking no chances.

THE 1930 FLYING SCANDAL.

To the Editor of "The Wireless News."

1st June, 1930.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to protest through your columns against the outrageous behaviour of the drivers of public air conveyances on the Brighton Front.

Yesterday I and other passengers boarded a ramshackle aero-à-banc (the floor of which was covered with musty straw) with the intention of having a "joy-trip" to Rottingdean. The fare was two shillings and sixpence. We had not mounted five hundred feet into the air before the driver yelled to us, "Nah then, another 'arf-a-chrahn all rahnd or I'll loop the loop." We were forced to comply with the demand of this highwayman of the atmospheric thoroughfares; but on alighting I took the first opportunity of giving his number to a policeman.

One sighs for the old-fashioned courtesy of the taxi-cab driver of another decade.

Yours, etc., CONSTANT READER.

Commercial Altruism.

"Why not give your jaded palate a new pleasure? 'Impossible!' you say. This is so, if you smoke Our Tobacco, otherwise not nearly so impossible as you think."

Port Elizabeth Paper.



Farmer (contemplating new hand). "WELL, AT ALL EVENTS HE DON'T SEEM TO BE INFECTED WITH THIS HERE LABOUR UNREST."

THE ARK.

[The Dean of LINCOLN is reported to have informed the Lower House of Convocation that he "simply did not believe" in the Biblical episode of the Ark.]

THE dangerous voyage at length is o'er
And she has crossed the oilcloth floor
And grounded on the woolly mat,
The wooded slopes of Ararat.
Upon this lately flooded land
It 's very difficult to stand
The animals in double row,
When some have lost a leg or so;
A book is best to carry those
Who still feel sea-sick in their toes.
For NOAH and his sons and wives
This is the moment of their lives;
They walk together up and down
In stiff wide hat and dressing-gown,
Well pleased to greet the dove once more,
Who landed safe the day before.

You recollect that day of rain,
Of drumming roof, of streaming pane,
How, just before the hour of tea,
A great light bathed the nursery;
And you those tiresome tresses shook
Back from your eyes and whispered, "Look!"
The day-lost sun was sinking low,
Filling the world with after-glow;
We saw together, you and I,
A rainbow right across the sky.

* * * * *

Though years divide us, old and grey,
From childhood's distant yesterday;
In spite of unbelieving Deans
We still know what a rainbow means.

MUSICAL GOSSIP FROM THE GERMAN FRONT.

"For the last twenty years," writes M. JEAN-AUBRY, a distinguished French musical critic, "the temple of German music has been no longer at Bonn, or Weimar, or Munich, or Bayreuth, but at Essen. The modern German orchestra, with Strauss and Mahler, was concerned more with the preoccupations of artillery and the siege-train than with those of real music. It desired to become a rival of Krupp."

These remarks are borne out in a remarkable way by the latest news of STRAUSS. It has always been very difficult to obtain precise intelligence about his works, owing to his notorious aversion from publicity, and we accordingly give this information with all reserve, simply for what it is worth. It is to the effect that, while retaining the parts for three Minenwerfen in his new Battle Symphony, he has been obliged to re-score one movement in which four "Big Berthas" were prominently engaged, owing to the impossibility of securing any of these instruments since the Armistice. He has, however, with admirable resource substituted parts for four influenza microbes. There are no French horns in the score, but by way of showing a conciliatory spirit to the British army of occupation he has introduced in the *Finale* an adaptation of a well-known patriotic song, which is marked on the margin, "*Die W.A.A.C. am Rhein.*"

"High Life Below Stairs."

"Tablemaid (upper), elderly Countess; Scotland, England; good wage."—*Scotsman.*

"ANGLING.

LOCH TAY.—KILLIN.—Mr. C. B. ——, London, had on Beans and pease quiet and unchanged. Feeding offals 17th one salmon, 27 lb."—*Scotsman.*

But are these lures quite sportsmanlike?

From a "table of contents":—

"SPECIAL ARTICLES.
The German 'Soul'—To Rise Like a Phœnix 10
Rats . . . . . 10"
Glasgow Herald.

Agreed; or, as they say in the House of Lords, "the Contents have it."

KISMET.

THOSE old comrades, Sergeant Kippy and Gunner Toady, stood on the steps of the Convalescent Home and regarded the peaceful country-side which, in South Devon, is a sedative even in February.

Gunner Toady had come over for the day, and Kippy, as an inhabitant of the Home, had been exercising his prerogative of showing a guest over the estate. During the great advance which proved to be the expiring effort of the Hun, the Gunner had acquired a shortened leg, which still caused him to revolt against sustained physical exertion.

He leant upon his stick and listened while Kippy the indefatigable drew up a programme of a further tour to some outlying buildings.

"And you 'aven't seen the melin-'ouse," concluded that worthy, enthusiastically waving his remaining arm in the direction of a far shubbery.

"Melin-'ouses in Febuary is lugoobrious," said the Gunner; "we 'll remain at the chatoo."

Kippy sat down on the top step.

"Curious," he said, "to think there ain't no war on. Makes you feel idle. Remember that day at Coolomeers (Coulommiers), when we first got interdooced?" The Gunner nodded. "'Bout a thousand years ago that was, an' not 'alf a beano—'orse, foot and guns; no stinks, no blinkin' fireworks and old VON KLUCK gettin' 'ome pronto."

"Yes," his companion said slowly, as he lowered himself to sit beside Kippy, "that was September '14. I took my first knockout there, an' then clicked with you again in Southmead 'Ospital at Bristol."

"An'," Kippy took up the tale, "we come together agen at the end o' '15 in the old salient at Wipers, an' in '16 we was foregathered on the Somme. That 's where I got my first dose of Fritz's gas. Put me in Blighty three months, that did; an' I won the ten-stone clock-golf putting championship of 'Ereford."

"Yes," said the Gunner ruminatively, "we 've had to handle all sorts in this show; wy, I 've played a game called Badminton with a real princess a-jumpin' about t'other side of the net. O' course it ain't discipline."

"Well," said Kippy, "I got two years' service before the War. That makes six an' a bit; and next month I shall 'ave my Mark 1919 patent arm complete with all the latest developments and get into civvies. Then what-o for a job o' paper-'anging."

Gunner Toady gave a slight start, but at once passed into a state of deep reflection. After a protracted pause he delivered his mature judgment. "'Course," he said slowly, "I believe in wot them Mahomets call Kismet. No gettin' away from it——"

"Oo 's Kismet?" interrupted Kippy.

"It 's me and you gettin' mixed up so intimate over 'arf o' France and the 'ole o' Flanders. Like two needles in a blinkin' 'aystack clickin' every time—an' 'taint as if the Gunners dossed down reglar with the Line either. An' now you talks about paper-'anging."

Gunner Toady paused impressively and continued, "Now you 'd 'ardly believe it, but before I joined the reg'ment in '09 I was a master-plasterer workin' in Fulham."

"Lumme!" exclaimed Kippy, "wy, I was at Putney then, and I only 'eard the other day that there 's a nice little *apray-lar-gur* connection to be worked up at Walham Green. 'Ow about callin' ourselves 'Messrs. Toady and Kippy, Decorators?'"

"That 's what it means," said the senior partner. "It 's Kismet right enough, and there ain't no gettin' away from it."

"And we might add," said Kippy, with a touch of inspiration—"we might add, 'Late Contractors to His Majesty's Goverment.'"



"HOW WAS IT YOU NEVER LET YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU 'D WON THE V.C.?"
"IT WASNA MA TURRN TAE WRITE."

"Wanted, by middle-aged Lady, position of trust, Housekeeper, Companion, widower, lady, priest."—*Irish Paper.*

We suppose it is all right, but a hasty reader might well take it for another sex-problem.

THE TWO VISITS, 1888, 1919.

("Dispersal Areas, 10a, 10b, 10c—Crystal Palace.")

It was, I think, in '88
That Luck or Providence or Fate
Assumed the more material state
Of Aunt (or Great-Aunt) Alice,
And took (the weather being fine
And Bill, the eldest, only nine)
Three of us by the Brighton line
To see the Crystal Palace.

Observe us, then, an eager four
Advancing on the Western Door
Or possibly the Northern, or—
Well, anyhow, advancing;
Aunt Alice bending from the hips,
And Bill in little runs and trips,
And John with frequent hops and skips,
While I was fairly dancing.

Aunt Alice pays; the turnstile clicks,
And with the happy crowds we mix
To gaze upon—well, I was six,
Say, getting on for seven;
And, looking back on it to-day,
The memories have passed away—
I find that I can only say
(Roughly) to gaze on heaven.

Heaven it was which came to pass
Within those magic walls of glass
(Though William, like a silly ass,
Had lost my bag of bull's-eyes).
The wonders of that wonder-hall!
The—all the things I can't recall,
And, dominating over all,
The statues, more than full-size.

Adam and Niobe were there,
Disraeli much the worse for wear,
Samson before he 'd cut his hair,
Lord Byron and Apollo;
A female group surrounded by
A camel (though I don't know why)—
And all of them were ten feet high
And all, I think, were hollow.

These gods looked down on us and smiled
To see how utterly a child
By simple things may be beguiled
To happiness and laughter;
It warmed their kindly hearts to see
The joy of Bill and John and me
From ten to lunch, from lunch to tea,
From tea to six or after.

That evening, when the day was dead,
They tucked a babe of six in bed,
Arranged the pillows for his head,
And saw the lights were shaded;
Too sleepy for the Good-night kiss
His only conscious thought was this:
"No man shall ever taste the bliss
That I this blessèd day did."

When one is six one cannot tell;
And John, who at the Palace fell
A victim to the Blondin Belle,
Is wedded to another;
And I, my intimates allow,
Have lost the taste for bull's-eyes now,
And baldness decorates the brow
Of Bill, our elder brother.

Well, more than thirty years have passed . . .
But all the same on Thursday last
My heart was beating just as fast
Within that Hall of Wonder;
My bliss was every bit as great
As what it was in '88—
Impossible to look sedate
Or keep my feelings under.

The gods of old still gazed upon
The scene where, thirty years agone,
The lines of Bill and me and John
Were cast in pleasant places;
And "Friends," I murmured, "what 's the odds
If you are rather battered gods?
This is no time for Ichabods
And *eheu*—er—*fugaces.*"

Ah, no; I did not mourn the years'
Fell work upon those poor old dears,
Nor Pitt nor Venus drew my tears
And set me slowly sobbing;
I hailed them with a happy laugh
And slapped old Samson on the calf,
And asked a member of the staff
For "Officers Demobbing."

That evening, being then dispersed,
I swear (as I had sworn it first
When three of us went on the burst
With Aunt, or Great-Aunt, Alice),
"Although one finds, as man or boy,
A thousand pleasures to enjoy,
For happiness without alloy
Give me the Crystal Palace!"

A. A. M.

COAL-DUST.

"Had a good day?" said Frederic cheerily, stamping the snow off his boots as I met him at the front-door.

"That depends," I said, "on what you call a good day."

"You haven't been dull?" said Frederic.

"Oh, no," I said, indicating the comforting blaze as I pushed Frederic's chair to the fire; "behold the result of my day's labours in your behalf. Your hot bath and hot breakfast, dear, were just camouflage to keep from you, the centre of gravity, our desperate straits. When I went to give Cook her orders this morning I found her as black as a sweep and in a mood to correspond. She pointed to a few lumps of coal in the kitchen scuttle and said, 'I 've sifted all that dust in the cellar, Ma'am, and these are the only lumps I could find. There 's only enough to cook one more dinner.'"

"My dear girl," said Frederic, "why wait till there is no coal before ordering more?"

"Hear me," I cried. "A fortnight ago I ordered some. The man asked, 'Have you *any* coal?' I said I had a little. He said, 'You are lucky to have *any*. Dozens of people have no coal at all. I can promise nothing.'

"A week ago I went again. 'Have you *any* coal?' he asked. 'Still a very little,' I said faintly. 'Hundreds of people,' he said, 'have no coal at all. I can promise you *nothing*.'

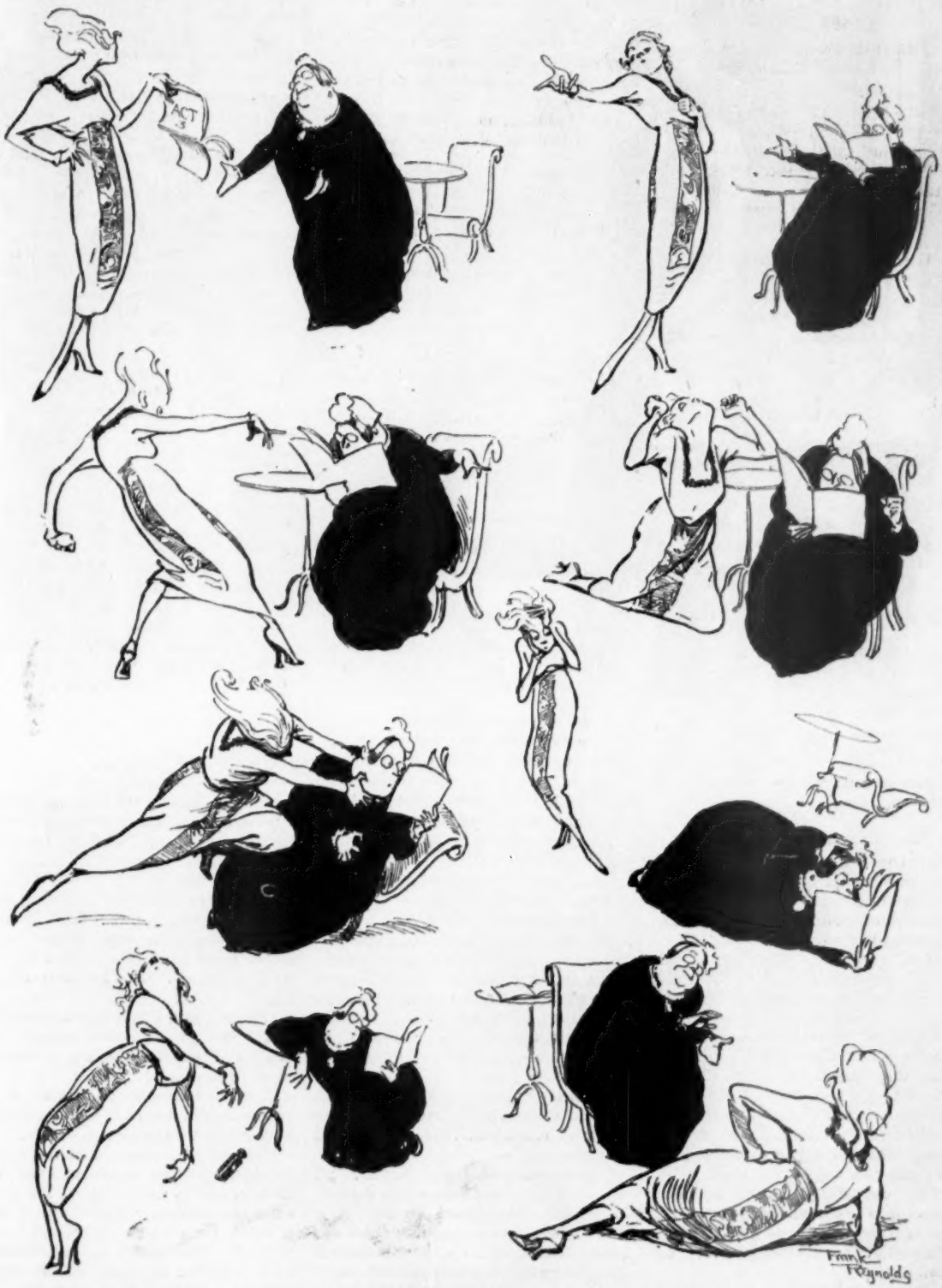
"Well, after I had spent an hour this morning distributing whiffy oil-lamps all over the house, I went again to the coal merchant. He froze me with a look. 'When can you send in my coal?' I tried to say it jauntily, but my teeth chattered. 'Have you *no* coal?' he said, and his frigid eye pierced me. 'O-o-only a little dust, which has been at the bottom of the cellar for two years—drawing-room coal dust," I added eagerly, 'which cannot be used on the kitchen fire.' 'You are lucky,' he said, 'to have that. There are thousands of people in this town with no coal at all. We can promise you nothing.'

"I came home, and after luncheon, donning my Red Cross uniform, I told Mary that if people called she could show them into the coal-cellar, where I should be; and, armed with a garden-fork, I proceeded thither and dug diligently for a whole hour. I know now exactly why a hen clucks when she has laid an egg. Every time I found a lump—and I found as many as six—I simply had to call Cook and Mary to come and see."

"What fun!" murmured Frederic comfortably.

"I venture to suggest, dear, that the thing is beyond a joke. When I next go to the coal-monger's I shall say in reply to the inevitable question, 'A little coal-dust in the cellar and a good deal on the chairs and tables and on my hands and face;' and I know he will say: 'You are lucky to have even that. There are millions in this town who, etc., etc.' And so the thing will go on until one day he asks, 'Have you no fuel at all?' when I can hear myself replying, 'Only two chairs and one wardrobe,' and he will reply icily, 'You are lucky to have that. Everybody else is dead because they had not even that.'

"And Frederic," I added abruptly, "as a coal-miner I demand the minimum wage for my day—your hot bath to-morrow morning."



A MORNING IN THE HOME LIFE OF AN EMOTIONAL ACTRESS.



"MY DEAR, YOU 'RE NOT GOING TO THE LINKS TO-DAY?"
"OH, YES, AUNTIE. I SHALL TRY AND PUT IN A ROUND."
"BUT IT 'S *POURING!* WHY, I WOULDN'T SEND A DOG OUT TO GOLF IN SUCH WEATHER."

DEMOBILISATION.

THE SITUATION MADE CLEAR.

"It is quite clear," said the Adjutant, "that Second-Lieut. X must stay."

"Of course," said the G.O.C. Demobs, or, as he is more often called, "Mobbles." "He stays because he doesn't go."

"Yes," said the Adjutant's child, full, like the elephant's child, of insatiable curiosity, "X stays because he is retained for selection until he is selected for retention, or, to put it more clearly, he belongs to a class which could go if it had any reason for going and if it wanted to go and wasn't retained as eligible or wasn't eligible for retention. In other words he is in one of the two classes—those who are available to go and those who are eligible to stay."

"Or, conversely," said Mobbles, "those who are available to stay and those who are eligible to go."

"Exactly," said the Adjutant; "but which?"

"The other," said the Adjutant's child. "Now, if he was only in the same boat as Y, the position would be different. Y is here because, though eligible for release, he is available for retention."

"The problem appeared quite simple at first," said the Adjutant, "but now you 've made it all muddy."

"It is simply this," said Mobbles; "is he eligible for retention or merely available for release? If the former, is he available for demobilisation, and if the latter, is he eligible for retention? No; what I mean is just this—Is he here or is he—— No; I 'll start again. Is he retained, and if not why not?"

"Exactly," said the Adjutant's child. "Is he under thirty-seven, and if so why was he born in 1874, or, to put it quite clearly——"

"Shut up," said the Adjutant. "I want to get it clear before you confuse me again. We 'll start afresh. X is eligible to go because he joined the Army before 1916. On the other hand, being under thirty-seven, he must stay."

"That must, I think, be wrong," said Mobbles.

"Quite," said the Adjutant's child.

"Well, then, put it in another way," said the Adjutant. "X can't be demobilised because there is no reason for his going, and he can't stay because there is no authority for retaining him. In other words, to put it quite clearly, as he is being retained he can't go, and as he is being demobilised he isn't to be retained. Do I make myself clear?"

"Quite," said the Adjutant's child.

Mobbles was beyond speech and busily engaged in working it out on paper in decimals.

There was a knock at the door; a signaller brought a wire, "Report immediately position of Second-Lieut. X."

There was a moment's silence as the Adjutant grasped a message-pad and thought deeply what to say. He wrote a few lines and then looked up. "This is what I have said: 'Second-Lieut. X staying if retained, but available to go if eligible; also eligible for retention if available.' Am I clear?"

"Quite," said the Adjutant's child.



ENGLAND EXPECTS.

[With Mr. Punch's best hopes for the success of the National Industrial Conference.]

BOTH LIONS (*together*). "UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO LIE DOWN WITH ANYTHING BUT A LAMB, STILL, FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD. . . ."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 17th.—On the motion for the rejection of the Bill to relieve Ministers from the necessity of re-election, Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING incidentally revealed the horrifying fact that he has compiled another Black Book, containing a full list of the PRIME MINISTER's election pledges. They do not quite come up to the notorious figure of 47,000; but they total 1,211, which seems enough to go on with, and they are all "cross-referenced."

More serious, from the Government's point of view, was the criticism of some of their regular supporters. Lord WINTERTON, speaking as an old Member of the House—though he still looks youthful enough to be its "baby," as he was fifteen years ago—affirmed the value of by-elections as a gauge for public opinion; Major GRAEME, one of the new Coalitionists, thought it would be a mistake to part with a means of testing the record of a Ministry which the War has "swollen to the size of a Sanhedrim."



GOVERNMENT PROMISES.
MR. PEMBERTON BILLING COMPILES ANOTHER BLACK BOOK.

As the soft answers of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL—whom the late Mr. ROOSEVELT would have probably termed "pussy-footed"—failed to quell the rising storm, the LEADER OF THE HOUSE



PORTRAIT OF WINSTON
BY MR. MOSLEY,
A PROMISING YOUNG ARTIST.

bowed before it and offered to agree to the insertion in the Bill of a time-limit.

Something had evidently annoyed Mr. DEVLIN. Whether it was the intimation that the new Housing Bill was not to apply to Ireland (which has had similar legislation for years past), or that in future the out-of-work donation in that country would be confined to persons possessing more or less right to it, or (most probably) that an interfering Saxon had announced his intention of moving a "Call of the House" in order to get the recalcitrant Sinn Feiners to take up their Parliamentary duties, I do not know. At any rate the Nationalist seized the opportunity of delivering a general attack upon the Government of such overwhelming irrelevance that Mr. WHITLEY, the least sarcastic of men, was driven to remark, "I think the honourable Member is under the impression that this is last week."

I trust that Mr. CHURCHILL, who is conducting the business of the War Office in Paris, will not read the Official Report of the debate on the Aerial Navigation Bill. For I am sure it would be as great a shock to him as it was to me to learn that Mr. MOSLEY (*ætat* twenty-two) considered him, in aviation affairs, as lacking in imagination. The idea of anyone regarding our WINSTON as a doddering old fossil!

Tuesday, February 18th.—As is usual at this period of the Session the Lords find themselves with nothing to do, and being ineligible for the out-of-work donation they naturally grumble. Foreman CURZON endeavoured to pacify them with the promise of one or two little jobs in the near future; and Lord BUCKMASTER kindly furnished them with something to go on with by raising the topic of industrial unrest in a speech composed in about equal measure of admirable platitudes and highly disputable propositions. Its principal merit was to furnish the new LORD CHANCELLOR with an occasion for delivering his maiden speech. This he did with proper solemnity, though once he slipped into his after-dinner style and addressed his august audience as "My Lords and Gentlemen." His nearest approach to an epigram was the remark that "the nation had been living on its capital and liking it." On the whole he took a hopeful view of the situation—more so than Lord LANSDOWNE, who expressed "the profoundest dismay" at our increasing indebtedness. Fortunately His Lordship's gloomy prophecies have not invariably proved correct.

After Question-time in the Commons Mr. BOTTOMLEY made bitter complaint to the SPEAKER that he had been evicted from his favourite corner-seat by the Member for South-East St. Pancras. Mr. LOWTHER administered chilly consolation. These little *contretemps* were apt to occur at the beginning of every new Parliament; and he was not going to lay down a hard-and-fast rule on the subject before it was necessary.

Old Parliamentarians will remember the long-continued struggle between Mr. GIBSON BOWLES and a colleague who was always endeavouring to insert "the thick end of the GEDGE" into "Tommy's" favourite seat. Mr. HOPKINS is the Member who has jumped Mr. BOTTOMLEY's claim on the present



"JUMPING" A MEMBER'S CLAIM.

occasion—a fact which will recall THEODORE HOOK's remark that the game of leap-frog always reminded him of those famous psalmodists, STERNHOLD and HOPKINS.

Wednesday, February 19th.—Accord-

ing to Lord STRATHSPEY there are thousands of men in the Army longing to take Orders in the Church Militant, but there are no funds available for training them, and no prospect of a living wage for them if ordained. The LORD CHANCELLOR's sympathetic references to the painful plight of men whose duty it was to preach content here and hereafter will no doubt be reflected in the administration of his not inconsiderable patronage. Fortunately or unfortunately the clergy cannot or will not "down surplices" to improve their condition.

The unrest in other sections of the working-classes was further examined from various angles. Lord RIBBLESDALE would like them to take a greater share in the profits, and also in the "responsibilities and vicissitudes" of industry. But this suggestion will hardly appeal to them if, as Lord LEVERHULME declared, Labour would have made a poor bargain if it had swapped its increased wages for all the excess profits made during the War. Lord HALDANE'S view, as perhaps you would expect, was that neither Capital nor Labour, but the "organised mind," was the principal agent in producing wealth. Altogether it was an informing debate, which the Government might do worse than reproduce in pamphlet form for the instruction of the public.

On the news of the attack on M. CLEMENCEAU reaching the Commons there was a general desire that the House should pass a resolution of sympathy. But Mr. BONAR LAW deprecated the proposal as being, in his opinion, "against all precedent"—not a little to the surprise of some of the new Members, who thought that in a case like this the *conseil du précédent* might bow to the *Président du Conseil*.

In the procedure debate a strong demand was made that a full official report of the speeches delivered in the six Grand Committees should be issued. But the ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out that everything was already reported "except the talk," and found a powerful supporter in Sir EDWARD CARSON, who believed that no official reports would have any effect in keeping Ministers to their pledges. *Hansard* is as *Hansard* does, is his motto.

Thursday, Feb. 20th.—Every question put down costs the tax-payer, it is calculated, a guinea. This afternoon there were no fewer than two hundred and eighty-two of them on the Order-Paper. It would be interesting to see what effect upon this cascade of curiosity would be produced if every Member putting down a question were obliged to contribute, say, ten shillings to the cost of answering it; the amount to be deducted from his official salary. If such a rule had been enforced in the last Parliament Mr. JOSEPH KING, for one, would have had no salary to draw.

The shortage of whisky and brandy for medicinal purposes was the subject of many indignant questions. Mr. MCCURDY, for the FOOD-CONTROLLER, stated that it had been found impracticable to allot supplies of spirits for this purpose, but, perhaps wisely, did not give any reasons. Can it be that the Government, contemplating the extension of the "all-dry" principle to this country, are anxious to give no encouragement to the "drug-store habit"?

THE LIMIT.

(*The Jazz is reported to have about seventy different steps.*)

I HAVE waltzed for half a day
In Milwaukee (U.S.A.),
I have danced at village "hops" in Transylvania;
I have can-canned all alone
In a fever-stricken zone,
And I've done the kitchen-lancers in Albania.

I've performed the "tickle-toe"
With its forty steps or so,
I have learnt a native dance in Costa Rica;
I've fox-trotted in Stranraer,
Irish-jigged in Mullingar,
And I've danced the Dance of Death at Tanganyika.

I have "bostoned" with the best
At a ball in Bukharest,
I've reversed with Congo pigmies, dark and hairy;
I have one-stepped in Sing-Sing
And performed the Highland Fling,
I have razzled in the reel at Inveraray.

I have tangoed in Koran,
Danced quadrilles in Ispahan
(Though I haven't done the polka in Shiraz yet);
But I've followed in the train
Of Terpsichore in vain,
For I haven't mastered *one* step of the Jazz yet.

"THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR.

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, ——'s Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

'N. H. R.,' Starkville, Miss.—'What is the meaning of the word *Eothen*, and what is its derivation?'

Eothen is Greek for 'it is used' or 'accustomed,' and is the title of a celebrated work by Alexander Kinglake."—*American Magazine*.

We fear that the lexicographer found his easy chair so easy that he did not take the trouble to get out of it to consult the dictionary.

THE MIDGET.

As a result of the competition in cheap miniature two-seater cars we anticipate several interesting developments and take the liberty of extracting the following items from the newspapers of the future:—

FOR SALE.—Small two-seater car, fit gentleman five feet eleven inches in height. Forty-two inches round the chest. Only been worn a few times.

Why pay a thousand pounds for a large car when you can get the same result with one of our hundred-pound Midget Cars? Our Midgets are trained to make a noise like a six-seater touring car. We undertake that you shall get the Park Lane feeling at suburban rates. Write for a free sample, enclosing six penny stamps for postage.

One great attraction in the Midget Car is that you need not use a rug to throw over its bonnet in cold weather. A tea-cosy will do.

WHAT OFFERS?—Advertiser, breaking up his collection, will sell his stud of tame mice, two goldfish and several obsolete silkworms, or would exchange for two-seater Midget with spanner.

DEAR SIR.—I have a small two-seater car. It is quite a young one. At what age can I start feeding it on greenstuff? SMITH, MINOR.

PERSONAL.—Will the individual who was driving a Midget Car which ran over old gentleman in the Strand be good enough to come forward and pay for the watch-glass which he cracked?

BE ECONOMICAL.—Our Midgets only smell the petrol. It costs no more to run a Midget than it does to run an automatic pipe-lighter.

To the Midget Motor Car Company.

GENTLEMEN,—With reference to the Midget Car you measured me for recently, I ought to have mentioned that I wanted patch pockets on the outside, in which to carry the tools. Yours, etc.

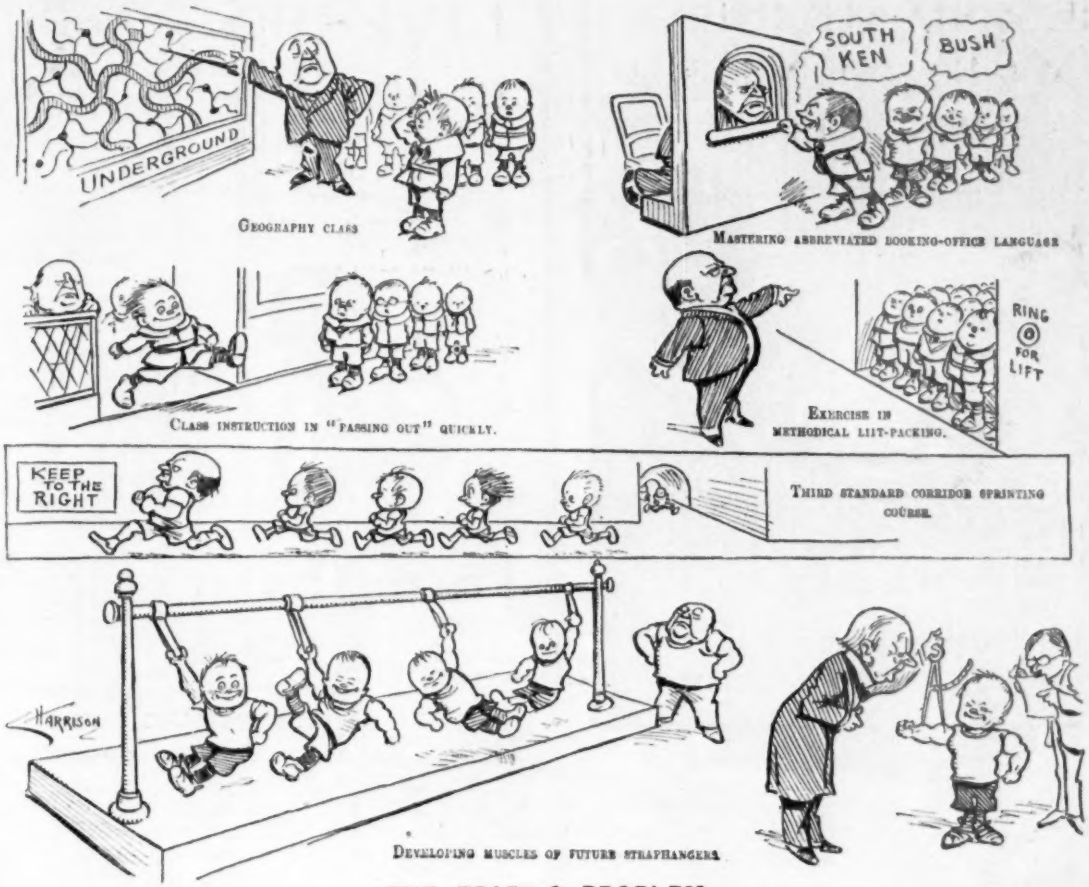
FOR SALE.—Owner whose two-seater car is a trifle tight under the arms wishes to dispose of his pair of white spats.

"Prince Eitel Fritz has been telling the Germans that his father, the ex-Kaiser, is now 'legally' dead. We must get rid of that adjective without delay."—*John Bull*.

"If you see it in *John Bull* . . ." Grammarians please note.

"CHRIST CHURCH, ——.—Wanted at once, for definitely Protestant Evangelical Church, light-minded colleague to share ministry." *Record*.

A chance for our demobilised humorists.



GEOGRAPHY CLASS

MASTERING ABBREVIATED BOOKING-OFFICE LANGUAGE

CLASS INSTRUCTION IN "PASSING OUT" QUICKLY.

EXERCISE IN METHODICAL LIFT-PACKING.

THIRD STANDARD CORRIDOR SPRINTING COURSE.

DEVELOPING MUSCLES OF FUTURE STRAPHANGERS.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO TUBE.

THE MILKY MOLAR.

["Last week one of my back teeth dropped out in the middle of Greek."—*Schoolboy's letter.*]

LAST week at the preparatory school
Where Frederick learns how not to be a fool,
Where he disports at ease with Greek and Latin,
And mathematics too is fairly pat in—
On Tuesday morn, the subject being Greek
(It always is on that day in the week),
Our Frederick, biting hard, as youngsters do,
Bit a Greek root and cleft it clean in two.
This was a merely metaphoric bite,
The next was fact, and gave the boy a fright:

For lo! there came a crumbling
At the back of his mouth and a rumbling,
And a sort of sound like a grumbling,
And out there popped, as pert as you please,
A milky back tooth that had taken its ease
For too many weeks and months and years.
An object, when loose, of anxious fears,
It had now debouched and lost its place
At the back of a startled schoolboy's face.
Oh, out it popped,
And down it dropped
In the middle of Greek
Last Tuesday week.

Yet be not afraid, my lively lad,
For you shall renew the tooth you had;
The vacant place shall be filled, you 'll find,
With another back tooth of a larger kind.
But a time will come when, if you lose
A tooth, as indeed you can't but choose,
You must go about
For ever without;
And, front or back, it returns to you never;
You have lost that tooth for ever and ever.
So stick to your teeth and accept my apology
For this easy lesson in odontology.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

CAPTAIN A. W. LLOYD, 25th Royal Fusiliers, has been awarded the Military Cross for Distinguished Service in the East African Campaign. Before the War, for which he volunteered at once, joining the Public Schools Battalion, Captain LLOYD illustrated the Essence of Parliament in these pages. Mr. Punch offers him his most sincere congratulations upon the high distinction he has won, and is delighted to know that he is completely recovered from the severe head-wound which he received last year.



Mother (to little girl who had been sent to the hen-house for eggs). "WELL, DEAR, WERE THERE NO EGGS?"
Little Girl. "NO, MUMMIE, ONLY THE ONE THE HENS USE FOR A PATTERN."

THE BEAUTIFUL WORDS.

I HAVE to tell an unvarnished tale of real and recent life in London. When the absence of impulsive benevolence and public virtue is so often insisted upon it is my duty to put the following facts on record.

It was, as it now always is, a wet day. The humidity not only descended from a pitiless sky, but ascended from the cruel pavements which cover the stony heart of that inexorable step-mother, London. Need I say that under these conditions no cabs were obtainable? In other words it was one of those days, so common of late, when other people engage the cabs first. They were plentiful enough, full. One could have been run over and killed by them twenty times between Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus, but all teemed with selfish life. Men of ferocious concentration and women detestable in their purposefulness were to be seen through the passing windows. It was a day on which no one ever got out of a cab at all, except to tell it to wait. No flag was ever up. Since the blessing of peace began to be ours these days have been the rule.

Not only were the cabs all taken and reserved till to-morrow, but the 'buses were overcrowded too. A line of swaying men, steaming from the deluge, intervened in every 'bus between two rows of seated women, also steaming. It was a day on which the conductors and conductresses were always ringing the bell three times.

There was also (for we are very thorough in England) a strike on the Tube and the Underground.

Having to get to Harley Street, I walked up Regent Street, doing my best to shelter beneath an umbrella, and (being a believer in miracles) turning my head back at every other step in the hope that a cab with its flag up might suddenly materialise; but hoping against hope. It was miserable, it was depressing, and it was really rather shameful: by the year 1919 A.D. (I thought) more should have been achieved by boastful mankind in the direction of weather control.

And then the strange thing happened which it is my purpose and pride to relate. A taxi drew up beside me and I was hailed by its occupant. In a novel the hailing voice would be that of a lady or a Caliph *incog.*, and it would lure me to adventure or romance. But this was desperately real damp beastly normal life, and the speaker was merely a man like myself.

"Hullo!" he said, calling me by name, and following the salutation by the most grateful and comforting words that the human tongue could at that moment utter.

Every one has seen the Confession Albums, where complacent or polite visitors are asked to state what in their opinion is the most beautiful this and that and the other, always including "the most beautiful form of words." Serious people quote from DANTE or

KEATS or SHAKSPEARE; flippant persons write "Not guilty" or "Will you have it in notes or cash?" or "This way to the exit." Henceforth I shall be in no doubt as to my own reply. I shall set down the words used by this amazing god in the machine, this prince among all princely bolts from the blue. "Hullo," he said, "let me give you a lift."

I could have sobbed with joy as I entered the cab—perhaps I did sob with joy—and heard him telling the driver the number in Harley Street for which I was bound.

That is the story—true and rare. How could I refrain from telling it when impulsive benevolence and public virtue are so rare? It was my duty.

BOOK-BOOMING.

(*With grateful acknowledgments to the leading Masters of this delectable art.*)

Messrs. Puffington and Co. beg to announce the immediate issue of *Charity Blueblood*, by Faith Redfern. Speaking *ex cathedrâ*, with a full consciousness of their responsibilities, they have no hesitation in pronouncing their assured conviction that this novel will take its place above all the classics of fiction.

Here is not only a Thing of Beauty, but a Joy for Ever, wrought by elfin fingers, fashioned of gossamer threads at once fine and prehensile. Yet so Gargantuan and Goliardic that the reader holds his breath, lest the whole beatific caboodle should vanish into thin air and leave him lamenting like a Peri shut out from Paradise.

But this is more than a Paradise. It is a Pandemonium, a Pantosocratic Pantechnicon and a Pantheon as well. For here, within the narrow compass of 750 pages (price 7*s.* 11¾*d.*), we find all the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome; the Olympian serenity of HOMER, the pity and terror of ÆSCHYLUS, the poignancy of CATULLUS, the saucy mirth of ARISTOPHANES, the sanity of SHAKSPEARE, the *macabre* gruesomeness of BAUDELAIRE, the sardonic *rictus* of HEINE and the geniality of TROLLOPE. All this and much more.

Here, as we turn every page, we expect to meet *Rosalind* and *Jeanie Deans*, *Tom Jones* and *Aramis*, *Mr. Micawber* and *Madame Bovary*, *Eugénie Grandet* and *Colonel Newcome*, *Casanova* and *Casabianca*, *Consuelo* and "CAGLIOSTRO," and, if we do not meet them, we encounter new and more radiant figures, compared with whom the others are as water to wine.

Here, with its bliss and agony, its cacophony and cachinnation, is Life, such as you and I know it, not life in absolute *déshabillé*, but enveloped in the iridescent upholstery of genius, sublimated by the wizardry of a transcendental polyphony.

Here, soaring high above the cenotaph in which the roses and rapture of our youth lie entombed in one red burial blent, we see the shimmering strands of St. Martin's Summer drawn athwart the happenless days of Autumn, with the dewdrops of cosmic unction sparkling in the rays of a sunshine never yet seen on land or sea, but reflecting as in a magic mirror that far-off El Dorado, that land where Summer always is "i-cumen in," for which each and all of us feel a perpetual nostalgia.

Here, in fine, gentle reader, is a work of such colossal force that to render justice to its abysmal greatness we have ransacked the vocabulary of superlative laudation in vain. SWINBURNE, compared to the needs of the situation, is as a shape of quivering jelly alongside of the Rock of Gibraltar. And here, O captious critic, is a Wonderwork which not only disarms but staggers, paralyses and annihilates all possibilities of animadversion, unless you wish to share the fate of Marsyas, by pitting your puny strength against the overwhelming panoply of divine and immortal genius.



MODERN INVENTION APPLIED TO THE CLASSICS.

Damocles (under the hanging sword—to his host). "DELIGHTFUL WEATHER WE'RE HAVING FOR THE TIME OF YEAR—WHAT?"

"A bricklayer's labourer was remanded yesterday on a charge of stealing, as bailee, two matches, value £3, the property of the Vicar of ——."—*Provincial Paper.*

We fear there has been bad profiteering somewhere; even in London they have not touched that price.

"Howells' new violin conato (E flat), which fololwed, is sincere music . . . whatever there is it is possible to bear."—*Times.*

The fololwing of a conata, like the bombination of a chimæra, apparently puts some strain upon the attention of an audience.

LE FRANÇAIS TEL QUE L'ON LE PARLE.

IT was on my journey to Paris that I ran across little Prior in the train. He too was going, he said, on Peace Conference work. His is a communicative disposition and before we had fairly started on our journey he had unfolded his plans. He said the Conference was bound to last a long time, and as a resident in a foreign country he had a splendid opportunity to learn the language. He meant, he said, to get to know it thoroughly later on. He then produced his French Pronouncing Handbook.

I thought I knew French pretty well until I saw that book. It gave Prior expressions to use in the most casual conversation that I have never heard of in my life. It had a wonderful choice of words. Only an experienced philologist could have told you their exact origin.

The handbook had foreseen every situation likely to arise abroad; and I think it overrated one's ordinary experiences. I have known people who have resided in France for years and never once had occasion to ask a billiard-marker if he would "*Envoyer-nous des crachoirs.*" Most people can rub along on a holiday quite cheerfully without a spittoon; but then the handbook never meant you to be deprived of home comforts for the want of asking.

Nor did it intend, with all its oily phraseology, that you should be imposed on. There is a scene in a "print-shop" over the authenticity of an engraving which gets to an exceedingly painful climax.

A good deal of reliance is placed on the innate courtesy of the French. For it appears that, after an entire morning spent at the stationer's, when the shopkeeper has discussed every article he has for sale, you wind up by saying, "*Je prendrai une petite bouteille d'encre noire,*" and all that long-suffering man retorts is, "*J'voo zangvairay ler pahkay,*" which is not nearly so bolshevistic as it looks.

Prior said he was going to start to speak French directly he got on board the steamer—he had learnt that part off by heart already. The first remark he must make was, "Send the Captain to me at once." There is no indication of riot or uproar at this. Evidently the Captain is brought without the slightest difficulty, for in the very next line we find Prior saying, "*Êtes-vous le Capitaine?*" and he goes on to inquire about his berth.

The Captain tells him everything there is to know about berths and then apparently offers to take down his luggage, for Prior is commanding, "Take care of my carpet-bag, if you please."

They then begin to discuss the weather. "In what quarter is the wind?" asks the indefatigable Prior.

"The wind," says the Captain, "is in the north, in the south, in the east, in the south-west. It will be a rough passage. It will be very calm."

Prior does not seem to observe that the Captain appears to be hedging. This wealth of information even pleases him, and then quite abruptly he demands, "*Donnez-moi une couverture,*" because, as he goes on to explain, he "feels very sick." This gives the "Capitaine" an opportunity to escape. He says, "I will send the munitionnaire."

Undoubtedly that Captain has a sense of the ridiculous. I like the man. Anyone who could, on the spur of the moment, describe the steward as the munitionnaire deserves to rank as one of the world's humourists. But Prior is apparently in no condition to see a joke. He says he will have the munitionnaire instantly bringing in his hand "*un verre d'eau de vie.*"

I was really sorry that in the bustle of embarking I lost sight of Prior and therefore could not witness the meeting between him and the Captain. It would have made me happy for the whole day.

The crossing was prolonged, for we took a zig-zag course to avoid any little remembrances Fritz might have left us in the form of mines. When we were nearing land I saw Prior again. He was stretched out on a deck-chair and looked up with a ghastly smile as he caught sight of me.

"Hullo, you're alone!" I said rather cruelly. "Is this the stage where the Captain goes to find the munitionnaire?"

Then he spoke, but it was not in the words of the phrase-book. It was in clear, concise, unmistakable English.

"Can you tell me," he asked, and behind his words lay a suggestion of quiet force of despair, "about what hour of the day or night this cursed boat is likely to get to Boolong?"

"Evens are moving rapidly in connection with the plan by the Government, announced only yesterday, to call a national industrial conference."—*Daily Paper.*

We are glad the odds are not against it.

Notice in a German shop-window (British zone):—

"Jon con have jour
SAFETY RAZOR BLADES
reset, throug hare
experient workman any System."

The Germans seem to be getting over their dislike to British steel.

COMMERCIAL COMFORT.

["Mines are spottily good. Oils maintain a healthy undertone."
Stock Exchange Report.]

O WELCOME message of the tape!
O words of comfortable cheer!
You bring us promise of escape
Into a balmier atmosphere;
Though Ireland with sedition boils
And shrieks aloud, "Ourselves Alone";
Still mines are good in spots, and oils
Maintain a healthy undertone.

Though dismal Jeremiahs wail
Of Bolshevists within our gates,
And, though the Master of *The M**l*
In sad seclusion vegetates,
The rising tide of gloom recoils
Once the inspiring news is known
That mines are good in spots, and oils
Maintain a healthy undertone.

An over-sanguine mood is wrong
And ought to be severely banned;
Yet spots, if good, cannot belong
To the pernicious leopard brand;
But no such reservation spoils
The sequel; doubt is overthrown
By the explicit statement, "Oils
Maintain a healthy undertone."

Not, you'll remark, the savage growl
Of the exasperated bear,
Nor the profound blood-curdling howl
Of the gorilla in its lair;
Nor yet the roar in civic broils
That surges round a tyrant's throne—
Oh, no, the organ voice of oils
Is healthy in its undertone.

O blessed jargon of the mart!
Though your commercial meaning's hid
From me, a layman, to my heart
You bring a soothing *nescio quid;*
Amid the flux of strikes and plots
Two things at present stand like stone:
In mines the goodness of their spots,
In oils their healthy undertone.

Extract from a recent story:—

"Noiselessly we crept from the tent. The sands, the sea, the cliffs, were bathed in silver white by a glorious tropical moon. Noiselessly we levelled it to the ground, rolled it up, and carried it to the boat."

And that night the Gothas were foiled.

"The subject of a war memorial was considered at a St. Sidwell's, Exeter, parish meeting. Many suggestions were offered, among them one that the present seating in the parish church should be replaced by plush-covered tip-up seats, such as are in use at kinemas and other places of entertainment."
Western Morning News.

If the suggestion is adopted it is presumed that the name of the church will be altered to St. Sitwell.



Father Murphy. "MIKE, COME HERE AND HOLD THE MARE FOR A FEW MINUTES."

Mike (not stirring). "IT'S SORRY I AM, FATHER, BUT I DO BE DRAWIN' THE OUT-OF-WORK MONEY, AND I DARE NOT HOULD HER. BUT I'LL SAY 'STAND' TO HER FOR YOU, FATHER, IF I SEE HER ANYWAYS UNAISY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Forty Days in* 1914 (CONSTABLE), Major-General Sir F. MAURICE does more than revive our fading recollections of the retreat from Mons and the marvellous recovery on the Marne. A careful study of the German documents relating to VON KLUCK's dash for Paris has led the author to form a new theory to account for the German defeat. Hitherto we have been asked to believe that VON KLUCK's fatal change of direction, just when he seemed to have Paris at his mercy, was due to an urgent call for assistance from the CROWN PRINCE. General MAURICE holds, on the contrary, that it was deliberately adopted, at a moment when the CROWN PRINCE's army was undefeated, in the belief that the French Fifth Army could be enveloped and destroyed, in which event "the whole French line would be rolled up and Paris entered after a victory such as history had never yet recorded." Thus, not for the first time, a too rigid adherence to MOLTKE's theory of envelopment proved disastrous to the Germans' chances of success. It had first caused them to invade Belgium, and so brought Britain into the War at the very outset; it had next caused VON KLUCK to continue his westward sweep after Mons at a juncture when a vigorous pursuit by his cavalry might have turned the British retreat into a rout; and finally it caused him to execute the notoriously dangerous manœuvre of changing front before an unbeaten foe, and to give JOFFRE the opportunity for which he had been patiently waiting. The fact was that VON KLUCK did not think the British were unbeaten. He could not conceive that men who had just endured such a harassing experience as the seven days' continuous retreat could possibly be in a condition to turn and fight. Not for the first or last time in the War German psychology was woefully at fault. Whether General MAURICE's theory is correct or not, it is most attractively set forth, and, thanks to the excellent maps with which the volume is provided, can be easily followed even by the non-military reader.

There was at first a little danger of my being put off *Fruit of Earth* (METHUEN) by the uneasy manner of its opening chapters and a style that it is permissible to call distinctly "fruity." Thus on page 5 J. MILLS WHITHAM is found writing about "an astonishment that nearly smudged the last spark of vitality from a hunger-bitten author," and a good deal more in the same style. But I am glad to say that the tale subsequently pulls itself together, and, despite some occasional high-falutin, becomes an interesting and human affair. It is a story of country life, the main theme of which is a twofold jealousy, that of the chronic invalid, *Mrs. Linsell*, towards the girl *Mary*, whom she rightly suspects of displacing her in the thoughts of *Inglebury;* and that of *Amos*, who marries *Mary*, towards *Inglebury*, whom

he rightly suspects of occupying too much room in the reflections of his wife. In other words, the simple life at its most suspicious, with the rude forefathers of the hamlet supplying a scandalous chorus. The strongest part of the story is the tragedy, suggested with a poignancy almost too vivid, of the wretched elder woman, tortured in mind and body, morbidly aware of the contrast between her own decay and the vitality of her rival. As to *Inglebury* and *Mary*, the causes of all the pother, they struck me as conspicuously unworth so much fussing over; and, when their final flight together landed them—well, where it did, I could only feel that the neighbourhood was to be congratulated. But, as you see, I had by this time become unwillingly interested. So there you have it; an unequal book, about people unattractive but alive.

When the literary Roll of Honour of all the belligerents comes to be considered quietly, in the steady light of Peace, not many names will stand higher in any country than that of our English writer, HECTOR HUGH MUNRO, whose subtle and witty satires, stories and fantasies were put forth under the pseudonym "SAKI." I have but to name *The Chronicles of Clovis* for discriminating readers to know what their loss was when MUNRO (who, although over age, had enlisted as a private and refused a commission) fell fighting in the Beaumont-Hamel action in November 1916. Mr. JOHN LANE has brought out, under the title *The Toys of Peace*, a last collection of "SAKI'S" fugitive works, with a sympathetic but all too brief memoir by Mr. ROTHAY REYNOLDS. Although "SAKI" is only occasionally at his very best in this volume—on the grim side, in "The Interlopers," and in his more familiar irresponsible and high-spirited way in "A Bread-and-Butter Miss" and "The Seven Cream Jugs;" although there may be no masterpiece of fun or raillery to put beside, say, "Esmé;" there is in every story a phrase or fancy marked by his own inimitable felicity, audacity or humour. It is good news that a complete uniform edition of his books is in preparation.



THE PASSING OF THE COUPON.

Our Grocer (gone dotty with joy). "SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT—SHE LOVES ME!"

I can't help feeling that ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY'S chief aim in *Up the Hill and Over* (HURST AND BLACKETT) was to write a convincing tract for the times on a subject which is achieving unhappy prominence in America as in our own police-courts. A worthy aim, I doubt not. One of the chief characters is a drug-taker; and as if that were not enough another is "out of her head," while a third, *Dr. Callandar*, the Montreal specialist, is in the throes of a nervous breakdown. This seems to me to be distinctly overdoing it. It is the doctor's love-story (a story so complicated that I cannot attempt a *précis*) which is the designedly central but actually subordinate theme. I have the absurd idea that this might really have begun life as a pathological thesis and suffered conversion into a novel. The author has no conscience in the matter of the employment of the much-abused device of coincidence. And I don't think the story would cure anyone of drug-taking. On the contrary.

The Three Black Pennys (HEINEMANN) is a story that began by perplexing and ended by making a complete conquest of me. Its author, Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, is, I think, new to this side of the Atlantic; the publishers tell me (and, to prevent any natural misapprehension, I pass on the information at once) that he belongs to "a Pennsylvania Dutch family, settled for many generations in Philadelphia." Which being so, one can enjoy his work with a free conscience. It certainly seems to me very unusual in quality. The theme of the tale is the history of the *Penny* family, or rather of the periodical outcrop in it of a certain strain that produces *Pennys* dark of countenance and incalculable of conduct. This recurrence is shown in three examples: the first, *Howart Penny*, in the days when men wore powder and the *Penny* forge had just been started in what was then a British colony; the next, *Jasper*, involved in a murder trial in the sixties; and, last of the black *Pennys*, another *Howart*, in whom the family energy has thinned to a dilettante appreciation of the arts, dying alone amongst his collections. You can see from this outline that the book is incidentally liable to confound the skipper, who may find himself confronted with (apparently) the same character tying a periwig on one page and hiring a taxi on another. I am mistaken though if you will feel inclined to skip a single page of a novel at once so original and well-told. As a detail of criticism I had the feeling that the "blackness" of the *Penny* exceptions would have shown up better had we seen more of the family in its ordinary rule; but of the power behind Mr. HERGESHEIMER'S work there can be no question. He is, I am sure, an artist upon a quite unusual scale, from whom great things may be anticipated.

If neither book of short stories before me is what Americans call "the goods," I can, at any rate, say that *Ancient Mariners* (MILLS AND BOON) does infinite credit to Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS'S imagination. These yarns of seafaring men are salt with the savour of the sea and with the language thereof. Of the seven my favourite is "Potter's Plan," which not only contains the qualities to be found in the other half-dozen, but also has an ingenuity all its own. But perhaps you will prefer "A Bay Dog-Watch," as coming home to the general bosom, for it deals with a ferocious hunt after matches which recalls the deadly days of the shortage. Of the five stories in Mr. WARWICK DEEPING'S *Countess Glika* (CASSELL) the best is "Bitter Silence." Here the author deals with essentials, and gives us a tale entirely free from artificiality. The remaining stories are marred by their lack of naturalness; but Mr. DEEPING is never at a loss for incident, and he can write dialogue which is often gay and sometimes witty.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT is whisky?" asks an evening paper headline. Our memory is not what is was, but we have certainly seen the name somewhere.

* * *

"Bitter," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "is the taste of defeat." A reference, presumably, to the thirty thousand tons of American bacon sold to Germany by the Allies.

* * *

"The Octopus," said the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN in his inaugural address, "is showing its fangs." Meanwhile Cardinal GIBBONS is busy twisting the Lion's tentacles.

* * *

The owner of a mule found wandering at Walton-on-Thames is being advertised for. "Trooper," writing from Mesopotamia, says that if it had a portion of khaki breeching and a stirrup in its mouth it is probably the brute which slipped out of his hands about six months ago.

* * *

With regard to the man who was seen struggling in the river last week, the report that his house was immediately taken by a passer-by is untrue. The man who pushed him in had got there first.

* * *

So much controversy has been caused by DE VALERA'S escape from prison that there is some idea of getting him to go back and do it again.

* * *

It is reported that just before his escape DE VALERA had been greatly affected by the account of some labour strike. He is supposed to have come out in sympathy.

* * *

There are now, it is announced, thirty-six prices at which bottled beer may be sold. It is only fair to our readers to state that the price it used to be is not included in the thirty-six.

* * *

A Servant Girls' Trade Union has been formed. So far there is no suggestion of interfering with the mistresses' evening out.

* * *

Mr. Punch has already called attention to the statement that is costs the nation a guinea every time a question is asked in Parliament. The only difference between Westminster and the haunts of the General Practitioner is that in the latter case (1) you pay out of your own pocket, and (2) your tongue is protruded instead of being kept in the cheek.

* * *

Burglars are very superstitious, says a press-gossip. For example the appearance of a policeman while a burglar is drilling a safe is considered distinctly unlucky.

* * *

"The pores of the ordinary individual," says a weekly paper, "would reach nearly forty miles if placed end to end." We hope that nothing of the kind will be attempted, as the traffic difficulties are bad enough already.

* * *

A Thames bargee is reported to have sworn at a policeman for eleven minutes without stopping. We understand that there is talk of having the oration set to music.

* * *

Considerable damage has been caused in the Isle of Wight by rats. A description of the offenders has been furnished to the police.

* * *

In order to cope with the traffic problem the L.G.O. Company have placed one hundred additional omnibuses on the London streets. This is such an admirable solution of a serious difficulty that people are wondering what member of the Government first suggested it.

Despite the fact that his wife has attempted to shoot him eleven times a Detroit architect declares that he will never leave her. He appears to be one of those men who can never take a hint.

* * *

Mr. F. M. B. FISHER reports that in New Zealand some convicts recently went on hunger-strike because a band played outside the prison. It seems that their ground of complaint was that this was not included in the sentence.

* * *

A correspondent writing to *The Daily News* points out that the reign of Satan has been cut short by eighty thousand years, and that the end of the world is at hand. Several people in search of flats are now wondering whether it is worth while after all.

* * *

Mr. SEAN T. O. KELLY, the Sinn Fein M.P., has handed M. CLEMENCEAU a copy of the "Declaration of Independence of Ireland." Other means have also been employed to entertain and amuse the distinguished invalid during his enforced rest.

* * *

We understand that a West-End lady has just been appointed mistress to a young parlourmaid.

* * *

We hear that the soldier who, after being demobilised, at once returned to barracks in order to say a few suitable words to his late sergeant-major, was put off on being told that he would have to take his turn in the queue.



"NO, MADAM. *NINE GUINEAS*—NOT NINE-AND-NINEPENCE."

The Pre-war Habit.

"Clerk (male) quick and accurate at figures; one used to wages preferred."—*Daily Paper.*

"The engine, which is based on the principle of the turbine, is designed to produce 30,000 revolutions a minute."—*Daily Paper.*

Bolshevists please note.

"Commander Ramsay and the Princess themselves had a private survey of their new possessions yesterday before the guests appeared, and report has it warmly congratulated one another on the interest and beauty of most of the things, and the unusual percentage of unimaginative and ugly offerings."

Daily Sketch.

Although the statement is somewhat ambiguous, we feel sure that the writer meant well.

THE TONIC OF MARCH.

(With acknowledgments to the author).

MONTH of the Winds (especially the East)
That staunch the young year's floods by dyke and dam,
Who enter like a lion, that great beast,
And make your egress like a woolly lamb;
Who come, as Mars full-armed for battle's shocks,
From lethargy of Winter's sloth to wean us,
Then melt (about the vernal equinox),
As he did in the softer arms of Venus;—

O Month, before your final moon is set,
Much may have happened—anything, in fact;
More than in any March that I have met
(Last year excepted) fearful nerves are racked;
Anarchy does with Russia what it likes;
Paris is put conundrums very knotty;
And here in England, with its talk of strikes,
Men, like your own March hares, seem going dotty.

Blow, then, with all your gales and clear our skies!
We did not win that War the other day
To please the Huns or gladden TROTSKY'S eyes
By fighting, kin with kin, this futile way;
Blow—not too hard, of course—I should not care
To inconvenience Mr. WILSON on his voyage—
But just enough to clean the germy air
And usher in the universal Joy-Age. O. S.

GOOD-BYE TO THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

II.—THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

DEMOBILISATION in the Navy, whatever it may be in the Army, is a simple affair. You are first sent for by the Master-at-Arms, who glares, thrusts papers into your trembling hand and ejects you violently in the direction of the Demobilising Office. Here they regard you curiously, stifle a yawn, languidly inspect your papers and send you to the Paymaster, who, after wandering disconsolately round the Pay Office, exclaiming pathetically, "I say, hasn't *anyone* seen that Mixed Muster book? It must be *somewhere*, you know," returns you without thanks to the D.O., where they tell you to call again in three days' time. On returning you are provided with a P.I.C. and numerous necessary papers, requested to sign a few dozen forms, overwhelmed with an unexpected *largesse* of pay and sent forth on that twenty-eight days' leave from which no traveller returns. There's nothing in it at all; the whole thing only lasts four days. They do it by a system, I believe.

As we assembled on board for the last time, awaiting our railway warrants, there were some moving spectacles. The Mate and the Second Engineer were bidding each other affectionate and tearful farewells behind the winch. "You won't quite forget me, Bill, will yer?" I heard the Second exclaim brokenly, but the only reply was a strangled sob. The Steward, seated on his kit-bag, was murmuring a snatch of song that asserted the rather personal fact that "our gel's a big plump lass." He is an oyster-dredger in civil life and is eagerly looking forward to experiencing once more the delicate thrills and excitement of this hazardous sport. Jones, our Signaller, who recently wrote a poem which opened with the lines,

> "I for one will be surprised
> When we are demobilised,"

was struggling painfully to insert a pair of boots into a recalcitrant kit-bag, and exhibited an expression of dogged determination rather than the astonishment he had predicted. The Trimmer was heard complaining mournfully that when he left the Patrol Office for the last time they never said good-bye. He seemed to feel this keenly.

All of us were more or less excited, all as it were on tip-toe with expectancy, like school-boys on breaking-up morning. All, did I say? No, there was one member of the crew who sat supremely indifferent to the prevailing atmosphere of emotion, gazing calmly before him with his solitary lack-lustre eye. The Silent Menace, the ship's dog, betrayed none of our childlike sentiment. Demobilisation was nothing to him—he was too old a campaigner to let a little matter like that agitate his habitual reserve. To us the recent period of hostilities had been "The War," the only war in which we had ever been privileged to fight; but to him it was just one of the numberless affrays of an adventurous life, and, judging by the worn condition of his ears and the veteran scars that tattooed his tail, some of the previous ones had had their share of frightfulness. And to-morrow, no doubt, he will try the game again.

It was the Third Hand who suddenly propounded the unsolvable question: "Who's goin' to keep that there Menace?"

There was an almost universal chorus of "Me!" I say "almost universal" because Jones, who is R.N.V.R. and educated, probably said, "I," and the Chief Engineer was lighting his pipe and merely succeeded in blowing the match out.

"You can't all have him," said the Third Hand, "so I think I'll take him along with me. I knows a bit about dawgs."

There was instant and clamant disapproval, each one of us urging an unquestionable claim to the guardianship of the orphan Menace. The Steward said he was the only one with the ghost of a right to the dog; had it not always been the Menace's custom to help him wash up the plates and dishes? A Deck Hand, however, protested that as he had eaten one of his mittens the Silent Menace was already in part his property. The Mate and the Second Engineer nearly came to blows about it.

The question was still unsettled when the warrants arrived. As time was short it was finally decided that whomsoever he should follow was to be adjudged his future owner. We climbed ashore and spread out fanwise, looking back and uttering those noises best calculated to incline the unyielding heart of the Menace towards us. He himself rose from the deck and strolled on to the wharf, where he stood coolly regarding us. Without emotion his Cyclopean orb directed its gaze from one to another till, midway between the Third Hand and the Second-Engineer, it was observed to irradiate a sudden and unaccustomed luminosity.

"Come along then, Menace," wheedled the Second.

"Yoicks, old dawg!" exclaimed the Third Hand, patting his knee encouragingly.

But they had misinterpreted their Menace, for in the middle distance, on a pile of timber directly behind the expectant twain, had appeared the sleek person of a sandy cat which proved to be the attraction. For an instant the Menace stood motionless, his spine bristling and his tail growing stiff; then with a short sharp bark he sprang forward like an arrow from a bow in the direction of the feline objective. We saw a streak of yellow as she fled for safety and life; a cloud of dust, and the Menace and his quarry disappeared from view. Faintly from afar floated an eager yelp, telling that the chase was still in full cry.

"Well, sink me," said the Second-Engineer, "that settles it."

There were trains to be caught, and so, slowly and sadly, we turned away.

Thus did the Silent Menace, with the rest of his shipmates, bid good-bye to the Auxiliary Patrol.



A HOME FROM HOME.

President Wilson *(quitting America in his Fourteen-League-of-Nations Boots)*. "IT'S TIME I WAS GETTING BACK TO A HEMISPHERE WHERE I REALLY *AM* APPRECIATED."

THE ROAD TO THE RHINE.

A LITTLE LOOT.

IT was at the time when men still imagined that to be a pivotal man in some way enhanced their chances of being demobilised that an abnormal wave of acquisitiveness passed over us. Before it passed, I regret to say, it *hovered*, chiefly on account of the prospect of a speedy return home and the desire to take back some kind of trophy to satisfy the still small voice of inquiry concerning papa and the Great War.

The very first day after we had arrived in the most unimportant village imaginable (our usual luck), Roley, the fattest subaltern on record, lurched into the room and told us of the discovery of a wonderful trainload of abandoned Bosch material. Being a Regular soldier, acquisitiveness runs through his whole being, of course, and he gave us a most glowing account of the wonders to be found. "Full of things," he cried; "coal, Bosch beds, field-guns and souvenirs—hundreds of 'em."

I know no rabbit that could have pricked up his ears quicker than did the pivotal men at the sound of that magic word. "Hail, Roley!" we cried; "we who are about to be demobilised salute you!"

That evening a select conclave of super-scroungers met with great solemnity. Beds for the men and coal for all—certainly, and *then* we would start collecting. By the morrow each man slept in luxury, while subalterns from other companies came in to warm themselves by our roaring fires. Not till then did we feel justified in turning our thoughts to the furnishing of the baronial hall at home.

Some day, we pivotal men are still ready to believe, when demobilisation is nearly complete we shall return to our bowler hats and civic respectability, but meantime, let me tell you, respectable elderly subalterns *enjoy* things like clambering over a forbidden Bosch train in search of loot. When we had climbed to the end of the trucks and were thoroughly dirty, we found we had done very badly. The souvenirs were there all right, but no matter how interesting and desirable it may be, you simply cannot pack up a field-gun and send it home—the tail part does stick out so.

Chardenal and I had picked up the best thing we could find, brass cartridge cases (about three feet high) of a 5·9 gun, and some shorter eight-inch affairs. It was hard work. I carried four of the former and Chardenal carried two of each, and we looked as if we had come to mend a main drain. Not having been in the Army long enough to have lost all sense of shame, Chardenal began by trying to hide his cases under his British warm. His biggest effort at concealment was made when passing the sentry of the Brigade Headquarters' guard, and the noise he made doing it brought the whole guard out. However, being sentries, they took very little notice of what we did, except that the N.C.O. in charge certainly did pick up one of the dropped cases and hand it to Chardenal. This was after I had tried to help him and we had dropped the whole lot.



Farmer (to land-girl, who has been sent to feed the pigs). "WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE SWILL BACK?"

Land Girl. "WELL, THEY WERE ASLEEP AND LOOKED SO COMFY—I SIMPLY HADN'T THE HEART TO DISTURB THEM."

After this Chardenal gave up all idea of concealment and tried to express by his carriage that he accepted no responsibility whatever for the souvenirs. He didn't want the things, not he! They were *there*, certainly, and—well, yes, he was carrying them, but *why* he was carrying them (here he would have shrugged his shoulders if he could) he really couldn't tell you; it was a matter of absolute indifference to him, anyway. Histrionically I have no doubt it was a great piece of work, but the only possible inference anybody could have drawn was that he might have been carrying them to oblige me—which I resented.

Heavens, how our arms ached, for it was over two miles to the billet! A collision of milk-trains could hardly have made more noise than we did as we clashed and clanged down the main street. Of course we met everybody we knew. People we hadn't seen for years, people we didn't like, people who didn't like us—all seemed to have been paraded especially for the occasion.

We got home in the end, and it was a great triumph. The only unenthusiastic person was Mr. Brown, my batman, who surveyed the things in silence, betokening that he knew quite well he would be called upon to sew them up in sacking and label them "Officer's Spare Kit, c/o Cox and Co." Then he looked sadly at my soiled tunic and my British warm and asked if I had carried them far. "Over two miles," I replied proudly. "Pity," he said; "there's a whole dump of them at the bottom of the garden here."

There the matter might have ended if the fat Roley had not lurched up again the next day with a steel box containing a dial-sight off a field-gun. The dial-sight was a complicated affair of prisms and lenses which probably cost the Bosch about sixty pounds, and we felt a little sick at having overlooked such a find.

"Awful job I had too," he went on. "Some fellows were seen yesterday taking stuff away and they've put a sentry on the train."

"Serve them right," we said.

Next day we returned to the trucks to try again. The sentry was engaged in a little conversation, and whilst Chardenal took his photograph (ostensibly for *The Daily Snap* as "Sentry Guarding a Train") I slipped behind the trucks, opened a couple of lids in the tails of some field-guns, picked out two cases of sights and hurried off. Chardenal joined me later and, concealing our swag under our British warms, we walked as quickly as we could until the Brigadier stopped and had a little chat with us about things in general. And there we had to stand for a quarter of an hour on a freezing afternoon with two fingers holding the box and the other fingers holding the coat down to effect better concealment. Chardenal was in so much pain and wore such an expression of agonized innocence that the Brigadier wanted him to come into headquarters until he felt better.

"Well, what have you got?" asked



CASTING PEARLS.

Philistine (who has been dragged by wife to Jazz tea-shop). "WHAT IS IT THEY'RE TRYING TO PLAY, DEAR?"
Modern Wife. "OH, YOU WOULDN'T BE ANY THE WISER—NOTHING OUT OF 'THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.'"

Carfax, another candidate for demobilisation, when we finally got back and showed him the cases.

"Only two?" he cried, "and you promised *me* one!" We said things.

"What lenses are they?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Chardenal, "but, whatever's the heaviest kind, that's the kind we've brought."

And we opened the boxes and they were empty.

The baronial hall will remain unfurnished. I'm fed up with the whole business. L.

The Language Test for V.A.D.'s.

From an Official Form of Application for stripes:—

"I certify that these Members have diligently attended their duties at the Hospital, are always neat in appearance, punctual in their habits and proficient in their cursing. I recommend they be allowed to enter for the Blue Stripe Examination."

From the announcement of a musical service:—

"Soprano Solo, 'With Verger clad' (*Creation*), Miss Dorothy ——."—*Canadian Paper.*

Quite a new "creation."

THE HOUSE HISTRIONIC.

THE enterprise of Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, who announces that the oak-parlour used in his play at the St. Martin's Theatre will be sold by auction at the conclusion of the run, has not unnaturally provoked a certain liveliness in architectural circles. Should advertisements of houses for sale ever reappear in the newspapers, it is thought likely that they may include something like this:—

Desirable Family Mansion of unique interest, suit dramatist seeking congenial associations. Exceptionally fine dining-hall, as used in the supper scene in *Macbeth*, and equipped with convenient *Banquo* sliding-panel to kitchen. The latter apartment deserves the epithet Baronial, being transported direct from the successful pantomime, *Puss-in-Boots*, and capable of accommodating a ballet of two hundred cooks. The elegantly proportioned drawing-room (to which a fourth wall has been since added) was the subject of special mention in several leading newspapers after the production of *Epigrams* at the Niobe Theatre; while each of the twelve bedrooms represents some recent triumph in the Problematical Drama. An attractive feature is the fitting of an artificial sunlight attachment to the outside of each window; while every room is provided with one or more telephones.

Snug Bachelor Flat, direct from the phenomenally successful farce, *Peers and Pyjamas*, at the Plenipotentiaries Theatre. The fine central living-room contains sixteen doors, opening into bedrooms, kitchen, coal-cellar, etc. May be as conveniently entered by the window as by the doors. All the latter work upon the well-known dramatic hinge, by which as soon as one shuts another opens. Unlimited facilities for hide-and-seek. Exceptional opportunity for active tenant.

From *The Mistress of Court Regina*, by Mr. CHARLES GARVICE:—

"He kissed her, taking his cigarette out of his mouth to do so."

This courteous consideration is invariably shown in the best circles.



Geordie. "WELL, AH'M BLOWED! THEY'M NAMED YON PLAACE AFTER T'OWD DOOG-OUT ON T' SOMME!"

THE SUBALTERNS' PARADISE.

I MET Bilsden and congratulated him on being in "civvies."

"What are you going to do now?" I asked. "Back to the old firm?"

"No," said Bilsden gravely; "when a man has acquired the power of leading men he's thrown away in an accountant's office, especially as the junior member of the staff. I see no prospect in England. I have offered to take charge of large departments of English firms, and be responsible for entire supervision, but they fail to recognise what the capacity for leadership gained in the army will do. I'm off to Ceylon—tea-planting. Just to control big gangs of coolies and see that they work. It will be child's play for me. Lovely climate; elephants. An absolutely ideal job."

It seemed to me on that foggy frosty day, that to lie in a hammock in the shade, with the temperature about ninety, watching coolies work, would be the perfect form of labour.

I congratulated Bilsden on having found his *métier*.

Half-an-hour later I met Parkinson, another second-loot who had just shed his pip.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" I asked.

"I'm a bit dubious," he said.

"Try tea-planting in Ceylon," I suggested. "Elephants, spicy breezes, swing in a hammock all day watching coolies. My dear boy, were I twenty years younger I should be inquiring about a berth on the next steamer."

"Ah," said Parkinson, "of course Ceylon's all right, and I've a lot of pals going out there; but what about rubber-planting in the Malay Peninsula? They've got tigers there. That's rather a pull."

I admitted the attraction of tigers to certain tastes, but not to mine. In my case the pull, I thought, might be on the tiger's side.

Since these interviews I have been going the rounds of my military acquaintances and I find a general feeling in favour of Ceylon or the Malay Peninsula.

Of course it's an excellent thing that they should take up the white man's burden and make the coolies work, only I'm in dread lest the overcrowding we suffer from in England may be extended to the Orient. Will there be enough plantations, coolies and big game to go round amongst our subalterns?

I can see the Government introducing several Bills—

(1) For the extension of the Isle of Ceylon;

(2) For the lengthening of the Malay Peninsula;

(3) For the importation of five million coolies, estimated at the rate of five hundred coolies each, to give employment to ten thousand second-loots;

(4) For the importation of elephants, tigers, lions, buffalo, hippopotami, giraffes and capercailzie.

AT PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

[Mr. GEOFFREY DAWSON has resigned the Editorship of *The Times*, owing to a disagreement with Lord NORTHCLIFFE over matters of policy, and has been succeeded by Mr. H. WICKHAM STEED, formerly foreign editor.]

"Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a Steed
That knows his master."

Byron, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."



Inspecting Officer. "WHICH IS THE MOST IMPORTANT NUT ON THIS LORRY?"
Driver (ex-infantry). "I AM, SIR."

A CAREER.

(The Right Man in the Right Place.)

You should see our son James!
You should just see our James!
As bright as a button, as sharp as a knife!
My wife says to me and I say to my wife,
"You 'll never have seen such a son in your life
As our jammy son, James."

He is now three years old;
He 's a good three years old;
When the fellow was two you could see by his brow
(At the age of a year, you could guess by the row)
That this was a coming celebrity. Now
He 's a stout three-year-old.

Question: What shall he be?
Tell us, what shall he be?
Shall he follow his father and go to the Bar,
Where, passing his father, he 's bound to go far?
"But one knows," says his mother, "what barristers are.
Something else he must be!"

Do you fancy a Haig?
Shall our James be a Haig?
The War Office tell me he 's late for this war,
Have the honour to add there won't be any more
Since that 's what the League of the Nations is for;
So it 's off about Haig.

But his mother sees light
(Mothers always see light).
"This League of the Nations we mentioned above,
With the motto, 'Be Quiet,' the trade-mark, a Dove,
Will be wanting a President, won't it, my love?"
Jimmy's mother sees light.

Yes, that could be arranged;
Nay, it must be arranged.
In the matter of years Master Jimmy would meet
Presidential requirements. What age can compete,
In avoiding the gawdy, achieving the neat,
With forty to fifty? Thus, forty-five be 't.
Given forty-two years, he 'll be finding his feet
And the Treaty of Peace should be getting complete . . .
And so that 's all arranged. HENRY.

"I am sorry to have to say that this statement is a , and if any of my readers have any doubt as to whether I used that strong term without just reason, I invite them to communicate with the Ministry of Shipping on the subject."—*Letter in "The Observer."*

We respect our contemporary's discretion, but we *should* like to know what was the "strong term."

"The Literary Class has grown beyond all expectations, the numbers attending the last few meetings averaging nearly 100. Papers have been read and discussed on Dickens' Works, *Tess, Tale of Two Cities," The Highway.*

Flushed with success, the Literary Class is expected next to tackle HARDY; *Jude the Obscure* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* being the first objectives.

NOUVELLES DE PARIS.

Paris, March 3rd, 1919.

DEAREST POPPY,—You know, don't you, that I write for the Press? You *must* write, *ma chère*, if you want to be *dans le mouvement* nowadays. It 's getting to be almost as big a craze as jazzing and is quite as exciting. It has its difficulties, of course, but so has the jazz roll. And if you 've got a title or have been mixed up in a *cause célèbre* you can write on anything *sans aucune connaissance spéciale*. Camilla Blythely says she just sends in her photo and signature and those obliging newspaper people do the rest—which is most helpful to a busy person. But then we can't all be as notorious as dear Camilla.

I hope it isn't getting just a little overdone. But I hear that lots of papers are offering only three guineas a column now for quite important signatures, while others actually insist on contributors writing their own articles.

Quant à moi, I 'm writing up the light side of the Peace Conference. I do those snappy pars about LLOYD GEORGE's ties and CLEMENCEAU's gloves and all those little domestic touches that people would much rather read about than such remote things as Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs. I did a most *thrilling* three columns about the hats of the delegates, from the bowler of Mr. BONAR LAW to the "coffieh" and "igal" headdress of EMIR FAISUL, the Arab Prince. (It 's always so effective if you can stick in a word or two like that that nobody understands. You never need get them right).

Talking of odd words, the latest *boutade* over here is to find new names and epithets for our dress materials—some of them quite weird. If you want a silk *tricot* you ask for "*djersador*," while a coarser texture is "*djersacier*"; "*mousseux*" now describes velvet as well as champagne; *ninon* is known as "*vapoureuse*"; while to make one of the newest Spring dresses you require only three-and-a-half yards of "*Salomé*." Some of the *couturiers* in the Rue de la Paix are issuing fashion-pronouncing handbooks, while others have their own interpreters to assist customers.

The theatres over here are getting extremely — well, what our grandparents termed "*risqués*," but it really goes further than that. And the worst of it is my countrypeople seem to think it 's the smart thing to go to them, which they do most indiscriminately. *Heurcusement* they don't understand the stuff. Whenever I see a most circumspect and highly proper British matron entering one of the Boulevard theatres nowadays I think what a mercy it is that we as a nation rely so much on pronouncing phrase-books for acquiring foreign languages. It keeps one so single-minded in the midst of a wicked world.

But, after all, propriety is a *question de localité*. Else why do people do things here which would badly shock us at home? *Par exemple*, dancing between the courses of a meal is our latest *caprice* here; but I was *un peu étonnée*, the other evening, to see the Duchess of Mintford, at a restaurant of the most *chic*, jazzing off the effects of the turbot with light-hearted *abandon*.

Unfortunately a waiter carrying a tray darted across the track at the very moment when she was involved in that step so *embrouillant*, the side-roll.

It took quite a long time to collect, and put in their proper order, the waiter, the contents of the tray, her Grace and all the other jazzers who were coming up behind.

But, *après tout*, little comment was roused because most of the onlookers thought the incident was just part of the dance.

So long, old thing.

Bien à vous, ANNE.

THE TRUMP SUIT.

THOSE who wield Britannia's power
Have decreed a blissful hour,
When the mellow bugle-note
Sounds in every ship afloat,
And you see the forrard decks
Littered up with leathernecks,
Seamen sprawling on the hatches,
Darning socks and fitting patches,
Cleaning jumpers, sewing, smoking,
Writing, fighting, sleeping, joking,
Baiting foe and twitting friend—
Sailors call it "Make and Mend."

In this jolly throng each day
Gunner 'Erbert, R.M.A.,
Sat and smoked serenely bored,
So that I must needs record
When that precious hour was ended
He had neither made nor mended.

'Erbert was a crumpled rose
In the beds of N.C.O.'s,
And a blot on the escutcheon
Which they pride themselves so much on;
For, in spite of threat and curse,
Cells and badges lost, or worse,
Captain's frown or sergeants' oaths,
'Erbert *wouldn't* mend his clothes.

In a distant Eastern land
Certain tribes got out of hand,
And, to comfort little Mary,
Sought to stew the missionary.
Our Marines were duly sent
To apportion chastisement,
And they snatched him from the larder,
But alas! pursuing harder
Than was wise in such a scrap,
They were landed in a trap.
For the wily natives got
All around and copped the lot,
Stripping off them every stitch
Of the clothes they stood in, which,
I am sure you 'll all agree,
Was a great indignity.

Copped the lot? No, there was one
Absent when the deed was done.
'Erb, with his accustomed push,
Was advancing when the bush
Dragged the last remaining stitches
From the bag he called his breeches,
Leaving nothing but the dregs
Of the red stripe down his legs.
'Erbert paused; though not a prude,
He had never liked the nude.

Seated in a distant clearing
He remarked the natives cheering,
And, directed by the din,
Saw the plight his mates were in.
When he thought the time was ripe,
Clad in little but his stripe
'Erbert charged . . . The tribes in wonder
Promptly bolted with the plunder.

'Erbert with averted head
Quickly gathered every shred
Of his late-lamented kit,
Saying, as he handed it
To the Major, "I infer
You have lost your breeches, Sir."

With his glasses in his hands
On his deck the Captain stands,
Watching with surprise and fear
His detachment reappear—
First the Major, garbed in dirt
And the tail of 'Erbert's shirt;
Then the Sergeant, better dressed
In the sleeves of 'Erbert's vest;
Then the rest in fragments torn
From the jumper he had worn.
Last comes 'Erbert, proud as NELSON,
With a smile and nothing else on.

Is it Fortune's final stroke,
Or the Skipper's little joke?
As the ladder they ascend
Comes the bugle "Make and Mend."

"A flotilla of Portuguese warships is actively maintaining the blockade between the mouth of the Volga and that of the Minho."
Daily Paper.

The report that the Bolshevists have borrowed a "Big Bertha" and are meditating a bombardment of Lisbon by way of reprisal is as yet unconfirmed.

"Mr. W. A. Appleton, secretary of the Feedration of Trade Unions, declares that since the Armistice the federation 'has lost no opportunity of endeavouring to smash the controls that meant continued high prices (of food)."—*Evening Paper.*

More power to the "Feedration" in its self-sacrificing campaign.



THE GUEST WHO BROUGHT A BANJO.



"THERE'S A BIT OF A FINANCIAL CRISIS ON AT THE PRESENT MOMENT. I BLEW INTO COX'S ON THE WAY HERE, ON THE OFF-CHANCE, BUT—NOTHING DOING!"

"I S'POSE YOUR OVERDRAFT BLEW YOU OUT AGAIN—WHAT?"

THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR.

(*Extract from "The Times and Mail" of January 1st, 1925.*)

A SIGNIFICANT case was heard yesterday in the courts, when William Blogg, bricklayer's labourer, recovered twenty-five pounds damages from James Ruskin Carruthers, artist, for injury done to the plaintiff's eight-cylinder car through defendant's culpable negligence in allowing himself to be run over by it.

Plaintiff urged that he was a labouring-man, who worked eight hours a day. The court was at once adjourned, while restoratives were applied to the Bench.

On the resumption of the proceedings it was explained that since the passing of the Two Hours Maximum Day Bill the supply of labour had been inadequate to meet the demands made upon it, and plaintiff had patriotically filled four posts, at the minimum rate of fifteen shillings an hour. It was while he was hurrying from one sphere of activity to another that the collision occurred, resulting in injury to the plaintiff's mud-guard and loss of valuable time.

Defendant, who admitted negligence, pleaded poverty and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court.

The Bench, in summing up, called the jury's attention to the fact that defendant was not a labourer, but only a professional man; at the same time he reminded them of the impartiality of British justice, which did not admit that there was one law for the rich and another for the poor. Even the wealthiest labouring-man must be protected in the exercise of his inalienable right to work.

The accompanying photograph shows the plaintiff in the act of assisting to build a wall. He is a self-made man, having started life as a solicitor and by sheer perseverance raised himself to the lucrative and responsible position of an unskilled bricklayer's labourer.

TO M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU.

STRONG son of France, whose words were ever lit
By lightning flashes of ironic wit;
More fond of power than of pelf or place,
Eternal foeman of the mean and base,
And always ready in a righteous cause
To suffer odium and contemn applause—
Men call you still the "tiger," but the name
Has long outworn the faintest hint of blame,
Since in your country's direst hour of need
You have revealed your true heroic breed;
A tiger—yes, to enemies and Huns,
But trusted, idolised, by France's sons.
So when of late a traitor's felon blow
Was like to lay you, old and ailing, low,
And France was sorely stricken in her Chief,
The wide world shared her anguish—and relief;
For the assassin, resolute to kill,
Was foiled by your indomitable will.
Immortal France! she cannot spare you yet,
Till you have paid in full your filial debt,
And by the great Redemption and Release
Stamped Victory with the final seal of Peace.



CINDERELLA.

[No representative of the General Public seems to have been invited to sit on the Coal Industry Commission.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 24th.—THE mantle of the lamented Mr. JOSEPH KING, whose taste in *protégés* was so remarkable, seems to have descended upon Colonel WEDGWOOD. His request for the return to this country of LAJPAT RAI, "the Indian patriot," aroused a storm of objection from other hon. Members, who considered the description inapplicable to a person deported for sedition. But it was quickly quelled by the SPEAKER with the unanswerable assertion that "everybody calls himself a patriot in these days."

Mr. RAPER sought an assurance that no "wrack"—which appears to be a term of art in the timber trade—should be used in the houses to be erected under the Government's new housing scheme. If these were not to be "the unsubstantial fabric of a vision," he implied, the official builders had better leave the wrack behind.

Something is at last to be done to reduce the growing plague of Questions. Hitherto each Member has been entitled to put down eight Questions for oral reply on any one day. But in future no one is to be permitted to "star" more than four Questions *per diem*. Even that is regarded by some Members as an extravagant allowance. Major HENNESSY, I understand, thinks "three stars" enough for any man.

"The Government is not a trustee for one class, but for all," was the leading theme of the PRIME MINISTER'S firm and tactful speech in introducing the Coal Industry Commission Bill. He was studiously conciliatory to the miners, but made it plain that they could not be allowed to put a pistol at the head of the general community.

The miners appear, however, to be in the mood of the little girl who said, "I don't want to go to bed; I want to be *in* bed." The gist of eloquent speeches delivered on their behalf by Mr. HARTSHORN and Mr. RICHARDS was that the Government already possessed all the relevant facts, and should give the desired relief at once. But they mustered only 43 in the Division Lobby against 257 for the Second Reading.

Tuesday, February 25th.—Their Lordships resumed their debate on Industrial Unrest. Lord RUSSELL attributed it mainly to ignorance—on the part of the capitalists and the newspapers, who, with few exceptions, never gave fair play to Labour. He was supported to some extent by His Grace of YORK, who declared that, after a perusal of the Labour Press and the non-Labour Press, he could hardly believe they were dealing with the same subject.

Up to almost the eleventh hour the Committee stage of the Coal Commission Bill in the Commons was not encouraging. The Labour representatives moved amendment after amendment, designed either to wreck the measure or to make the Commission a mere registration-office to approve their own cut-and-dried plans.



PERSUASIVE PURRING.
MR. BRACE.

Mr. RICHARDS moved to omit wages and hours from its purview, but the House, brought up in the belief that *Hamlet* without the *Prince of Denmark* is but a poor play, voted him down by 270 to 40.

Then came another question-begging amendment from Mr. ADAMSON, suggesting that the Commission's inquiries into the possibilities of reorganising the mines should be limited to the single question of "nationalization"—the "blessed word" of Labour just now. This was supported in a capital maiden speech by Mr. SPOOR, an ex-pitman, whose father and son are both in the mines, and by Mr. CLYNES, who rather unreasonably complained that the HOME SECRETARY made SHORTT speeches; but it shared the same fate.

Not till the Bill was nearly through Committee was there any sign of *rapprochement*. Then, in response to the persuasive purring of Mr. BRACE, who had urged that the Commission should issue an interim report on wages and hours by March 12th, the PRIME MINISTER declared that, after consultation with Mr. Justice SANKEY, he was prepared to promise that the report should be ready on March 20th. A smile, extending almost to the extreme limits of his moustache, spread over Mr. BRACE'S benevolent countenance. Thenceforward all was peace, and the Third Reading was carried without a division.

Wednesday, February 26th.—The Lords passed the Coal Industry Commission Bill through all its stages without a pause. Then Lord DEVONPORT expatiated on the mistakes of the Food Controllers with such a wealth of illustration that the LORD CHANCELLOR, who is fond of Classical "tags," was heard to murmur, "*Omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset.*"

A Second Reading was given to the Re-election of Ministers Bill, on the plea of the LORD CHANCELLOR that until it is passed several of his Ministerial colleagues will be *nantes in gurgite vasto*—or, in other words, all at sea.

Rumours that a new Department of Public Information was to be set up excited much curiosity in the Commons, but only negative replies were received. The Department, if, and when, it comes into existence, is not to advertise the virtues of the Coalition, nor is it to publish a newspaper of its own; though, to judge by the leaflets, circulars and *communiqués* issued by the existing Ministries in the course of the week, such an organ would certainly not perish for lack of copy.

The so-called Ten Minutes' Rule was originally intended for the introduction of comparatively unimportant Bills. This afternoon Mr. SHORTT employed it for the purpose of explaining the provisions of one of the most revolu-



MR. JOYNSON HICKS'S FAIR WARNING TO SIR ERIC GEDDES.

tionary and comprehensive measures ever brought forward in any country. Briefly it is to put under the control of a single Minister of Ways and Communications our railways, our canals, our roads, and also our supply of electricity, hitherto in the hands of hundreds of public companies and local authorities. Only on one point did the Bill meet with opposition. I do not know whether Mr. JOYNSON HICKS claims any connection with Hicks's Hall, which stands in the old road-books as the starting-point of the great highway to the North, but he became almost lyrical in his denunciation of the proposal to put all the roads in the country in charge of a railwayman like Sir ERIC GEDDES. They ought, in his opinion, to be under the care of someone "born on roads" and "trained on roads"—a sort of super-tramp, I suppose.

Thursday, February 27th.—To an appeal for an increase in the pensions of Crimea and Mutiny veterans, to meet the rise in the cost of living, response was made that such an increase would be granted in the case of those not over seventy years of age. It is not thought that the concession will cause a heavy drain on the national resources, few of the veterans having joined up before entering their 'teens.

As a retort, "Yah! German!" is, I am told, already considered *vieux jeu* by the wits of the pavement. But Ulstermen and Nationalists still think it effective to twit one another with having been supplied with rifles from the arsenals of the Bosch. They bandied charges and contradictions so vigorously this afternoon that the SPEAKER had to intervene to put an end to these "nonsensical bickerings."

The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY scouted the suggestion that County cricket-matches should be exempted from the entertainment tax. It is believed that his answer was based solely upon financial considerations, and that he must not be held to have expressed the opinion that first-class cricket, as played by certain counties, *is*, in point of fact, entertaining.

"German residents in South-west Africa have forwarded the Administrator a petition for transmission to President Wilson, claiming permission to erect a republic union with the Republic of Germany. The petitioners claim that they not only represent a majority of the white inhabitants, but interpret the views of the wishes of the majority of the majority of the ahmbahmbahmbah natives."

New Zealand Paper.

We should like to know more of this remarkable tribe, which, *inter alia*, seems to have evolved a new method of proportional representation.

THE RED WINE OF THE COUNTRY.

"DID I iver tell ye," asked ex-Sergeant O'Reilly, filling his pipe from my tobacco-jar, "about the red wine?"

"I remember a story about sparkling Burgundy," I said.

"Och, that wouldn't be it at all. 'Twas another time altogither."

"Well," I said, "tell me about the red wine."

"'Twas this way." O'Reilly leant back in his chair, covered his maimed hand with a pocket-handkerchief—a curious way he had—and looked at me with that expression of openness and simplicity which demands confidence. "We was 'way back o' the line at the time, at a place where ye 'd expect to get a taste o' rest; but what wid fancy attacks an' 'special coorses' (thim 's the divil an' all!) there wasn't enough rest for an honest man to get into mischief. Well, there was to be a grand inshpection by a tremenjus brass-hat, one o' thim soort all over ribbons that rides wid a shtiff back. 'Twas the mornin' before the great day whin the O.C. comes to me all of a flutter, an' says he, 'Sergint, ye 've a chanct now to do me a good turn.'

"'I 'll do it, Sorr,' says I, 'if it costs me my shtripes.'

"'The fact is,' says he, 'we 've run out o' claret, an' there 's no dacent shtuff to be had for twinty miles round; annyway, that 's what I 'm tould. Now the Gin'ral has a great fancy for red wine.'

"'Tis a sad business,' says I.

"'I 've heard it whispered,' says the poor man, an' he wid the D.S.O. an' all, 'that where there 's a good dhrop o' dhrink you 're the man to find it. An',' says he, 'there 's no discredit to ye in that, O'Reilly.'

"'Indeed no, Sorr,' says I; 'tis a gift.'

"'Well,' says he, 'would ye use that same gift of yours for the honour o' the Rig'mint?'"

O'Reilly felt in his pocket for a tobacco-stopper, attended carefully to his pipe and again fixed me with his candid gaze.

"'There 's a bit of a place 'way back,' says I, 'where I 've a fancy I might find somethin'.'

"Wid that he shtuck a bunch o' notes in me hand. 'Don't shpare the cost,' says he, 'but get it. 'Tis up to you, Sergint, to save a disp'rit situation.'"

"It was a terrible responsibility," I said.

"Ye may say that. Whin I was alone wid thim notes bulgin' in me tunic, I 'd a notion I might let down the Rig'mint afther all, an' that would have bruk me heart. But off I wint to see Achille. 'Twas four miles to the village, an' I wint on my blessed feet, an' by the time I got to the place I was as nervous as a mouse in a thrap. Achille's shop wasn't a café or an estaminet or a buvette or anny o' thim places. He had a bit of a brass plate on his door wid 'Marchand de Vins' on it. I knew him by raison of a fancy that took me wan day for a dhrop o' brandy. So I wint in through Achille's door wid thim notes as hot in me pocket as Patsy Donelly's pipe.

"Achille hopped out o' the little room at the back same 's a bird out of a cage. 'Ah,' says he, 'that was good cognac, eh? You shall have more, me son.'

"'Achille,' says I, 'tis a shtrange thing, but there 's niver a thought o' cognac in me mind at all. 'Tis red wine, the best, that I 'm afther.'

"'Red wine!' says he. 'I haven't a litre o' red wine in the cellars.'

"'Holy Powers!' says I, 'an' you wid "Marchand de Vins" on yer door.' The shock of it took the breath out o' me entirely. So I sat up on the counter to think.

"'Tis a matther,' says I, 'that concerns the Rig'mint, a rig'mint that was niver bate yet.' An' I explained about the Gin'ral an' what the O.C. tould me. An' thin I tuk the notes from me pocket an' put thim on the counther undher his eyes.

"'Ach,' says he, 'tisn't money I want from ye, but to hilp a frind.' Then he folded his arms an' his forehead wint up into a puzzle o' wrinkles.

"'An' why wouldn't white wine do?' says he.

"'Is it offer white wine to a Gin'ral an' him wid a taste for red?' says I. 'It might rouse him terrible. Now, Achille,' says I, 'would there be no way of makin' the white red?'"

O'Reilly put a persuasiveness into the last words that revealed Achille to me as an honest merchant confronted with the most subtle of temptations.

"O'Reilly," I said, "was that fair?"

"Maybe not, but I 'd the Gin'ral an' the honour o' the Rig'mint fixed in me mind. 'That 's a good joke, very good,' says Achille; but there was niver a smile on his face.

"'I 'd no intintion to make anny joke,' says I. 'Come, Achille, you 're a knowin' man. Would there be no way at all?'

"Now it happened that he 'd lift the door o' the little room open, an' I could see a bit o' a garden through the window. 'What 's the shtuff growin' out there,' says I, 'wid the dark red leaves to it, or maybe ye 'd call thim purple?'

"'That 's beet,' says he with a kind of a groan.



BACK TO THE LAND.

Ex-Air-Mechanic (in difficulties). "SEEMS TO BE A RARE OLD BUS FOR NOSE-DIVING."

"'Beet,' says I. 'An' isn't beet a red kind of a thing an' mighty full o' juice?'

"'It is that,' says he, wid the eyes of him almost out o' his head.

"'Then how would it be,' says I, 'to touch up the white wine wid some o' that same juice?'

"'The thought was in me mind, God help me,' says he, an' wid that he sat up on the counther forninst me, an' we shtared into the garden like two men in a play.

"'Would it make the wine cloudy?' says I.

"'I could filter it so 's it 'd come as clear as sunshine,' says he.

"'An' how would it be for taste?' says I.

"Achille put a hand on me arm an' I could feel him shakin' like a man wid the ague.

"'Heaven forgive me,' says he, 'but ye might say it was the wine o' the counthry, an' that taste was the mark of it.' 'Tis my belief he was near cryin', for he was an honest man, an' 'twas for me he was lowerin' himself to deceit."

"You were a nice pair," I said.

"'Twas a beautiful schame," O'Reilly went on. "I was niver concerned in a betther."

"Did it come off?" I asked.

"To a turn," said O'Reilly. "We was docthorin' that blissed wine for the best part o' the day, an' I tuk back a dozen bottles to camp. The O.C. was hangin' round, as anxious as a dog for his master.

"'Have ye the wine, O'Reilly?' says he.

"'I have, sorr,' says I; 'but I 'd be glad if ye 'd ask me no questions about it.'

"'Not for the world,' says he, givin' me a queer look, an' was off like a mountain hare."

"Did the General recover?" I asked.

"That wine made a new man of him. He praised the Rig'mint up to the heighths. We was the pink o' the Army, bedad! The throuble was he wanted to know where he 'd get more o' that same wine.

"'There 's no more to be had,' says I to the O.C., for I was done wid the job.

"'He says it has a powerful bouquet,' says the O.C.

"'That may be,' says I, 'but he 'll niver taste the like of it agin. 'Twas an ould wine o' the counthry, an' there 's niver been the match of it before or since.'

"'Couldn't it be managed annyhow?' says the O.C.

"'Not for all the Gin'rals in the British army,' says I. 'Twas for the love o' the Rig'mint I got that wine, an' I 'm done wid the job.'"

"Is that the end?" I asked.

"Barrin' this," said O'Reilly. And he produced from his pocket a silver cigarette case, inside which was engraved, "To Sergeant Dennis O'Reilly, who saved the situation, October 15th, 1917."

"No, thank you; I hate publicity.—Lord Jellicoe, in reply to a request for a farewell message."—*Provincial Paper.*

We agree with the gallant Admiral that such operations are better conducted in private.

"It was stated that the cow took ill, and died on 23rd June last, and the purser now claimed the value of the animal, namely, £50, and also a further sum of £5, being the loss which he sustained through the want of milk, butter, and cheese, supplied by said cow from the date of her death to the date of the raising of the action."—*Scots Paper.*

"Faithful unto death"—and a bit over.



SARTORIAL CONTRASTS.

The Duke of Wessex welcomes the leading financial magnate of a friendly nation on his arrival at Victoria Station.

Upper-cut Bill of Stepney, the West of Europe heavy-weight, welcomes Basher Scroggins of Valparaiso on his arrival at Liverpool.

THE ART OF LEAVING.

If I had a son one of the first things I should teach him would be the art of leaving. I would have him swift in all ways, but swiftest when the time came to go. And when he went he should go absolutely. For although the people who leave slowly are bad enough, they are as nothing compared with the people who make false exits and return with afterthoughts.

The other day the necessity came for me to visit a house-agent. Life has these chequered moments. There is something of despatch and order wanting about most house-agents, possibly the result of their very odd and difficult business, which is for the greater part carried on with people who don't know their own minds and apparently are least likely to take an eligible residence when they most profess satisfaction with it. Be that as it may, house agents' offices in general have a want of definiteness unknown to, say, banks or pawnbrokers'. There is no exact spot for you to stand or sit; you are unaware as to which of the clerks is going to attend to you, and the odds are heavy that the one you approach will transfer you to another. There is also a certain air of familiarity or friendliness: not, of course, approaching the camaraderie of the dealer in motor cars, who leans against the wall with his hands in his pockets and talks to customers through a cigarette; but something much more human than the attitude of a female clerk in a post-office.

Being pressed for time and having only the very briefest transaction to perform, it follows that I was kept waiting for my turn with "our Mr. Plausible," in whose optimistic hands my affairs at the moment repose.

Occupying his far too tolerant ear was another client, whose need was a country house surrounded by enough grass-land for a small stud farm.

This is what happened (he had, by the way, the only chair at that desk):—

Our Mr. Plausible (for the fortieth time). I understand perfectly. A nice house, out-buildings and about twenty acres of meadow.

Client. Twenty to thirty.

Our Mr. P. Yes, or thirty.

C. You see, what I want is to breed stock—cattle and horses too.

Our Mr. P. Exactly. Well, the three places I have given you are all well-adapted.

C. When a man gets to my age and has put a little money by he may just as well take it quietly as not. I don't want a real farm; I want just a smallish place where I can play at raising pedigree animals.

Our Mr. P. That 's just the kind of place I 've given you. The one near Newbury is probably the most suitable. I should see that first, and then the one near Alton.

C. You understand, I don't want a big farm. Anybody else can have the arable. Just a comfortable house and some meadows; about twenty acres or even thirty.

Our Mr. P. The biggest one I 've given you is thirty. The place near Newbury is twenty-three.

C. Well, I 'll go and see them as soon as I can. [*Gets up.*

Our Mr. P. The sooner the better, I should advise. There 's a great demand for country-houses just now.

C. (*sitting solidly down again*). Ah, yes, but this is different. What I want is not so much a country-house in the ordinary meaning of the term as a farm-house, but without possessing a farm. Just enough buildings and meadow-land to breed a few shorthorns and a yearling or two. The house must be comfortable, you know, roomy, but not anything pretentious.

[*Gets up again.*

Our Mr. P. I quite understand. That 's just what I 've given you.

C. (*again seating himself*). The whole scheme may be foolishness. My wife says it is. But (*here I believe I groaned audibly; at any rate all the other clerks looked up*) there it is. When a man has enough to retire on and pay the piper he 's entitled to call the tune; isn't he?

[*At this point I resist the temptation*

to take him by the shoulders and push him out.

Our Mr. P. Quite, quite. Well, Sir, if you take my advice you 'll go to Newbury as quickly as you can. It 's a first-rate place—most highly recommended.

[*Here the client very deliberately puts the three "orders to view" in his inside pocket and slowly buttons his coat. I flutter on tiptoe, eager for his chair.*

C. If these won't do you 'll find me some more?

Our Mr. P. With pleasure.

C. Very well; good morning.

[*Moves away. I have just begun to speak when he returns.*

C. Don't forget what I want it for. And not too far from London or my wife will dislike it.

Our Mr. P. Yes, you told me that. I 've got a note of it here.

C. And you won't forget about the acreage?

Our Mr. P. No.

C. (*addressing me*). I 'm afraid I 've kept you waiting.

I (*like the craven liar I am*). It 's all right.

[*Client ultimately withdraws, but still with reluctance, and after two or three hesitations and half-turns back.*

And the tragic part of it is that his name is Legion.

That is why if I had a boy I should teach him the art of leaving. Almost nothing else matters.

OFFICIAL EUPHEMISM.

DR. ADDISON has stated that for some time past it has been the practice not to use the word "pauper" in official documents when it was possible to use another expression; and no well-conditioned person will cavil at the spirit which has prompted the use of a less invidious substitute. But surely the process might be carried a good deal further. The practice of giving a dog a bad name is not only condemned by the proverbial philosophy of the ancients but by the most emancipated of the orthopsychical educationists of to-day.

If you keep on calling a man a "criminal," you will end by making him one. How much wiser it would be to refer to the impulses which occasionally bring him into conflict with the custodians of law and order as emanating from a dynamic individualism! In that way you may very possibly convert him into a static individualist and sterilize his potential malignance by a subliminal *serum*.

The amount of harm done by disparaging nomenclature is incalculable. Take the word "thief," for example. Its meaning can be expressed with infinitely greater precision and delicacy in the phrase, "one who is unable to discriminate between *meum* and *tuum*." Here you have in place of one mean little word a well-cadenced phrase of ten. Euphony as well as humanity prompts the variation.

Classical writers may have objected to the use of sesquipedalian words, but we know better, and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's famous synonym for "lie" is permanently enshrined in the annals of circumlocution. One of the most offensive words in the language is "idiot"; yet it can be shorn of nearly all its sting when replaced by the definition, "a person of infra-normal mentality."



Demobilisation Officer. "WHAT IS THE NUMBER OF YOUR GROUP?"
Private. "I DON'T KNOW, SIR. I WAS A TURF ACCOUNTANT."
Demobilisation Officer. "AH! AGRICULTURE—GROUP 1."

"London, Dec. 16.—At a meeting of the County Cricket Advisory Committee it was decided to run the County Championship during 1919, the matches to be limited to two days. There will be no change in the number of balls in the over.—Reuter's.

The Soviets are preparing the sharpest counter-measure.—Reuter's."—*Canton Times.*

But we are confident that whatever the Soviets' little game is it will not be cricket.

STATE LOTTERIES.

[An Equality Theatre is being run in Munich, where the public pays a fixed price and is allotted by chance a seat in the stalls or the gallery.]

The Equality plan we will run if we can
So that never a man or a woman need grumble—
If theatres, should the idea not include
Books, clothing and food for the great and the humble?
You will pay a fixed sum and accept what may come,
Be it loser or plum; and, to shun all that vexes,
We 'll even eliminate what modern women hate,
And will not discriminate as to the sexes.

The question of dress may at first, I confess,
Make a sort of a mess of our smart Small-and-Earlies,
Where the First Footman John wears the garb of a don,
And Lord Cunzon comes on from the House in his pearlies;
But when our char kneels on the steps and reveals
The last word in "Lucilles," will she not put her heart more
And more in her duties while great social beauties
Slink by in "pampooties" and arrows from Dartmoor?

Our tastes and our breeding no more will be leading
The paths of our reading; we 'll read what we 've got to
(And it *will* be a sell for Mamma if her Nell
Gets the last Ethel Dell, when Mamma told her *not* to);
It may be a worry to poor Gilbert Murray
To read Hints on Curry and Blouses and Batter
In *Home Chat*, it 's true; but still more of a stew
The Occult Review may appear to his hatter.

In the matter of meals, since the rations one feels
Hedonistic ideals have so soundly been shaken
That even the swankiest Duke might say, "Thankee!"
For Hodge's red hanky of bread and cold bacon;
But if in the sequel all chances are equal
You 'll have to see me quell a volume of curses
When our "jobs" they allot, and I *still* have to swot,
If I like it or not, writing topical verses.

A HARDY ANNUAL.

The butler, John Binns, who is an old and faithful retainer to this household, is now suffering from his annual cough. It is a terrific cough, capable of disputing supremacy with all other coughs of which the world has heard. The special points about this cough are (1) its loudness; (2) its combination of the noises made by all other coughs; (3) its depth; (4) its shriek of despair as it trembles and reverberates through the house; (5) its capacity to repel and annihilate sympathy. It is true that I have interviewed Binns with regard to his cough—it is an annual interview and is expected of me. I have urged him as he values our friendship not to neglect his cough, and he has assured me in return that the doctor has prepared for him a draught which possesses the supreme quality of being absolutely unable to effect the purpose for which it was devised.

"I shall drink 'is stuff," says Binns, "but I 'aven't any 'opes of its doing me any good. It doesn't seem to get me *be'ind* the cough. If once I could really get be'ind it I should soon finish it. But you can't expect to do anything with a cough unless you 're be'ind it."

"Have you tried chloraline?" I venture to suggest, mentioning not by that name, but by another, a much-advertised specific.

"I 've been living on chloraline—that is when I wasn't eating camphor lozenges. But my symptoms are too strong for that kind o' stuff. Besides, I find that it 's no use to fill yerself up with remedies, because they only weigh down the cough unnaturally, and then when it does bust out it 's fit to tear yer throat in pieces. But none of them get be'ind it—no, not once."

It will be observed that Binns has almost a superstition in regard to "getting be'ind." If he got rid of his cough with everything still in front, he would take no satisfaction whatever in his malady; but as it is he feels a legitimate pride in it. He has been a member of this household for forty years, and punctually on the Kalends of March in every year his cough turns up. It never reduces his efficiency, but, while it alienates affection, it makes him more valuable to himself as being one who has symptoms capable of being related at full length to Mrs. Hankinson, the cook, or to any of the maids who have not yet experienced it and must be made aware that they belong to an establishment which has the high merit of accommodating John Binns's annual cough.

It is something to have a butler who has coughed his irresistible way through two-and-a-half generations. It is a perfectly harmless affliction, but it gets on nerves in the same way as it did when first it hucked and honked and strangled and choked in the seventies of last century. I can see no decrease in its vigour or its variety. It deserves the chance of immortality that I hereby offer it, thus giving it a place beside the cough that *Johnson* coughed at *Dr. Blimber's* famous establishment. It will be remembered that, when the *Doctor* began an excursus on the Romans, *Johnson*, "who happened to be drinking and who caught the Doctor's eye glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed for some moments and in the sequel ruined Dr. Blimber's point." He struggled gallantly, but had in the end to give way to an overwhelming paroxysm of coughing. It was a good cough, but an isolated one, and was perhaps, after all, not equal to Binns's.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Captain Reginald Jones *and* Captain James Smith, *demobilised, meet accidentally in the waiting-room of a Government office. Their acquaintanceship had originated in a shell-hole near Plum-Tree Farm in 1916.*

Reggie. Cheerio, old egg.

Jimmy. Same to you. Doing anything?

Reggie. Lord, yes! I 've been pushed on to the directorate of the pater's firm.

Jimmy. Congrats!

Reggie. Stow it, old man; I 'm simply worried to death. The whole cabush is on strike.

Jimmy. The blighters! What bunch are they?

Reggie. Stone-breakers.

Jimmy. Not the stone-breakers, surely?

Reggie. Yes, the stone-breakers, perish them!

Jimmy. And are you here about it?

Reggie. Sure. The junior director gets all the dirty work to do.

Jimmy. What a coincidence! I 'm on the same stunt, old thing.

Reggie. Board of Trade?

Jimmy. Rats! Organising secretary of the Stone-breakers' Union.

Reggie (*after gasp of surprise*). Lucky devil.

Jimmy. Rot! I 'd chuck it if I could afford to. Don't you wish sometimes you were back at Plum-Tree Farm?

Reggie. Crumbs, Jimmy; but weren't those the glorious days?

"Ex-Crown Prince's Horse to Run."—*Heading in "The Times."*

Like master like horse.



FOR ENTERPRISING DISPERSAL STATIONS. SPEED UP YOUR OUTPUT BY INSTALLING THE MOVING-STAIRCASE SYSTEM. NO TIME LOST. GOVERNMENT SUITS "ASSEMBLED" BY SKILLED WORKMEN IN RECORD TIME.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I shall begin by saying straight out that Miss Cicely Hamilton's new book, *William—an Englishman* (Skeffington), is one of the finest war-stories that anyone has yet given us. You know already what qualities the author brings to her writing; you may believe me that she has done nothing more real, more nobly conceived, and by consequence more moving than this short tale. It opens, in a style of half-humorous irony, with an account of the youth, early life and courtship of *William*, who, with the girl whom he married, belonged to the vehement circles of the Labour-Suffragist group, spending a cheerfully ignorant life in a round of meetings, in hunger-striking and whole-hearted support of the pacifism that "seeks peace and ensues it by insisting firmly, and even to blood, that it is the other side's duty to give way." One small concession you must make to Miss Hamilton's plot. It is improbable that, when such a couple as *William* and *Griselda* left England in July 1914 to take their honeymoon in a remote valley of the Belgian Ardennes, their friends, knowing them to be without news and ignorant of all speech save English, should have made no effort to warn them. But, this granted, the tragedy that follows becomes inevitable. It is so finely told and so horrible (the more so for the deliberate restraint of the telling) that I will say nothing to weaken its effect. From one scene, however, I cannot withhold my tribute of admiration—that in which *William*, alone, broken-hearted, and almost crazed with the ruin of everything that made up his life, creeps home to find his old associates still glibly echoing the platitudes in which he once believed. A hint here of insincerity or conscious arrangement would have ruined all; as it is, the scene holds and haunts one with an impression of absolute truth. For the end, marked like all the rest by an almost grim avoidance of sentimentality, I shall only refer you to the book itself. After reading it you will, I hope, not think me guilty of exaggeration when I call it, slight though it is, one for which its author has deserved well of the State.

The dominant impression left upon me by Miss Meriel Buchanan's *Petrograd the City of Trouble* (Collins) is that its author is a sportswoman of the first order. You see her pressing to the windows to observe the shooting in the streets, going out to shop, to dine, to dance, during the stormy months of the various phases of the various Russian Revolutions. And I hasten to add, for fear of misunderstanding, that there is no suggestion of pose as the heroic Englishwoman. It was not till the end of 1918 that Sir George Buchanan withdrew from a country in which ambassadorial functions had obviously no reasonable scope. But he and his family, including our chronicler, his spirited daughter, remained long after there was any plausible reason to hope for the restoration of order and very long after considerations of personal safety might well have dictated and justified retreat. Mr. Hugh Walpole in his preface points out that Miss Buchanan is the first English writer to give a sense of the atmosphere of Russia during the New Terror. It is curious, but the impression she conveys is of something far less formidable than we have imagined. That may well be due to her high courage which minimised the ever-present dangers. Another odd impression is that her accounts of current events, *e.g.* of the death of Rasputin, seem to be as unplausible as those which have been patched from various reports and guesses by writers far from the actual scene. It is perhaps the very nearness of the author to the source of the host of wild rumours and speculations concerning this strange tragedy that conveys this sense of the impossible. Have I thereby suggested that the book lacks interest? On the contrary, it hasn't a dull or insincere page.

Little Houses (METHUEN) is not, as you might excusably suppose, a treatise upon the problem of the hour, but a novel. I confess that, when I read in the puff preliminary that it was "minutely observed" and "drab" in setting, my heart sank. But Mr. WODEN's book is not made after that sufficiently-exploited fashion. He has a definite scheme, and (but for the fault of creating more characters than he can conveniently manage) tells his simple tale with a mature ease remarkable in a first novel. The plan of it is the life-story of a group of persons in a provincial factory town in those Victorian days when trade-unions were first starting, when the caricaturists lived upon Mr. GLADSTONE's collars and the Irish Question was very much in the same state as it is to-day. We watch the hero, *John Allday*, developing from a Sunday-school urchin to flourishing owner of his own business and prospective alderman. Of ecurse I admit that this synopsis does not sound peculiarly thrilling; also that as a tale it is by now considerably more than twice told. But I can only repeat that, for those with a taste for such stories, here is one excellent of its kind. Whether Mr. WODEN has been drawing upon personal memories for it, writing in fact that one novel of which every man is said to be capable, time and the publishing lists will show. I shall certainly be interested to see. Meanwhile the fact that despite his name GEORGE—always an object of the gravest suspicion—I accept his masculinity without question is my tribute both to the balance of his style and to the admirable drawing of his hero.

That gallant and heroic gentleman, the late Mr. CECIL CHESTERTON, proved his quality by his service and death in the ranks of our army. In such scanty leisure as he could command he wrote, quite casually as it were, *A History of the United States* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). He seemed to say as *Wemmick* might have said, "Hullo! Here's a nation! Let's write its history," which he at once proceeded to do with immense gusto and considerable accuracy. Americans will not universally agree with all the views he puts forward. I myself am of opinion (probably quite wrongly) that I could make a better argumentative case for the North in the Civil War on the question of slavery. And in his account of the War of 1812-1814 Mr. CHESTERTON spends a great deal of indignation over the burning by the British of some public buildings in Washington, omitting to mention that this was done in reprisal for the burning by the Americans in the previous year of the public buildings of Toronto. But in the main this history brilliantly justifies Mr. CHESTERTON's courage in undertaking it, and it is written in a style that carries the reader with it from first to last. The book is introduced by a moving tribute from Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON to his dead brother.

We doubt whether Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON's many admirers on this side of the Atlantic will read *The Magnificent Ambersons* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) with any great sense of satisfaction. *George Minafer* is a spoilt and egotistical cad, and as we pursue his unpleasant personality from infancy onward our impatience with the adoring relatives who allow the impossible little bounder to turn their lives to tragedy becomes more and more pronounced. In England his "come uppance" would have commenced at an early age and in the time-honoured place thereunto provided. But in the case of young American nabobs these corrective agencies are too often wanting, and though it is hard to believe that a sophisticated uncle, a soldier grandfather and various other relatives would have allowed a conceited and overbearing young boor to wreck his mother's life by separating her from a former sweetheart, it cannot be said that such cases have not existed or that the picture is altogether overdrawn. But we do not like *George Minafer*, and his final reconciliation with his own sweetheart and her father—the man whom he has prevented his mother from marrying—leaves us cold. But if the characters are unpleasing the craftsmanship of *The Magnificent Ambersons* is of Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON's best, and his description of the decline and fall of a locally supreme dynasty of plutocrats before the hosts of the Goths and Huns of spawning industrialism is almost a contribution to American social history.



Disturbed Burglar. "'SORL RIGHT, CONSTABLE. I'M ONLY 'AVIN' A GLOAT OVER ME WHIST-DRIVE PRIZES."

Of the two tales in *Wild Youth and Another* (HUTCHINSON) I prefer the other. In "Wild Youth" Sir GILBERT PARKER gives us the unedifying picture of a horrible old man married to a young and pretty girl. Jealous, tyrannical and vicious, this creature—referred to as a behemoth—is in all conscience unsavoury enough; but no one can read his story without feeling that he never had a dog's chance; and although the tale is in many respects well-told, I feel that it would have been vastly improved if some redeeming qualities had been vouchsafed to the villain of the piece. "Jordan is a Hard Road" is a more engaging piece of work. Here we have a man who has walked through most of the commandments—with especial attention to the eighth—trying to mend his ways. And he makes rather a sound job of it until something quite unforeseen happens; and then the old Adam (if this is quite fair to Adam) asserts himself. From a publisher's "literary note" enclosed in this book you will learn that Sir GILBERT's imagination is "as boundless as the tracts of the Prairie which he loves and knows how to make his readers love." This is perhaps rather a large order, but I will content myself by saying that for the scenes of these stories Sir GILBERT has chosen ground that is familiar to him, and that knowledge is sometimes even more useful than imagination.

"HAMLET" AND THE FLU (an appeal to the Government): "Angels and Ministers of Health defend us!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE spread of influenza is said to be greatly assisted by "germ-carriers." We can't think why germs should be carried. Let 'em walk.

* * *

According to *The Sunday Express* a young American named Frisco states that he invented the Jazz. There was also a murder confession in the Press last week.

* * *

"Whitehall," says a Society organ, "has succumbed to the Jazz, the Fox-trot and the Bunny-hug." It still shows a decided preference, however, for the Barnacle-cling.

* * *

A man charged at the Guildhall with being drunk said he was suffering from an attack of influenza and had taken some whisky. Yes, but where from?

* * *

We understand that the heading, "Whisky for Influenza," which appeared in a daily paper the other day, misled a great number of sufferers, who at once wrote to say that they were prepared to make the exchange.

* * *

It is good to know that a perfectly noiseless motor car has been produced. Even that nasty grating sound experienced by pedestrians when being run over by a car is said to have been eliminated.

* * *

Shrove Tuesday passed almost unheeded. Even the pancake thrown to the boys at Westminster School in the presence of the KING and QUEEN appeared to fall flat.

* * *

We are glad to learn that the little Kensington boy who was tossed by a huge pancake on Shrove Tuesday is stated to be going on nicely.

* * *

Five hundred and twenty-seven pounds of American bacon have been declared unfit for food by the Marylebone magistrate. Why this invidious distinction?

* * *

"A man," says Mr. Justice KUNKEL of Pennsylvania, "has full rights in his own home against everyone but his wife." It is surmised that his Honour never kept a cook.

* * *

We are informed that the dispute between the Ministry of Labour and the Irish Clerical Workers' Union has been settled by the latter name being changed to the "Irish Clerical Employees' Union."

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to favour the creation of a new Order for deserving Welshmen. The revival of the Order of the Golden Fleece is suggested.

* * *

A writer in a ladies' journal refers to the present fashion of "satin-walnut hair." We have felt for some time that mahogany had had its day.



[Taxi-drivers who consent to pick up fares at a certain London restaurant at night have supper given to them by the management.]

First Taxi. "WHATEVER 'AVE YER GOT THEM TOGS ON FOR, ALBERT?"

Second ditto. "ALWAYS DRESS FOR SUPPER DOWN TOWN NOWADAYS, OLD BEAN."

Charged at Hove with bigamy a soldier stated that he remembered nothing about his second marriage and pleaded that he was absent-minded. A very good plan is to tie a knot in your bootlace every time you get married.

* * *

A sorry blow has been dealt at those who maintain we are not a commercial race. "You gave me prussic acid in mistake for quinine this morning," a man told a chemist the other day. "Is that so?" said the chemist; "then you owe me another twopence."

* * *

For the benefit of those about to emigrate we have pleasure in furnishing the exclusive information that very shortly there will be big openings in America for corkscrew-straighteners.

We are now able to state that the wedding of Princess PATRICIA and Commander RAMSAY passed off without a hymeneal ode from the POET LAUREATE.

* * *

We understand that a lady operator who was impudent to the District Supervisor on the telephone the other day would have been severely reprimanded but for her plea that she mistook him for a subscriber.

* * *

It is reported that the paper shortage is soon to be remedied. In these days of expensive boots this should be good news to people who travel to and from the City by Tube on foot.

* * *

We hear privately that one of our leading dailies has fixed April 14th as the date on which its office "correspondent" will first hear the note of the cuckoo in Epping Forest.

* * *

Several suspicious cases of sickness are reported among the aborigines of New South Wales. It is not yet known whether they are due to influenza or to the native custom of partaking heavily of snake-pie on the eve of Lent.

* * *

Nottingham will hold its six hundred and fifty-eighth annual Goose Fair this year, and a local paper has made a distinct hit by stating that it is "the oldest gathering of its kind except the House of Commons."

* * *

President EBERT, according to the *Frankfort Gazette*, is to have a Chief Master of Ceremonies. One of his first duties, in which he will have the advice of prominent musicians, will be to fix an authorised style of eating *Sauerkraut* which shall be impressive yet devoid of ostentation.

"A woman's sphere was her own home, that she should earn her own living was inimical to domestic happiness; it was almost contra bonus morus, which is a very serious thing indeed."—*Scots Paper.*

It certainly would be for Smith mi, if he said it in class.

"The speaker of the evening was Dr. Charles ——, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and the only full-blooded literary man among the North American Indians."—*American Paper.*

We could spare some of our full-blooded literary men if there is a shortage in America.

MONUMENTS OF THE WAR.

LET those who fear lest Memory should mislay
Our triumphs gathered all across the map;
Lest other topics—like the weather, say,
Or jazzing—should supplant the recent scrap;
Or lest a future race whose careless lot
Lies in a League of Nations, lapped amid
Millennial balm, be unaware of what
(Largely for their sakes) we endured and did;—

Let such invite our architects to plan
Great monumental works in steel and stone,
Certain to catch the eye of any man
And make our victories generally known;
Let a new bridge at Charing Cross be built,
In Regent Street a deathless quadrant set,
And on them be inscribed in dazzling gilt:—
"IN CASE BY INADVERTENCE WE FORGET."

Or, eloquent in ruin unrestored,
Leave the Cloth Hall to be the pilgrim's quest,
Baring her ravaged beauty to record
The Culture of the Bosch when at his best;
At Albert, even where it bit the ground,
Low let the Image lie and tell its fate,
Poignant memento, like our own renowned
ALBERT Memorial (close to Prince's Gate).

For me, the tablets of my heart, I ween,
Sufficiently recall these fateful years;
I need no monument for keeping green
All that I suffered in the Volunteers;
Therefore I urge the Army Council, at
Its earliest leisure, please—next week would do—
To raze the hutments opposite my flat,
That still impinge on my riparian view. O. S.

A PAIR OF MILITARY GLOVES.

IT was in Italy, on my way home from Egypt to be demobilised, that I decided to buy a pair of warm gloves from Ordnance.

After being directed by helpful other ranks to the A.S.C. Depôt, the Camp Commandant's Office and the Y.M.C.A., I found myself, at the end of a morning's strenuous walking, confronted by notices on a closed door stating that this was the Officers' Payment Issue Department; that this was the Officers' Entrance to the Officers' Payment Issue Department; that smoking was strictly prohibited; and that the office would re-open at 14.00.

I went away to lunch.

At 14.01 I knocked out my pipe conscientiously and entered. From 14.01 to 14.50 I watched a Captain of the R.A.F. smoking cigarettes and choosing a pair of socks, and studied notices to the effect that this was the Officers' Payment Issue Department; that only Officers were permitted to enter the Officers' Payment Issue Department; that smoking was strictly prohibited; and that the office would close at 16.00.

At last I heard the R.A.F. man explain that, by James, he had an appointment at three, and would return, old bean—er, Corporal—in the morning to see about those dashed socks. The Corporal behind the counter blew away a pile of cigarette ash and regarded me distrustfully.

"Only one pair of gloves left, Sir," he said. "Gloves, woollen, knitted, pairs one, one-and-tenpence."

"Thank you very much," I said. "They'll do nicely. I'll take them now."

But of course I didn't. At 15.00 I was in another building, watching another Corporal make out an indent in quadruplicate for gloves, woollen, knitted, officers, for the use of, pairs one. At 15.05 I was in another building, getting the indent stamped and countersigned. At 15.12 I was in another building, exchanging it for a buff form in duplicate. At 15.20 I re-entered the Issue Department and went through the motions of taking up the gloves.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the Corporal, skilfully sliding them away; "you must first produce your Field Advance Book as a proof of identity."

"I'm afraid I haven't a proper Field Advance Book," I explained. "You see, in Egypt, where I come from—that is, I was attached, you know, to the—well, in short, I haven't a proper Field Advance Book, as I said before. But I have here an A.B. 64 issued in lieu thereof—they do that in Egypt, you know—and I have my identity discs, my demobilisation papers, my cheque-book — oh, and heaps of other things which would prove to you that I am really me. Besides, my name is sewn inside the back of my tunic. *And* my shirt," I added hopefully.

"If you haven't a Field Advance Book, Sir," said the Corporal coldly, "your only course is to obtain a certificate of identity from the Camp Commandant."

"But, look here, Corporal," I protested, "it would take me a quarter-of-an-hour to get to the Commandant's office and another quarter to get back. I'm sure I couldn't get a certificate of identity under an hour and a-half. It is now twenty-five past three. You close at four. To-morrow morning at five ac emma I entrain for Cherbourg. . . . You see how impossible it all is, Corporal."

"Sorry, Sir," said the Corporal. "I'm not allowed to issue the gloves without your Field Advance Book or a certificate of identity."

"But what am I to do?" I asked weakly. "Think, Corporal, how cold it will be across Italy and France without gloves. I've been in the East for over four years, and I might get pneumonia and die, you know."

"I should try the Camp Commandant, Sir," he said. "It may not take so long as you think."

* * * * * * *

At 15.41 I was outside the Camp Commandant's office with my A.B.64, identity discs, demobilisation papers and cheque-book ready to hand, and my tunic loosened at the neck.

At 15.42 I entered the office with some diffidence.

At 15.43 I was outside again, dazed and a little frightened, with a certificate of identity in my hand. It was the fastest piece of work I have ever known in the Army. And I might have been Mr. GEORGE ROBEY in disguise for all they knew in the office—or cared.

* * * * * * *

"Sorry, Sir," said the Corporal in the Officers' Payment Issue Department at 15.59, "the gloves were sold to another officer while you were away."

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

On Half Rations.

"Two officers will be received as paying guests. Comfortable home. Treated as *one* of the family."—*Daily Paper.*

The italics emphasize our own feeling with regard to this niggardly arrangement.

"V.A.D.—Required for Shell-shock Hospital under B.R.C.S., Piano, Billiard Table and Gramophone. Will any hospital closing down and having same for sale, kindly communicate with Secretary."—*Times.*

We do not know what sort of work the V.A.D. is expected to do under the piano and billiard table, but we presume that her consent would be required, and that she would not be sold, so to speak, over her own head.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

John Bull. "I DON'T SAY I'M QUITE COMFORTABLE YET, BUT I CERTAINLY DO SEEM TO BE GETTING IT A LITTLE LESS IN THE NECK."



SCENE.—*Amateur Theatrical Rehearsal.*

Author. "NOT SO MUCH 'GAGGING,' MY LAD. JUST SPEAK MY LINES, AND THEN WAIT FOR THE LAUGH."
Tommy (on short leave). "WHAT! AND RISK C.B. FOR OVERSTAYING MY LEAVE?"

ON THE RHINE.

I.

"FEE-FI-FO-FUM, I am a bold and infamous Hun, I am, I am."

We are obliged to repeat this continually to ourselves in order to present the stern and forbidding air which is supposed to mark our dealings with the inhabitants. For, look you, we have usurped the place of the Royal Jocks on the "right flank of the British Army," and are on outpost duty, with our right resting on the bank of the Rhine, while in front the notice-boards, "Limit of Cologne Bridgehead," stare at us.

No longer are we the pleasant, easy-going, pay-through-the-nose people that we were. No longer does our daily routine include the smile for Mademoiselle, the chipping of Madame, or the half-penny for the little ones. No, we steel ourselves steadily to the grim task entrusted to us, and struggle to offer a perfect picture of stolid indifference to anybody's welfare but our own. "Fee-fi-fo-fum."

What does Thomas think of it all? Well, to tell the truth, I haven't caught him thinking very much about it. Gloating seems foreign to his nature somehow, and I don't think he will ever make a really good Hun. He is rather like a child who for four years has been crying incessantly for the moon. Having got it, he says, "Well, I 'm glad I 've got it; now let 's get on with something else," and takes not the slightest interest in the silly old moon he has acquired with so much trouble.

There are two things to which he cannot quite accustom himself: not being allowed to fraternize with the inhabitants and the realisation that his laboriously acquired knowledge of the French language is no longer of any avail. He will never quite get over the former of these two disabilities, but he is coping courageously with the latter. For instance, in place of the "No bon" of yesterday, "Nix goot" now explains that "Your saucepan I borrowed has a hole in it; please, I didn't do it." For the rest, change of environment makes very little difference to him. Given a cooker, a water-cart and the necessary rations, a British oasis will appear and be prepared to flourish in any old desert you like.

No, I am wrong. There is another difficulty which as yet he has not been able entirely to overcome. I cannot describe the consternation which came over the Company when I informed them that there was no longer any need to scrounge; in fact, I forbade it. At first they thought it was just a Company Commander's humour and paid it the usual compliments of the parade; but when they found I was serious they were simply appalled. It was as if I had taken the very spice out of their existence. Not to be able to go out and "win" a handful of fuel for the evening's fug and for the brewing of those unwholesome messes in the tin canteen? Bolshevism itself could not have propounded a more revolutionary principle. Heartbroken some of the old soldiers came to me afterwards. "What are we to do, Sir?" they said. "We only go on guard four hours in sixteen; we must do something the rest of the time." Sternly I bade them think of scrounging as a thing of the past—a thing of glorious memory only to be spoken of round the fires at home. If they wanted anything in the meantime to add to their material comfort they were to come to me for it.



Restaurant Commissionaire (to departing client, who is searching for a tip). "NOW THEN, SIR, HURRY UP; DON'T KEEP ME WAITING HERE ALL NIGHT."

For let me tell you, all you demobilised wallahs who know only those countries where the necessities of life were matters of private enterprise—let me tell you that in this village, if I say that I require coal, *coal is here*, and with it the Bürgermeister inquiring politely if my needs are satisfied. We must have beds? The spare beds of the village are forthcoming. If we want baths for the men, our Mr. Carfax, who speaks a language which the inhabitants pretend to understand, goes round to the householders and explains the necessity. Should there be any difficulty he explains further that it would be *much* better, don't they think, and *much* more convenient if the men visited the houses, rather than that baths should be carried to some central place? It is invariably found to be preferable for all concerned.

Bathing has now become a pleasure to all, except, perhaps, to Nijinsky, our Pole from Commercial Road, East. On being presented (for the first time, I gather) to a first-class bathroom with geyser complete, he evinced signs of great uneasiness. In fact he seemed to think that this was making a parade of a purely private matter. The Sergeant-Major, being called in, exhorted him to "get in and give the thing a trial," at which Nijinsky flung up his hands in characteristic fashion and said, "Vell, it 's somethink fur nothink, anyhow," and they left him to it. The rest of the story is concerned with his turning off the water in the geyser and leaving the gas on, of a loud explosion and the figure of Nijinsky, fat and frightened, fleeing through the main street dressed in an Army towel. Subsequently I heard him expressing forcibly a fixed determination never, *never* to be persuaded against his will again.

Oh, yes, it is a wonderful thing to be a Hun. Every day we go about telling one another what Huns we are and how we love our hunnishness. And yet, you know, as a matter of fact, I don't believe all our efforts amount to anything really; they wouldn't deceive a child—and in fact they don't. For ever since we came here one can't help noticing that the little tiny natives have acquired an extraordinarily good imitation of Tommy's salute, and, though Subalterns and Sergeant-Majors may go about gnashing their teeth and wearing expressions of frightful ferocity, still the youngsters grin fearlessly as they raise their tiny fingers. They know it isn't real. They know a Hun when they see him all right; what child doesn't?

And I caught our Mr. Carfax picking one of them up from the gutter the other day and soothing its tears with the baby-talk of all nations. I told him he was fraternising abominably and was not being a true Hun.

"Well," he said, "you can't leave a child yelling in a puddle, can you?"

And, damn it, you can't, so what's the use of trying to be hunnish? L.

Rapid Promotion.

From a Parliamentary report:—

"Colonel Seely mentioned . . . Major-General Seely said . . . General Seely, replying . . ."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The canonical proceedings for the beatification of Pope Pius IX. and Christopher Columbus have been definitely abandoned. As the result of a very close investigation, it was decided that these two candidates lacked certain necessary qualifications; Pius IX. had signed death sentences and Christopher Columbus was held responsible for massacres."
Sunday Paper.

This news, we understand, has caused a painful impression at Amerongen.



Cook (allowing herself to be engaged). "ONE MORE QUESTION, M'LADY. CAN YOU COOK?"
Her Ladyship. "REALLY, I DON'T THINK THAT NEED MATTER."
Cook. "OH—DON'T IT? I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S GOING TO BE THE REAL MISTRESS."

THE GREAT COLD-CURE DEBATE.

IN view of the prevalence of colds and the varying counsels given to their patients by our leading so-called healers, a mass meeting of doctors and public men was recently convened, with the hope that some useful results might follow.

None did.

The Chairman in his opening remarks said that colds were at once the commonest complaints to which human beings were subject and the least understood by the faculty. It was scandalous that so little serious attention should be paid to them by physicians. A scientific investigator should be as proud of discovering a preventive for colds as a scheme of wireless telegraphy. But it was not so. Researchers were applauded for compounding new and more deadly explosives and poisonous gas, while the whole mystery of colds remained unplumbed. The situation was scandalous. (Loud sneezes.)

Letters were read, among others, from Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Mr. SNOWDEN and Sir JOHN SIMON, all saying that from recent experience they could affirm that an equable cold temperature was conducive to the avoidance of catarrh. In short, an excellent means of escaping cold was to be out in the cold.

A representative of the Board of Trade said that all that was necessary to avoid colds was to keep fit and not approach infection. Having offered this very practical advice the speaker gathered up his papers and left the room.

Sir Septicus Jermyn, the famous physician, urged that the best preventive for colds was to keep warm. One should wear plenty of thick clothing and especially cover the neck and throat. A respirator was an excellent thing. He even went so far as to recommend earflaps to his patients, with beneficial results. A night-cap was also a great help.

Sir Rufus Hardy, the famous physician, protested that colds were for the most part negligible. People took them much too seriously. The best treatment was to be Spartan—wear the lightest clothes, abjure mufflers, and, whenever you could find a draught, sit in it.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that all this cold-catching was nonsense. He personally had never had a cold in his life. And why? Because he lived healthily; he wore natural wool, retained his beard, ate no meat and drank no wine. Lunatics who wore fancy tweeds, shaved, devoured their fellow-creatures and imbibed poisonous acids were bound to catch cold. Resuming his Jaeger halo, Mr. SHAW then left.

Sir Bluffon Gay, the famous physician, stated that in his experience colds were necessary evils which often served useful ends in clearing the system. For that reason he was against any treatment that served to stop them. The "instantaneous cold cures" which were advertised so freely filled him with suspicion. Colds should be unfettered.

Mr. Le Hay Fevre, K.C., representing the Ancient Order of Haberdashers, said that he was in entire agreement with the last speaker. Colds should be allowed to take their course. Nothing was so bad as to check them.

Sir Romeo Path, the famous physician, asserted that colds were far more serious things than people thought. As a matter of fact there was no such thing as a cold pure and simple; colds were invariably manifestations of other and deeper trouble. His own specific was a long period of complete rest and careful but not meagre dieting, followed by change of air, if necessary travel to the South of France. (Loud coughs and cheers.)

Mr. Bolus, K.C., representing the



Officer (to N.C.O. in charge of Chinese labour party). "I SUPPOSE THESE CHINKS BLOW THEMSELVES UP SOMETIMES, DON'T THEY?"
Corporal. "OH, NOTHING TO SPEAK OF, SIR—NOT NEAR AS MUCH AS THEY USED TO."

Chemists and Druggists' Union, said that it was felt very strongly that the seriousness of colds should not be minimised, but that foreign travel was an error. No malady was so much helped by the timely and constant employment of remedies at home. He trusted that the remarks of the last speaker would speedily be contradicted by a competent authority.

Sir Consul Tait, the famous physician, held that alcohol was the greatest provocative of colds; aspirin was their greatest enemy.

Sir Tablloyd George, the famous physician, observed that a glass of hot whisky and lemon-juice on going to bed was a sovran remedy. Aspirin was to be avoided, but quinine had its uses.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT said that probably no one knew more about the way that other people should behave than he did. He had written twelve manuals on the subject and intended to write twenty-six more, by which time he would have covered the whole field of human endeavour. Any one who had read his book, *The Plain Man and his Wife and their Plainer Children*, would remember that one chapter was devoted to the cause, evasion and cure of colds. He would not at the moment say more than that the work was procurable at all bookshops. He should like to address the meeting at fuller length, but as he was suffering from a very stubborn cold he must hurry back to bed.

Mr. H. G. WELLS remarked that he always found that the best corrective for a cold was to write another novel of modern domestic life. He had even heard of the perusal of some of his novels as a substitute for coal.

Mr. BONAR LAW said that there was no prophylactic against colds so efficacious as fresh air and plenty of it. Since he had formed the habit of flying backwards and forwards from Paris he had been free from any trouble of that kind. He recommended a seat at the Peace Conference and constant aviation to all sufferers.

Sir Blandon Swaive, the famous physician, contended that there was no sense in the fresh-air theory. Rooms should be hermetically sealed.

Mr. SMILLIE said that he had given the matter the closest attention, and he had come to the conclusion that there was no preventive of a cold in the head so complete and drastic as decapitation.

The meeting was considering Mr. SMILLIE'S suggestion when our reporter, who had contracted a chill during Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S remarks, took his departure.

Journalistic Enterprise.

"NEWS BY TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

To-day is Pancake Day."
Daily Mail, March 4.

"HIGH-CLASS FISH DURING THE LENTEN SEASON.

All kinds arrive daily direct from the coast, and prices the maximum when possible."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

To judge by our own fishmonger, they always *are* possible.

From the report of a prosecution for selling eggs above the controlled price:

"Mr. ——, for the defence, contended that the lay mind could assume that new-laid eggs laid by the vendor's fowls were not within the scope of the Order."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

In a poultry case the opinion of the "lay mind" should have been conclusive, but the Bench decided otherwise.

"When is the State going to help mothers with large families? If the cost of living has increased 100 per cent., then for eight persons the increase is 800 per cent.

How many mothers with eight in family have received an increase of 800 per cent. in their income since 1914?—W. W., London."
Daily Sketch.

"W. W., London," should not be allowed to squander his gifts on the daily Press. We want a statistician like this to tot up the German indemnity.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXX.

My dear Charles,—You are a lawyer and you ought to know. Yet to myself, when I compare my profits with those of the Government in this deal, I seem a model of innocence.

Let me refresh your memory of the facts.

In the Spring of 1918 I was dispensing passports to deserving cases in the name of His Majesty's Government. In the neutral country where I was doing this there was a very wicked and a very plausible man, whom we will call Mr. Abrahams (he has had so many surnames at one time and another that a new one cannot do him any harm). Rate of exchange stood at the figure of twenty local francs to the pound sterling, and, as you would put it, other things were equal.

Mr. Abrahams was obsessed with a desire to see England, entirely for its own sake. England, also thinking entirely of itself, was obsessed with a desire not to see Mr. Abrahams. Mr. Abrahams came to my office, said nice things about me to my face and begged me to let him go. I said nice things to him, and told him I would if I could, but I couldn't. He took this to mean I could if I would, but I wouldn't. He offered me cash down; a cheque for five pounds sterling, or a note for a hundred francs; I could have it which way I liked. We should call it for appearance' sake a gift to His Majesty's Government for the better prosecution of the War.

I thanked him cordially on behalf of His Majesty's Government, but regretted that I was the victim of circumstances over which I had no control. Refusing to believe there could be any circumstances which could stand up against an officer of my power, position and force, he produced a note for a hundred francs and put it on my table. He then withdrew, meaning (I gathered) to return to the attack as soon as the money had sunk in. From this point on, Mr. Abrahams disappears from the story. It is not the first or only story, as the police will tell you, from which Mr. Abrahams has disappeared.

My report to His Majesty's Government did not omit a full mention of the matter of the five pounds or hundred francs offered. It begged for instructions as to the disposal of the booty which, it stated, lay in my "Suspense" basket. No instructions could be got, though frequent messages, saying, "May we now have an answer, please?" were sent. Weeks passed, and every morning I was tempted by the sight of that note for a hundred francs lying in the basket. My *moral* gradually declined. So did the rate of exchange. So did the barometer.

There came a day, the weather being such that any man who could sin would sin, when I had in my pocket a cheque made out for five pounds which I was about to cash for lack of ready francs, and when the rate of exchange had got as low as nineteen francs to the pound, which would mean (I rely entirely on the evidence of the bank man) ninety-five francs for my five pounds. Charles, I fell. Explaining to myself that Mr. Abrahams had clearly intimated that his gift to the Government was alternatively a cheque for five pounds or a note for a hundred francs, I put my cheque into the "Suspense" basket and pocketed the note, *thus making five francs profit.*

More weeks passed; no instructions came, and every day I was tempted by the sight of that cheque. One bright summer morning, when any man who had any goodness in him could not help being good, and when the rate of exchange had risen to twenty-one, I came to my office full of noble intentions and hundred franc notes of my own. I may mention in passing that it takes very little money to fill me up. I had just cashed a cheque of my own at the rate of a hundred-and-five francs to the five pounds, and I felt robust and self-confident and ready to do it again. There, on the top of my "Suspense" basket, lay just the very cheque for the purpose. Charles, I fell again. Explaining to myself that Mr. Abrahams had clearly intimated that his gift to the Government was alternatively a note for a hundred francs or a cheque for five pounds, I put a note for a hundred francs into the "Suspense" basket, and pocketed the cheque, *thus making another five francs profit.*

That, my Lord, is the case for the prosecution; but you may as well have the rest of the story. Instructions or no instructions, I thought it was now time to send the note for a hundred francs to the Government. The Government said it had no use for francs in England, sent back the note to me and told me to buy, locally, an English cheque, which I was to hold, pending further instructions. It took some time to arrive at this point, and meanwhile rate of exchange had had a serious relapse. The hundred franc note bought a cheque for five guineas. Not feeling strong enough to pend further instructions, I at once sent this home. More haste, less speed: I forgot to endorse it. After another period the cheque came back, with a memo. The memo said: (1) His Majesty's Government had no love or use for unendorsed cheques drawn in favour of other people. (2) His Majesty's Government requested me to endorse the cheque, cash it locally and put the proceeds to the credit side of my expenses account. (3) His Majesty's Government trusted that Mr. Abrahams would not cause this sort of trouble again.

Whether it was the stimulus given by this memo, or whether it was merely a case of giving up the drink and becoming a reformed character, rate of exchange had, I found when I went to carry out orders, risen to and stuck at the dizzy height of twenty-three francs and twenty centimes to the pound. His Majesty's Government has drawn in the long run (the very long run) the sum of one hundred and twenty-one francs and eighty centimes, thus making more than twice as heavy a profit as I had. And yet you have the impudence to tell me that I am guilty of embezzlement, with corruption.

I can only say I should be ashamed to be a lawyer.

I can only add that I should be happy to be His Majesty's Government.

With all best wishes and enclosing stamps for eighty centimes as representing your share of the proceeds (including fee for opinion),

I remain,

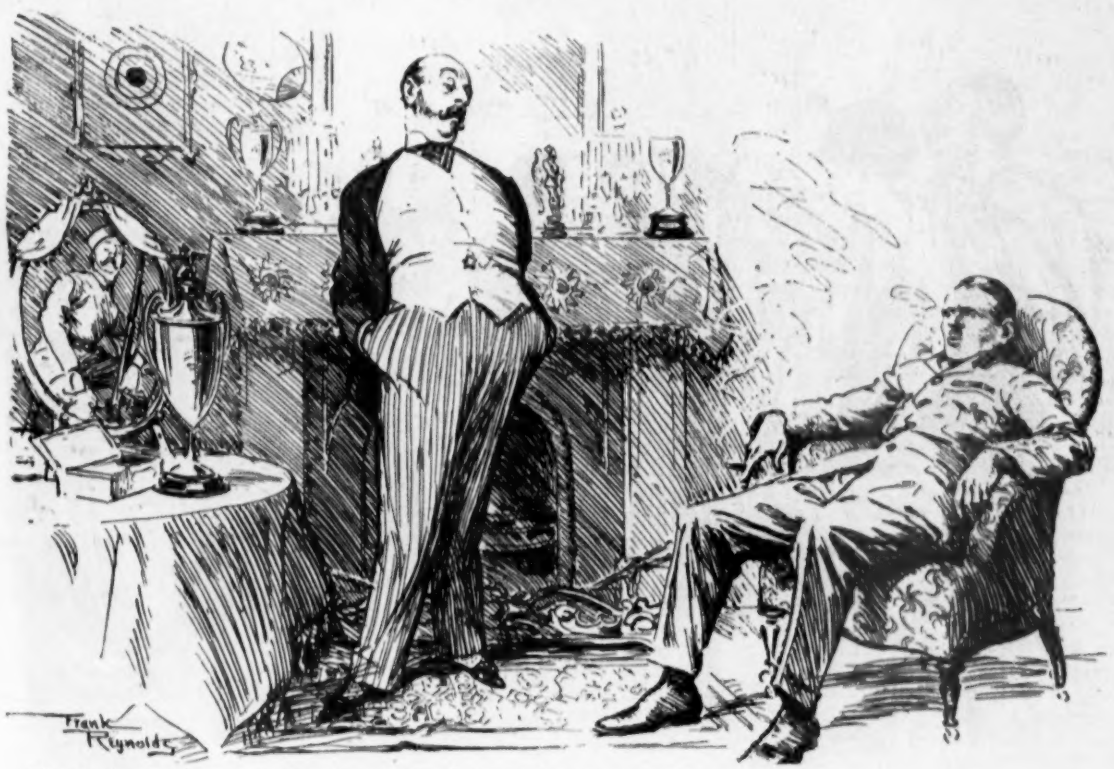
Yours sincerely, Henry.

PIVOTS.

"Bermondsey Bill," who used to be
The idol of the N.S.C.,
Began to fight in 17—
P.T. instructor, very keen,
Teaching recruits to jab the faces
Of dummy Germans at the bases.
But Bill, I see, is booked to box
Tomkins, the Terror of the Docks,
And nobody should feel surprised
That Bill has been demobilised.

Although the War upset, I fear,
John Jones's pacifist career,
He did not murmur or repine,
But hurried to the nearest mine,
And stuck it till the "refugees"
Were all transplanted overseas.
In France he saw some dreadful scenes
As salesman in E.F. canteens;
But when the Bosch had been chastised
He was at once demobilised.

A most diverting person, Brown—
The "star" comedian in Town,
And, since he donned a posh Sam B.,
O.C. Amusements, L. of C.
He steadfastly refused to whine
Because he never saw the Line,
But carried on, stout fellow, and
Is now at home, I understand.
A pivot so well-paid and prized
Just *had* to be demobilised.



Officer (on leave). "YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE THE BISLEY MEETING REVIVED?"
Veteran Volunteer Marksman. "YES; BUT THERE'LL BE SOME POOR SCORING. YOU SEE THERE'S BEEN NO SERIOUS SHOOTING FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS."

OCCUPIED OPERA.

IT was a chilly morning early in January. The Opera at Cologne had just become recognised as the principal attraction of the place, and as yet there was no suave interpreter in attendance to mediate between the queue of representatives of Britain's military power and the German clerk in the box-office.

I suppose that in some handsome suite of apartments in one of the best hotels in Cologne an exalted personage with red trimmings spends his whole time—office hours, of course—in devising fresh schemes for the sale and distribution of opera tickets to the British troops. The demand for them is always far in excess of the number reserved for the military, and fresh schemes for their distribution are inaugurated every week.

We were still in the days when officers and men of every rank and every branch of the Army of Occupation used to wait in a democratic queue for the box-office to open at 10 A.M. It was 9.15 when I took up my position, beaten a short neck by a very young and haughty officer, a Second-Lieutenant of the Blankshires. There is always a cold wind round that corner of the Rudolfplatz, but every officer and every O.R. turned up his coat-collar, stamped his feet and determined to stick it. After all, from the time when he waits his turn to receive his first suit of khaki, every soldier is inured to standing in queues, and when he has so often stood half-an-hour in a queue for the chance of a penny bowl of Y.M.C.A. tea he will think nothing of standing for an hour for a seat at the Opera. For the officers no doubt the situation had the attraction of novelty.

By the time the office opened the queue reached from the Opera House steps nearly to the tramway *Haltestelle*, and much speculation was going on as to how many would be sent empty away. Inch by inch we moved forward, mounted the steps one by one, and came within the relative warmth of the vestibule. At last the weary waiting-time was over; the young subaltern stepped before the *guichet* and, pointing to a handbill, demanded in a loud and dignified voice a ticket for next Monday's performance of "*KEINE VORSTELLUNG!*"

How shall I describe the painful scene that followed—a scene in which, as a mere Tommy, I had too much discipline to intervene? In vain the obsequious purveyor of tickets offered a selection of the world's most popular and celebrated operas for any other day but Monday. Nothing would do for my officer but *Keine Vorstellung*. Indeed, as he explained in his best and loudest English, Monday was his only free evening. *Keine Vorstellung* he wanted and *Keine Vorstellung* he must have. Followed reiteration, expostulation, vituperation in yet louder English than before, and when at last he turned away without his ticket he was still convinced that the authority of the *Britische Besatzung* had been outraged and defied by the man behind the window.

I often wonder what he said when the precise meaning of those two mystic words was revealed to him. I like to think that it may have happened at the Requisition Office, whither he had gone to procure an order to compel that recalcitrant square-head to supply him with the ticket so unwarrantably withheld.

"Wanted a good Cook; kitchen-maid kept; small fairy."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is pleasant to come upon a really appreciative mistress.



Little Girl (to Bride at wedding reception). "YOU DON'T LOOK NEARLY AS TIRED AS I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT."
Bride. "DON'T I, DEAR? BUT WHY DID YOU THINK I SHOULD LOOK TIRED?"
Little Girl. "WELL, I HEARD MUMMY SAY TO DAD THAT YOU'D BEEN RUNNING AFTER MR. GOLDMORE FOR MONTHS AND MONTHS."

PTERO-DACTYLS.

(*Of the Pioneers of the Air.*)

Dædalus, once in the island of Crete,
Finding his host tried to limit his scenery,
Foiled in his efforts to flee on his feet,
Went and invented some flying machinery;
Then, when he thought it was time to make tracks
Free from pursuit, for he felt he could dodge any,
Brought out his wings, which he fastened with wax,
Fitting another pair on to his progeny;
So, if the legend to credence can wheedle us,
First of air-pilots was old Father Dædalus.

Just a few kicks and they 're off in full sail
(Science of old wasn't hard on her votary,
So little mention you find in the tale
Made of propeller or joy-stick or rotary);
Silently skimming along in the air
Spoke the paternal and prototype pioneer,
"Mind that your altitude 's low, and beware
Fiery Phœbus you don't go and fly a-near!"
Cautious the counsel, but Icarus flouted it,
Flew in the face of his father and scouted it.

Lifting his nose in the eye of the sun,
Waved he his hand to his wary progenitor;
Higher and higher he banked and he spun,
Mounting aloft as away from his ken he tore.
"Who 's this," said Phœbus, "my kingdom affronts?
Doubtless, young fellow, your conduct you think witty;
I 'll find a method of stopping your stunts;
Dear shall you pay for precocious propinquity."
Forth shot his beams ere the flier detected 'em,
Melting the wax on his wings (that connected 'em).

Down to the depths of the bottomless sea
Icarus crashed with a lightning celerity,
Leaving a name for the ages to be.
"Ha!" chortled Phœbus, "that comes of temerity."
See from the sequel the fitness of things:
Nearly forgotten this early adventure is;
Phœbus is beaten; Time's whirligig brings
Still its revenge in the course of the centuries.
Over the sky, from the east to the west of it,
Man has decidedly now got the best of it. R. A. F.

To Psychical Mediums.

Extract from a tradesman's circular:—

"Mr. ——, who has just been disembodied, hopes to call quite shortly and will, we trust, be allowed to book forward your Spring term requirements."

"A letter sent by a Government Department to the Hornsey Borough Council was so long that it was not read at all."—*Daily Paper.*

But if you think that will discourage them you don't know our bureaucrats.



THE FOCH-TERRIER.

"I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT SILLY DOG IN ÆSOP. I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 3rd.—The terrors of the Statute of Anne having been temporarily removed, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN headed a little *queue* of Ministers coming up to take the Oath. How the already crowded Treasury Bench is to accommodate the new-comers it is difficult to see, but presumably a system of reliefs will be arranged.

The present epidemic was discussed by Captain NEWMAN and Sir JOHN REES who were not agreed as to whether port is a "preventative" or a "preventive" of influenza, but were unanimous in thinking that far too little of it was available.

On hearing that the liability of agricultural shows to the Entertainment Tax depended on whether instruction was combined with amusement, Colonel WEIGALL pertinently asked who was to decide where amusement ends and education begins. Talking of education, I shall in future, following Mr. H. A. L. FISHER, try to pronounce Thibetan with a long "e," but, I hesitate, even on the authority of the MINISTER OF EDUCATION, to speak of "Febuary."

Since Mr. CHURCHILL became War Minister he has developed a remarkable likeness to Lord HALDANE. Happily the resemblance extends only to the *rondeurs*, and not to the occasional *longueurs*, of his predecessor. How long his Lordship would have taken to elucidate the present position and future composition of the British Army I cannot estimate, but it would have been several hours. Mr. CHURCHILL'S survey of the World, from Siberia to the Rhine, occupied a brief sixty minutes and included some attractive speculations on the kind of Army we should need in the future. He hopes, among other things, for an improved General Staff, composed of officers acquainted with war in all its phases—land, sea and air—who could give the Cabinet expert advice on war as a whole, and save it (we inferred) from such hesitations as led to the glorious tragedy of Gallipoli

"I thought we had given up war," interjected Mr. HOGGE; and other Members twitted the Minister with having left out of his account the League of Nations. But Mr. CHURCHILL, in reply, while expressing the utmost respect for the League, pointed out that it was not yet in being, and that meanwhile Britain must continue to be a strong armed Power.

A number of maiden speeches were delivered during the evening. The SPEAKER was not in the Chair, but I hope he was somewhere in the precincts to hear the cheers which greeted the initial effort—commendably brief



MR. McCALLUM SCOTT.
"SH-H! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A DEMOBILISATION ON?"

and to the point—of his son, Major LOWTHER, on the subject of courts-martial.

Tuesday, March 4th.—Lord SINHA OF RAIPUR delivered his maiden speech in a style which promises well for his Parliamentary career. Accepting the *dictum* of Lord SYDENHAM that frankness is essential in Indian affairs, he proceeded to act upon it by administering a dignified rebuke to his lordship for having suggested that one of the periodical affrays between Mahomedans and Hindoos was occasioned by the MONTAGU-CHELMSFORD report.

No fewer than forty-six questions were addressed to the War Office. But obviously this sort of thing cannot go on. The SECRETARY OF STATE cannot devote so much of his valuable time to satisfying Parliamentary curiosity. Accordingly he has appointed a "Members' friend" to hear complaints and answer questions. Mr. McCALLUM SCOTT has been rewarded for his consistent admiration—did he not publish a eulogy of "Winston Churchill in Peace and War" when his hero's fortunes were temporarily clouded?—and on two days a week will have the privilege of acting as lightning-conductor.

The most intriguing detail in the story of DE VALERA'S escape from Lincoln Gaol was the beguilement of the guards by two sweet girl-graduates from Dublin. But this afternoon Mr. SHORTT curtly stated—with a twinkle in his eye—that the sentries disclaimed all knowledge of the ladies. Still, is this conclusive?

Wednesday, March 5th.—The friends of the new LORD CHANCELLOR were becoming anxious lest his natural gaiety should be permanently suppressed by the necessity of keeping up the dignity of the Woolsack. They need be under no further apprehensions. A motion in favour of Home Rule All Round, introduced by Lord BRASSEY and supported by Lord SELBORNE, furnished him with his chance. Metaphorically flinging his full-bottomed wig on to the floor he skipped into the arena, executed a war-dance around his amazed victims, and, before they knew where they were, got their heads into Chancery and knocked them together until they were compelled to give in. Talk of the congestion of Parliament! Why, now that party spirit was in abeyance, Bills went through with incredible rapidity. As for the supposed ambitions of the "little nations," what, he asked, did Scotsmen and Welshmen care about subordinate Parliaments when they were governing the whole Empire? If the advocates of the proposal really believed in it let them go out as missionaries into the wilderness, and,



A NEW FORCE IN POLITICS.
THE DE VALERA GIRL.



Conductor. "OUTSIDE ONLY!"

if they escaped the proverbial fate of missionaries, convert the heathen voters to their creed. Thereupon Lord BRASSEY, his brow bloody but unbowed, intimated that "a time would come," and meanwhile withdrew his motion.

At Question-time Mr. BONAR LAW indignantly denied a newspaper rumour from Paris that the British delegates had decided not to demand any money-indemnity from Germany, but took occasion later on to discount somewhat freely the election-promises made on this subject by himself and other Ministers. It would be better, he implied, to accept a composition than to put the debtor into the Bankruptcy Court. This is common sense, no doubt, always provided that the Hun does not misinterpret his reprieve, and, instead of laying golden eggs for our benefit, resume the practice of the goose-step.

On the Civil Service Estimates, swollen to five times their pre-war magnitude, Mr. BALDWIN made an earnest appeal for economy. If every man would ask himself, "What can I do for the State?" instead of "What can I get out of it?" we might yet emerge safely from our financial straits. The House, as usual, cheered this fine sentiment to the echo, and, to show how thoroughly it had gone home, Mr. ADAMSON, the Labour leader, immediately pressed for an increase in the salaries of Members of Parliament.

Thursday, March 6th.—The CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND announced that the Government had decided to release such of the Sinn Fein prisoners as had not already saved them the trouble.

History does not always repeat itself. The first JOSIAH WEDGWOOD enhanced his fame by a faithful reproduction of the Portland Vase. JOSIAH the Second, essaying a fancy portrait of the present Duke of PORTLAND (in his capacity of a coal-owner), was less fortunate in the likeness, and this afternoon handsomely withdrew it from circulation.

The Second Reading of the new Military Service Bill brought a storm of accusations against the Government for having broken its election-pledges. Had not the PRIME MINISTER and his colleagues gone to the country on a cry of "No Conscription"? The Member for Derby was particularly emphatic in his denunciation; but Mr. CHURCHILL effectively countered him by quoting Mr. THOMAS'S own translation of the pledges in question as meaning "Militarism and Conscription."

A little rift within the Coalition lute was revealed when Mr. SHAW remarked that some people seemed to want "to make this country a fit place for casuists to live in;" but the House as a whole took the view that without an assured peace it would be no place for any one, and passed the Second Reading by an overwhelming majority.

THE SENTINELS.

UP and down the nurs'ry stair
All through the night
There are Fairy Sentinels
Watching till it 's light;
If they ever went to sleep
The Big Clock would tell;
But, Left-Right! Left-Right!
They know their duty well:
I needn't mind a Bogey or a Giant or a Bear,
The Sentinels are watching on the nurs'ry stair!

Up and down the nurs'ry stair
All through the day
There the Fairy Sentinels
Sleep the time away;
If you were to wake them up,
Think how tired they 'd be,
So Tip-toe! Tip-toe!
Go upstairs quietly.
Yes, that 's the very reason we have carpets on the stair—
The Sentinels are sleeping, and we must take care.



She. "THEY SAY THE VICAR TALKS IN HIS SLEEP." *He.* "VERY LIKELY. HE TALKS IN MINE."

THE SPACE PROBLEM.

THE sad queues shiver in the drains
And do not get upon the bus;
Men battle round successive trains,
And each is yet more populous;
Twelve times a week I pay the fare,
But know not when I last sat down;
It almost looks as if there were
Too many people in the town.

I know not where they all may dwell;
I know my lease is up in May;
I know I said, "Oh, very well,
I'll take a house down Dorking way;"
I scoured the spacious countryside,
I found no residence to spare,
And it is not to be denied
There are too many people there.

They say the birth-rate 's sadly low;
They say the death-rate tends to soar;
So how we manage I don't know
To go on growing more and more;
Let statistology prefer
To think the race is nice and small,
But how do all these crowds occur,
And who the dickens are they all?

Where do they come from? Where on earth
In olden days did they reside,
When there was really lots of birth
And hardly anybody died?
Where had this multitude its lair?
Some pleasant spot, I make no doubt;
I only wish they 'd go back there
And leave me room to move about;

And leave some little house for me
In any shire, in any town,
Or, otherwise, myself must flee
And build a dug-out in a down;
If none may settle on the land,
Yet might one settle underground
(Provided people understand
They must not come and dig all round).

There will I dwell (alone) till death
And soothe my crowd-corroded soul;
And, when I breathe my latest breath,
Let no man move me from my hole;
Let but a little earth be cast,
And someone write above the tomb:
"*Here had the poet peace at last;*
Here only had he elbow-room."

A. P. H.

THE SWEET-SHOP.

IT was a mean street somewhere in the wilderness of Fulham. How I got there I don't exactly know; all that I am clear about is that I was trying, on insufficient data, to make a short cut. Twilight was falling, there was a slight drizzle of rain and I told myself that I had stumbled on the drabbest bit of all London.

Here and there, breaking the monotony of dark house-fronts, were little isolated shops, which gave a touch of colour to the drabness. I paused before one of them, through whose small and dim window a light shed a melancholy beam upon the pavement. Nothing seemed to be sold there, for the window was occupied by empty glass jars, bearing such labels as "peppermint rock," "pear drops" and "bull's-eyes." Apparently the shop had sold out.

I was on the point of turning away when I noticed that someone was moving about inside, and presently an ancient dame began to take certain jars from the window and fill them with sweets from boxes on the counter. Evidently a new stock had just arrived. Then I remembered that sweets had been "freed."

A little girl stopped beside me, stared through the window and then ran off at top speed. Within a couple of minutes half-a-dozen youngsters were peering into the shop, and a pair of them marched in, consulting earnestly as they went. The news spread; more children arrived. I distributed a largesse of pennies which gave me a popularity I have never achieved before. The street seemed to take on a different aspect. I almost liked it.

AN OLD DOG.

THERE can be no doubt about it. Not merely is Soo-ti getting to be an old dog, but he has already got there. He *is* an old dog. Yet the change in the case of this beloved little Pekinese has been so gradual that until it was accomplished few of us noticed it. Yesterday, as it seemed, Soo-ti was a young dog, capable of holding his own for frolics and spirits with any Pekinese that ever owned the crown of the road and refused to stir from it though all the hooters of Europe endeavoured to blast him off it. To-day he is still a challenger of motor-cars; but he hurls his defiance with less assurance and has been seen to retire before the advance of a motor-bicycle.

Moreover, there are other signs of what his master calls, let us hope with accuracy, a *cruda viridisque senectus*. Quite a short time ago his muzzle, like the rest of him, was as black as ebony. Now he wears a pair of thick white moustachios, which are comparable only with those worn by that great chieftain, Monsieur le Maréchal JOFFRE.

In another way too our little dog gives proof that his years are advancing. He used to welcome ecstatically the moment of the *promenade*; not that he intended thus to show any deference to the humans who were inviting him to take a walk, but that he thought it was a fine manly thing to do, and one that might bring about that fight of his against a neighbouring and detested deer-hound to which he looked forward as to one of his unachieved pleasures. He therefore fell not more than one hundred yards behind his accompanists, and when this was pointed out to him made a very creditable effort to hurry up and rejoin. Now, however, when taken for a duty-walk, he still barks a little at the outset, but thereafter begins at once to lag, and is found in an armchair when the party returns. It is vain to remind him that in the old days he was called the little black feather for the lightness of his gait when puffed along by the gusts of a fierce nor'-easter. Here is one of the complimentary stanzas that were lavished upon him by his young mistress:—

"Attend to your duty,
My brave little Soo-ti,
There isn't much sun in the sky:
But we 've sported together
In all kinds of weather,
My little black feather and I."

It would be quite useless to lure him out with verse, and plain prose is equally ineffective when once he has made up his mind that he doesn't mean to move.

One more sign of old age there is, which I may briefly describe. He is always much agitated when his mistress packs her boxes to depart to an institution for higher education of which she is a member. While this is going forward, Soo-ti will not stir from her room except it be to couch in the passage outside. Thence he re-transfers himself to her room, and has been known, when the chief box is full of garments, to leap into it, to pad round in a circle three times, and to sink down with a sigh of satisfaction on what was once a very artistic bit of packing. I do not say that this trick is entirely due to old age. Nearly all dogs do it. Only there was on the last occasion a special anxiety, and a more than usual persistence and querulousness which seemed to say, "Don't go too far away, and come back soon, so that we may meet again before my eyes grow dim and my ears lose their keenness."

"In future all unmarried men and women having an income of $1,000 will be taxed by the city. Married men will not be taxed unless their income is over $1,500,000."—*Canadian Gazette.*

The poor fellows must have some compensation.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

["C.K.S.," in *The Sphere*, describing his numerous visits to GEORGE MEREDITH at Box Hill, tells us that in no real sense can he claim to have been an intimate friend; "but then," he adds, "I always make the test of intimate friendship when people call one another by their Christian names."]

THE use of Christian names, says "C. K. S."
Is intimacy's truest test; but "George,"
When he was down at Dorking, (as you guess)
Stuck quite inextricably in his gorge;
And to the end he never got beyond
The Mister, though a faithful friend and fond.

How sad to think this barrier was never
Demolished, broken down and swept away,
But still remained to sunder and to sever
Two of the choicest spirits of our day!
For MEREDITH, though radiant, genial, kind,
On this one point showed an in-clement mind.

The case was simplified in days of eld;
HOMER, for instance, had no Christian name,
And an Athenian bookman, if impelled
To visit him at Chios, when he came
Across the blind old poet and beach-comber,
Addressed him probably *tout court* as HOMER.

PYTHAGORAS was never Jack or Jim—
Names all unknown in ages pre-Socratic;
And SHORTER could not have accosted him
By *sobriquets* endearing or ecstatic;
It would have certainly provoked a scene,
For instance, to have hailed him as "Old bean."

Then at the "Mermaid," had he been invited
As an illustrious brother of the quill,
Would "C. K. S.," I wonder, have delighted
To honour WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE as "Old Bill,"
And in the small uproarious hours A.M.
Have been in turn acclaimed as "Bully CLEM"?

Perchance; who knows? The mystery is sealed;
Hypothesis, though plausible, is vain;
What might have been can never be revealed,
But one momentous fact at least is plain:
We know from an authoritative quarter
That MEREDITH was never "George" to SHORTER.

The Twopenny Egg.

The daily press informs us that we are "in sight of the twopenny egg." On making inquiries we learn that this phenomenon will be invisible at Greenwich, but may be viewed from the North of Scotland, a region happily less inaccessible than many to which scientific expeditions have in the past been made. At the time of writing opinions differ as to the best point for observation, but it is probable that the island of Foula, in the Shetland group, will be chosen.

"Masters and men are visibly strained by the crisis. They all know that they are sitting on a volcano. The prelude is all icy suspicion."
Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS in "The Star."

It won't be the volcano's fault if the ice doesn't get melted.

"The complainant was ascending the staircase of the club when he met the defendant, who, speaking of Lemberg, said Lemberg belonged to Russia. Complainant replied: "No, it is in Poland; it cannot belong to Russia," when the defendant struck him with some sharp instrument on the top of the head, and the stars had not yet completely healed."—*Evening Paper.*

The constellation referred to must, we think, have been the Great Bear.



THE DOPED LION.

A STORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE GAME OF THE TELEPHONE.

TRUE sportsmen will regret Mr. ILLINGWORTH'S statement, made recently in the House, when he said, "I have every expectation that the [telephone] service will improve."

By "improve" he no doubt meant that when we ring up a number in future we shall simply get it; that people who want us will be able to get us, and so on. It is a dismal prospect.

I only hope the improvement will be delayed until I get my own back. I have been playing rather a bad line lately, and only this morning lost a set by one game to two.

* * * *

The operator won the first game before I could get into my stride. She rang me up three times in five minutes, and each time put me on to nobody. This was a very bad start, and I determined that I must at least give her a game. So the third time I held on, mechanically knocking the semi-circular ring arrangement up and down. There is always a chance that your signal may be working, and it annoys the operator. But she beat me by a swift stroke.

"What number do you want?" she asked cynically. I said, "Well played, Sir—Madam!" Then she rubbed it in with a parting shot: "Sorry you have been terroubled," she said, and cut me off. Love—one.

* * * *

"Hullo!" I said, when my bell rang the next time.

"Put me through to Extension 8, please."

The only thing to do with this sort of shot is to return it safely.

"Sorry, old chap," I said, "I haven't got one."

"Haven't *what?*" he said.

"Got one."

"One what?"

"Extension."

Then he became annoyed and shouted, "Aren't you the War Office?"

"No," I answered, "I am not the War Office."

"Aren't you the War Off——"

But I clapped on my receiver. In fact I clapped it on so violently that I thought I had silenced the thing for good and all.

A series of tugging ineffective clicks on the part of my bell decided me to investigate. This move on my part was to win me the game.

I took off my receiver and listened. No answer. I banged the rigging. No answer. I banged and thumped.

"Yes, yes," she said rather peevishly, "I am attending to you as quickly as I can. What number do you want?"

"Well," I explained, "as a matter of fact I don't want a number. I only wondered if my line was all right. Sorry you have been terroubled," and I cut her off. One—all.

* * * * *

The third and last game started briskly. In the course of the first ten minutes I was rung up and asked if I was—

1. The Timber Control.
2. Mr. Awl or All.
3. The Timber Control (again).
4. The London Diocesan Church Schools. (At this point I rather lost my head and answered, "D—— the London Diocesan Church Schools.")

My impiety offended the Bishop (I assume it was a Bishop), and he, rather unfairly, must have incited the gods to take sides against me. In a lucid interval, while I was doing a call of my own, the operator, without giving me any warning, switched me on to the supervisor. This must have been an inspiration from Olympus. However I was equal to the emergency; nay, took advantage of it. Experience has taught me that it is always best to talk to the person you get, whether you want that person or not. So I explained to the supervisor that I was a busy man, although the rumour which ascribed to my shoulders the War Office, the Timber Control and the L.D.C.S. was, at the moment, unfounded.

She played up magnificently; took my number, my name, my address, the date, the time of the day, how many times I had been rung up, whom by and when, and was going to ask me the date of my birth and whether I was married or single, when I protested. Then she calmed down and said she would have my line seen to.

The game seemed to be going well; but again I was beaten by a swift stroke. My bell rang.

"Telephone Engineering Department speaking," it said. "We have received a report that your line is out of order. We are sending a man and hope he will finish the job before luncheon."

This was the end, as anyone knows who has ever got into the clutches of the Telephone Engineering Department.

"Please," I said (my spirit was quite broken)—"please, for God's sake, don't send a man. Not this morning at any rate. Put it off, there's a good fellow."

"But I thought there was something wrong——"

"Oh, no, not at all. It's a hideous mistake. My line never behaved better in its life. It's a positive joy to me."

I have it on Mr. BALFOUR'S authority that all truth cannot be told at all times. But I had lost the set.



THE THIRST FOR EDUCATION.

Mother. "WOT'S ALL THIS 'UBBUB GOIN' ON INDOORS?"
Daughter. "BABY'S BIN AND LICKED 'ERBERT'S 'OME LESSONS ORF 'IS SLATE."

"On Friday, March 7th, Messrs. ——, on the instructions of the executors of the late Mr. ——, are selling by auction in pneumonia and acute influenzal pneu-built cottages situate in Chapel Street."—*Provincial Paper.*

Personally we were not bidding.



Staff Officer (accustomed to staff-car pace). "HERE, CABBY—LET ME OUT. I'D RATHER WALK."
Antique Jehu (who thinks he has to do with a "shell-shock" case). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I'M GOING VERY CAREFUL."
S.O. "I KNOW. BUT I'M SO AFRAID OF SOMETHING RUNNING INTO US FROM BEHIND."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN a story bears the attractive title of *The House of Courage* (DUCKWORTH); when it begins in the Spring of 1914 with a number of pleasantly prosperous people whose faith in the continuance of this prosperity is frequently emphasised ("as if they had a contract with God Almighty" is how an observant character phrases it); and when, in the first chapter, the hero has an encounter with two Germans in a Soho restaurant—well, it requires no great guessing to tell what will happen before we are through with it. And, in fact, Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD'S latest is yet another war-story; though with this novelty, that the hero's experiences of service are almost entirely gained in a German prison-camp. As perhaps I need not say, both divisions of the tale are admirably written. It is hardly the author's fault that the earlier half, with its pictures of a genial hunting society in County Cork, is distinctly more entertaining than the scenes of boredom and brutality at Crefeld, well-conveyed as these are and almost over-realistic and convincing. Inevitably too the scheme is one of incident rather than character. One has never any very serious doubt that in the long run the hero, *Kennedy*, will marry the girl of his choice, despite the fact of her engagement to the clearly unworthy *Harrington*. But as part of the long run was from Crefeld to the Dutch frontier, over every obstacle that you can imagine (and a few more, including an admirable thrill almost on the post), one is left with the comfortable feeling that the prize was well earned. You will rightly judge that most of *The House of Courage* is rather more frankly sensational than Mrs. RICKARD'S previous war-work; but it remains an excellent yarn.

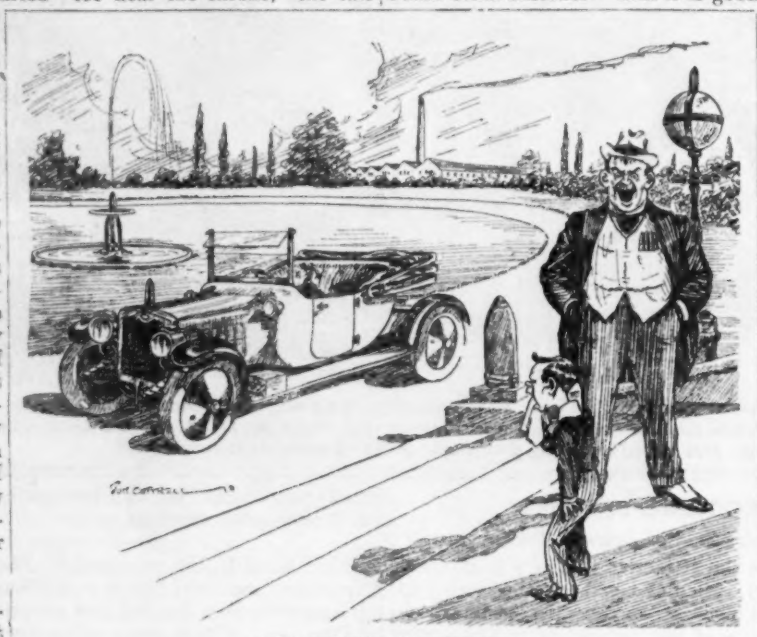
When *Esmé Hillier*, possessed by *The Imp* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), was only ten, in a fit of annoyance she pushed the hero (to whom she had had no previous introduction) into the sea. I have some sympathy with her energetic protest, for a Highland Chieftain even at the age of sixteen should know better than to row about in an open boat kissing a young lady. *Esmé*, a pained spectator, showed her public spirit by punishing his bad form, but in the act she sealed her own fate, for after this it was inevitable that they should ultimately marry each other, the girl of the kissing episode notwithstanding. The immediate incentive to their union, which was by the Scotch method, was that *Esmé* had applied mustard-plasters to a Cabinet Minister's person by affixing them to his dress-suit, and *Tourntourq*, the Chieftain, had nobly attempted to bear the blame. Though married in haste they did not wait for leisure before they repented, but commenced quarrelling at once, until *Esmé*, in order to test his love and that of an admirer who was helping to complicate matters, "bobbed" her hair and threw the severed tresses at her husband. After this they separated. Presently the War came, and the admirer, who was really quite a nice person, was killed, and *Tourntourq*, who was apparently a lunatic, though that is not stated in so many words, was blinded. It seems quite superfluous to add that *Tourntourq* wins the V.C. and recovers both sight and wife in the last chapter; but there are such good patches in the book that I cannot help hoping that some day WILSON MACNAIR will try her hand

(I feel it is *her* hand) at another, which I shall really believe in all through.

Of late our costume-romancers have become strangely unprolific. So I was the more pleased to find Mrs. ALICE WILSON FOX bravely keeping the old flag flying with a story bearing the gallant title, *Too Near the Throne* (S.P.C.K.). I daresay its name may enable you to give a fairly shrewd guess at its plot. This is an agreeable affair of a maid, reputed Catholic heir to the English Crown, and used as pretext for an abortive rising against KING JAMES I. You can see that in practised hands (as here) and decorated with a pretty trimming of sentiment, abductions, witch-finding and other appropriate accessories, this furnishes a theme rich in romance. Perhaps I was a thought disappointed that more was not made of the actual conspiracy, and that, having started "too near the throne," the tale subsequently gave it so wide a berth. But this is no great fault. I can witness that Mrs. WILSON FOX has at least one essential quality of the historical novelist in her appreciation of picturesque raiment. Almost indeed she emulates those jewelled paragraphs in which the creator of *Windsor Castle* would fill half a chapter with a riot of sartorial coruscations. As a birthday present, say for an appreciative niece, I can think of few volumes whose welcome would be better assured.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD has brought together in *St. George and the Dragon* (HEINEMANN) a speech "given" by him in New York on last St. George's Day, and a lecture on The War and the Future which he delivered up and down America from January to August of last year. Since then many things have happened. But nothing has happened that can make Mr. MASEFIELD other than proud of the part he has played in explaining and glorifying his country's cause and commending it to the hearts and minds of all good Americans. I confess that when I took up the book and read the first few lines I was afraid that Mr. MASEFIELD had yielded to the temptation of delivering his speech in poetical prose of a faintly Biblical character, as thus: "Friends, for a long time I did not know what to say to you in this my second speaking here. I could fill a speech with thanks and praise—thanks for the kindness and welcome which have met me up and down this land wherever I have gone, and praise for the great national effort which I have seen in so many places and felt everywhere." Mr. MASEFIELD however soon abandoned this manner and made the rest of his way in a good solid pedestrian style. But he did not disdain to go so far in flattery of the Americans, his audience, as to use the word "gotten" for the past tense of the verb "to get."

There can be few Irishmen who look at their England with such affectionate eyes as Lord DUNSANY. *Tales of War* (FISHER UNWIN) is full of this sweet theme. The first of the tales is a fine story of the Daleswood men who, cut off from their supports and worried because there would be none left in their native village to carry on the Daleswood breed, were for sending out their youngest boy to surrender. But, deciding that that wasn't good Daleswood form, they (for their last hours, as they thought) fell to recalling the familiar beauties of their old home and to cutting in the Picardy chalk the roll of their names for remembrance. You get it again, that calling-up of the home memories, when, in another marooned party, the Sergeant that was keeper begins with a vision of sausages and mashed and goes on to the birds and beasts and flowers and soft noises of English woods at night. And in a half-dozen other sketches. And it is good to find an Irishman and a poet to say things which stick on our embarrassed tongues. Lord DUNSANY has a happy trick of compressing a great deal into a little space, and his vignettes, sketched in with a conscious art, should find a place on our shelves among the war records which our children are to read.



THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

War Profiteer. "STOW THAT ROW, 'ORACE. 'OW DID *I* KNOW YER WANTED A TOY?"

"When the wife of President Wilson was in London she spent hours shopping in Regent Street and other quaint sections of London."—*Daily Gleaner.*

Regent Street *will* be pleased.

"Captain Hayes, of the Olympic, in receiving a loving cut from Halifax citizens, described how the Olympic sank the U-boat 103, a few months ago. The liner cut through the submarine without losing a single revolution of the propellers."—*Australian Paper.*

One good cut deserves another.

THE INFLUENZA-MASK.

"SHALL I," he cried, "who made the Hun skedaddle
And caused the *Wacht an Rhein* to lose its job,
Taught Johnny Turk the use of boot and saddle
And fetched out FERDINANDO for a blob—
Shall I allow each little grinning urchin
To move me from my purpose? Shall I shrink
For fear of idle Rumour wagging her chin?
No, no! I do *not* think.

"My high emprise may set the suburbs hooting
And lay me under Balham's local curse;
There be—I know it—those in Upper Tooting
Would lynch the prophet and insult his hearse;
But when my feet have kicked this mortal bucket
Millions will bless me!—more I cannot ask;
So, John, distract me not! Jemima, chuck it!
And, Jane, bring forth the mask!"

CHARIVARIA.

PRESIDENT WILSON is stated to have played several keen games of "shuffle-board" on the *George Washington*. As it is an open secret that Lord ROBERT CECIL has been polishing up his "shove-halfpenny" in the billiard-room of the Hotel Majestic interesting developments are anticipated.

* * *

Primroses, daisies and wallflowers are in full bloom in many parts of the country and young lambs may now be seen frisking in the meadows. Can the POET LAUREATE be waiting for someone to get sun-stroke?

* * *

The Commission on the Responsibilities and Crimes of the War have not yet decided that the ex-Kaiser is guilty. At the same time it is said that they have an idea that he knew something about it.

* * *

At a Belfast football match last week the winning team, the police and the referee were mobbed by the partisans of the losing side. Local sportsmen condemn the attack on the winning team as a dangerous innovation.

* * *

The L.C.C. is training munition girls to be cooks. We understand that the velocity and range will be clearly stamped on the bottom of all pork-pies.

* * *

A Stromness fisherman, on opening a halibut, found a large cormorant in its stomach. Cormorants, of course, are not fastidious birds. They don't mind where they nest.

* * *

The eclipse of the sun on May 28th should be a great success, if we may judge by the immense time it has taken over rehearsals.

* * *

Inspector J. G. OGHAM, chief of the Portsmouth Fire Brigade, who is about to retire, has attended over two thousand fires. Indeed it is said that most of the local fires know him by sight.

* * *

"Ghost stories," says a contemporary, "are being spread about vacant houses in Dublin to decrease the demand for them." The old caretaker's trick of training a couple of cockroaches to jump out at the house-hunter is quite useless to-day.

* * *

Hull merchants complain that only one train leaves Hull per day on which wet fish can travel. The idea of bringing the fish to Billingsgate under their own steam has already been ventilated.

* * *

Found insensible with a bottle of sherry in his pocket, an East Ham labourer was fined ten shillings for being drunk. It is believed that had he been carrying the sherry anywhere else nothing could have saved him.

* * *

An absconding Trade Society treasurer last week hit upon a novel idea. He ran away with his own wife.

* * *

"Is nothing going to be done to stop the incursion of the sea at Walton-on-the-Naze?" asks a contemporary. Have they tried the effect of placing notice-boards along the front?

* * *

For the first time the public have been admitted to a meeting of the Beckenham Council. It is pleasant to find that the importance of good wholesome entertainment is not being lost sight of in some places.

* * *

Asked by the Wood Green magistrates for the names of his six children, a defendant said that he did not know them. It is a good plan for a man to get his wife to introduce him to the children.

It appears that a certain gentleman has managed to overcome the domestic servant problem. He has married one.

* * *

A Salford man giving evidence in a local court told the magistrates that his wife had repeatedly stuck pins into him. There is no excuse for such conduct, even with pin-cushions at their present inflated price.

* * *

No one seemed to take the rat-plague very seriously in the Isle of Wight until last week, when several rodents were discovered at the Seaplane Station at Bembridge busily engaged in trying on the pilots' flying coats.

* * *

It is only fair to remark that, although the Government has recently been found guilty of profiteering, they have never during the War raised the price of their ten-shilling notes.

* * *

Much difficulty is being experienced by the Allies in deciding what to do with the German Fleet. Curiously enough this is the very dilemma that the Germans were faced with during most of the War.

* * *

We hear that the officials at Lincoln prison are much impressed by the cleverness of DE VALERA'S escape and are anxious to present him with an illuminated address, but unfortunately they do not know it at present.

* * *

A scientific organ points out that in deciding the fate of Heligoland it should not be forgotten that it was once a valuable ornithological observation station. The almost extinct *Pavo Potsdamicus*, if we remember correctly, was an occasional visitor to the island.

* * *

Congress, says a Washington message, is anxious to get back to domestic business. It does not say whose.

"'Easter and Peace will coincide,' declared a member of the Council of Ten to the Central News correspondent in Paris."

"Easter Day this year is on April 20—less than six hours hence."

Evening Paper, March 12th.

How some of our journalists do jump to conclusions!



STRANGE CASE IN PUGILISTIC CIRCLES.

A REPORTER LEARNS FROM BILL SLOGGS THAT HE IS NOTHING LIKE AS HARD AS NAILS AND NOT THE LEAST CONFIDENT.

THE MUD LARKS.

YESTERDAY morning, a freckled child, dripping oil and perspiration and clad in a sort of canvas dressing-gown, stumbled into "Remounts" (or "Demounts," as we should more properly call ourselves nowadays) and presented me with a slip of paper which entitled him, the bearer, to immediate demobilisation on pivotal grounds. I handed it back to him, explaining that he had come to the wrong shop—unless he were a horse, of course. If he were and could provide his own nosebag, head-stall and Army Form 1640, testifying that he was guiltless of mange, ophthalmia or epizootic lymphangitis, I would do what I could for him.

He stared at me for a moment, then at the slip, then, murmuring something about the mistake being his, began to feel in the numerous pouches of his dressing-gown, bringing to light the following items:—

(1) A spanner.
(2) Some attenuated cigarettes.
(3) A picture-postcard fashioned in silk, with tropical birds and flowers, clasped hands, crossed Union Jacks and the legend "TRUE LOVE" embroidered thereon.
(4) A handful of cotton waste.
(5) Some brandy-balls.
(6) An oil-can.
(7) The ace of spades.
(8) The portrait (tin-type) of a lady, inscribed "With kind regards from Lizzie."
(9) A stick of chewing gum.
(10) A mouse (defunct).
(11) A second slip of paper.

He grunted with satisfaction, replaced his treasures carefully in the pouches and handed the last-named item to me. It read to the effect that both he and his car were at my disposal for the day. I wriggled into a coat and followed him out to where his chariot awaited us.

I never pretended to be a judge of motor vehicles, but it does not need an expert to detect a Drift when he sees one; they have a leggy, herring-gutted appearance all their own. Where it was not dented in it bulged out; most of those little knick-knacks that really nice cars have were missing, and its complexion had peeled off in erratic designs such as Royal Academicians used to smear on transports to make U-Boaters imagine they were seeing things they shouldn't and lead better lives.

I did not like the looks of the thing from the first, and my early impressions did not improve when, as we bumped off the drive on to the *pavé*, the screen suddenly detached itself from its perch and flopped into our laps.

However, the car put in some fast work between our château gates and the *estaminet* of the "Rising Sun" (a distance of fully two hundred yards), and my hopes soared several points. From the *estaminet* of the "Rising Sun" to the village of Bailleul-aux-Houdains the road wriggles down-hill in two sharp hair-pin bends. The car flung itself over the edge of the hill and plunged headlong for the first of these.

"Put on the brakes!" I shouted.

The child did some kicking and hauling with his feet and hands which made no impression whatever on the car.

"Put on the brakes, damme!" I yelled.

The child rolled the whites of his eyes towards me and announced briefly, "Brake's broke."

I looked about for a soft place to jump. There was none; only rock-plated highway whizzing past.

We took the first bend with the near-side wheels in the gutter, the off-side wheels on the bank, the car tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. The second bend we navigated at an angle of sixty degrees, the off-side wheels on the bank, the near-side wheels pawing thin air.

Had there been another bend we should have accomplished it upside down. Fortunately there were no more; but there remained the village street. We pounced on it like a tiger upon its prey.

"Blow your horn!" I screamed to the child.

"Bulb's bust," said he shortly, and exhibited the instrument, its squeeze missing.

I have one accomplishment—only one—acquired at the tender age of eleven at the price of relentless practice and a half-share in a ferret. I can whistle on my fingers. Sweeping into that unsuspecting hamlet I remembered this lone accomplishment of mine, plunged two fingers into my cheeks and emptied my chest through them.

"Honk, honk," blasted something in my ear and, glancing round, I saw that the child had swallowed the bulbless end of his horn and was using it bugle-wise.

Thus, shrilling and honking, we swooped through Bailleul-aux-Houdains, zig-zagging from kerb to kerb. A speckly cock and his platoon of hens were out in midstream, souvenir-hunting. We took them in the rear before they had time to deploy and sent a cloud of fluff-*fricassée* sky-high. A Tommy was passing the time o' day with the Hebe of the Hotel des Trois Enfants, his mules contentedly browsing the straw frost-packing off the town water supply. The off-donkey felt the hot breath of the car on his hocks and gained the *salle-à-manger* (*vid* the window) in one bound, taking master and mate along with him.

The great-great-granddam of the hamlet was tottering across to the undertakers to have her coffin tried on, when my frantic whistling and the bray of the bugle-horn pierced the deafness of a century. With a loud creaking of hinges she turned her head, summed up the situation at a glance and, casting off half-a-dozen decades "like raiment laid apart," sprang for the side-walk with the agility of an infant gazelle. We missed her by half-an-inch and she had nobody but herself to thank.

Against a short incline, just beyond the stricken village, the car came to a standstill of its own accord, panting brokenly, quivering in every limb.

"She's red-'ot," said the child, and I believed him.

From the kettle arrangement in the bows came the sound of hot water singing merrily, while from the spout steam issued hissing. The tin trunk, in which lurks the clockwork, emitted dense volumes of petrol-perfumed smoke from every chink. The child climbed across me and, dropping overboard, opened the lid and crawled inside. I lit a pipe and perused the current "*La Vie Parisienne*."

The clockwork roared and raged and exploded with the sharp detonations of a machine-gun. Sounds of violent coughing and tinkering came from the bowels of the trunk, telling that the child was still alive and busy. Presently he emerged to breathe and wipe the oil off his nose.

"Cylinder missin'," he announced.

I was not in the least surprised. "Probably dropped off round that last bend," said I. "Very nearly did myself. How many have we got left?"

He gaped, muttered something incoherent and plunged back into the trunk. The noise of coughing and tinkering redoubled. The smoke enveloped us in an evil-smelling fog.

"Think she'll go now," said the child, emerging once more. He climbed back over me, grasped the helm and jerked a lever. The car gave a dreadful shudder, but there was no other movement.

"What's the matter now?" I asked after he had made another trip to the bows.

He informed me that the car had moulted its winding handle.

"You'll 'ave ter push 'er till the engine starts, Sir," said he.

"Oh, will I? And what will you be



ANOTHER THREATENED INDUSTRY.

CHANNEL STEWARD (*infected with the prevailing strike mania*). "ANY MORE TALK ABOUT THIS TUNNEL AND I DOWN BASINS!"

doing, pray?" I inquired. He replied that he was proposing to sit inside and watch events, steer, work the clutch, and so on.

"That sounds very jolly," said I. "All right; hop up and hold your hat on." I went round to the stern, set my back against it and hove—there seemed nothing else for it. Five hundred yards further on I stopped heaving and interviewed the passenger. He was very hopeful. The engine had given a few reassuring coughs, he said, and presently would resume business, he felt convinced. Just a few more heaves, please.

I doffed my British warm and returned to the job. A quarter of an hour later we had another talk. All was well. The engine had suffered a regular spasm of coughing and one back-fire, so the child informed me. In half a jiffy we should be off.

I shed my collar, tie and tunic and bent again to the task. At Notre Dame de la Belle Espérance we parleyed once more. He was most enthusiastic. Said a few kind words about the good work I was doing round at the back and thought everything was going perfectly splendidly. The car's cough was developing every minute and there had been two back-fires. All the omens were propitious. A couple of short sharp shoves would do it. Courage, brave heart!

I reduced my attire to boots and underclothing, and toiled through Belle Espérance, the curs of the village nibbling my calves, the children shrilling to their mammas to come and see the strong man from the circus.

At Quatre Vents the brave heart broke.

"Look here," said I to the protesting child, "if you imagine I'm going to push you all the way to Arras you're 'straying in the realms of fancy,' as the poet says. Because I'm not. Just you hop out and do your bit, me lad. It's my turn to ride."

In vain did he argue that I was not schooled in the mysteries of either steering or clutching. Assuring him that I precious soon would be, I dragged him from his perch and took station at the helm. Sulkily he betook himself to the stern of the vehicle, and presently it began to move. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. I suddenly perceived the reason of this. We were going down-hill again, a steep hill at that, with wicked hair-pin bends in it.

The engine began to cough, the cough became chronic, developing into a galloping consumption.

"Brakes!" thought I (forgetting they were out of action), and wrenched at a handle which was offering itself. The car jumped off the mark like a hunter at a hurdle, jumped clear away from the child (who sat down abruptly on the *pavé*) and bolted down-hill all out. I glimpsed the low parapet of the bend rushing towards me, an absurdly inadequate parapet, with the silvery gleam of much cold water beyond it.

I have not preserved my life (often at infinite risk) through four and a-half years of high-pressure warfare to be mauled to death by a tin car at the finish. Not I. I got out. As I trundled into the gutter I saw the car take the parapet in its stride, describe a graceful curve in the blue, and plunge downwards out of sight. The child and I reached the parapet together and peered over. Seventy feet below us the waters of the river spouted for a moment as with the force of some violent submarine explosion and then subsided. A patch of oil came floating to the surface, accompanied by my breeches and British warm.

The child looked at me, his eyes goggling with horror. "They won't 'alf fry my liver for this, they won't, not 'alf," he gasped huskily.

I laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder. "Not they, my lad; I'll see to that. Listen. You have that slip entitling you to immediate demobilisation?" He nodded, wondering. "Then demobilise yourself *now*, at once, instantly!" I cried. "Run like blazes to Calais, Boulogne, Havre, Marseilles—anywhere you like; only run, you little devil, run!"

"But you, Sir?" he stuttered.

"Oh, don't worry about me," I smiled; "I shall be *quite* all right. I'm going to lay all the blame on you."

He shot one scared glance at me, then, picking up the skirts of his dressing-gown, scampered off down the road as fast as his ammunition boots would let him, never looking back.

PATLANDER.



THE HUNTER BAULKED OF HIS PREY.

Commercial Candour.

"They were manufacturers of aeroplanes—in their opinion the best aeroplanes in the world and the most suited for commercial lying."—*Provincial Paper.*

"A hospital nurse interrupted evidence given in Portuguese at Thames Police Court on Saturday."—*Provincial Paper.*

Very rude of her.

"An experimental air service for Army mails only was begun a few days ago between Folkestone and Boulogne, with intermediate points in Belgium, said Mr. Illingworth, Postmaster-General."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"We are a long way yet from the mastery of the air. Out of fifteen days the Prime Minister's Paris postbag, which it had been arranged should be sent 'via aloft,' had to go by the old land and water route in fourteen days."—*Daily Mirror.*

Even that, we suppose, was quicker than to send it by the circuitous air-route *vid* Belgium.

"Section-Commander ——, who has had charge of the —— Special Constabulary since their inception, has been presented by the members with a Sheraton clock at a wind-up dinner."—*Local Paper.*

It was, of course, the clock that had the wind up, not the Section-Commander.

"FOREIGN DIPLOMATS TAKE TO PRESIDENT. His Ability in Dealing with Them Exceeds the Most Sanguinary Expectations."
New York Times.

We shall have to revise our conception of Mr. WILSON as a man of peace.



Rearguard Officer of Demobilisation (collecting stragglers on route-march). "WHAT THE DOOCE ARE YOU?"
Straggler. "I'M WOT T' MULES BROKE AWAY FROM."

THE PATRIOT'S REWARD.

Narcissus, in that fateful hour
When Britain's belt was tightly buckled
Against the prowling U-boat's power,
Thou camest to us newly suckled;
And oh! if interest ties the knot
That binds us to our fellow-creatures,
Be sure we loved thee on the spot,
My pigling with the pensive features.

No niggard hand it was that found
Thy punctual fare, nor short the measure
Of garbage brought from miles around
And meal that cost its weight in treasure;
But ever as the U-boat u'd
And lunch grew relatively lighter
We filled thee up with wholesome food
And watched thy tensile skin grow tighter.

Artless as is the wanton faun
And agile as the Hooluck gibbon,
The children "walked" thee on the lawn,
Tied with a bow of orange ribbon;
And aye as irksomer grew the task
Of fending off the Hun garotters
In our mind's eye—if you must ask—
We ate thee up from tail to trotters.

But Fate, as oft, declined to pour
Our cup of grief till it was quite full;
You scarce had turned your seventh score
When straightway Fritz became less frightful;
And argosies came home to port
As safe as though some inland lake on,
Laden from keel to groaning thwart
With tender ham and toothsome bacon.

No need, old sport, to slay thee now,
Yet in our hearts the thought we'll cherish
That for our sakes, Narcissus, thou,
So young, so fair, wast like to perish;
And, as the years of Peace go by
And war becomes a fireside story,
"Thank Heaven," we'll cry, "thou didst not die,
But lived to reap the fruits of glory;

"Assimilating in repose
Thy fragrant fare of tops and peelings,
Or making all the garden close
Echo with pregustative squealings,
Or basking, when the sun is high,
Within thy chamber's cool recesses
While some fair child with practised eye
Combs with a rake thy tangled tresses."

And ever, as new twilights burn
Low, and our offspring, loudly yelling,
Hurry the well-heaped votive urn
To thy obscure but ample dwelling,
"Ready at need thou wast to give
Thy life," they'll say, "that want might miss us,
For ever, therefore, shalt thou live
With us and be our love, Narcissus." ALGOL.



THE SCANDAL.

Tramp (just discharged from workhouse). "AND TO THINK THAT'S WHAT WE PAYS RATES FOR!"

ON THE RHINE.

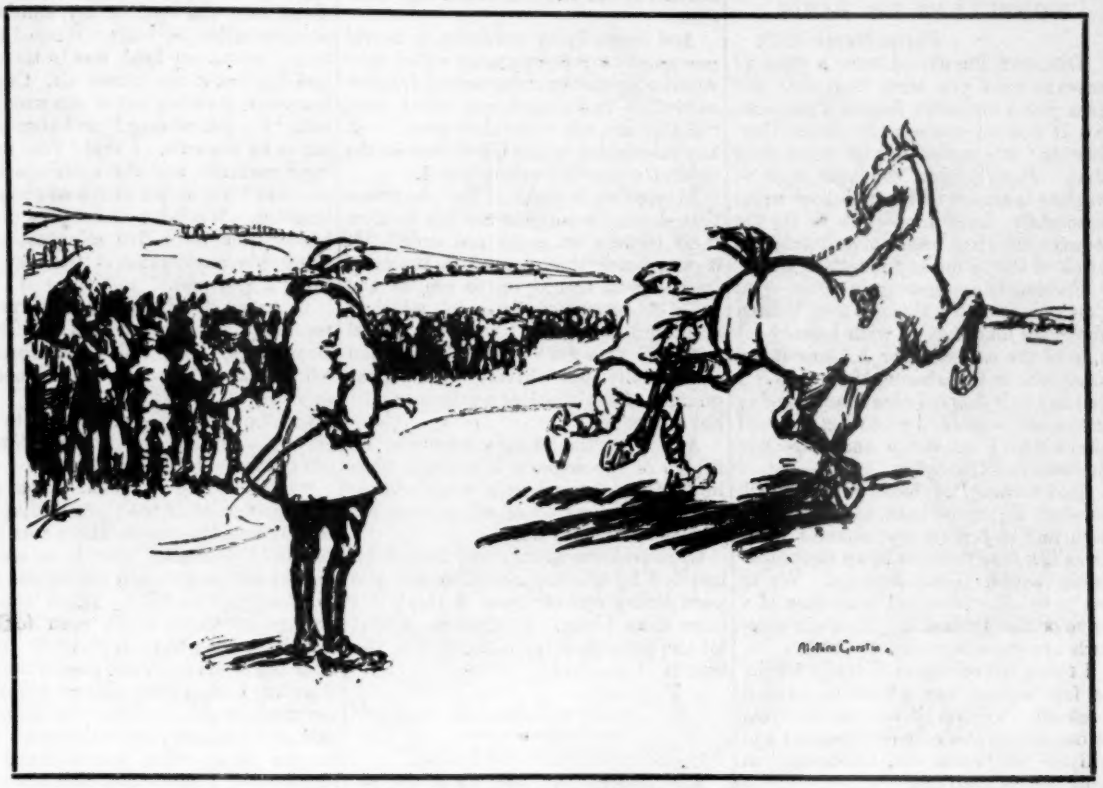
II.

THERE is an expression here which I expect will shortly become as familiar as "Na poo," and that is, "Hoot up!" When I first heard our mild and gently-mannered Carfax employ it as a vigorous word of command to a civilian in this small German village, I thought he had gone a little mad. For no good military purpose, it seemed to me, could possibly be served by demanding an imitation of an owl at eleven o'clock on a wintry morning. It argued a perverted sense of humour at least; and in truth I had been expecting a slight lapse from the paths of sanity on the part of our Mr. Carfax for some time. For, you see, he is a pivotal man who cannot get away until others arrive to replace the pivots, and it is difficult to persuade him that all is for the best. But he informed me that "Hoot up" had nothing whatever to do with the night-cries of owls or any other kind of bird, but was in fact the idiotic way in which the natives of this country pronounce "*Hut ab*" (Hat off).

Now you realise what horrid Huns we are. Civilians are obliged to take off their hats to British officers—a very grim business. In reality, except that we are the hated English, it makes very little difference to the Bosch, for the innkeeper here says that orders concerning the taking off of hats to all and sundry became so stringent in 1918 that the local postman was constantly interrupted in his duties to answer the salutes of people who wished to be on the safe side.

Bosches who have really fought for their country do not object to "Hoot-upping." They of course are the first to realise that inhabitants of occupied countries were forced by them to "hoot up," and that therefore there is a certain justice now in the retaliation. Anyway, from these people the procedure does not greatly interest us; but the over-dressed Bosch profiteer, fat and muttony—to hoot him up in his own village! Really, you know, in some ways the War has been worth while.

But the knowledge that he is carrying out a perfectly definite order does not make the subaltern turn any the less pink the first time he ticks off a civilian for failing to comply with the regulations. No, you can't produce a really good Hun without lots of practice. I made almost a companion of the Sergeant-Major at first, because he used to say it for me; but the second day I got caught. It came as I was picking my way down the main (and only) street of the village. My attention being riveted upon keeping my feet, for there are little streams on either side of the street which freeze and flood it, making life in army boots difficult, I did not notice the approach of the fellow until he was on me. And then I saw it was a real Hunnish Hun; and, oh joy! he had a fur coat and a face which I had not thought could exist outside bad dreams. His wicked little eyes glared insolently at me, and he strolled by with his hat stuck at a rakish angle; and for the life of me, would you believe it? I could *not* remember the magic words. Turning in desperation I commanded him without further delay to "hot hoop." He appeared surprised. He made no sort of motion to comply with my order.



["All horses selected from the Expeditionary Forces for shipment to the United Kingdom must have the letter Y clipped on the off saddle."—*Remount Regulation.*]

Elated War-Horse (on completion of operation). "HOME, JOHN!"

"Hut hop!" I cried, purple with vexation, and still the abominable article of headgear remained jauntily perched over his square ugly face. Advancing threateningly I thundered out that it was my firm intention that he should, under peril of instant arrest, "*take his confounded hat off!*" At this final command (the first he had found intelligible) he grabbed hastily at the offending article, slipped up on the ice, and, in my moment of triumph, so did I.

It is a sickening business sitting on the ground opposite a man you don't like, but I had the better of it in the end, for I had sat down where the water was already frozen, and he hadn't.

Our Mr. Carfax too had an awkward incident happen to him. We were walking down the street discussing the Pay Warrant, which gives the young Army of Occupation a bonus from February 1st, and gives us nothing for doing their job until May, when suddenly a civilian passed us with a mere nod. Mr. Carfax went on with his insubordinate conversation, oblivious to the insult.

"Mr. Carfax," I said sadly, "when will you learn that private affairs must never be allowed to interfere with military duties?"

"Sir," he said, surprised and aggrieved, "though a pivotal man of some years' standing I really am taking an interest in my platoon——"

"It is not that," I said; "but do you know you allowed a civilian to pass on your side without taking his hat off?"

Scarlet with chagrin he rushed back after the offender and "hooted him up" more sternly than I could have believed possible for anybody but a Hun to the manner bred.

"I'm most awfully sorry," said the man, "but I've only just got out and didn't know about it." It transpired (as they say) that he was an Englishman who had been interned in the village for four years. L.

"Mr. —— will play the flue obbligato for Miss ——, and none better could be found."
Provincial Paper.

Very kind of him, no doubt, but most of us would prefer to do without this accompaniment.

PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR "OUR DAY."

The following letter, dated March 12th, has been received from Sir ARTHUR STANLEY:—

"The completion of the Fund which Mr. Punch has raised in connection with the 'Our Day' appeal gives me the opportunity of again expressing my grateful appreciation of this splendid effort.

"The total remittances we have received from you amount to £11,040 5*s.* 5*d.*, and the long list of subscribers shows how loyally and generously the readers of *Punch* have rallied to your appeal.

"On behalf of the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, I should like to thank you and your readers most cordially for the welcome assistance you have provided for the relief of the sick and wounded."

"To-day in the garden:—
Refine the onion-bed thoroughly."
Daily Mail.

Have you tried eau-de-Cologne?

NOUVELLES DE PARIS.

Paris, March 1919.

DEAREST POPPY,—I have a piece of news to send you from here that will give you a veritable *frisson d'angoisse*. No, it doesn't concern the Peace Conference; it's something far worse than that. *Figurez-vous*, the new style of *coiffure* is severe to the point of being absolutely terrifying—that is to the woman who has been shivering on the brink of thirty for any length of time.

Foreheads are coming in again—*que c'est embêtant*! I thought they'd been abolished long ago. I wish I could get hold of the *méchant* (for I know it's a man) who is introducing them now. I had my hair dressed *chez* Manet to-day in the new style, and when I saw myself afterwards I sat down and wept like the women of Babylon.

Quel horreur! My locks were strained, brushed, tightened back, and I was left high and dry with my exposed brow revealing four furrows to an unsympathetic world. *C'est navrant.* We're not to be allowed even the *soupçon* of a wave or the lightest *bouffée*, while side-curls are quite *démodés*.

I think the situation is really tragic. So few women can afford to have a forehead. The result will be that lots of our *débutantes* of some seasons ago will be "*coiffées à Ste. Catherine*" in more senses than one.

The "jewellery" one wears now is made of wood; we have carved wooden beads, wooden bracelets, even wooden rings. "Therefore it will be cheap!" you exclaim. *Vous vous trompez, mon amie.* I read a story the other day of an American who said that if you want an egg here for breakfast it is cheaper to buy the hen and hope she'll lay next morning, and in any case you've got the hen. *Eh bien*, should you desire a set of wooden jewellery you might save money if you bought a forest.

Paris has done more than extend *le bon accueil* to the Peace delegates; she is giving their names to the latest thing in *vêtements*. Thus we have the Lloyd George *cravate*, the Wilson *gilet* and the "Bonarlaw" *chapeau melon*. It's surprising how far-reaching are the effects of a Peace Conference.

A number of *nous autres Anglais* over here started a perfectly *thrilling* idea. It was really in the way of being an adventure. We have been exploring the quaint little *cafés* of Paris, with results *tout à fait étonnants*. We were served with provokingly delicious *plats*, at a price absurdly moderate compared with what is extorted from us in the hotels. Of course we were all enchanted. We became *habitués* of *cafés* and ceased to take any meals at our hotels beyond the matutinal *café complet*.

And then, quite suddenly, a horrid newspaper article appeared which conveyed suggestions *extrêmement désagréables*. It insinuated, *ma chère*, that "things are not what they seem"—at any rate things in the bill of fare at the moderately-priced eating-house.

It went on to speak of the many uses that domestic animals are put to after their labours on earth are ended. If it was horse that figured in the *bœuf bourguignon* served up to me, or the *potée de bœuf aux choux* (of which I will admit I *raffole*) I have no quarrel with it. It's the "*lapin*" I have had occasionally that's giving me the most qualms. I can't look at a cat now without a shudder.

As for Bertie, he says whenever he thinks of the *tripes à la mode de Caen* he so often favoured, he's very glad that he has even less imagination than his friends credit him with.

Of course the article may have been inspired by the keepers of hotels who were losing our custom. I think it's more than likely. But we've decided for the present to give the hotels the benefit of the doubt.

Toujours,

Your well-devoted ANNE.

DELYSIOUS DETAILS.

A CONTEMPORARY, hearing of the reported engagement of two well-known persons in the world of Music and the Drama, interviewed the lady and obtained from her the following synopsis of the crucial moment:—

"I was lunching with my costumier this afternoon, and among the people there was M—— After luncheon he asked me to be his wife. I said 'Yes,' and the marriage takes place next week. We've been friends since I was twelve years old, and his music is the finest I have ever heard."

Spurred to emulation by this striking example of journalistic enterprise, correspondents in all parts of the world are composing piquant descriptions of similar contracts. We offer two examples:—

1. Miss Fanny V. Adie consented to give the correspondent of *The Poppleton Observer* a few particulars of her engagement to Captain Scorcher, O.B.E.:—

"I was sitting on my ambulance having a biscuit and tin of bully with Alphonse (my French poodle), when suddenly there was a terrific crash. It appears, as I learnt later, that Captain Scorcher was motoring to Lille to purchase whisky and other medical comforts, when the steering-gear of his 60-H.P. Rolls-Ford came away in his hands, with the result that he nose-dived into the rear of my ambulance at forty miles per hour. When I came to my senses my head was in the ditch and the rest of me in mid-air. Captain Scorcher, crawling out of the wreckage, said, 'Do you reverse?' and then asked me to be his wife. I said 'Yes,' meaning I reversed, and the marriage takes place as soon as we arrive at the same hospital. We have been more or less bosom-friends for five minutes, and I think his moustache is the sweetest thing I ever met."

2. Asked if she could confirm her reported engagement to Lord Bertie Brasshatte, Miss Fifi Thistledowne—who dances "The Camisole Squeeze" so daintily in "*Really, Girls!*" (the Mausoleum revue)—recounted to the correspondent of *The Jazzers' Gazette* the following romantic story:—

"I was having oysters and stout with my chiropodist at his place in Stepney, and among the people there was Lord Bertie Brasshatte, who is a martyr to cold feet, contracted during his visit to Boulogne in 1918. (How can we ever repay these brave men for the hardships they have suffered?) Well, after the tenth oyster he passed me two slips of buff paper, pinned together. On the first was written, 'For information and necessary action, please;' and on the other, 'Are you engaged to-morrow?' I said, 'No,' and the marriage takes place as soon as my agent can make arrangements with the illustrated papers. We've been friends ever since Lord Bertie left a lovely diamond tiara in my waste-paper basket, and I think his suppers are the finest I have ever tasted.

HIMALAYANS AT PLAY.

(*Suggested by the sequel to a recent Lecture.*)

THE Chairman, Sir Norman Everest, after congratulating the lecturer on his interesting address and beautiful photographs, observed that he remained unconvinced by his arguments in favour of approaching Mount Amaranth from the North. The climatic difficulties of that route were in his opinion insuperable, to say nothing of the hostility of the natives of the Ong-Kor plateau and the Muzbakh valley. He still believed that the best mode of approach was from the South-West, following the course of the Sissoo river to Todikat, where an ample supply of yaks could be obtained, and thence proceeding along the Dagyolong ridge to Tumlong.

Sir Francis Oldmead said that he had seldom heard a more interesting lecture or seen a finer collection of photographs. He must be allowed to demur, however, to the lecturer's de-



HOW TO BRIGHTEN THE PERIOD OF REACTION.

Mother (to son who has fought on most of the Fronts). "DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOURSELF, GEORGE? WHY DON'T YOU 'AVE A WALK DOWN THE ROAD, DEAR?"

Father. "AH, 'E AIN'T SEEN THE CORNER WHERE THEY PULLED DOWN SIMMONDSES' FISH-SHOP, 'AS 'E, MA?"

scription of the heavy snowfall in the highlands of Sandjakphu. During his visit to that district, as they would see from the photographs which he would presently show on the screen, he enjoyed uninterrupted sunshine; nor had he met with the slightest difficulty from the Pangolins of Phagdub. As for the best approach to Mount Amaranth he was convinced that the only feasible route was to work up the Yulmag valley to the Chikkim frontier at Lor-lumi, crossing the Pildash at Gonglam, and, skirting the deep gorge of the Spudgyal, ascend the Takpa glacier to Teshi Tsegpa.

Professor Parbatt expressed his keen appreciation of the vivid descriptions of Himalayan scenery given by the lecturer, and the admirably-selected photographs which had enlivened his address. He wished, however, that he could have furnished more details as to his camp equipment. Had he, for example, used Nummulitic beds for his party? Then there was the question of geoidal deformation, on which he had remained unaccountably silent. As for the vital problem of approaching Mount Amaranth, he ventured to differ from all the previous speakers. The Northern, South-Western and Eastern routes were all equally impracticable, as he would conclusively demonstrate from the photographs he had brought with him. But there were at least fourteen routes from the West, of which he would confine himself to four. (1) Starting from Yeh, the party might cross the Tablung-La pass to Gorkpa Nor, and thence follow the Yombo to Chilgat, where they would be only twenty-five miles from the foot of the western face of Amaranth. (2) They could follow the old Buriat pack-road to Amdo, diverge by the narrow defile of Koko-Pir-Panjal to Tumbung, and thence make for Chapchu-Srong and Chyang-Chub-Gyultshan. (3) They might start from Pongrot and cross the Tok-Tok pass to Pilgatse. (4) They might construct a tube from Darjiling to Grogma-Nop, and thence proceed by aeroplane to the saddle of Makalu, or, better still, to the summit of Amaranth itself. The last route was far the shortest and quickest, but it involved a certain amount of preliminary expense.

The Chairman having expressed his regret that Sir Marcon Tinway was not present to describe his experiments with man-lifting kites and trained albatrosses, the assembly dispersed after singing the Tibetan national anthem.

A hitherto unrecorded incident in the life of M. CLEMENCEAU:—

"A little later in his career—at the time of the Commune, in fact—another man very nearly escaped being shot in mistake for him."
Egyptian Gazette.

There are, we understand, several Frenchmen who can boast that they escaped this fate altogether.



Lady (to prospective daily housemaid). "THE HOURS WILL BE FROM NINE TO SIX-THIRTY, WITH AN HOUR AND A-HALF OFF FOR DINNER."
D. H. "FOR *LUNCHEON*, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN. AND I SHOULD HAVE TO LEAVE AT SIX, AS I ALWAYS DINE AT MY CLUB AND HAVE TO DRESS FIRST."

AN UNHAPPY HERO.

Poor Clayton-Vane's case is one of the most poignant peace tragedies that have come to my notice. He had just acquired an inexplicable but genuine enthusiasm for stockbroking when the War gave him the opportunity of developing into a remarkably brilliant officer. Not only did he attain his majority, but gathered a perfect chestful of decorations, including all the common varieties and several which leave civilians guessing.

Yet strange to say the man who has won these honours in war detests soldiering with all his heart. He fought as a duty, and did his share with furious energy in the hope of so shortening the War. His hatred of the military profession is indeed equalled only by his love of stockbroking and by his natural pride in having scrapped right on from the word "Go!" till November 10th, 1918, when he was sent home slightly wounded.

Now the tragedy of which he is the pathetic central figure is the result of his remarkably youthful appearance. Every time his portrait figures in *The Daily Scratch*, people say, "Why, he looks a mere child! But then these Press photographs always do distort one so." Yet in this instance people are unjust. Clayton-Vane, after a four years' flirtation with death, has the face and figure of a careless chubby schoolboy. When he is in uniform this youthfulness only adds lustre to his blushing honours.

Now my unhappy friend is on the horns of a dilemma. He pines to go back to broking as sincerely as some men pine to travel or to write poetry, but every time he ventures out in mufti some painful incident warns him what he will have to suffer as a civilian, with his round rosy face, innocent blue eyes, curly hair and bright smile. He hears himself referred to as a chip of the old block. Chance acquaintances ask him if his father or big brothers were at the Front. To-day, he told me very bitterly, he was asked if he did not wish the War had lasted a little longer so that he might have been old enough to go out and fight!

"I can't bear it, old man," he said. "There's something about me that draws out their sentimentality, and they've all got to say something about my youth, and the heritage of peace that the 1917 conscripts won for me. They talk as if I had been busy with a feeding-bottle instead of compressing my silly face in a box-respirator."

His dilemma is a very painful one for a man so sensitive and at the same time so enamoured of stockbroking. Hard as the renunciation will be, I really believe he will end by turning his back on the Exchange for ever and taking a regular commission, though I try to persuade him that if he will only brave the horrors of peace as he braved the horrors of war he will win through in the end and grow out of his face.

Promotion.

"Ex-Batman wanted as General in private house."—*Times.*



AN IRRESISTIBLE CLAIM.

ROUMANIA. "I HOPE, WHILE THEY'RE FEEDING THEIR STARVING ENEMIES, THEY WON'T FORGET THEIR STARVING FRIENDS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Duke of Venice (the Lord Chancellor), to Portia. "You are welcome: take your place."—*Merchant of Venice, Act* IV. *Sc.* 1.

Monday, March 10th.—Sir James Agg-Gardner asked two questions dealing with the distribution of poisons. By a singular coincidence—or was it design?—the hon. baronet was himself, as Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, accused by Mr. Bottomley of having purveyed poison in the shape of stale fish to sundry Members of the House, thereby causing them serious internal disturbance. Happily he was able to show that the charge was entirely baseless.

Scots legal terminology always puzzles me. The "peremptory diets" which Mr. MacQuisten urged upon the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury as a remedy for the grievances of Glasgow's financiers are not, as you might suppose, a synonym for forcible feeding; nor have they anything to do with the substitutes for "parritch" to which, as I gathered from Mr. Sturrock, the people of Scotland are being obliged to resort owing to the high price of oatmeal.

Members rubbed their eyes a little when they heard Colonel Amery declare that the general policy of the Government regarding Imperial Preference had been "clearly defined," and in the ensuing debate Sir Donald Maclean declared that, on the contrary, their whole fiscal policy was "wrop in mystery."

The veil was lifted to some extent by Sir Auckland Geddes, the Ministerial "handy man," who, in the absence through illness of Sir Albert Stanley, explained how the Government proposed to regulate imports and exports during the transitional period. Up to September 1st our manufacturers are to enjoy a sort of close-time, free from foreign competition, but after that they must, like the partridges, take their chance.

Later in the evening the House welcomed a new orator in Dr. Murray, who sits for the Western Isles. He made a rousing appeal on behalf of the men—practically the whole able-bodied population—who had gone from them to fight the Empire's battles. In his view the Secretary for Scotland was too mild in his methods, and should be "bristling with thistles and flourishing the claymore" when he tackled the reform of the Land Laws. Mr. Munro was evidently flattered by this tribute to the martial potentialities underlying his eminently pacific exterior.

Tuesday, March 11th.—In moving the Second Reading of his Bill to enable women to become barristers and solicitors, Lord Buckmaster thought it necessary to assure the House that there was no danger of its flooding the Inns with prospective Bar-maids. He might have spared his apologetics, for there was no opposition. The Lord Chancellor welcomed the Bill on behalf of the Government, and expressed the conviction that the Benchers, though not "avid of this change," would nevertheless loyally co-operate if Parliament saw fit to adopt it.

Having caught the infection from the Commons the Peers then proceeded to discuss their own procedure. From Lord Curzon we learned, somewhat to our surprise, that the House possesses certain Standing Orders. At present it honours them chiefly in the breach, and in its Leader's view it would do well to imitate the more orderly procedure of another place, even to the adoption of "starred questions" and the abandonment of the practice by which any noble Lord, by the simple process of addressing an inquiry to a Minister, can initiate a full-dress debate. Lord Crewe's pious hope that these suggestions would enable more noble Lords to take part in the debates was welcomed by Lord Ampthill, who remarked that, after nearly thirty years in that House, he had never before been

made aware of this desire for back-bench orations.

As originally introduced the Rent Restriction Bill was strictly limited in its operation. But landlord-baiting is a sport to which the House of Commons is much addicted, and by the time the measure emerges from Committee its own draughtsman will hardly recognise it.

The best of the many Amendments complacently accepted, after a show of reluctance, by the Government spokesmen, was one providing that no increase of rent shall be chargeable except in the case of a house "reasonably fit for habitation." That should make some of our slum-owners sit up and take notice.

Wednesday, March 12th.—An apparently innocent request from Lord SUDELEY for the reinstatement of the system of guide-lecturers in the Museums led to quite a lively debate. Other noble lords used the motion as a peg for a fierce indictment of the Government's treatment of these institutions during the War. Lord CRAWFORD, who has probably forgotten more about Art than some of his critics ever knew, concealed his real sympathy for the motion under a mask of official obstructiveness, but was compelled eventually to give it a strictly provisional acceptance.

In the old days when the possession of a seat was secured by the deposit of a hat it was no uncommon thing, on the morning of a big debate, to see a Member staggering in under a load of toppers, with which he proceeded to secure seats for his friends. To put an end to this nefarious practice the card-system was introduced; but that, it is said, has now been similarly abused. One man one card, however, is in future to be the rule. Colonel WILL THORNE feared that it might still be circumvented by the "stage army" trick; but the SPEAKER thought the attendants might be trusted to recognise and defeat any Member who essayed it.

Rear-Admiral Sir REGINALD HALL, having added to his laurels by defeating a NELSON at Liverpool, took his seat this afternoon, and was loudly cheered for the manner in which he came into action. He and his supporters maintained their "line abreast" and discharged their salvoes of salutes to the Chair with faultless precision.

Later on the gallant Admiral earned further cheers for a capital maiden speech on the Naval Estimates. These were introduced by Mr. LONG, who told the story of the Navy's triumph with all a landsman's enthusiasm. Its future size may to a certain extent depend upon the Judgment of Paris, but he was certain that, come what may, the Nation would always insist on having a Fleet sufficient for our needs—a sentiment which received the welcome endorsement of Mr. BRACE for the Labour Party.

According to Commander NORMAN CRAIG it was anything but sufficient for our needs when war broke out. It lacked docks, destroyers, submarines, air-ships — everything, in fact, save Dreadnoughts, which, in the absence of these accessories, had to belie their name and rush from one unprotected anchorage to another in fear of the German mosquito-craft. Only the courage of the officers and men saved us, and up to the present—that was the tenor of many of the speeches—they have reaped but a scanty reward.



GENERAL SEELY'S NON-STOP FLIGHT.

Thursday, March 13th.—Ministers left at home to "mind the shop" would rather like, I fancy, to put up a notice over the Palace of Westminster, "Closed till after the Peace Conference." Nearly every problem presented to them depends for its ultimate solution upon the decisions arrived at in Paris. Lord STUART OF WORTLEY, for example, put a series of most pressing questions regarding the present condition and future prospects of Poland; but Lord CURZON in reply could only shrug his shoulders (at considerable length) and refer him to the Conference.

The LEADER of the House of Commons labours under similar disabilities, which are beginning to try even his amiable temper. Until Paris has spoken he cannot give definite information about the Government's fiscal policy, the amount of the German indemnity and other pressing topics, and, as he told some of his persistent questioners this afternoon, it is no good putting the same question to him every week and expecting a different answer.

The best news of the day is that there will be an ample supply of currants for Whitsuntide school-treats, and *Smith minor's* translation of "*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*" as "Not everyone is lucky enough to find a currant in his war-bun" will no longer be applicable.

Five years ago General SEELY, then Secretary of State for War, asked timidly for a single million for aircraft. To-day, as Under-Secretary for Air, he boldly demanded sixty-six millions, and explained that but for the Armistice the amount would have been two hundred millions. And the House, after hearing his glowing account of the wonderful achievements of our airmen, readily voted the money. A good deal of it is to go, quite rightly, to relieving the hardships of demobilisation, which fall with peculiar severity on men whose special training is not much use to them in civil life. The least we can do when they are forced to descend from their chosen element is to insure them against a bad landing.

TO A VEGETABLE-MARROW.

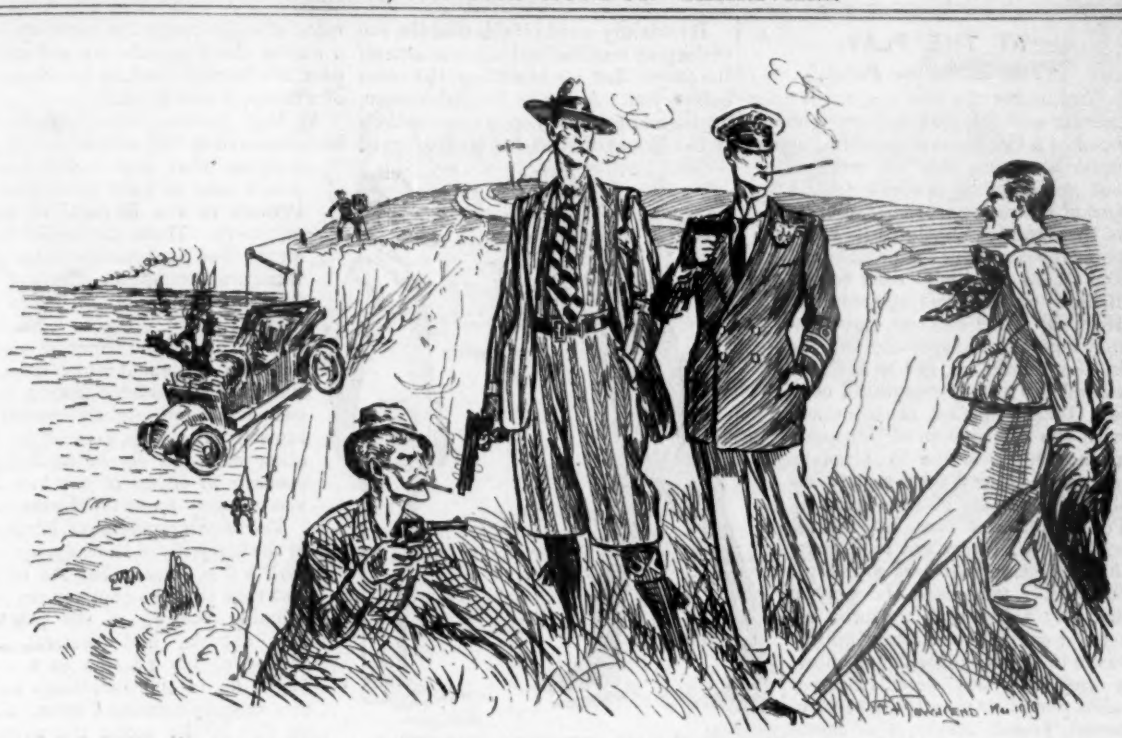
O MONSTROUS, O Gargantuan, overgrown!
O huge! O gross! O squat!
Whose one redeeming virtue—one alone—
Is that you weigh a lot;
Who will not thrive upon the common soil,
So that the patient digger e'en must toil
To raise a special mound
Above the level ground
That you may sun yourself upon the sloping earth
And, like the wicked, wax to an uncommon girth.

But it is not your vast circumference
That stirs this passing strain;
I would not sing although, to move you hence,
They fetched their biggest crane;
It is that men should shovel tons of *that*
Into the maws of some capacious vat,
Add sugar (half-a-pound)
And stir it round and round;
Then, at the last, throw in some ginger with a spade
And label the result as "Lemon Marmalade."

From a description of the first flight of R 33:—

"Alas, the meteorological conditions, at first considered probable, turned out worse."
Yorkshire Paper.

Nothing so likely as the improbable.



SENSATIONAL SURPRISE STRIKE OF HEROES IN CINEMA-LAND.

PICKETS OF HEROES PREVENT BLACKLEG COLLEAGUE FROM WORKING WHEN THE HEROINE MOST PARTICULARLY NEEDS HELP.

THE BIBLE IN PAIN.

MR. H. G. WELLS' new novel, based on the Book of Job, and Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S new play dealing with the story of JUDITH and HOLOFERNES, by no means exhaust the Biblical and Apocryphal motives from which our popular writers are now drawing inspiration.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S next novel will be a minutely analytical study of the contrasted temperaments of ESAU and JACOB, the one standing for revolt and the other for a rather smooth and supple orthodoxy.

Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM is turning his attention to a new spy romance woven about the experiences of CALEB and JOSHUA.

Professor CHALMERS MITCHELL has long been engaged on a monograph on the Ark and its inmates, in which the famous zoologist will explain the conditions under which the animals lived, the segregation and food problems, and how the complexities following disembarcation were dealt with by NOAH and his family. Lord PIRRIE is contributing a chapter on the structure of the vessel, and there will be an appendix on the dangers of overcrowding by Sir ARTHUR NEWSHOLME.

Mr. GALSWORTHY has also been turning his attention to the Ark, and the inhumane congestion of the creatures that were packed into it. The result should be a very interesting psychological and sociological work, the leading character being HAM'S wife, whom the novelist figures as a protester to her father-in-law against his treatment of all the animals, but in particular of the two Pekinese spaniels.

Mr. ALEC WAUGH has nearly completed an indictment of private tuition based on the story of SAMUEL and ELI.

Mr. H. B. IRVING, turning aside for the moment from the study of more recent turpitude, is preparing an analytical memoir on the first murder, that of ABEL by CAIN. With all his well-known thoroughness he reconstructs the crime and shows in what particulars CAIN, although an innovator, proved himself also an adept.

Mr. GEORGE MOORE is meditating a revised version of the story of JOSEPH and his Brethren, which in his opinion is sadly in need of re-writing, suffering as it does from an unsophisticated simplicity of diction and thought.

Mr. CONRAD is busy with a new romance treating of JONAH and the whale, in which, for the sake of verisimilitude, JONAH will himself recount his strange adventure to a few personal friends. As the narrative runs to over a hundred thousand words the reader may be sure that no detail of realism is omitted from the description of the luckless voyage.

MRS. ELINOR GLYN'S new novel will be called *The Heart of Solomon*.

The movie-producers are not idle. After the greatest difficulty in procuring an actor of prophetic mien willing to undertake the rather trying part of DANIEL, an intrepid *dompteur* has been found in France and the story of the Lions' Den is to be filmed at once. Possibly some assistance from the drug whose power was illustrated by Mr. GEORGE MORROW in last week's *Punch* may be called for.

Meanwhile a company is being formed for the exploitation of a new system of muscular development under the name of "Samsonism," and a powerful company of public men is being enlisted to write daily articles in its praise.

Another Impending Apology.

"London's Premier Turn Coat Specialist."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Writers, mostly town-bred, infatuated with the country-side, have raved of the statuesque repose of the rural maiden. A statute is no doubt a beautiful object, but you do not want to take it to a dance."
Daily Paper.

We shouldn't, but the LORD CHANCELLOR might.

AT THE PLAY.

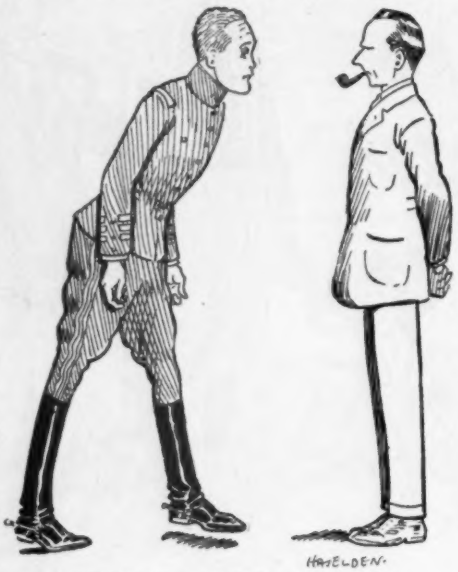
"THE HOUSE OF PERIL."

THE maker of a plot that turns upon murder and drugging in the neighbourhood of a Continental gambling haunt must be aware that his work is not going to be brought to the test of common experience, and he is therefore less likely to be hampered by the laws of probability. But there are limits even to the British public's gift of credulity. How far Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES may have enjoyed special privileges in the search for her material I cannot say; but for myself I confess that a modest acquaintance with the atmosphere of European casinos has left me in absolute ignorance of any such society as that of the hosts of The House of Peril. Perhaps Mrs. LOWNDES's book (which I have not read) may throw light on this dark mystery; but in the play—and the play's the only thing that concerns us here—I could trace nothing to indicate to my poor intelligence how it was that two decently-bred ladies and their escort, a perfectly honest French officer, ever came to find themselves on terms of easy intercourse with the frowsy old German couple who lived at the Chalet des Muguets, Lacville, on the proceeds of robbery.

Any obstacle which these repellent Teutons may have had to overcome in the ultimate execution of their nefarious designs must have been the merest child's-play compared with the initial difficulty of inducing the right kind of victim to penetrate so fifth-rate an interior. One never even began to get over the inherent improbability of such an attraction.

And I was the less disposed to take things for granted because of the rather irritating obscurity that veiled the opening of the Second Act, in which we are introduced to The House of Peril and are left for a long time in doubt as to the nature of the place and its relation to anything that has gone before. I think this must have been the fault of the adapter, Mr. VACHELL. He seems to have assumed in his audience a general knowledge of the original story—a dangerous confidence, even in the case of so clever and popular a writer as Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES.

It certainly was his fault that the end of the play was like nothing ever seen off the stage. Let me briefly put the scene before you. A young Englishwoman, paying a farewell call upon the criminals of The House of Peril, has been drugged by them. She wakes up prematurely to find them collecting her pearl necklace—four thousand pounds' worth of it. Murder is in the air, when suddenly, to the surprise of the villains (but not to ours, for we had had fair warning of the *dénouement*), enter to the rescue two admirers of the lady. In the excitement attendant upon her recovery from a swoon the druggists are suffered to pass out through the door into the arms of a posse of constabulary.



"CHARGE, CHESTER—CHARGE!"

Count Paul de Viricu . . MR. OWEN NARES.
William Chester . . . . MR. JOHN HOWELL.

At this juncture, the lady having been restored to her senses, you might suppose that the rescue-party would take at least some fleeting interest in the disposal of their prisoners. There you would be in error. The final curtain is due and there are peremptory affairs of the heart to be wound up before we can get away. So, to clear the ground, one of the admirers makes a gallant statement which redeems the other's character from a false suspicion, and, rightly regarding himself as *de trop*, goes off by another exit and shows no further concern in either of the two developments—on or off the stage.

The remaining admirer, left alone in the company of the lady, ignores with a fine detachment the impotent rage that his captives are presumably venting in the passage just outside, and declares the ardour of his passion as a man might do in the breathless calm of a moonlit solitude *à deux*. And on this idyllic scene the curtain descends.

The most satisfying thing in the play was the acting of Miss ANNIE SCHLETTER as "*Madame*" *Wachner* of the Chalet des Muguets, an extraordinarily clever study of the doting *Hausfrau*, much busied about the service of her lord. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL as *Wachner* easily contrived to convey the typically Teuton blend of brutishness, greed and domestic sentimentality, combined with the heavy playfulness which by a curious delusion, ineradicably racial, is mistaken over there for humour. "Ja, ja," he says complacently, "I have the humour-sense."



"PAP-PA" AND "POOSY-CAT."

Wachner . . . . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Madame Wachner . . . . MISS ANNIE SCHLETTER.

It was regrettable that the cosmopolitan *Anna Wolsky*, acted with great animation by Miss MARGARET HALSTAN, had to withdraw from the scene at an early stage in consequence of being murdered—I don't know how, as we neither saw nor heard the details. Her friend, *Sylvia Bailey*, however, stayed on to the finish, and Miss EMILY BROOKE saw her nicely through her troubles. A very level performance.

To the rather wooden part of *William Chester* (foil to hero) Mr. JOHN HOWELL brought a certain unliveli-



LEAVES FROM A SPECIAL'S REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT WAR.

Small Girl (on morning after air-raid). "HI, MISTER, 'E BROKE THAT WINDER!"

ness of his own. A better chance was taken by Miss STELLA RHO, who gave proof of a vivid personality in her brief sketch of a professional fortune-teller who admitted to her clients (this must be very unusual) that she nearly always made a mess of her crystal-gazing.

Finally, Mr. OWEN NARES, looking pretty and not too warlike in the gay uniform of a French Officer of Cavalry, played the hero's part with a very natural and fluent charm. I join in the general hope that this, the first play under his actor-management, will go well. It ought to, for though, in point of power to thrill, it did not quite confirm the promise of its sinister name and theme it was never for a moment dull, and its faults were the kind of stage-faults about which, while they give the critic a chance of being unkind, a British audience never worries too much. O. S.

A matinée of *Romeo and Juliet* will be given at the Royal Court Theatre on Sunday, March 30th, at 2.30 P.M., in aid of the Notting Hill Day Nursery, which has done such admirable service among the poor of "The Potteries." Help is greatly needed to enable the promoters of this good work (for which Mr. Punch has before now appealed) to pay off a mortgage and to start a fund for a convalescent cottage-home. Among the cast of the matinée will be Miss MONA MAUGHAN, Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY and Mr. OTHO STUART, who produces it. Tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., 22, Paulton's Square, Chelsea, S.W.

"STAGE-STRUCK NOVELISTS.
LILLAH MCCARTHY AS EXECUTIONER."
Sunday Paper.

Well, they can't say they haven't had a fair warning.

"Scotsmen the world over possess to a remarkable degree the spirit of clamishness."
Times of India.

A good many of them have certainly made the world their oyster.

"OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.
BOOT RACE TO BE ROWED THIS YEAR AT HENLEY REGATTA."—*Daily Paper.*

A very suitable *venue* for the contest, which, we presume, will be conducted in pairs.

"—— CATTLE MARKET.

Messrs. —— beg to announce that they will hold their usual Sale of Fat and Store Stock at above.

Present Entries include:

80 Pairs Men's, Women's and Children's New Boots, assorted sizes."—*Provincial Paper.*

These, of course, will be entered with the calves.

TO A MARCH BROWN, SWALLOWED ALIVE.

RASH insect with your jaunty air
The troubled stream serenely riding,
How guessed you not that Death was there
Nor feared the hungry trout in hiding?
Did instinct, friend of helpless things,
Not bid you rise and use your wings?

Alas, the widening ripple showed
Around the spot which lately bore you,
And down you went the deadly road
Where many a fly has gone before you,
One victim more to swell the pride
Of golden tum and spotted side.

Yet know (if any ghost of you
Or delicate spirit 's left to know it)
That I 've a fly which never flew
(Your likeness) and the skill to throw it;
And I that saw the fatal rise
Marked where a fat half-pounder lies.

Thither will I with reel and rod
And cure his taste for dainty dishes
By favour of whatever god
Decides the destiny of fishes;
And that were vengeance passing sweet—
Your captor on your counterfeit!

DAISY.

HE was always called Daisy. We hated the name, but the christening "just happened" with the suddenness of influenza or an earthquake. Percy was the culprit, for he knocked all our pre-arranged plans for a name on the head by his passion for what he calls "apt quotation." When he (Daisy) emerged from his basket we saw that, like NELSON, he was blind of an eye. Percy, immediately inspired, quoted from WORDSWORTH'S *Ode to the Daisy*, "A little Cyclops with one eye"—and the result was inevitable. Daisy resented the name from the first, for at the very font, so to speak, he drew blood from us both, and then, utterly indifferent to our feelings, settled himself on the top of an empty beer barrel and there performed his evening ablutions.

It was a curious coincidence that made him select a beer barrel, for thereby hung a tragic tale. He and his twin-brother had been adopted from infancy by the Sergeants' Mess and had lived in peace and plenty—in fact in too much plenty, for I regret to say that Daisy's brother died of drink from having formed the discreditable habit of emptying all the dregs of the Sergeants' beer mugs into his own inside. However, he was granted military obsequies, which were so successfully performed that an account of them found its way into one of the daily papers. This so delighted the amateur undertakers that Daisy's brother was at once exhumed and re buried with further pomp and circumstance. Daisy meanwhile, feeling himself of less consequence than the departed hero, began to mope; so to save life and reason he was sent to us "to cheer and cherish," as the Sergeants put it.

An egotistical irascible bachelor seagull; yet his vices, and he was made up of them, became virtues in our eyes.

The morning after his arrival he went for a solemn tour of investigation, finally taking up his abode in the middle of the tennis-court, as being to his mind the most salubrious spot—and from there he ruled despotically. "That blooming bird fears neither man nor devil," Cook was heard to mutter, after he had embedded his beak in her ankle; and it was quite true. He so terrified Horatio, our portly bull-dog, by pecking at his sensitive kinky tail from behind when he was absent-mindedly lapping water from Daisy's bath, that he never again ventured alone on to the lawn. I say "alone," for he dared once more, emboldened by the presence of his unwilling young wife, who accompanied him, tied by a rope to his collar. Percy and I watched them advance from afar and waited in suspense for the sequel. Daisy was taking a post-prandial nap inside his beer barrel. There was a breathless hush, followed by a pandemonium of sound, masculine and feminine cries of distress mingled with raucous shrieks of anger, and then we saw our valiant couple in slow but ignominious retreat. Horatio was dragging his spouse along on her back, with legs in air and bulging eyes! What had happened in the interim we never knew, but both Mr. and Mrs. Horatio bore marks of battle, and they were sadder and wiser dogs for many days to come.

Percy, always deprecatingly anxious to find favour in Daisy's eyes, tore down to the shore one morning before breakfast and returned with a large pailful of salt water, which he laid—so to speak—at Daisy's feet. Daisy glanced at it and at Percy with his cold grey eye, and then stepped lightly into his fresh-water tub, which was always at hand. Percy however, being of an unsnubbable disposition, tried again to find a way into Daisy's heart, and this time he brought Hengist and Horsa, two young seagulls that he had found derelict on the rocks, hoping that he would take a paternal interest in their loneliness; but, like his great prototype, Daisy clapped his glass to his sightless eye, and "I 'm damned if I see them," he said. But he saw them all right at meal times, when he would whisk round suddenly as their portion of fish was flung to them, and swiftly gobble it up!

So Daisy prospered and grew sleek and fat, and his days were long in the land. He consented indeed to partake of our hospitality for over a year, won many hearts, but kept his own intact, until the following spring, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love; then he preened his white waistcoat and sallied forth.

* * * * *

Did I say he was a bachelor? The last we heard of him was from a fisherman friend who, when in search of seabirds' eggs, saw and recognised our Daisy by the fierceness of his one eye. He was reluctantly taking his turn on the family egg while Mrs. Daisy stretched and titivated herself after her domestic labours.

Does he sometimes, we wonder, think regretfully of his celibate days and the beer barrel, where he lived *en garçon*?

"Widower, 35, abstainer, would like to correspond with respectable widow, or otherwise, view matrimony."—*Provincial Paper.*

He seems an easy-going fellow who would make any woman happy.

DEMOBILISED DAYDREAMS.

AT 10 A.M. or so (in bed,
With lowered blinds and curtains drawn),
There wander lightly through my head
Memories of ruddy dawn—
A thing I never could have said
Before we warred against the Hun,
For then, although I may have heard
That this phenomenon occurred,
I had no notion how the thing was done.

A stranger to the birth of day,
How many have I watched since then!
At least a thousand, I should say
(It seems to me like ten);
On Salisbury Plain, austere and grey,
Breaking night's gloom and deepening mine,
When, crawling forth, I used to see
Stonehenge all shaken visibly
By the rude Sergeant's bellow, "*Rise and shine!*"

Gilding the foam of distant seas—
And humbly then I bowed my neck
And sank forlornly to my knees
To swab the blooming deck;
A wealth of flaming pageantries,
When, in a dusty Indian fort,
I went to early morning jerks,*
Cursing the sun and all his works
And dripping perspiration by the quart;

In Egypt, too, a pallid glow
Through swirls of desolating dust—
There often have I watched it grow,
Fed up enough to bust;
In Palestine, uncertain, slow
(While standing-to, with drowsy eyes),
Herald of shells and, what was worse,
Waking the ancient Eastern curse,
A hundred thousand million ravenous flies.

Sombre, inspiring, radiant, chill,
Mysterious, wild, inert, ablaze,
A thousand times on plain and hill
The dawn has held my gaze;
Idly I dream of it, until
A sterner mood invades my brain
And I grow resolute. Here and now
I register a mighty vow
Never to see the beastly thing again.

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

* Physical training.

"The Home Secretary gives notice that summer time will be brought into force this year on the morning of Sunday, March 30, and will continue until the night of Sunday-Monday, September 28129."—*Scots Paper.*

By which time, it is confidently expected, the Peace Conference will be over.



Road Sweeper. "WOT'S BECOME O' BILL? I 'AVEN'T SEEN 'IM FOR MONTHS."
Female ditto. "BILL! WHY, 'AVEN'T YOU HEARD? 'E'S PROMOTED. 'E'S ON THE BINS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. H. M. HYNDMAN brings to *Clemenceau: the Man and his Time* (GRANT RICHARDS) a specialised knowledge of the intricacies of French politics, personal friendship with his subject and a sympathy not discounted by profound differences of opinion. Here is one veteran fighting man writing a brilliant (I don't use the word as a *cliché*) chronicle and commentary of the battles of another, battles which cover the same period and were fought broadly for the same causes. But the French Radical extremist could never see his way to subscribe to the Socialist creed. His stalwart individualism, in part temperamental, was also as a political working faith the result of a distrust of logic divorced from the experience and responsibility of actual administration. Somewhat similarly the English Socialist refused to let logic press him into the premature Internationalism of so many of his associates, nor did he share their trust, so ruthlessly betrayed, in German Social Democracy as having either the power or the serious intention of thwarting German Imperialism. If a man's achievement be rightly gauged by the difficulties he has overcome, then M. CLEMENCEAU, called unwillingly and unwilling at the most desperate crisis of the destiny of a distracted and dispirited France hammered by the enemy's legions and with the pass ready for sale by false friends, may well justify Mr. HYNDMAN's verdict on him as *the* statesman of the Great War. The man who came into the War a mere Tiger will go out of it an authentic Lion.

"MISS BERTA RUCK" is among the few writers from whom I can really enjoy stories about the War. She has an engaging way with her that can turn even that (at least the more endurable aspects of it) to favour and prettiness. And in *The Land Girl's Love Story* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a theme after her own heart, she has given us what is, I think, her best achievement so far. It is an excellent slight tale of two heroines who took their patriotic turn at the work of the land army on a Welsh farm, and the adventures, agricultural and (of course) amorous, that befell them there. It is all the best-humoured affair imaginable, refreshingly full of country airs and brisked up with a fine flavour of romance. "Miss RUCK" has the neatest hand for this kind of thing; she permits no loose ends to the series of love-knots that she ties so amusingly. So the finish of the comedy deserves the epithet "engaging" in more senses than one: with a Jack to every Jill, and the harvest moon (as promised in the cover picture) beaming upon all, the couples paired off to everyone's entire satisfaction. A tale that will be safe for a *succès fou* with all who have worn the smock and the green armlet; while I can well imagine that ladies less fortunate may find their enjoyment of it tempered with a certain wistfulness.

German Days (MURRAY) is a plain tale of everyday life in Germany before the War, with just those gaps in it which would naturally occur in the narrative of any one observer who also hadn't been aware at the time that she was observing. "A POLISH GIRL (C. B.)" has written this account with an engaging frankness and an apparent lack of exaggeration which distinguish it among books of its kind. It is largely a record of school days, and "C. B.," as the child of a Polish Jew of good standing living in Posen, suffered slights and insults and met with injustices which a "true German" would not have had to endure; but she does not seem embittered. Her picture of the German at home has not made me yearn to renew my acquaintance with him, but it seems to explain the origin of some of his most unpleasant qualities. Since, as "C. B." and other writers would have us know, the German soldier was cowed by physical suffering in peace-time it is small matter for wonder that he became a brute in war, or that the citizen, to whom everything used to be *verboten*, has, since the bureaucracy which regulated his smallest actions went to pieces, shown very little ability to regulate them for himself. The terrible pact, by which in the ten years preceding the War thousands of German women bound themselves to combat the predominance of the landed classes, which was making life for ordinary people a slow starvation, is one of the things which I am induced to believe, because "C. B." has dealt so faithfully with others of which I knew already. Of books on Germany from within there have been very many, but there is still room for such books as this.



THE ABSENT-MINDED STRAPHANGER.

You must not be shocked to find that Captain HARRY GRAHAM has (apparently) abandoned the lighter fields of literature for the heavy plough-land of Biography. What is, I believe, his initial venture of this kind lies before me in *Biffin and His Circle* (MILLS AND BOON), a record of the career of *Reginald Drake Biffin*, that eminent author with whose works (*The Bolster Book*, and others) the public is already familiar; though, by a pardonable confusion, they are more usually associated with the name of the present biographer. It may be said at once that, if a life of *Biffin* had to be written, Captain GRAHAM was emphatically the man for the task; indeed, from the preface, with its absorbing account of the inception of the work in certain alleged convivialities between author and publishers, to the final chapter, there is not a page that is not calculated to inspire the reader with profound (and in my own case frequently uncontrollable) emotion. Nor is the work valuable for the central figure alone. Of each member of the *Biffin* circle Captain GRAHAM tells (nay, repeats) some anecdote that forms a tribute at once to the fertility of his research and the industry of his invention. I should not omit to add that the volume is enriched with some admirably reproduced portraits of members of the *Biffin* circle, as also by an index that is itself a monument of inaccuracy so subtle that it must be traced to be appreciated.

Mr. REGINALD BLUNT has scored another brilliant success with *The Wonderful Village* (MILLS AND BOON). It is one of his Chelsea books of anecdote, gossip and good talk of which he possesses the secret. He knows how to create the right Chelsea atmosphere and he is most artful in leading his readers on, just as a little dog shows himself every now and then at a decoy and thus draws the inquisitive ducks after him till they drift in with all exit cut off. At one moment Mr. BLUNT gives you a glimpse of that bloodthirsty butcher, KING HENRY VIII. Then you pass to ANNE BOLEYN, CATHERINE PARR and the PRINCESS ELIZABETH. Further on there is a delightfully humorous account by WILLIAM DE MORGAN of his attempt to induce CARLYLE to become a member of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings: "He promised to think it over, chiefly, I think, because Sir JAMES STEPHEN had rather implied that the Society's object was not worth thinking over. He added one or two severe comments on the contents of space." The various Chelsea potteries are not omitted, and there is an account of the wonderful set designed and executed by the WEDGWOODS for the EMPRESS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA. Of this, in 1909, about one thousand pieces were surviving. Who shall say where these are now? I may add that the author's profits on this book are to be given for the assistance of our blinded soldiers and sailors at St. Dunstan's.

The title of Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG'S *The Shadow of the Past* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) does not refer to the youthful transgressions of any of her characters, but to the cloud which the Boer War left behind it, to burst ultimately in rebellion. I do not know any novelist who brings to her work a greater sympathy with or a finer feeling for South Africa than Miss YOUNG, and if her moderate methods do not find favour the reason can only be that for the moment moderation is a rather unpopular quality. As regards the actual story given to us here I find myself unable to accept the hero, *Guy Matheson*, with any great enthusiasm. Fresh from the kissing of one girl, he at once falls heavily in love with another. Number One, however, secured him in the end, for he discovered that his feeling for her was real affection, while passion had been responsible for his affair with Number Two. But I fancy that he would still need a little watching. Intermingled with his love affairs is a tale of racial prejudice and intrigue which is told with restraint and skill. *Holman*, a German agent who had dropped an "n" for his better security, is an obnoxious person, in whose underhand work I can quite readily believe.

CHARIVARIA.

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN is reported to be busy sawing trees. Some declare that his energy is due to an hallucination that they are German generals. Others say the whole story is a clumsy attempt to discredit him with the Labour party.

* * *

Dublin Corporation has decided to increase its revenue by eight thousand pounds by raising the charge on water. Citizens are urged to put patriotism before prejudice and give the stuff a trial.

* * *

The inconveniences that attend influenza reached their climax a few days ago when an occupant of a crowded tube train blew the nose of the man next to him in mistake for his own.

* * *

The beggar who has been going about telling a pitiful story of being wounded by a trench-mortar during the Jutland battle is now regarded by the police as an impostor.

* * *

A defendant in a County Court case at Liverpool last week stated in his evidence that he had been on the telephone for the last twenty years. In fairness to the Postal authorities he should have admitted that it was a trunk call.

* * *

A lady-correspondent, writing to a daily paper, laments the fact that the War has changed a great many husbands. Surely the wife who receives the wrong husband can get some sort of redress from the War Office.

* * *

All the main-line railways are to be electrified, Sir ERIC GEDDES told the House of Commons. Meanwhile he has successfully electrified all the old buffers.

* * *

A number of women are doing good work as mates on Medway sailing barges. The denial of the report that one of them recently looked at a Wapping policeman for five minutes on end without once repeating herself may be ascribed to professional jealousy.

* * *

"The small car," says a trade contemporary, "has come to stop." We can well believe it. It is an old habit.

It has been discovered that the new Education Act, which prohibits boys under twelve being worked for more than two hours on Sunday, may apply to choir-boys. A Commission, we understand, is to be called upon to decide finally whether they are really boys or just little demons.

* * *

A man who applied to the Bloomsbury County Court for relief against an eviction order stated that he could find no other suitable house, as he had nine children under fourteen years of age. His residential problem remains unsolved, but we understand, with regard to the other difficulty, that the Board of Works has offered to sell him a card index at considerably below cost.

* * *

"Bridegrooms," says a contemporary, "are discovering that weddings cost more." The growing practice among fathers-in-law of delivering their daughters "free at rail," instead of, as formerly, "from house to house," may have something to do with it.

* * *

"Ramsgate," says *The Daily Mail*, "is racing Margate in Thanet's reconstruction." At present Margate still claims to lead by one nigger and two winkle-barrows.

* * *

The Colorado Legislature has passed a resolution in favour of Irish independence. The remark attributed to Mr. A. J. BALFOUR, that he always thought Colorado was the name of a twopenny cigar, has failed to make the situation easier.

* * *

"A pupil at a West London 'out-of-work' school," says a news item, "daily attends his studies in an opera-hat." On being informed of this fact, Sir THOMAS BEECHAM is reported to have expressed the opinion that its significance was obvious.

* * *

President WILSON, it is announced, hopes to visit Scotland shortly for some golf. He believes that some adjustment of the dispute as to the respective merits of the running-up and pitch-and-stop methods of approach should be embodied in the Peace terms if international harmony is to be really secured.

* * *

Primroses and crocuses are blooming in North London. Pending an official announcement by *The Daily Mail* people are requested to accept this as a preliminary Spring.

* * *

Concrete ships, says a Government official, can be made in moulds. But of course you must not forget to grease the tin.

* * *

A Sinn Feiner, arriving home in Crossgar, Co. Down, last week, had a very hearty welcome. Thirteen spectators and seven policemen were injured.

* * *

Many members of the Bar are greatly afraid that some learned judge will ask, "What is the Jazz-step?" before the question has really been settled by the dancers themselves.

* * *

The young lady who, on receiving a proposal of marriage over the telephone last week, replied, "Yes, who's speaking?" turns out to be an ex-typist recently demobilised from the Air Ministry.

* * *

It is interesting to note that to-day is the anniversary of the day that was not a Flag-day last year.



Foreman (late R.S.M.). "'ERE! YOU AIN'T IN THE ARMY NOW. THERE'S NO CALL FOR *you* TO KEEP A WATCH ON THE RHINE."

Another Sex-Problem.

"Information Wanted as to the whereabouts of James —— (née Liza ——), ship agent. Last heard of 30 years ago."—*Glasgow Paper.*

THE PRELIMINARY DOVE: ITS PROSPECTS.

WITHIN a little week or two,
So all our sanguine prints declare,
The Dove (or Bird of Peace) is due
To spread its wings and take the air,
Like Mr. THOMAS when he flew
Across the firmamental blue
To join the PREMIER in communion
Touching the Railway Workers' Union.

We've waited many a weary week
With bulging eyes and fevered brow,
While WILSON pressed upon its beak
His League-of-Nations' olive bough,
Wondering what amount of weight
Its efforts could negotiate,
How much, in fact, the bird would stand
Without collapsing on the land.

And, even though it should contrive
To keep its pinions on the flap,
And by a *tour de force* survive
This devastating handicap,
Yet are there perils in the skies
Whereon we blandly shut our eyes,
But which are bound to be incurred,
And, notably, the Bolshy-bird.

This brand of vulture, most obscene,
May have designs upon the Dove;
Its carrion taste was never keen
On the Millennial reign of Love;
And I, for one, am stiff with fear
About our little friend's career,
Lest that disgusting fowl should maul
And eat it, olive-branch and all.

I mention this to mark the quaint
Notion of "Peace" the public has,
That wants to smear the Town with paint,
To whoop and jubilate and jazz;
And while our flappers beat the floor
There's Russia soaked in seas of gore,
And LENIN waxing beastly fat;
Nobody seems to think of that. O. S.

PERFECTLY UNAUTHENTIC ANECDOTES.

which may be reproduced (with the permission of Mr. Punch) in any forthcoming volume of Anybody's Reminiscences.

"YOU do things so sketchily and casually," said FRITH to WHISTLER one day. "Now when I paint a picture I take pains. 'The Derby Day' cost me weeks and months of sleeplessness. I did nothing else; I gave my whole mind to it." "Oh," said WHISTLER, "that 's where it 's gone to, is it?"

* * * * *

When Mr. BERNARD SHAW made his tour of the ports in order to popularise Socialism in the Navy, he was courteously received at Portsmouth by Sir HEDWORTH MEUX. The talk happened to turn on the theatre, and the Admiral was candid enough to confess himself somewhat at sea with regard to the merits of contemporary writers. "Now, Mr. SHAW," he said in his breezy way, "I wish you would tell me who is the most eminent of the playwrights of to-day?" "Ay, ay, Sir," said Mr. SHAW promptly.

* * * * *

Dr. Brotherton told me that he was once with MATTHEW ARNOLD in an election crowd at Oxford, when the Professor of Poetry accidentally collided with a working-man flown with Radicalism and beer. "Go to blazes!" said the proletarian. "My friend," replied ARNOLD, "we are well met. In me you see the official representative of Literature, whereas you, I perceive, stand for Dogma."

* * * * *

Mrs. Brown of Newquay, who claims to be the original *Mrs. Partington*, told me that SYDNEY SMITH'S last years were overclouded by his inability to discover the riddle to which the answer is contained in the words, "The one rode a horse and the other rode a dendron."

* * * * *

Probably few people remember a Nottinghamshire poet of an earlier day who fulfilled with much conscientiousness the duties of local laureate. It was the age of Notts's pre-eminence in cricket, and that, with other reasons, inspired the bard to write some verses which opened with the line, "Is there a county to compare with Notts?" The county of Derby was jealous of its neighbour in other things besides sport, and considered itself to have scored when its own tame minstrel retorted with a parody ending:—

"Is there a county to compare with Notts?
Lots!"

Unfortunately the thing was catching, and other counties did their best to follow suit, though with considerable difficulty as to rhymes. I think it was a singer of Tavistock who won the laurels. After disposing of an adjacent rival with the contemptuous jingle, "Dorset—Curse it!" he wound up:—

"Is there a country to compare with Devon?
Heaven!"

* * * * *

Lady Crownderby once told me that she was among the first to see Lord HOUGHTON on his return from Spain, and she asked him what he thought of Spanish women in comparison with those of our own country. "My dear lady," replied HOUGHTON, "I feel like LOT when he escaped from the Cities of the Plain."

* * * * *

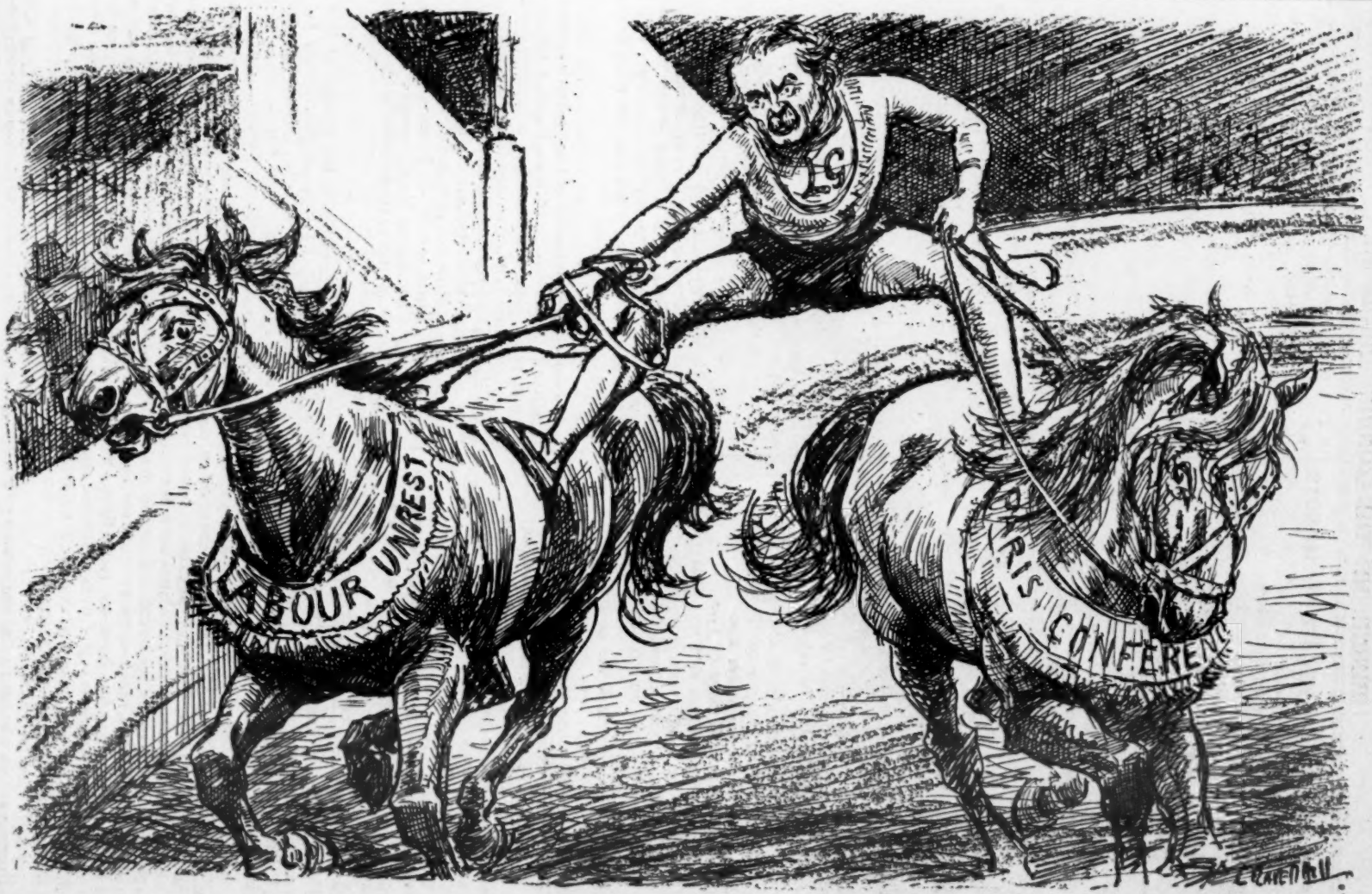
At a dinner given in honour of her nephew's appointment to a Rural Deanery, Mrs. Hinkson-Hanksey told me that she once rallied DISRAELI on his lack of religious profession, saying how much it compromised him in the eyes of many of his fellow-countrymen in comparison with his great rival. "My dear lady," said DISRAELI, "you are aware that the New Testament divides all men into two categories. Without specifying the class to which I personally belong, I am quite willing to admit that Mr. GLADSTONE is a sheep and possesses many of the characteristics of that admirable animal."

* * * * *

When I was at Hawarden in the summer of 1893, little DOROTHY DREW asked her grandfather for the loan of a book "to press flowers in." It is a process, as readers may know, not good for the book, and I thought the illustrious statesman and bibliophile looked a little embarrassed. But his face cleared in a moment, and he went out of the room and presently returned with a sufficient volume, in which the flowers were duly laid, the book being then, with the united efforts of the company, subjected to the necessary pressure under a heavy cabinet. Anxious to know which volume of his beloved library Mr. GLADSTONE had selected for desecration, I took an early opportunity of furtively examining the title of the tortured tome. It was *Coningsby*.

Another Impending Apology.

"Councillor ——'s son will be married to the eldest daughter of Councillor ——. The members of the Corporation are invited to the suspicious event."—*Local Paper.*



THE DISTRACTIONS OF AN INDISPENSABLE.



Sergeant. "Now, me lad, a suit of mufti or forty-five shillings?" *Tommy.* "Oh, lumme! I'll pay the fine."

GALLERY PLAY.

It wasn't till Panmore noticed its absence on his return from France that I remembered the little oil painting which I had left at the Ferndale Gallery on sale or return, during the early days of the War, when my financial outlook was bad.

Panmore said he had always wanted to buy it, but hadn't liked to ask me if I would part with it. I assured him that excess even of delicacy was a mistake and that I would try to get the picture back.

So I wrote to the Gallery thus:—

Dear Sirs (it seemed absurd to write "Dear Gallery"),—In 1914 or 1915 I brought you a small oil painting, which you agreed to sell or return to me. As I haven't heard from you since, I conclude that there has been nothing doing in such pictures and I should like to have it back. The picture is quite a small one, about the size of an ordinary book, and so far as I recollect it portrays a man looking at a horse, to see if its withers stand where they did; or perhaps wondering whether he would sell it and buy a scooter. As a matter of fact I never took particular notice of the picture, not caring for it, but a friend of mine who knows it well appears interested in it and wants to buy it. So please let me have it back as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,
Theophilus B. Piper-Cary.

P.S.—By the way, there's a cow, I remember, in the background; a red one. Not a red background; a red cow.

This was the answer I received:—

Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of the 13th inst., we remember your visit, but cannot trace having such a picture as you describe in our possession at present. We believe you dealt with our Mr. James Langford, who joined up in May, 1915, and is not yet demobilised. He is in Egypt at the moment, we understand, and we are afraid it would take some time to get into communication with him.

We shall be glad if under the circumstances you will allow the matter to rest until his return.

In any case we are afraid we cannot hold ourselves responsible for the picture, unless you can produce a receipt from us proving that it reached us.

We are, Yours obediently,
pp. The Ferndale Gallery.
J. S.

The last paragraph in their letter gave me the impression that they knew they had the picture but had mislaid it. Meanwhile Panmore seemed so hot on it and I was so badly hit by the War that I thought I would have another shot at recovering it. So I addressed the Gallery as follows:—

Dear Sirs,—Thanks for your letter, and in reply I should be obliged if you could get another search party out. I have found a receipt for the picture, signed with a name that might, if straightened out, be James Langford.

My friend is getting quite excited about it, and he is the sort of person one wants to humour. He is a Lieut.-Colonel, an O.B.E., and, what is more important still, one of the feoffees of Buckley's Hospital (a fifteenth-century foundation here), and whatever a feoffee

may be he is not the kind of man to toy with in a small town like this.

I forgot to mention that there is an inn on the left of the picture, and a girl coming out of it carrying, perhaps, a bran-mash for the horse or some Government dope for the man, and there are some hens, all fully regardant and expectant, at her feet.

Hoping to hear in the course of a post or two that you have found the painting,

I am, Yours anxiously,
THEOPHILUS B. PIPER-CARY.

P.S.—Don't forget there's a cow in the background; a red cow.

Three days later I received a picture (not mine) from the Gallery with this letter:—

DEAR SIR,—After a most exhaustive search we have found and send herewith what we believe to be your picture, though it does not quite answer to your description. It is, however, the only one of which we do not appear to have any record.

Our Mr. Langford seems likely to be abroad for some months, so unless you will accept this picture in settlement of the matter we do not see any present way out of the difficulty.

Confident that, if it is not yours, it is at least just as good, we trust that you will agree to cry quits.

We are, Yours obediently,
pp. THE FERNDALE GALLERY.
J. S.

Why they should feel sure it was just as good, unless they remembered my picture, wasn't very clear, but evidently the receipt had put the wind up them, and I wrote and accepted the substitute at once, because Panmore liked it better even than the original picture. He said it was an Alken and gave me far more than I would have thought of asking for it, or for the original one.

About a week after selling it I received this wire from the Gallery:—

Please return painting sent in error. Very valuable Alken. Have customer.
FERNDALE.

"Diamond cut diamond," I said to myself. And I replied thus:—

DEAR SIRS,—I received your wire, but regret that I cannot comply with your request. Firstly, because I have already accepted the picture which you regarded as mine or its equivalent, in place of the one that was mine and is now yours; and, secondly, because my friend the feoffee has already bought it, the one that was yours and is now mine, or rather his (you know what I mean, don't you?), and I haven't the heart to ask him to return it.



THE "HESITATION" WALTZ.

Perhaps yours (the one that is now yours and was mine before), being the equivalent of the one that was yours and is now mine (or rather the feoffee's), would suit your client. I can only suggest your having another look for it; the matter so far as I am concerned is at an end. Yours faithfully,

THEOPHILUS B. PIPER-CARY.

P.S.—You'll know it when you find it. There's a red cow in the background.

"Sentence of Mike Ancon, found guilty of housekeeping, was postponed yesterday afternoon."—*Manitoba Free Press.*

This species of crime is almost extinct in England.

The Rising Egg.

Whatever may be the decline in the price of eggs their social movement is clearly upwards. The following passage from *the Croydon Advertiser* gives an admirable life-history of the egg, from shell to profit-sharing:—

"Eggs will be dated and graded and sold accordingly, and as soon as they have done laying fattened for table purposes, also young cockerels. They will be killed and plucked, and the feathers will be sorted and sold in the best markets. So you see they will receive full market price for their produce; then if they are shareholders they will receive a further profit in the difference between the cost and the selling, also the very big amounts received for the skins and the feathers."



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

Oldest Inhabitant. "I NEVER EXPECTED TO LIVE TILL THE END OF THE WAR, MA'AM; BUT NOW I'M HOPING TO BE SPARED TO SEE THE BEGINNING OF THE NEXT ONE."

CHOICE BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

THE NEW PARIS SKETCH-BOOK;
OR, THE FIRST FIFTY THOUSAND.

By GLADYS FLAPPERTON, O.B.E.,
Author of *Peace and Plenty of It.*

This charming volume describes in detail the delightful Parisian holiday which has been provided by the Government under the best possible conditions for young ladies with (and without) a knowledge of typewriting.

TIGER LILY,
A POEM IN FOURTEEN SPASMS.

By WOODROW WILSON.

Affectionately dedicated to M. CLEMENCEAU.

THE HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

By HAROLD SMITH, M.P.
("England's Harold.")
With an Introduction by the
LORD CHANCELLOR.

O SMILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU,
AND OTHER LYRICS.

Highly recommended by Messrs. MUDIE and SANKEY (the Author).

Copies of this beautiful work have been accepted by several mining royalties.

THE GEDDES BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

Publication of the Second Volume
(AUC—ERIC).

It is hoped to complete in twelve handsome volumes this the first attempt to record and codify the achievements and services of the GEDDES family in the Great War.

WASTEWARD HO!
A ROMANCE OF CIPPENHAM.

With an Introductory Apologia by
Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

THE NEXT WAR.

["As the result of a conference called by the War Office it has been decided to wage a war of annihilation against the warble-fly. It is hoped that by means of concerted action through the country this pestilent insect, so injurious to the hides of horses and cattle, may be completely stamped out."
Daily Paper.]

THE warble-fly, the warble-fly
Is absolutely doomed to die.
They've summoned all the General Staff,
There's going to be a mighty "strafe,"
And soon the land from shore to shore
Will echo with the din of war,
As armèd hosts with martial cries
Descend upon the warble-flies.

We've got the shells, we've got the guns
(The same that overwhelmed the Huns),
And, what is more, we've got the Man;
With WINSTON riding in the van
I do not think there's any doubt
That we shall put the foe to rout,
And, scorning peace by compromise,
Annihilate the warble-flies.

In tranquil peace the gentle beeves
Shall chew their cud through summer eves;
No more shall that alarming warble
Affright the calm of heifer or bull,
And send them snorting round the croft
With eyes of fear and tails aloft.
Till every warble-fly be floored
Whitehall will *never* sheathe the sword.

The Growth of Impropriety.

"Her hair is always exquisitely dressed, and her shoes in perfect shape. No more in the way of dress is required of any woman."
Daily Mirror.

"PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT OF A DANGEROUS CORONER."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

The best plan, possibly, would be to get the jury to sit on him.



NEWSPAPER HEADINGS POPULARLY ILLUSTRATED.

"INFLUENZA MICROBE DISCOVERED AT A LONDON HOSPITAL."

MRS. BLOGGINS'S STATEMENT.

IT is not too much to say that bed-making circles in Cambridge have been agitated to their utmost depths by the recent advent of some hundreds of American youths who have come to pursue certain courses of study within the University walls. Let us make one thing perfectly clear. Bed-makers do not object to Americans as Americans, but this avalanche of Transatlantics arrives on the very eve of the vacation, just when the bed-makers are packing off the contingent of young Naval officers who have been making things hum during the past term.

Persuaded that their too-brief holidays will be entirely absorbed in attending to the Americans, the bed-makers urge with some justice that they too are entitled to enjoy the beautiful things of this enchanting world quite as much as miners and railway-men. We understand that meetings of their Association are being held, and that the University authorities are faced by a situation which is rapidly passing beyond their control. Bed-makers are amongst the most loyal members of the community, but they feel, as a prominent member of the profession put it, that "the last camel breaks the straw's back," and they are determined to uphold their immemorial rights.

We have thought it our duty therefore to interview the celebrated Mrs. Bloggins, the *doyenne* of the Corps of Bed-makers of Trinity College. We found the lady in her home in Paradise Walk, where she was engaged in eating some excellent buttered toast. We lost no time in explaining the purport of our visit.

"We desire to know, Mrs. Bloggins," we began, "what your feelings are with regard to the Americans."

"Ah," said Mrs. Bloggins, speaking with deep emotion, "you may well call 'em Americans, for I've never bin so troubled about anythink before. Some people seem to git the notion into their 'eads that bed-makers do no work. Why we 're arst to slave from mornin' till night, and our pay is paltry. Things in Cambridge isn't like what they was. Time was when our young gentlemen used to 'ave big dinners in their rooms, and a careful bed-maker could save a bone or two. Nowadays they 're only cheese-parers, that 's what I call 'em. You won't believe me, I know, but my mother, who was a bed-maker afore me, used to 'ave a month at the seaside every year, all paid for out of money give to 'er by 'er young gentlemen. To be sure there was a wrangler, or somethink of that kind, who didn't come up to the mark, so she soon got rid of 'im; 'e used to find 'is butter was took by the cat, and accidents of that kind.

"Mind yer," she continued, "I ain't got nothink to say against the Americans. They may be the most liberal-'earted gentlemen in the world for all I know. But it 's the principle of the thing I 'm objectin' to. It 's a case of kill me quick or cure me to-morrow, and if President WILSON was to talk till next week 'e couldn't make it no different. You can't make a silk sock out of a side of bacon, and that 's true whichever way you look at it."

"But what steps," we urged, "does your Association intend to take, Mrs. Bloggins, over this matter?"

"I don't know nothink about no 'sociations," said Mrs. Bloggins, "but I do know that we 're all in it, and Mrs. Pledger and Mrs. 'Uggins, and the rest of 'em, we knows our power and we intends to use it."

"In what way do you mean?" I said.

She looked at me cunningly.

"Now you 're spyin'. It 's dirty work and I won't 'ave it 'ere. You might be the Proctor hisself for all I cares—you 're not going to ferret nothink out of me."

Hereupon she rose with great dignity and plainly indicated that the interview was at an end.

La Haute Cuisine.

"Cook; French; age 38; wages £25-£30 week."—*Morning Post.*

TO THE DEATH.

[According to the papers, two Frenchmen have agreed to fight a duel in aeroplanes.]

"CAULIFLOWER!" shrieked Gaspard Volauvent across the little table in the *estaminet*. His face bristled with rage.

"Serpent!" replied Jacques Rissole, bristling with equal dexterity.

The two stout little men glared ferociously at each other. Then Jacques picked up his glass and poured the wine of the country over his friend's head.

"Drown, serpent!" he said magnificently. He beckoned to the waiter. "Another bottle," he said. "My friend has drunk all this."

Gaspard removed the wine from his whiskers with the local paper and leant over the table towards Jacques.

"This must be wiped out in blood," he said slowly. "You understand?"

"Perfectly," replied the other. "The only question is whose."

"Name your weapons," said Gaspard Volauvent grandly.

"Aeroplanes," replied Jacques Rissole after a moment's thought.

"Bah! I cannot fly."

"Then I win," said Jacques simply.

The other looked at him in astonishment.

"What! You fly?"

"No; but I can learn."

"Then I will learn too," said Gaspard with dignity. "We meet—in six months?"

"Good." Jacques pointed to the ceiling. "Say three thousand feet up."

"Three thousand four hundred," said Gaspard for the sake of disagreeing.

"After all, that is for our seconds to arrange. My friend Épinard of the Roullens Aerodrome will act for me. He will also instruct me how to bring serpents to the ground."

"With the idea of cleansing the sky of cauliflowers," said Gaspard, "I shall proceed to the flying-ground at Dormancourt; Blanchaille, the instructor there, will receive your friend."

He bowed and walked out.

Details were soon settled. On a date six months ahead the two combatants would meet three thousand two hundred feet above the little town in which they lived, and fight to the death. In the event of both crashing, the one who crashed last would be deemed the victor. It was Gaspard's second who insisted on this clause; Gaspard himself felt that it did not matter.

The first month of instruction went by. At the end of it Jacques Rissole had only one hope. It was that when he crashed he should crash on some of Gaspard's family. Gaspard had no hope, but one consolation. It was that no crash could involve his stomach, which he invariably left behind him as soon as the aeroplane rose.

At the end of the second month Gaspard wrote to Jacques.

"My friend," he wrote, "the hatred of you which I nurse in my bosom, and which fills me with the desire to purge you from the sky, is in danger of being transferred to my instructor. Let us therefore meet and renew our enmity."

Jacques Rissole wrote back to Gaspard.

"My enemy," he wrote, "there is nobody in the whole of the Roullens aerodrome whom I do not detest with a detestation beside which my hatred for you seems as maudlin adoration. This is notwithstanding the fact that I make the most marvellous progress in the art of flying. It is merely something in their faces which annoys me. Let me therefore see yours again, in the hope that it will make me think more kindly of theirs."

They met, poured wine over each other and parted. After another month the need of a further stimulant was felt. They met again, and agreed to insult each other weekly.

On the last day of his training Gaspard spoke seriously to his instructor.

"You see that I make nothing of it," he said. "My thoughts are ever with the stomach that I leave behind. Not once have I been in a position to take control. How then can I fight? My friend, I arrange it all. You shall take my place."

"Is that quite fair to Rissole?" asked Blanchaille doubtfully.

"Do not think that I want you to hurt him. That is not necessary. He will hurt himself. Keep out of his way until he has finished with himself, and then fly back here. It is easy."

It seemed the best way; indeed the only way. Gaspard Volauvent could never get to the *rendezvous* alone, and it would be fatal to his honour if Jacques arrived there and found nobody to meet him. Reluctantly Blanchaille agreed.

At the appointed hour Gaspard put his head cautiously out of his bedroom window and gazed up into the heavens. He saw two aeroplanes straight above him. At the thought that he might have been in one of them he shuddered violently. Indeed he felt so unwell that the need for some slight restorative became pressing. He tripped off to the *estaminet*.

It was empty save for one table. Gaspard walked towards it, hoping for a little conversation. The occupant lowered the newspaper from in front of his face and looked up.

It was too much for Gaspard.

"Coward!" he shrieked.

Jacques, who had been just going to say the same thing, hastily substituted "Serpent!"

"I know you," cried Gaspard. "You send your instructor up in your place. Poltroon!"

Jacques picked up his glass and poured the wine of the country over his friend's head.

"Drown, serpent," he said magnificently. He beckoned to the waiter. "Another bottle," he said. "My friend has drunk all this."

Gaspard removed the wine from his whiskers with Jacques' paper and leant over him.

"This must be wiped out in blood," he said slowly. "Name your weapons."

"Submarines," said Jacques after a moment's thought. A. A. M.

THE SWANS OF YPRES.

YPRES was once a weaving town,
Where merchants jostled up and down
And merry shuttles used to ply;
On the looms the fleeces were
Brought from the mart at Winchester,
And silver flax from Burgundy.

Who is weaving there to-night?
Only the moon, whose shuttle white
Makes silver warp on dyke and pond;
Her hands fling veils of lily-woof
On riven spire and open roof
And on the haggard marsh beyond.

No happy ghosts or fairies haunt
The ancient city, huddling gaunt,
Where waggons crawl with anxious wheel
And o'er the marshland desolate
Win slowly to the battered gate
That Flemings call the Gate of Lille.

Yet by some wonder it befalls
That, where the lonely outer walls
Brood in the silent pool below,
Among the sedges of the moat,
Like lilies furled, the two swans float;
"The Swans of Ypres" men call them now.

They have heard guns and many men
Come and depart and come again,
They have seen strange disastrous things,
When fire and fume rolled o'er their nest;
But changeless and aloof they rest,
The Swans of Ypres, with folded wings.

"Will Treasury notes ever be displaced by boxes of chocolates?"—*Daily Paper.*

Certainly. Ours often are.

From the report of the Committee on the Staffing of Government Offices we gather that there has been a good deal of overflapping.

TRANSPORT FACILITIES.



"VOILA! UN AUTO!"



"*DEUX*, SEULEMENT!"



"MERCI, M'SIEU."



Mistress. "OH, JANE, HOW *DID* YOU DO THAT?" *Maid.* "I'M VERY SORRY, MUM; I WAS ACCIDENTALLY DUSTING."

THE SCHLOSS BILLET.

WE had not expected much of a billet in a defeated and starving country; that was probably why everybody was enthusiastic over it—at first. I, as billeting officer, was especially proud of having discovered it. The very thing for Brigade Headquarters—secluded, dignified, commanding and spacious.

A couple of kilos from the gates through the drive brings you to the Schloss. Entering a hall about the size of a modern theatre you journey to the ante-room, a vast apartment, which for space compares favourably with the Coliseum at Rome. A world-exhibition of pictures and tapestries covers the walls of the Schloss, while an acre or two of painted ceiling shows the chief events of German history, from the Creation to the Franco-Prussian War.

In the Dining-room, reached by a progress over carpets and rugs representative of all the best periods of Oriental art, it would be fairly easy to stage a review on the table itself; while in the Music-room a hundred or so lorries could be parked without attracting observation too glaringly. Should the need arise, the Library could accommodate a battalion on parade, a rifle range or sufficient office room for Q branch of a division. A labyrinth of corridors and servants' bedrooms harbours the rank and file, and it is said that the number of kitchens, pantries and cellars in the north and east wings runs into three figures.

The Divisional Commander called it "homely"; the Corps Commander remarked that its style was "not cramped, anyhow—what?" and the Army Commander pronounced it very "cosy."

The first two days I did not see my servant at all. On Wednesday he turned up just before lunch. On Monday and Tuesday, he explained, he had wandered through corridors and passages trying to find my room, and by rising an hour before *reveille*, he thought he would be able to get from his quarters to mine by about breakfast-time.

We used to adjourn to the billiard-room after dinner, but gave it up because it was necessary to stop play at half-past ten in order to be in bed by midnight. Signals is worried because he has not enough line left to reach Battalions, all available supplies having been used up in connecting the General's room with various parts of the Schloss. We are continually late for dinner owing to errors in judging the distances from one room to another. Our once happy family has dissolved into silent morose individuals, for we have grown strange and distant to one another. Liaison between departments has broken down, and the Staff-Captain whom I saw yesterday in the distance is suffering from premature decay.

But a solution has been found, for the Engineers are unloading a couple of Nissen huts to put up in the hall, and we shall soon be a united family once more.

"The surveyor said that as things were at present he had little or no authority over the men who, for the most part, simply considered him his equal."—*Trade Paper.*

If he doesn't take a stronger line the men will consider him his inferior.

From a short story:—

"She was a slip of a thing, with the sort of eyes that go well with curly long lashes—if they are blue, as hers were."—*Weekly Paper.*

Our local *coiffeur* only stocks the old-fashioned peroxide.



OVERWEIGHTED.

President Wilson. "HERE'S YOUR OLIVE BRANCH. NOW GET BUSY."

Dove of Peace. "OF COURSE I WANT TO PLEASE EVERYBODY; BUT ISN'T THIS A BIT THICK?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

BEFORE TAKING OFFICE ALL MEMBERS IN FUTURE WILL HAVE TO PASS A TEST OF THEIR ABILITY TO SUSTAIN A PROLONGED FLIGHT, FIVE THOUSAND FEET UP, AT A HUNDRED-AND-SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR.

Monday, March 17th.—Mr. GEORGE TERRELL, always a little inclined to look upon the black side of things, was apprehensive about the spread of Bolshevism in this country. Not so Lord HENRY BENTINCK, who genially exploded with "Is not Bolshevism in this country a pure bogey?" Not quite that, perhaps; but I gathered that in Mr. BONAR LAW's opinion it hasn't a ghost of a chance.

Great cheers from the Wee Frees greeted the advent of Mr. A. E. NEWLOULD, the victor of West Leyton, whose defeat of the Coalition candidate has increased the size of their party by something like four per cent. As the new Member is understood to be connected with the film business his colleagues are hoping that they will soon have Ministers on the "movies."

We know on high authority that evil communications corrupt good manners. Sir ERIC GEDDES goes further and believes that they corrupt everything. That was the text of his capital speech on the second reading of the Transportation Bill. Dispensing on this occasion with his usual typescript, he discoursed at large for an hour and a-half on the paralytic condition of our railways, roads, canals and docks.

We all had our pleasant morning dreams, he said, but they usually disappeared after we had had our cold bath; and the country, which was no longer rich, but poor, must take its douche. His own dream is of a beautifully centralised control, directing all our traffic agencies (save tramways and shipping) into the most convenient channels; and he won't be happy till he gets it. But judging by some of the speeches that followed he too may have a frigid disillusionment when the Bill comes up against the "interests" in Committee. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, on behalf of Liverpool, described it as the product of "an old bureaucracy and a young Parliamentarian," and Mr. RENWICK declared that, if it passed, the Manchester Ship Canal would be "between the devil and the deep sea," surely an uncalled-for attack on Cottonopolis.

Upon the adjournment, Col. CLAUDE LOWTHER again raised the question of the payment of German indemnities, and Mr. BONAR LAW again declared that the policy of the Government was to demand the largest amount that Germany could pay, but not to demand what we knew she couldn't pay. It would have saved him a lot of trouble if at the General Election the Government spokesmen had insisted as much upon the second half of the policy as they did upon the first.

Tuesday, March 18th.—GILBERT's fanciful description of the "most susceptible Chancellor" is justified by the way in which the present occupant of the Woolsack and his predecessors vie with one another in the endeavour to secure the favour of the fair sex. To-day it was Lord HALDANE's turn to oblige, and he brought in a Bill to enable Scotswomen to become Advocates and Law Agents. Lord HALSBURY's contribution to the work of feminine emancipation has not yet been announced. The rumour that a deputation of ladies recently approached him with a proposal that they should be eligible for judicial office—"Scarlet and ermine are *so* becoming"—and that he put them off with the old joke about there being "enough old women on the Bench already" is, of course, apocryphal.

Not infrequently in the official reports of the Lords' debates a speech begins thus: "Lord —— (*who was indistinctly heard*)." The Commons' report might well adopt this salutary practice as a warning to Members who persistently mumble, or who address their remarks to the body of the House instead of to the SPEAKER. Ministers are the worst offenders. One of them was asked this afternoon, for example, whether the Judicial Adviser to the SULTAN had discouraged the use of the English language in the Egyptian Courts, but all we could hear of the *sotto voce* conversation between him and his interrogator was that "er—er—language—er—had—been—er—er—misunderstood."

Some savages, travellers tell us, are unable to count beyond five. Some Ministers, on the other hand, show an inability to reckon except in millions. Mr. CHURCHILL, when asked how many soldiers were not receiving the recent increase of pay, remarked casually that the numbers were "not so very great—half-a-million would cover them." Happily these "sloppy statistics" (to recall a phrase used by Mr. ASQUITH

during the Tariff Reform controversy) do not appeal to the FOOD-CONTROLLER. He, being invited to say whether the Government had made "approximately £2,400,000" by the charge on cattle-sales, replied that the amount was "approximately" £3,449,939; and we felt that he was cut to the heart at not being able to give the odd shillings and pence.

The renewed debate on the Transportation Bill revealed a good deal of opposition. Roadmen thought it an excellent project for railways; railwaymen were all in favour of its being applied to docks; and dockmen had no objection to its being tried on the roads. But none of them wanted it for his own particular interest. Sir EDWARD CARSON'S objections were both particular and general. Belfast would be ruined if its port were controlled by "a nest of politicians" in Dublin, but apart from that he doubted whether the promised economies would be realised in any direction. Ministers were "gluttons for centralisation," and would, he prophesied, incur the usual fate of gluttons, acute indigestion.

Mr. BONAR LAW, while admitting that he himself would not have voted for the Bill five years ago, declared that the War had made it essential. That seemed to be the general opinion, for the second reading was agreed to without a division.

Wednesday, March 19th. — Lord MALMESBURY, who has lately been the victim of a burglary, attributed it to housebreakers having been demobilised before policemen. Whether this was done on the ground that they conducted "one man businesses," or because someone in Whitehall assumed that the wielders of the centre-bit must be "pivotal," I do not know, but an Army Order requiring Commanding Officers to keep the balance even between criminals and coppers seems to be urgently needed.

The Bishops were delighted to hear from Lord ERNLE that his department includes a Hop-Controller, and are going to ask him to turn his attention to the Jazz.

Museums could not be opened just yet, said Lord STANMORE, because some eight thousand officials of various departments were at present lodged in these buildings. To judge by the comments of the public Press, there are several hundreds more who ought to be kept there.

Thursday, March 20th.—Lord WINTERTON wanted to know what the Government was doing to counteract Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S alleged anti-British propaganda in the United States. Mr. CECIL HARMSWORTH thought Professor OMAN'S recent memorandum would prove a sufficient counterblast. He had, however, no objection to adding Mr. SHAW'S latest pamphlet to "the large budget of Shavian literature" already at the Foreign Office, where, it is said, the clerks on night-duty like to beguile their leisure with light fiction.

Late in the evening Mr. BONAR LAW announced the intentions of the Government with regard to the coal industry. It would adopt Mr. Justice SANKEY'S report, giving the men a large portion of their demands. If the miners still persisted in striking—well, the State would strike too, with all its might; otherwise there was an end of government in this country. The cheers which greeted this statement seriously annoyed Mr. JACK JONES, who sits for Silvertown, and maintains the explosive reputation of his constituency.



THE CROWN OF OLD KING COAL.
TRYING IT ON.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

FIVE years ago he swept the snow,
Or the mud, or the dust or the leaves that blow,
Or stood at the corner "dossing";
Picking up rubbish and dangerous rind
That careless people had left behind,
He swept the crossing.

And still he sweeps and clears the way
In blizzard and mist and soaking spray,
Out on the Channel tossing;
Picking up mines of a devilish kind
That unscrupulous people have left behind,
He sweeps the crossing.

"COAL STRIKE POPSTONED."
Provincial Paper.

Much the best thing to do with it.

DRAMATISTS TO THE RESCUE.

IN view of the theory developed by the Ministry of Reconstruction's Sub-Committee on Organisation and Conditions of Domestic Service, that "the attitude adopted by the Press and the Stage is usually an unfortunate one, as servants are frequently represented as comic or flippant characters, and are held up to ridicule," a meeting of our leading dramatists was hastily convened last evening by Lady HEADFORT (who, it will be remembered, is all for calling her maids "Home-birds") to engage their sympathetic co-operation in aid of mistresses, housekeepers and employers generally. What the stage has taken away the stage must give back: that is Lady HEADFORT'S contention. Not that the domestic problem will even then be settled; there will probably still be difficulty in persuading W.A.A.C.s and Land Women and Munitioners who have tasted blood to descend below stairs again; but perhaps a little help will be forthcoming. Hence this influential gathering.

Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, who presided, said that the domestic problem was one of great seriousness. Personally he rarely descended to the servants hall, but he did not pretend to be unaware of the usefulness of such regions and of our dependence upon them. There must be give and take. If the stage had been guilty of too much levity in its portraiture of domestic servants, then, in the interests of all of us, it must make what our lively neighbours call the *amende honorable*.

Sir JAMES BARRIE said that no one could hold him personally to blame. His plays had always exhibited domestic servants in a most favourable light. Not only was a butler the hero of *The Admirable Crichton*, a maidservant the heroine of *A Kiss for Cinderella* and a charwoman the heroine of *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, but the actual authorship of *Peter Pan* was given to the smallest nursemaid on record.

Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM also claimed to be on the side of the home-birds. Had he not in *Smith* written a part of strong parlour-maid interest for Miss MARIE LÖHR?

Mr. G. B. SHAW said that there was no need for the meeting at all, because he was just putting the finishing touches to a witty drama which would settle the whole question. In this play, which, he could tell them on the best authority in the world, his own, was a work of surpassing genius, the Irish Question, which had baffled statesmen and philosophers for centuries, is settled once and for all by the wisdom and presence of mind of a Kerry kitchenmaid.

The Chairman said that perhaps the meeting might as well proceed with its discussion, since there was always the possibility that the run of Mr. SHAW'S play might not equal that of his last, which, he understood, had just been produced in New York and had come off almost at once.

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES said that if any branch of art could effect social transformations it was the drama. Personally he looked upon the stage as only one degree less powerful than the Senate and vastly more serious than the Church. Its first duty was to instruct, elevate and reform; to amuse was never its true function. Hence, if the dramatists of the country cared to take up the task of remedying the servant shortage, the matter would be quickly settled. But only, added the speaker with extreme gravity, if the authors of the pernicious rubbish known as *revue* were first gagged and bound.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON said that, although he had given up *revue* writing in favour of transforming farcical plays, he felt that he might make an appeal to the authors of *revue* (who often exceeded the audience in number) to join in this very laudable campaign. Speaking as one of the two-and-twenty Hippodromios, although no longer in that capacity, he would appeal to his successors to paint life below stairs in such resplendent hues that the desire instantly to take service would be implanted in every female bosom.

Mr. ALFRED SUTRO, speaking at the moment not so much as a dramatist as a man without a cook, said that he agreed heartily with the sentiments of the gentleman who had just sat down.

Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO said that he was always willing to help worthy causes and was as ready to write a play for the object in view as, not long since, he had been to write one to encourage economy. But it was useless unless the company chosen would co-operate. The dramatist did not stand alone. So long as the ordinary stage idea of a parlourmaid was a saucy nymph with a feather brush and very short skirts, so long would dramatists strive in vain to exalt her calling. He was prepared to do his best, but feared that the actors' traditions would prove too strong.

Mr. WALTER MELVILLE said that he hoped nothing would be done to tamper with such traditions as Sir ARTHUR complained of. It was the duty of a stage servant to begin plays and to be funny. The curtain of a farce should rise on a butler and a parlourmaid remarking on the fact that master was suspiciously late last night; and the butler should be amorous, bibulous and peculative, and the parlourmaid coy and trim. Similarly, footmen should be haughty and drop their aitches, cooks short-tempered, red and fat, and office-boys knowing and cheeky. The public expected it, and the public ought to have it because the public paid.

There being no further remarks, the meeting dispersed, the various speakers returning sadly home to perform the household duties.



Docker (by way of concluding a heated argument with Scotsman). "WELL, GO UP THERE, THEN, AN' TALK TO YOUR BLINKIN' SCOTCH PALS."

"EX-KAISER TO PAY THE PENALTY."
Sunday Paper.

We always feared he would get off with a soft punishment.

Our Popular Guides.

"HOW INFLUENZA MAY BE SPREAD."
Headline in a Daily Paper.

A correspondent writes: "It may interest you to know that I recently received the following statement from a provincial branch of a floor-cloth company:—

'Owing to some of the principal ingredients used in the manufacture of floor coverings having been taken over by the Ministry of Food, the price of the material is again advanced.'

Have you noticed it at all in your soup?

THE HOUSE-HUNTER.

Unless something is done for Higgins without delay the nation must prepare to face a tremendous rise in the rate of mortality among house-agents.

Soon after he came back from the War he began to adopt a threatening attitude (as the police-court witnesses say) towards these gentlemen. Recently he has gone beyond the threatening stage. If rumour can be trusted, he has thrown at least six of them through their office windows. He has taken a dislike to the whole tribe. They are, in his opinion, a gang of criminals for whom no punishment could be too severe, because they impose upon the public in general and Higgins in particular, by continuing in business as if they were in a position to let houses when, as a matter of fact, there are no houses for them to let.

Higgins wants a house. Yes, incredible though it may sound, this man, who for years has been content to dwell in a dug-out or consort with creeping things in the confines of a canvas tent, and even on occasion make his bed beneath the starry dome of heaven, with nothing in between, has now developed a craving for a residence built of bricks and mortar.

What is more, he expects the house-agents to find it for him, and, since he considers the whole thing from the purely personal point of view, their excuses for failing to do so are of no avail. The fact that half a million other people want houses is nothing to him. He ignores it. He believes that the house-agentry of the country has hatched a gigantic conspiracy to keep him, Higgins, out of a home.

I have done *my* best to put him out of his misery. After seeing the poor wretch wear himself (and his boots) out in useless journeyings to and from the places where house-agents pretend to work I thought of a scheme—not strictly original—for obtaining a house and presented it to him without hope of reward.

"You are committing an error," I said.

"I shall commit a murder in a minute," he growled, but, knowing what he had suffered, I took no notice of the threat.

"Listen," I said; "all the habitable houses in England are occupied and it will be years before the new ones are built. The painting of "To Let" boards has become a lost art. You are wasting your time in looking for an *empty* dwelling. Take my advice. Choose one that is occupied, any one you fancy, and empty it."

At this point he interpolated an offensive expression with which I was not familiar before I joined the army, but I overlooked that also.

"You think it is impossible, but you are wrong," I told him. "This scheme is bound to succeed. All you have to do is to haunt the house. You do not eject the tenant yourself. You conjure up a ghost to do it for you."

"The devil!"



Polite Stranger (during the busy hour on the Underground). "Won't you share my handle, Madam?"

"No—not necessarily. An ordinary ghost will do."

"But, my dear good fool, how in Hades or out of it can I produce a ghost?"

"Easily. By *suggestion*. That is the secret. This is an age of suggestion. Doctors are curing patients by suggestion. Politicians hypnotise the public by suggestion. And you can frighten the present occupants out of your chosen home by suggestion. No real ghost is required. Having selected the house you pay a call and lay ground-bait, so to speak. You tell the tenant you are interested in the place because you happen to know that at one time it was haunted. You relate a gruesome tale of some mysterious tragedy that you say has occurred there, and generally make your victim's flesh creep.

"He or she, a woman for choice, will probably laugh at first. Never mind. Allow a few days for the idea to sink in, and then call again. It is a hundred to one that you will hear that strange manifestations have been observed. After that it will be plain sailing. You will continue to call, always supplying fresh suggestion, until at last, thoroughly unnerved, the tenant will bolt, probably taking refuge in a hotel. That will be your chance. Snatch the place up at once, and there you are."

For the first time since he was demobilised, Higgins smiled.

"By Heavens!" he said, "I'll try it. There's a little place at Croydon which would be a perfect billet. I will pay my first visit at once."

He sauntered away, proclaiming in song the satisfactory condition of rose-culture in Picardy.

Yesterday he came back.

His face was grim. There was a light in his eye which I did not like. He made no mention of roses blooming in Picardy or anywhere else.

"How is the scheme working?" I asked. "Have you called on the Croydon gentleman?"

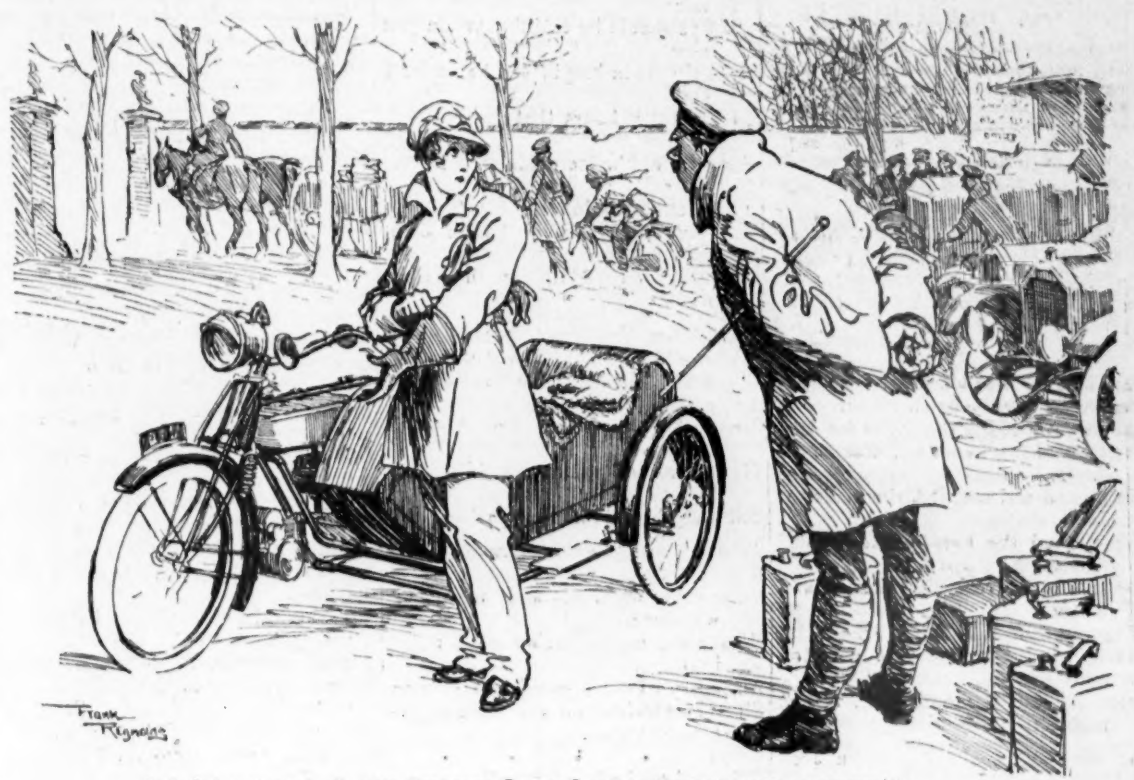
"I have," he answered; "and when I had laid the blessed ground-bait, as you call it, he told me he always did think there was a ghost about the place, and he was delighted to have his theory confirmed. He wants more details now. He invites me to furnish evidence. What for, you ask? Well, you see, he happens to be an active member of the Society for Psychical Research."

SILLY SEASONING.

The strange case of the halibut and the cormorant, recently reported in the daily Press, has brought us a budget of interesting letters, from which we select the following as agreeable evidence of the return of normal conditions in the fish-story-telling industry:—

Gullane, N.B.

Dear Sir,—One of the most striking results of the War has been its effect on the mentality of birds and animals and even fishes. The papers have lately contained accounts of a halibut which swallowed a cormorant and survived the exploit only to fall a victim to the wiles of a North Sea fisherman. As the cormorant is generally regarded to be the *dernier cri* in voracity, the incident illustrates the old saying of the biter bit. As a rule birds of prey have the upper hand in their contests with the



Lady Driver (just joined). "OH, SERGEANT, I HOPE I SHAN'T UPSET MY FIRST PASSENGER!"
Sergeant (A.S.C., M.T.). "PASSENGER, MISS! DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU. PLENTY MORE PASSENGERS!"

finny denizens of the deep. But the triumph of the halibut is not altogether unprecedented. I remember, when I was cruising in the China Seas in the year 1854, witnessing a combat between a dolphin and a Bombay duck, in which the latter came off second-best. And some thirty years later, during a yachting excursion off the Scilly Isles, I saw an even more remarkable duel between a porbeagle—as the Cornish people call the mackerel-shark—and a pipit, in which, strange to relate, the bird came off victorious.

Believe me to be, Sir,
Yours truthfully,
CONSTANTINE PHIBSON.

Tara, Diddlebury.

DEAR SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge in the 'sixties a "Limerick" was current which began as follows:—

"There was an adventurous sole
Which swallowed an albatross whole."

Unfortunately I cannot remember the conclusion of the stanza, nor am I able to state whether it was founded on fact or was merely an ebullition of lyrical fancy. In the latter case the lines are a striking instance of the prophetic power of minstrelsy, and justify the use of the word "*vates*," or seer, as applied to poets by the ancient Romans.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
SEPTIMUS BOWLONG.

Rougemont Villa, Crookhaven.

DEAR SIR,—The halibut-cormorant episode has attracted undue attention, since many similar but far more extraordinary incidents have occurred during the War, but have passed unrecorded owing to the claims of Bellona. I will confine myself to one which was witnessed by my daughter Anna in course of bathing at Sheringham in August, 1917. While swimming under water she collided with a middle-sized sea-serpent, which was evidently in difficulties and made its way to the beach, where it expired. The post-mortem, which was conducted by Professor Darcy Johnson, F.R.S., revealed that the serpent had been choked by a gigantic gooseberry, which had formed part of the cargo of a Greenland tramp torpedoed by an enemy submarine. The serpent was actually being stuffed when a bomb dropped by a Zeppelin blew it into infinitesimal smithereens, to the profound disappointment of the Professor and my daughter Anna, who has never been quite the same woman since.

Permit me to subscribe myself
Yours faithfully,
ALEXANDER NIAS.

Steep Hill, Cramlington.

DEAR SIR,—There is nothing surprising in the story of a halibut devouring a cormorant. As you will see from consulting *Murray*, halibut means "holy-butt" (or flat-fish), and holy fishes are possessed of magical powers. When I lived on the coast of Florida I had a tame tarpon, which could swallow anything—croquet balls, door scrapers—and once ate an entire cottage pianoforte in half-an-hour. Here I may add that in my travels in Turkestan I was attacked by a boa-constrictor, and, though I escaped with my life, it proceeded to swallow the Bactrian camel on which I was riding. On the following day, however, when the boa was still in a comatose condition, I killed it with a boomerang, rescued the camel and continued my journey without further mishap.

I am, Sir, Yours veraciously,
ANDREW MERRIMAN.

THE SIX-HOUR DAY.

AN ANTICIPATION.

["If the husband's hours are reduced to six that gives the wife a chance. The home and the children are as much his as hers. With his enlarged leisure he will now be able to take a fair share in home duties."
Mrs. WILL CROOKS.]

Jock Mackay was a lusty soul;
He earned his livelihood winning coal;
Black with grime, all huddled and bent,
A third of his life in the pit he spent;
A third he slept and a third he slacked
Training the whippet his fancy backed,
Or talking strikes with a fervent zest
In the bar of the neighbouring "Miners' Rest."

Jean Mackay was his wife; her day
Started or ever the dawn was grey;
She lit the fire, she shook the mats,
She frizzled the bacon and dressed the brats,
She darned and mended, she made the beds,
She combed the tugs in the tousled heads,
She knitted the socks, she washed and baked
Till every bone in her body ached;
She toiled and moiled in a non-stop fight
From six in the morning till ten at night.

But there dawned a day when Jock Mackay
Came home from the mine with a dancing eye
And a laugh in his heart, and he cried out, "Jean,
'Tis the grandest day that the warl' has seen!
The lads are a' cheerin' and rinnin' fey,
For the Government 's gien us the sax-hour day."

Jean stopped scrubbing. "Is 't true?" said she;
"I wish ye luck. But bide a wee.
Noo that the battle is owre an' done,
What will ye dae wi' the hours ye 've won?"

"What will I dae wi' them? What I like.
I 'll tak' a bit turn wi' my wee bit tyke,
Or call for a crack wi' the lads at the "Rest,"
And mebbe I micht tak' a drap, if pressed."

"That 's a' vera weel, but bide a bit.
Ye work sax hours a day in your pit,
But I 'd hae ye to bear in mind," said Jean,
"While ye work sax I work saxteen."

Jock scratched his head. "Ay, lass, that 's nae.
Aweel, an' what would ye hae me dae?"

"Fair does," she answered; "it 's only fair
That ye should be takin' your ain just share,
An' help me in keepin' the hame for a spell
In the extry hours that ye 've got to yoursel',
Sae, while I 'm scrubbin' the floor," she said,
"Ye micht be pittin' the bairns tae bed."
Jock laughed. "I doot there 's somethin' in it;
I 'll stairt on my duties this verra minute."

A week went by: Jock learnt to scrub,
He gave the bairns their Saturday tub,
He made the beds, he blacked the grates,
He washed up saucers and cups and plates,
He cleaned and polished, he boiled and baked
Till every bone in his body ached.

Around the neighbourhood rumour flew;
Soon every wife in the village knew
That Jock, when his spell in the pit was done,
Was cook, nurse, parlourmaid rolled into one;
And every wife she vowed that her man
Should be trained on the same super-excellent plan.

* * * * *

Behold these lusty miners all
Fettered fast in domestic thrall,
Scrubbing, rubbing, baking bread,
Busy with scissors and needle and thread,
Spreading the brats their bread and jam,
Trundling them out in the morning pram,
Washing their pinafores clean and white
And tucking them up in their cots at night.

* * * * *

Ask me not—for I cannot tell,
I can only guess—how the end befell:
A wifely word, an angry scowl,
A bit of a grumble, a bit of a growl,
A scolding here, a squabbling there,
And here the sound of an ugly swear,
A cry of despair from the sore oppress,
A secret call to the "Miners' Rest,"
A sudden revolt from the brooms and mats,
And a roar from a thousand throats—
"Down brats!"

* * * * *

"What—striking again?" you cry, aghast.
Nay, friend, cheer up, for the worst is past;
A glint of blue may be seen through the grey—
They are asking again for an eight-hour day.

THE DISCIPLINARIAN.

SALUTING is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, even among British-born soldiers. Dating from the Armistice, it has lapsed more and more, until now it is practically extinct.

Now I regard this as serious. I have ever been a stickler for discipline, and consequently I dislike it when men pass by—not, like the Levite, on the other side—but close to me without so much as a click of the eyeballs.

So I decided that I as a disciplinarian would make a stand against it; I would keep my eyes open for any particularly flagrant case. When I found it I intended to let myself go. I promised myself an agreeable ten minutes—or longer, if I got properly worked up.

My chance came the other day. I was strolling down Regent Street when three N.C.O.'s, including a sergeant, passed me. They did not salute. I might have been a civilian for all the notice they took of me. Ha! my hour had come.

Turning, I hastened after them.

"Sergeant, a word."

They stopped and the Sergeant asked if I was speaking to him.

"Have you ever heard of the little word 'Sir,' Sergeant?" I asked severely.

"Evidently not. However I pass over that. But a moment ago you went by me without saluting. Deliberately—inexcusably. I was as close to you as I am now."

"But how——" began the Sergeant.

"Not a word," I cut him short. "Not a word. You know perfectly well that you have neglected your duty grossly. Now tell me. Is it your own idea to drop saluting, or has Mr. CHURCHILL had a word in your ear?" (Sarcasm is my strong point.)

"But look here——" said the Sergeant, rather red in the face.

"Do not interrupt," I thundered, warming to my work. "How, I ask, do you expect the ordinary soldier to salute when *you* slink past officers—you, who ought to be a shining example? Now I am going to report——"

Something in the Sergeant's eye, which seemed to be travelling over my person generally, made me suddenly glance down at myself, and it was then that, horror-struck, I realised that I was wearing for the first time my new ten-guinea suit.

As I faded away the Sergeant clicked his heels and saluted smartly.

The Struggle for Life.

"Lady will exchange clothing, self, little girl, for farm butter, eggs, jam."—*The Lady.*



Infuriated Italian (who has recently purchased a British Army horse). "FAIR WORDS DID I SPEAK HIM, SAYING, 'PEDRO, AVANTI PIANISSIMO,' AND—BEHOLD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Within The Rim (COLLINS) is, I suppose, the last of the posthumous volumes of Mr. HENRY JAMES. It is a short book, produced with the beauty that I have already grown to associate with the imprint of its publishers, and containing five occasional pieces. Of these the first, which gives its title to the whole, is the most considerable: an essay of very moving poignancy, telling the emotion of the writer during the earliest months of the War, in "the most beautiful English summer conceivable," months that he "was to spend so much of in looking over from the old rampart of a little high-perched Sussex town at the bright blue streak of the Channel . . . . and staring at the bright mystery beyond the rim of the farthest opaline reach." In the thoughts to which HENRY JAMES here gives expression one may find much of the love and sympathy for this country that subsequently led to that assumption of British citizenship which he intended as their demonstration to the world. Of interest also in this same paper is the revelation of a mind that knew already by a personal experience (of the American Civil War) "what immensities our affair would carry in its bosom—a knowledge that flattered me by its hint of immunity from illusion." I would not be understood that this is a volume for the casual reader, or even for one desirous of making a first acquaintance with the Master, since much of it exemplifies not only the beauty but the perplexities of his later style; but it is certainly one which his disciples will not willingly be without.

Notebooks of a Spinster Lady (CASSELL) is smallish talk about biggish wigs of the Victorian era, but not on that sole account to be condemned. Perhaps rather wholesome as showing how little distant we are from an age of government of the people by superior people for superior people. The notebooks cover the years 1878-1903, but the anecdotes have a much wider range, are often indeed of a venerable antiquity. The lady of the notebooks was not, I fancy, of a critical temper, and versions not too credible of well-known *contes* figure in her quiet kindly pages. There are moreover stories which I should not hesitate to describe as of an appalling banality if they were not concerned with such very nice people. On the whole I don't think it quite fair to the spinster lady to have published her notes. They may well have been painstaking jottings to provide material for polite conversation and have sounded much better than they read in cold print. For myself the real heroine of the book is *Maria*, the poet's wife, who, on being waked and adjured by her spouse to get up and strike a light for that he had just thought of a good word, replied in un-Victorian mood, "Get up yourself! I have just thought of a bad one."

Love—on Leave (PEARSON) is the sufficiently expressive title that Miss JESSIE POPE has chosen for a small book of little courtship tales. You never saw a volume of its size more packed with love, which is shown leaping walls, laughing at locksmiths and generally making the world go round in its proverbial fashion. The pace of the revolutions may be found a little disconcerting. You will perhaps be inclined to amend the title and call the collection "Love on *Short* Leave," to mark the regularity with which the respective heroes and heroines fall into each others' arms at the end of every dozen pages or so. As a matter of fact, the incident that is to my mind the best of the bunch is an

exception to this rule of oseulation—a happily imagined little comedy of a young wife who thought to avoid the visit of a tiresome sister-in-law by betaking herself for the night to the branches of a spreading beech. Whether in actual life this is a probable course of conduct need not exercise your mind; at least not enough to prevent your enjoyment of her arboreal adventure, which comes, as I say, with the more freshness as a break in what might else be a surfeit of proposals. In effect, a gallant little florin's worth of *fiançailles*; though, if you wish to avoid feeling like a matrimonial agency, you will be well-advised to take it by instalments rather than in bulk.

Among the pacific warriors in the great 1914-18 struggle there is probably none who did better work, often under conditions of the gravest peril, than Mr. G. M. TREVELYAN for the Red Cross in Italy. Disqualified both by age and health from joining the army of attack, he threw himself into the task—a labour of love—of tending the sick and wounded of that country which he knows so well and of whose greatest modern hero he is the classic biographer. That the eulogist of GARIBALDI should hasten to the succour of Italian soldiers was fitting, and how well he performed the task the records of the Villa Trenta Hospital, near Udine, and of the ambulance drivers under his command, abundantly tell. The story of this beneficent campaign and of much besides is told with too much modesty by Mr. TREVELYAN himself, in a book entitled *Scenes from Italy's War* (JACK), which gives a series of the vividest impressions of the Italian effort, and is remarkable for the best analysis that I have yet seen of the causes that led to the disaster of Caporetto. The pages in which Mr. TREVELYAN paints the portrait of a typical Italian soldier, home sick and perplexed, are likely to be borrowed by many more pretentious historians of the War for years to come.



Master. "BUT, JENKINS, THE NAME OF THE COMPLAINT IS NOT PEWMONIA. SURELY YOU 'VE HEARD ME AGAIN AND AGAIN SAY '*PNEUMONIA*'?"

Man. "WELL, SIR, I '*AVE*; BUT I DIDN'T LIKE TO CORRECT YOU."

Mr. JOHN HARGRAVE, the author and illustrator of *The Great War Brings It Home* (CONSTABLE) has already a wide reputation in the world of Scouts, gained not only by his enthusiasm but by his profound knowledge of scoutcraft. Here he tells us very plainly that the War has brought home to us the fact that, if we are to make good our losses in the ranks of the young and the fit, we have got to give our children a better chance of living healthy, wholesome lives. He urges the need of more outdoor education and as many open-air camps as possible, and shows that, if we are to carry out such a scheme as he lays in detail before us, scoutmasters and still more scoutmasters are wanted. With reason he complains that none of these good fellows is paid one halfpenny, and that nearly all of them are young men who have to get a living. "Offer them," he says, "a living wage and how gladly would they become national scoutmasters in charge of national camps." You may, if you are on the look-out for it, find much that will seem fantastic in Mr. HARGRAVE'S ideas; his appeal, however, is not to those of us who, even in a case of great national urgency, cannot get away from the tyranny of convention. Intrinsically his idea is sound, and I plead with all my heart for a fair consideration of his schemes and for help in their development.

Mr. REX BEACH is one of the few prolific writers whose stories increase in power as they increase in number, and this though they are essentially novels of action rather than novels of thought. Of his latest effort, *The Winds of Chance* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), one may say that there is not a tedious page in it. The scene is laid in Yukon, a very vortex of life and colour and excitement in fiction, whatever it may seem to the actual inhabitants. The true hero of the story, *Napoleon Doret*, the French voyageur, wins his heart's desire in the end and we breathe a sigh of relief. The other hero is left the accepted swain of the daughter of the Colonel of the North-West Mounted Police at Dawson, and this we find a little hard to swallow, seeing what shady, not to say immoral, company, male and female, he had just been basking in. He is a weak creature and certainly should have married the *Countess Courteau*, an Amazonian lady, who would have kept him in order. But that is to be fastidious. The story is crisp and vivid, and, anyway, those ancient prospectors, *Tom Linton* and *Jerry McQuirk*, are worth twice the money.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in commending to his readers two volumes of verse—*Rhymes of the Red Ensign* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by Miss C. FOX SMITH, and *The Poets in Picardy* (MURRAY), by Major E. DE STEIN—in which they will recognise many poems that have appeared in his pages.

How to Solve the Food Problem.

"Superior Working Housekeeper and young Maid for Ladies' College. No cooking; students sleep only."—*Church Times.*

Commercial Candour.

"The interesting announcement is made that a regular air service for perishable goods and passengers is to be established at Edinburgh."—*Scotsman.*

"The London season has begun with its usual extensive programme of religious services in various London churches."—*Scots Paper.*

The best comment that we have yet seen on this statement occurs in the following (also from a Scots paper):—

"The Commander-in-Chief has borne testimony on behalf of the Grand Fleet to the work that the Scittish Bishops have done for the Navy during the War."

CHARIVARIA.

A LIVERPOOL grocer was fined last week for overcharging for margarine, eggs, cheese, ham, bacon, cocoa, jam and suet. Any other nation, it is pointed out, would have had a man like that at the Peace Conference.

* * *

The strike of wives, as proposed by a weekly paper, did not materialise. The husbands' threat to employ blacklegs (alleged silk) appears to have proved effective.

* * *

A Reigate resident advertises in a daily newspaper for the recovery of a human jawbone. It is supposed that the owner lost it during a Tube rush.

* * *

"London from above," says a *Daily Mail* correspondent, "is gloriously, tenderly, wistfully beautiful." We rather gather that it is the lid of Carmelite House that gives it just that little note of wistfulness.

* * *

"How to Prepare Marble Beef" is the subject of a contemporary's "Hints to Young Housekeepers." We had always supposed that that sort of thing could be safely left to the butcher.

* * *

The demobilised members of a Herefordshire band have all grown too big for their uniforms. The contra-bombardon man, we understand, also complains that his instrument is too tight round the chest.

* * *

"The one unselfish friend of man is the dog," said Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, M.P. A less courageous man would certainly have mentioned the PRESIDENT of the United States.

* * *

A correspondent who signs himself "Selborne" writes to inform us that about 9 A.M. last Thursday he noticed a pair of labourers building within a stone's-throw of Catford Bridge.

* * *

A Hendon man has just completed sixty-two years in a church choir. Few choir-boys can boast of such a record.

* * *

One of the young recruits who joined the army last week in Dublin is seven feet two inches in height. It is satisfactory to note that he is on our side.

* * *

It is reported that seven cuckoos have been heard in different parts of the country during the past week. It is felt in some quarters that it may be just one cuckoo on a route march.

* * *

"Bacon Free Yesterday," says a headline. Somebody must have left the door open.

* * *

An American scientest claims to have discovered a harmless germ likely to defeat the "flu" microbe. It is said that some medical men have put up a purse and that the two germs are being matched to fight a ten round contest under National Sporting Club rules.

* * *

Those who have said that the unemployment donation makes for prolonged holiday have just been dealt a sorry blow. It appears that one North of England man in receipt of this pay has deliberately started work.

* * *

Plans for the housing of 12,000 Government clerks have just been passed. While 12,000 may suffice for a nucleus, we cannot help thinking that once again the Government isn't really trying.

* * *

A postman going his rounds at Kingston found a deserted baby on the lawn of a front garden. It speaks well for the honesty of postal servants that the child was at once given up.

We are pleased to announce with regard to the German waiter who, in 1913, gave a Scotsman a bad sixpence for change, that reassuring news has just reached Scotland that the fellow is still alive.

* * *

A morning paper states that a gentleman who had been at the War Office since August 1914 was given a big reception on his return home. The name of the Departmental Chief whom he had been waiting to see has not yet been disclosed.

* * *

A morning paper tells us that FRISCO of New York, who is alleged to have invented the Jazz, has declined an invitation to visit London. Coward!

* * *

By the way, they might have told us whether the offer to FRISCO came from London or New York. Meanwhile we draw our own conclusions.

* * *

With reference to the horse that recently refused at the third jump and ran back to the starting-post, we are asked to say that this only proves the value of backing horses both ways.

* * *

"No man," says a writer in a daily paper, "can sit down and see a girl standing in a crowded Tube train." This no doubt accounts for so many men closing their eyes whilst travelling.

* * *

Mr. DEVLIN, M.P., has communicated to the Press a scheme for solving the Irish problem. This is regarded by Irish politicians generally as a dangerous precedent.

* * *

A defendant in a County Court case heard in London last week stated in his evidence that two of his daughters were working and the other was a typist at the Peace Conference.



"HOW PLEASANT IT IS, MY DEAR HORACE, TO PLAY WITH ONE'S TOYS WITHOUT INCURRING THE RISK OF HAVING ONE'S ENJOYMENT MARRED BY THE TRAGIC DISCOVERY OF THEIR TEUTONIC ORIGIN!"

Commercial Candour.

From a placard in a shop-window:—
"Do you buy Tea, or do you buy *our* Tea?"

"Should a customer cut his hair and shave at the same time, the price will be one shilling."
Advt. in "Daily Gleaner" (Jamaica).
Not a bit too much for such ambidexterity.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

I THOUGHT the cruel wound was whole
  Which left my inside so dyspeptic;
That Time had salved this tortured soul,
  Time and Oblivion's antiseptic;
That thirty years (the period since
  You showed a preference for Another)
Had fairly schooled me not to wince
  At being treated like a brother.

When last I saw the shape I wooed
  In coils of adipose embedded,
Fondling its eldest offspring's brood
  (The image of the Thing you wedded),
I placed my hand upon the seat
  Of those affections you had riven
And gathered from its steady beat
  That your offence had been forgiven.

And now, to my surprise and pain,
  Long past the stage of convalescence,
The wound has broken out again
  With symptoms of pronounced putrescence;
And, from the spot where once was laid
  Your likeness treasured in a locket,
The trouble threatens to invade
  A tenderer place—my trousers pocket.

For AUSTEN (such is rumour's tale),
  Faced with a rude financial deadlock,
Is bent on mulcting every male
  Who shirks the privilege of wedlock;
With such a hurt Time cannot deal,
  And Lethe here affords no tonic;
Nothing but Death can hope to heal
  What looks as if it must be chronic.

And yet a solace soothes my brow,
  Making my air a shade less gloomy:—
Six shillings in the pound is now
  The figure out of which they do me;
But, were we man and wife to-day
  (So close the Treasury loves to link 'em),
A grievous super-tax they'd lay
  On our coagulated income.

I dare not even try to guess
  What is the charge for being single;
It may be more, it may be less
  Than if we twain had chanced to mingle;
But though with thrice as heavy a fist
  They fall on bachelors to bleed 'em
Yet, when I think of what I've missed,
  I'll gladly pay the cost of Freedom. O. S.

TEA-CUP TWADDLE.

BY THEODOSIA.

(*With acknowledgments to the kind of paper that wallows in this kind of thing.*)

FRINGE and tassels, tassels and fringe! That is the burden of what I have to say to you this time; for indeed and indeed this is to be a fringe-and-tassel season, and you must cover yourself all over with fringe and the rest of yourself with tassels, or else "to a nunnery go."

À propos, I popped into the dressing-room of the ever-delightful Miss Frillie Farrington at the Incandescent the other evening and had the joy of seeing her put on that sweet ickle frock she wears for the Jazz supper scene in *Oh My!* All the materials used are three yards of embroidered chiffon, six yards of tinsel fringe and six dozen tinsel tassels; and anything so completely swish and so immensely tra-la-la you simply never!

The Armistice Smile is quickly giving way to the Peace Face. For the Peace Face the eyes should look calmly straight before one, and the lips should be gently closed, but not set in a hard line. Everybody who is anybody is busy practising the Peace Face, as it is sure to be wanted some day.

Was in a big squeeze the other night coming out of the Opera and overheard Lady Mary Clarges remark to her pretty daughter, "What a crush!" Lady Mary has a big reputation for always saying the right thing.

I don't know whether to laugh or cry when I tell you that spotted stockings have been seen walking in the park! Oh, no, there wasn't anything spooky or *séancy* about it; the stockings weren't walking all alone by themselves; they were on the—that 's to say, they were worn by a very well-known woman, whose stockings are sure to give the lead to *multitudes* of other stockings!

Am told that the "Back from France" fancy-dress dance at Widelands House, in honour of Captain Lord Widelands, was a huge success. Winnie, Lady Widelands (grandmother of the hero of the night) was enormously admired as a boy-scout.

I hear that there 's been a great big noise at Middleshire Park. Lord Middleshire found that Lady M. had asked LENIN and TROTSKY to join her house-party at Easter. Lady Middleshire, who is one of the most beautiful and gifted of our young go-ahead hostesses, assured her husband that she meant no harm and had no Bolshie leanings, but simply wanted to be even with Lady Oldacres, who has secured the Eskimo Contortionists from the Palladrome for her Easter party.

I 've received *mountains* of letters asking about sucking the thumb, as introduced by dainty Miss Vanity Vaux in *Draw it mild, Daisy*. Only the *tip* of the thumb should be sucked; those of you who put the *whole* thumb into your mouths must not co nplain if you see smiles exchanged round you. Where the eyes are large and widely opened and the right cast of feature exists, the thumb may be sucked by girls up to forty-five.

Passed the beautiful young Countess of Southshire walking near Belgrave Square yesterday. As usual, she was *parfaitement mise*. Was sorry for *her* sake, but glad for my own, to hear her sneeze twice, for she is considered to have easily the most musical sneeze in London. Talk of sneezing, during the 'flu epidemic Madame Fallalerie has been giving a course of lessons, "How to sneeze prettily" (twenty guineas the course), and her reception-rooms in Bond Street have been simply packed.

Absolutely *everybody* seemed to be lunching at Kickshaw's yesterday! Lord and Lady Oldacres were at a table with some of their children, which reminds me of the fact that family parties are rather good form just now. It 's not at all unusual to see husbands and wives together, and children, both small and grown-up, are quite *often* with their parents.

MR. PUNCH'S "SPORPOT."

THE sum of £91 11*s.* 0*d.* generously collected by various schools in South Africa for the "Sporpot" (savings-box) fund, which was suggested in these pages by Mr. Punch's friend, the late Mr. BERTRAM SMITH of Beattock, has been distributed amongst the Belgian refugees who have spent four and a half years of exile at Beattock and have just left to return to their own country.



A SPRING DEFENSIVE.

JOHN BULL. "I DON'T SAY IT QUITE MEETS THE CASE, BUT (*cheerfully*) IT'S A SIZE LARGER THAN I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE."



Sandy (at Victoria Station). "GIE ME *THE PEEBLES HERALD*." *Attendant.* "WE DON'T KEEP IT."
Sandy. "THEN JUST GIE ME ONE O' YER LOCAL PAPERS."

MIXED BIOGRAPHY.

THE achievement of a certain paper in identifying the late Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL with Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL ("Æ"), the Irish poet, is likely to encourage imitation. The following first attempts have come under our notice:—

It is not generally known that the FOREIGN SECRETARY began life in a Sheffield steel factory. By unremitting toil he became Master Cutler, having first served an apprenticeship as Chief Secretary for Ireland. The inclusion of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR in the Coal Commission was particularly happy, and no one will grudge him his well-earned title of Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

Sir ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, better known as Mr. Justice HAWKINS, like his brother judge, Mr. Justice GILBERT PARKER, combines a profound knowledge of law with a fine literary gift. His well-known treatise on Habeas Corpus, entitled *The Prisoner of Zenda*, will be familiar to all students.

During the absence of the gallant Colonel JOHN WARD at the Front, we understand that Mrs. WARD has been seeing through the Press a new story, which is a return to the earlier manner of her *Robert Elsmere*.

Sir GEORGE ASKWITH, as he will still be remembered long after his elevation to the peerage, first struck the public imagination by his advice to the railwaymen, who, when they asked what would happen if they persisted in striking, received the answer, "Wait and see."

London is becoming herself again. Among well-known persons noticed about yesterday were Mr. MCKENNA, whose retirement from office presumably gives him more leisure for that sequel to *Sonia* for which we are all waiting; Mr. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS, Cricket Specialist of *The Star*; Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON, on his way to his work at the Ministry of Labour; and Sir HARRY JOHNSON, the famous African pugilist.

THE BETTER PART.

[It is suggested that one result of army life will be a boom in big-game hunting and visits to the world's most inaccessible spots.]

HE may be correct, the observer who says
Henceforth there 'll be many a rover
Ambitious to go, in American phrase,
To the edge of beyond and some over;
But I, for my part, harbour other designs;
My wanderlust 's wholly abated;
With travel on even luxurious lines
I 'm more than sufficiently sated.

Having roamed into Egypt, according to plan,
Along with my fellows (a merry Co.),
Having carried a pack from Beersheba to Dan
And footslogged from Gaza to Jericho,
I 'll not seek a fresh inaccessible spot
In order to slaughter a new brute;
To me inaccessible 's anywhere not
To be found on a regular tube route.

For barbarous jungles or desolate streams
I don't give a tuppenny damlet;
For, candidly, London revisited seems
A very endurable hamlet;
Though others may find her excitements too mild
And sigh for things gladder or madder,
I 'm fully resolved that the call of the wild
Shall find me as deaf as an adder.

"Trouser maker wanted; constant."
Jewish Chronicle.

A very desirable quality in a composer of continuations.

"STRANGE BIGAMY STORY.
MUNITIONER SAID TO HAVE POSED AS A WEALTHY MAN."
Evening News.

The strange thing, of course, is that he should have needed to pose.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SUPER-PATRIOT.

IF you happen to be standing upon the platform of Ealing Common station at about nine o'clock on a week-day morning you will see a poor shrunken figure with a hunted expression upon his face come creeping down the stairs. And as the train comes in he will slink into a carriage and hide himself behind his newspaper and great tears will come into his eyes as he reads the correspondence column and thinks of the days when his own letters used to be published over the signatures of "Volunteer," "Patriot," or "Special Constable of Two Years' Service." And this sorry figure is Mr. Coaster, whose patriotism proved his undoing.

Before he lived in Ealing he had a little cottage at Ramstairs, on the Kentish coast. Every morning he would travel up to the City, and every evening he would return to Ramstairs, not to the carpet slippers and the comforts of home, but to the brassard and the rigorous routine of the drill-hall.

And the little drill-hall was filled with the noise of war as the Men of Kent marched hither and thither, lashed by the caustic tongue of the Territorial sergeant, with all the enthusiasm of the early Saxons who flocked to HAROLD'S standard in order to repel the Danes.

For Mr. Coaster was as great a patriot as any of the old Saxons. In a burst of enthusiasm he joined the Special Constables; in an explosion of wrath, following the bombardment of Scarborough, he enlisted in the Kentish Fencibles, and in a wave of self-sacrifice he enrolled himself in the Old Veterans' Fire Brigade. And he had badges upon each lapel of his coat and several dotted all over his waistcoat.

He belonged to a noble company of patriots. All true Men of Kent who were past the fighting age joined one or other of these institutions, but luckily not more than one.

On a certain fatal night a general alarm was given. In due course a notification of it was conveyed to Ramstairs, and instantaneously the members of the Special Constabulary, the Kentish Fencibles and the Veterans' Fire Brigade were summoned from their beds. Then did Mr. Coaster realise his terrible position. Since he belonged to all three, to which of them should he now report? After some agonising moments of doubt he hung up his three types of headgear upon the hat-stand and, shutting his eyes, he twirled himself round twice and made a grab at them. His hand touched the helmet of the Veterans' Fire Brigade. Fate had decided. Seizing his fireman's axe he rushed off down the street.

The result of this was inevitable. He was dismissed with ignominy from the Special Constables and was condemned to death, with a recommendation to mercy, by a court-martial of the Kentish Fencibles. His old friends among the Men of Kent cut him dead; the tradesmen of his platoon refused to serve him. He had to leave Ramstairs and he retired to Ealing. The catastrophe ruined his health. But he still gets a little solace when, as he wipes the tears from his eyes after reading the correspondence column of his penny paper, he sees upon his waistcoat the crossed axes surmounted by a fire bucket, the emblem of the Veterans' Fire Brigade.



Aunt (guardian of little nephew who has run away). "EVERY COMFORT ALBERT 'AD—INCLUDIN' WHITE MICE IN 'IS BEDROOM."

Paradise Regained.

"Lady tired of her clothes wishes to sell them all very cheaply."—*Pioneer (Allahabad).*

A Stayer.

"In this race County Cricket was left at least eight lengths and yet managed to cover up ground and was only beaten by half a week, greatest surprise to all those who noticed it."
Bombay Chronicle.

We gather that it was only noticed by a few spectators who happened to be staying on over the week-end.

From a publisher's advertisement of Mr. CHESTERTON'S works:—

"A SHILLING FOR MY THOUGHTS,
Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net."

Is "G.K.C." also among the profiteers?

"Private Frank Edwards, Canadian Forces, a native of Berwick, has been presented to the King as the oldest soldier on active service with the B.E.F. He enlisted as a private in the 50's and went right away to fight in France."—*Edinbro' Evening News.*

We calculate that he is entitled to at least fifty-nine blue chevrons and one red.



BATTALION INSPECTION IN FRANCE.

Men are being demobilised faster than officers.

"CLEAR THE GALLERIES."

In response to the growth of dissatisfaction at the continued closing of certain picture galleries and museums, either wholly or in part, the Government has appointed a special commission to investigate the matter, under the presidency of Sir Tite Barnacle (fifth baronet). A report of the first session follows, during which the cases for the public and culture, and for the Government as against both, were fully stated.

The first witness was Lord Harcourt, who said that he had done all he could, both in the House of Lords and in the columns of *The Times*, where, he was glad to say, large type was given him, to bring the Government to its senses on this matter. So long as the War was on, he and his fellow-critics had refrained from interfering. But now that it was over they demanded that the museums and galleries should be cleared at once of flappers and typewriters and thrown open again to their rightful users, the public.

Sir Buffer Stayte, K.C.B., O.B.E., speaking for his own Government department, said that, although in a manner of speaking the War was over, it was also not over. There was a heritage of trouble which required endless attention, and the best place to attend to it was in the museums and galleries. Experience had taught them that buildings filled with works of art acquired by the nation, either by purchase or gift, for the nation, and held as a national trust, were the most suitable places in which a clerical staff could perform clerical duties.

Lord Harcourt begged to suggest that such a disregard of a national trust was a treachery.

Sir Buffer Stayte said that, although in ordinary times such might be the case, it was not so in war-time or while the Defence of the Realm Act was in force. Under Dora's sanction all black was white. Personally he had every belief in the efficiency of the staffs now employed in the various public galleries and museums. He had seen them arrive late and leave early—he meant arrive early and leave late—and could not sufficiently admire their willingness to put up with the dismal surroundings of pictures and curiosities.

Mr. Robert Witt, one of the Trustees of the National Gallery, said that it was inconceivable to him as a business man that even if so many clerks should still be required there was not a more reasonable place for them than Trafalgar Square.

Sir Thomas Tannin, K.B.E., speaking for his own Government department, said that it was evident that Mr. Witt did not fully realise the position. These were historic and abnormal times and abnormal measures were necessary. We thought in high numbers, and therefore high numbers of clerks were needed. Trafalgar Square was as conveniently central a spot as could be found; hence their presence there. It had also been pointed out by the chiefs of the Government Clerks' Tea Advisory Board that the facilities for obtaining more water for boiling were unusual on account of the proximity of the two great fountains. If anybody could suggest a better place for the accommodation of all these young ladies he would be glad to know of it. The only suggestion yet made had reference to buildings which, having been designed for office work, were obviously unsuitable. Another reason for keeping them on was their cost. Economy in one direction might lead to economy in another, and the whole fabric of the new bureaucracy would be threatened. It was therefore useless to hope for any early change.

Sir Sidney Lee pointed out that, owing to the occupation of a large part of the National Gallery, all the National Portrait Gallery, all the Tate Gallery, and all Hertford House, where the Wallace Collection is, by Government clerks, these national institutions were not open to our soldiers from the Dominions and the provinces, who might never again have the opportunity of refreshing their eyes by gazing upon some of our most beautiful possessions. In their interest alone he pleaded for the rapid conversion of the buildings to their proper ends.

Sir Yutely Taryan, K.C.V.O., speaking for his own Government Department, said that in his opinion a great deal of

nonsense was talked about art, both its educational value and its power of giving pleasure. Speaking for himself, even in normal times, he would rather see a picture gallery given up to living clerks than to dead canvases. If he had his way there should be no pictures but those that stimulated people to greater activity. He had, for example, never seen any beauty in Whistler's portrait of his (Whistler's) mother until it was reproduced as a War-savings poster, with words scrawled across it. A few of the placards which American business men pinned up in their offices, such as, "To Hell with Yesterday," were better than all the Old Masters.

Continuing, Sir Yutely said that he could not permit himself to accept the view that any privation was being suffered by our brave lads from overseas. From conversations that he had had with some of them he found that the only pictures that they knew anything of or cared about were those in the cinemas. From his own recollections of his only visit to the National Gallery some years ago he should say that these noble fellows were better outside that place than in. One painting that he saw there was so scandalous in its nudity that he blushed even now when he thought of it. Better far that our defenders from the Dominions should continue to walk up and down the Strand.

On the motion of the Chairman, who said that he thought the case for the Government and the continued closing of the galleries and museums had been adequately made out, the Commission adjourned *sine die*, and Lord Harcourt, Sir Sidney Lee and Mr. Witt were left sharpening their pens.

THE ARMY ORACLE.

I cannot conceal from myself that I am a great acquisition to the Army of Occupation. My knowledge of the language being far and away superior to that of any other British officer for miles around, I am looked upon by the natives as a sort of high military authority in whom they may have the privilege and the pleasure of confiding all their troubles. According to the intensity of their various desires I am addressed *crescendo* as "Herr Ober-Leutenant," or "Herr Hauptmann," or "Herr Majeur," or "Herr Commandant." They always approach me in a becomingly servile attitude—cap or hat in hand—and await with obvious tension my weighty pronouncements. They hide round corners and wait behind doors or down narrow passages until I come past, and then they spring out on me.



Manager of Coliseum (Ancient Rome). "Your Imperial Majesty, I regret that, owing to the sudden indisposition of Bibulus Tertius, his combat with the two Nubian forest-bred lions is unavoidably postponed. With your Majesty's kind permission the turn will be taken by the well-known Bucolicus Calvus, who will give a few of his wonderful farmyard imitations."

"What about the coal we are burning? The electric light we are using? Who is going to pay?" "So-and-so's charlady, who was out obliging another lady, had a breadknife pinched while she was away from home. Was it one of my *Soldaten*, perhaps? Did I know anything about it, and if so, would I punish the evildoer and restore the implement?"

The village expert in calf-delivery wants to know whether, in the case of the happy event taking place after 9 P.M. (which it usually does), I would give him permission to leave his home after closing hours, so that he might assist at the function.

The local yokels of this spot and its neighbouring villages want to resume their bi-weekly choral society meetings but cannot reach the rendezvous until 8.45 P.M., which leaves them just a quarter-of-an-hour to have their practice and to take cover for the night. "Would the high-well-born be so fearfully gracious as to allow them to continue until 10 P.M.?"

To be suddenly taken unawares and to have such conundrums volleyed at you in a strange tongue is apt to be rather exhausting. However I have a reputation to live up to and must be as frightful as possible. I find the best thing to do is to refer them to the nearest notice-board, which reads:—

HALT!
VORSICHT!
ALLES VERBOTEN!!!

THE MUD LARKS.

The Visiting Brigadier cracked a walnut and glanced towards the General. "I wonder if you remember a French interpreter by the name of de Blavincourt, Sir? He was with you once, I believe."

The A.P.M. across the way paused in the act of tapping a cigarette on his case. "Little gunner man, wore red plush bags and a blue velvet hat? Yes, up in the salient in '17."

The General puffed three perfect smoke rings towards the chandelier (an accomplishment he had acquired thirty-five years previously at the "Shop" and was still proud of) and smiled. "De Blavincourt? why, yes, I remember him. He knew more about cooking than all the *chefs* in Europe and taught my poisoner to make rations taste like food. Of course I remember him. Why?"

"Because he came my way just at the end of the War and had rather a curious adventure," said the Brigadier, stirring his coffee. "I thought you might be interested."

"I am," the General replied. "What happened?"

The Brigadier cleared his throat. "We were in front of Tournai at the time, scrapping our way from house to house through Faubourg de Lille, the city's western suburb. My Brigade Major stumped into H.Q. one afternoon looking pretty grim. 'We'd best move out of here, Sir,' said he, 'before we're wafted.'

"'What's the matter now?' I asked.

"'That unutterable little fool de Blavincourt has walked into Germany with a large scale-map in his hand, showing every H.Q. mess and billet.' He tapped a despatch from the forward battalion.

"De Blavincourt, it appeared, had been at work all the morning evacuating unfortunate civilians from the cellars. At noon or thereabouts he sidled along the wall, past a Lewis gun detachment that was holding the street. The corporal shouted a warning, but de Blavincourt sidled on, saying that he was only going to the first house round the corner to rescue some old women he heard were in it. And that was the last of him. Seeing that the Bosch opened fire from the said house seven minutes later his fate was obvious.

"It was also obvious what our fate would be if we continued in those marked billets, so we moved out, bag and baggage, into a sunken road near by and spent the night there in the rain and muck, and were most uncomfortable. What puzzled us rather was that the Hun did not shell our old billets that night—that is, nothing out of the ordinary. 'But that's only his cunning,' we consoled ourselves; 'he knows we know he knows, and he's trying to lure us back. Ah, no, old friend.'

"So we camped miserably on in that sunken sewer. He dropped a lucky one through a barn the same afternoon and lobbed a few wides over during the next night, but again nothing out of the ordinary.

"We were more and more puzzled. Then, just about breakfast-time on the second morning, in walks de Blavincourt himself, green as to the complexion and wounded in the arm, but otherwise intact. I leapt upon him, snarling, 'Where's that map?'

"'I got 'im, Sir,' he gulped, 'safe' (gulp).

"This was his story. He had remembered the corporal shouting something, but so intent on his work was he that he hardly noticed the warning until suddenly, to his horror, he perceived a party of Huns creeping out of a passage *behind him*. He was cut off! They had not seen him for the moment, so quick as thought he slipped into the nearest house, turned into a front room—a sort of parlour place—and crouched there, wondering what to do.

"He was not left wondering long, for the Bosches followed him into that very house. There was a small table in one corner covered with a large cloth. Under this de Blavincourt dived, and not a second too soon, for the Bosches—seven of them—followed him into that very room and, setting up their machine gun at the window, commenced to pop off down the street. Charming state of affairs for little de Blavincourt—alone and unarmed in a room full of bristling Huns with that fatal map in his possession.

"Sweating all over he eased the map out of his pocket and slowly and silently commenced to eat it.

"You know what those things are like. A yard square of tough paper backed by indestructible calico—one might as well try to devour a child's rag book.

"Anyhow that's what de Blavincourt did. He ate it, and it took him forty hours to do the trick. For forty hours day and night he squatted under that table, with the Huns sitting upon and around it, and gnawed away at that square yard of calico.

"Just before the dawn of the third day he gulped the last corner down and peeped out under the tablecloth. The Bosch on guard was oiling the lock of the machine-gun. Two more he could hear in the kitchen clattering pots about. The remaining four were asleep, grotesquely sprawled over sofas and chairs.

"De Blavincourt determined to chance it. He could not stop under the table for ever, and even at the worst that map, that precious map, was out of harm's way. He crept stealthily from his hiding-place, dealt the kneeling Bosch a terrific kick in the small of the back, dived headlong out of the window and galloped down the street towards our Lewis gunners, squealing, *'Friend! Ros'bif! Not 'arf!'*—which, in spite of his three years of interpreting, was all the English he could muster at the moment. The Huns emptied their automatics after him, but only one bullet found the target, and that an outer.

"'I weesh it vos t'rough my 'eart,' he told me later, tears rolling down his cheeks. 'Vot more use to me my life, hein? My stomach she is for ever ruin.'"

The General laughed. "Stout fellow for a' that."

"I grant you," said the Brigadier, "but a fellow should be stout along accepted lines. 'To Lieutenant Felix Marcel, Comte de Blavincourt, the Military Cross for eating his map.' No, Sir, it can't be done."

The Horse-master, who was helping himself to old tawny, nodded vigorously and muttered "No, by Jove, it can't."

"You speak with feeling, Coper," remarked the General.

"I do, Sir. I sat up the best part of three nights last March trying to write for official consumption the story of a fellow who seemed to me to qualify for the 'Stout' class. It was a wash-out, though; too absurd."

"Well, give the port a fair wind and let's have the absurdity now," said the General.

The Horse-master bowed to the command.

"I was with the Fifth Army last year when the wave swept us. We were fairly swamped for the moment and all nohow. One evening, retreating on my own line, I came upon some little village—can't remember the name just now, but you know the sort of thing—typical Somme hamlet, a smear of brick-dust with a big notice-board on top, saying, 'This is Le Sars,' or 'Pozières,' or whatever its name was. Anyway, in this village I found a Divisional H.Q., four Brigade H.Q.'s, and oddities of all sorts sitting one on top of t'other waiting for the next thing to happen. The next thing was a single wounded lancer who happened in about four in the morning with the glad tidings that Bosch tanks were advancing on us. Questioned further he admitted that he had only actually



STRIKE NERVES.

SHOCKING EXPERIENCE IN OXFORD STREET OF JAMES SIMPKINS, ESQ., A LARGE EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

seen one and that in the dark. But it was the great-grandfather of all tanks, according to the chap; it stood twenty foot high; it 'roared and rumbled' in its career, and it careered by steam.

"It wasn't any manner of use assuring him that there wasn't a steam tank on anybody's front. He said there was, and we couldn't move him.

"'I saw steam coming from it in clouds,' he mumbled, 'and sparks and smoke.' Then he crumpled slowly on the floor, fast asleep.

"The Divisional General was properly mystified.

"'If only I had a single field-gun or even some gelignite,' he groaned; then turning to me, 'I must get the strength of this; it may be some new frightfulness the Hun is springing. You're an old horse-soldier, I believe? Well, jump on your gee and go scout the thing, will you?'

"I scratched together a rag and bobtail patrol of grooms and pushed off just before daybreak. Our people had the edge of the village manned with every rifle they could collect. A subaltern lying ear to earth hailed me as I passed. 'It's coming,' he called.

"A quarter of a mile further on I could hear the roaring and rumbling myself without lying on the road.

"Light was breaking fast, but there were wisps and shreds of fog blowing about which made observation exceedingly difficult. Still, observation I was out to get, so, spreading my bobbery pack, I worked closer and closer. Suddenly one of my patrol shrilled, 'There y'are, Sir!' and I saw a monstrous shape loom for a moment through a thinning of mist, and rock onwards into obscurity again.

"'It's an armoured car. I seed wheels under it,' gasped one groom. 'More like a blasted Dreadnought,' grunted another. 'Cheer-o, chaps, the 'Un fleet 'as come out.' But nobody laughed or felt like laughing; this mysterious monster, thundering westward wrapped in its barrage of fog, was getting on our nerves."

The Horse-master paused and carefully removed the long ash from his cigar.

"Then the mists rolled up and revealed what I at first took to be a walking R.E. dump, but secondly discovered to be a common ordinary domestic British steam-roller with 'Lincoln Urban District Council' in dirty white lettering upon its fuel box, a mountain of duck-boards stacked on the cab roof, railway sleepers, riveting stakes and odds and ends of lumber tied on all over it. As I rode up an elderly head, grimy and perspiring, was thrust between a couple of duck-boards and nodded pleasantly to me. ''Ello,' it said, 'seen anythin' o' the lads?'

"I was too dumbfounded to say anything excepting that the lads were in the next village waiting for him.

"'Ah 'm right glad o' that,' said he; 'been feeling a bit lonesome-like these last two days;' adding, in case I might not appreciate the situation, 'These yer Germans 'ave been after me, you know, Sir.'

"I replied that my only wonder was that they had not captured him long since.

"'Very nearly did once or twice,' he admitted, and wagged his elderly head; 'but t'owd lass is a great one to travel when she's sweet, an' ah 've 'ad a lot o' luck pickin' oop these bits o' firin' along the road;' and he jammed a bunch of riveting stakes into the furnace.

"'Oh, ah reckon we're just keepin' ahead of 'em. Well, best be gettin' along now, s'pose. Good day to you, Sir.'

"He wrenched at a lever and 't'owd lass' rumbled off down the highway towards Albert, rearguard of His Britannic Majesty's Armies in the Field."

Patlander.



He (new to the Jazz and eager to learn). "WHICH STEP IS THIS?"

MISTRESS AND MAID.

(*New Style.*)

MY wife burst into the room, her face aglow with the joy of success.

"Oh, George, isn't it simply splendid?"

"Absolutely top-hole, I am sure, my dear; but supposing you let me know what it's all about?"

"How silly I am," she murmured as she sank into a chair. "I quite forgot I had not seen you all day, and it happened just after you left for the office. You had not been gone five minutes when Jane came up and gave notice. I determined to be firm and told her she could go when she liked, and then I marched straight off to Mrs. Smith's Registry Office. I found the dear old thing just as amiable and ready to please as ever, but she told me I must not mind if the methods of her establishment were a bit changed. In the old days, you know, we used to sit in a small room and interview the servants she wanted places for. But now the position is reversed, and the servants interview you and ask you questions. I was told to go in and see a nice-looking girl. She was not a bit shy and, after asking me to take a chair, began to put questions—our income? your profession? what other servants we kept? wages? margarine or butter in the kitchen? etc.

"She seemed quite satisfied with everything until we came to the matter of her afternoons out. I said that two a week and every other Sunday was my usual custom, and that I hoped this would prove agreeable. She snapped me up at once and said she must have at least four, as well as the whole of every other Sunday.

"My heart sank, because I did not see how we could possibly give her all that, so I just said how sorry I was and got up to go—in fact I was half-way to the door—when she called me back and said, 'I like your face, and perhaps for the present two afternoons and the Sunday will be enough. If you will wait a minute I will have another talk to Mrs. Smith about you,' and off she went.

"It seemed ages before anyone came, and then old Mrs. Smith walked in, saying, 'I'm glad to tell you, Madam, that you have been approved of.'

"Isn't it too glorious, George? You and I have been approved of. We have got a situation."

"OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN——"

WHEN, moved a few brief seasons back,
To brave the battle's brunt,
On Britain's shores I turned my pack
And "somewhere" found a Front;

Said I, as in my tympanum
I heard the cannon's roar,
"'Twill be a wonder if I come
Impervious through the War."

Yet bomb, shell, bullet and grenade
Made no great hit with me;
And now I'm—well, I've just been paid
My war gratuity.

But at the sight of civil life,
If "life" it can be called,
With all its agonising strife,
I simply stand appalled.

And "Oh!" in utter fear I cry,
"How horrors never cease;
'Twill be a miracle if I
Ever survive the Peace."



THE PERIL WITHOUT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 24th.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY sought from the Government a clear statement of policy regarding the repatriation of enemy aliens, and incidentally paid a high tribute to the British Press, which, we were glad to hear, contains "nobody who desires to fabricate baseless statements."

He was supported by Lord LAMBOURNE, who as a member of the Advisory Committee knows all about aliens, and declared that "Repatriate them all" was a foolish cry, if it meant that we were expected to present Germany with the British wives and children of the dear deported.

Lord JERSEY, for the Government, desired to treat even Germans justly, but could not see why anyone should wish in these times to increase our alien population. His speech did not please a batch of noble sentimentalists, drawn from both sides, but seemed to give great satisfaction to Lord LINCOLNSHIRE, who quoted with approval the brave words on the subject uttered by the LORD CHANCELLOR at the General Election, before his style had been mollified by the Woolsack.

In the Commons Mr. BONAR LAW regretfully explained that it was impossible for the Government to do anything to reduce the high prices now being charged for furniture in the East End. His own experience as a Cabinet-maker has been entirely confined to the West End.

Nor could the Government take any direct steps to ameliorate the overcrowding on the Underground railways. But, as it was stated that large quantities of leather are still being purchased on Government account, there are hopes that more accommodation for strap-hangers may shortly be available.

Tuesday, March 25th.—The Lords spent three hours of almost unrelieved gloom in discussing the financial condition of the country. On that old problem of the economists, "What is a pound?" Lord D'ABERNON delivered an erudite discourse, from which I gathered that it was at present about ten shillings and still shrinking. The only comfort is that at that rate the National Debt has already been halved.

Lord MILNER made a fairly cheerful speech in the circumstances; but I hope that potential strikers will not take too literally his observation that the one thing most needed at the present moment was "economy of national energy."

Mr. CHURCHILL came down heavily upon Sir DONALD MACLEAN'S attempt to delay the adoption of compulsion in the new Military Service Bill. When rather more than half of Europe was seething with unrest, which might require military intervention, it would be fatal to let our army disappear; yet the right hon. gentleman seemed to think that everyone ought to be disarmed except LENIN and TROTSKY.

For the first time since 1914 private Members had an evening to themselves.



THE BONAR LAW ORACLE WILL SPEAK ON FISCAL POLICY "AS SOON AS THE TIME IS RIPE."

They utilised it in endeavouring to obtain from the Government a direct statement of its future fiscal policy. On Imperial Preference Mr. BONAR LAW was quite explicit; the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was already considering how to incorporate it in the next Budget. As to the Government's fiscal policy generally it had already been outlined in the PRIME MINISTER'S letter to himself, and would be definitely declared as soon as the time was ripe—a cautious statement which, as was perhaps intended, left Free Traders and Protectionists still guessing.

Wednesday, March 26th.—After Lord DESBOROUGH'S vivacious attack upon the Cippenham Motor Depôt, it is doubtful whether anyone could have enabled the Government to wriggle out of the demand for an independent inquiry. At any rate Lord INVERFORTH was insufficiently agile. The innumerable type-written sheets which he read out laboriously may have contained a complete reply to Lord DESBOROUGH'S main allegations, even if they included no refutation of the stories of the bricks imported by the hundred thousand into a district containing some of the best brick-earth in the country, or of the four pounds a week paid for the services of a railway pensioner aged ninety-two. But as hardly anyone could hear the recital it created little impression.

The Ministry are evidently unwilling to stake their political lives on Mr. CHURCHILL'S approval of the project, for Mr. BONAR LAW announced that the Government Whips would not be put on for the forthcoming division on the subject.

Mr. G. ROBERTS furnished an interesting analysis of the nine shillings now charged for a bottle of whisky. Three-and-sixpence represents the cost of the spirit plus pre-war taxation. The other five-and-sixpence is made up of interest to manufacturers, insurance and rent; increased price of bottles and corks; margins of profit to blenders and bottlers, merchants and other traders; and increase of taxation. By some oversight nothing appears to have been charged for the extra water, but no doubt this will be remedied in the next Budget.

Thursday, March 27th.—To those who remember the debates on the Parliament Act, *circa* 1911, it was amusing to hear Lords CREWE and BUCKMASTER complaining of the unceremonious manner in which the Lords' amendments to the Rents Bill had been treated in "another place;" and being entreated not to pick a quarrel with the Commons by those ancient champions of the Upper Chamber, Lord CURZON and the LORD CHANCELLOR.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announced the names of the Royal Commissioners who are to consider how the income-tax can be improved. Several Members complained that there is only one woman among them, and that, pending their report (expected some time next year), the glaring anomaly by which husband and wife are regarded for taxable purposes as a single entity is apparently to be continued. The idea of presenting Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with a box for *The Purse Strings*, in the hope that it would con-

vert him, has unfortunately been frustrated by the withdrawal of the play.

Mr. BONAR LAW's determination to leave the Cippenham question to the free judgment of the House led (as possibly he anticipated) to its expressing no judgment at all. Sir DONALD MACLEAN and others served up a rather insipid *réchauffé* of Lord DESBOROUGH's indictment, and Mr. CHURCHILL repeated Lord INVERFORTH's defence, but put a little more ginger into it. Incidentally he mentioned that a prolonged search for the nonagenarian pensioner had produced nobody more venerable than a comparative youngster of sixty-five. Deprived of this prop the Opposition felt unequal to walking through the Lobbies.

THE FAIRIES' FLITTING.

THERE's a family of fairies lives inside
our pigeon-cot,
Down the garden, near the great big
sumach-tree,
Where the grass has grown across the
path and dead leaves lie and rot
And no one hardly ever goes but me;
Yes, it 's just the place for fairies, and
they told the pigeons so;
They begged to be allowed to move
in soon;
It 's a most tremendous honour, as of
course the pigeons know;
It was all arranged this very afternoon.

There 's a family of fairies lives inside
our pigeon-cot—
Oh, the bustle and the sweeping
there has been!
For the pigeons didn't scrub their
house (I think they all forgot),
And the fairies like their home so
scrup'lous clean;
There are fairy dusters hanging from
the sumach as you pass;
Tiny drops are dripping still from
overhead;
Broken fairy-brooms are lying near the
fir-tree on the grass,
Though the fairies went an hour ago
to bed.

There 's a family of fairies lives inside
our pigeon-cot,
And there 's cooings round about our
chimney-stack,
For the pigeons are all sitting there
and talking such a lot
And there 's nothing Gard'ner does
will drive them back;
"Why, they 'll choke up those roof-gutters if they start this nesting fuss;
They 've *got* a house," he says, "so
I don't see——"
No, *he* doesn't know the secret, and
there 's no one does but—*us*,
All the pigeons, and the fairy-folk
and ME!

WHAT EVERY MINISTER SHOULD KNOW.

The Times is much concerned with the chaotic condition of the Air Ministry and the strange designs with which the political heads of the Department are credited. "These suspicions we believe to be without any real foundation, but they are active, though Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and General SEELY may be wholly unconscious of them. We believe they are, and if they are the sooner they are told what is said about their intentions the better."

So *The Times* proceeds to describe these nefarious if nebulous designs and appeals to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in particular, "if he has no such intentions, to disclaim them publicly and in a way which will leave no breeding-ground for future rumours."



ENFIN SEULS!

The Times has done a great service by its splendid candour, but it has only gone about one-fortieth part of the way. There are still, we believe, some eighty Ministers, and *all* without exception ought to know what is being said about them, to enable them to confirm or disavow these disquieting speculations. The papers simply teem with secret histories of the week, diaries of omniscient pundits and so forth, in which these rumours multiply to an extent that staggers the plain person.

Take the PREMIER to begin with. Is it really true that he has decided, as the brain of the Empire can only be located in Printing House Square, to resign office and become home editor of *The Times*, leaving foreign policy to be controlled by Mr. WICKHAM STEED? Is it true that he meditates appointing Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN Minister of Fine Arts? Is it true that he flies every day from Paris to Mentone, to receive instructions from a Mysterious Nobleman who is shortly to be raised to ducal honours? Is it true that until quite recently he had never heard of JOAN OF ARC and thought that VICTOR HUGO was a Roman emperor?

Then there is Mr. BONAR LAW. He surely ought to know that it is said by *The Job* and *The Morning Ghost* that he informed Mr. SMILLIE, during one of their recent conversations, that he hoped, in the event of a general strike, to be allowed to get away to the small island in the South Pacific which he has purchased as a refuge in case of such a contingency. Probably such an idea never entered his head. But this is what he is supposed to be planning. Let him therefore disclaim the intention promptly and publicly.

Grievous mischief again is being done by the persistent rumours current about the intention of the LORD CHANCELLOR to take Orders with the view of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury at the earliest possible opportunity. There may be absolutely nothing in it. Mr. HAROLD SMITH scouts the notion as absurd. But very great men do not always confide in brothers. NAPOLEON, as we know, thought poorly of his.

Lastly, is it true that, although Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is still *nominally* Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is really a prisoner in the Tower, conveyed under guard to and from the House, and that the reprieve of the sentence of capital punishment passed on him by *The Daily Mail* may expire—and he with it—at any moment?

These are only a few of the things which are said about them that Ministers ought to know—if they don't know them already. And if they do, and basely pretend not to, we feel that we have done a truly patriotic service in rendering it impossible for them to avoid enlightening the public. It is always well to know the worst, even about politicians.

Wanted, a Hebe.

"Tablemaid (thoroughly experienced) required middle of March; god wages."
Scots Paper.

"'Eh, what?' queried Lawrence in astonishment. 'What are you doing here, my dear? Are you French?'
'Je suis Belgique, M'sieu,' replied the girl, whose knowledge of English seemed limited."
Weekly Paper.

But not so limited as her knowledge of French, we hope.

"ST. IVES, CORNWALL.—Artists visiting this town will find their requirements in Artists' Materials well catered for. All manufacturers' colours stocked. Canvases sketched at shortest possible notice. ——, Artists' Colourman."
The Studio.

Surely there are no "ghosts" in "the Cornish School!"



Jock. "Och, it's wonderfu'. The mannie maneepulates the black an' white notes wi' equal faceelity."

AT THE OPERA.

In these dull days of reaction, when, in the intervals of jazzing, we have nothing to satisfy the spiritual void left by the War except the possibility of an industrial cataclysm at home and the triumph of Bolshevism abroad, we owe a large debt of gratitude to Sir Thomas Beecham for his efforts to revive the Town. And the Town is at last appreciating at their full worth his services both to the cause of popular education in music and to the encouragement of native talent.

It was perhaps a little unfortunate that *Aïda* should have been given on the night of the Guards' march through London, for the parade of the Pharaoh's scratch soldiery suffered badly by comparison. The priesthood of Isis, too, furnished more humour than could, I think, have been designed, and I doubt if even Mr. Weedon Grossmith could have given us anything funnier than the spectacle presented by the Egyptian monarch when making his announcement of an Ethiopian raid. Nor shall I easily forget the figure of the King of Ethiopia, with a head of hair like a Zulu's, and swathed in a tiger-skin. I should myself have chosen the hide of a leopard, for the leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, and when you get the two together you have an extraordinarily durable combination.

It would be false flattery to say that Miss Rosina Buckman quite looked the part of *Aïda*, or Miss Edna Thornton that of *Amneris*, but they both sang finely, and the orchestra did great work under Mr. Eugene Goossens, Sen.

In *Louise*, again, it was the orchestra, cleverly steered by Sir Thomas Beecham through the difficult score for the choruses, that sustained us through the banalities of an opera which has only one dramatic moment—when her father hastens the eviction of *Louise* by throwing a chair at her, very well aimed by Mr. Robert Radford, who only just missed his mark. I suppose it is hopeless to expect that the makers of "Grand" Opera (whose sense of humour is seldom their strong point) will consent to allow the trivialities of ordinary speech in everyday life ("How do you do?" "Thank you, I am not feeling my best," and so on) to be said—if they *must* find expression of some sort—and not sung.

By way of contrast to the modern realism which makes so unlikely a material for serious opera, the fantastic irresponsibility of *The Magic Flute* came as a great relief. Its simpler music, serenely sampling the whole gamut of emotions, grave to gay, offered equal chances (all taken) to the pure love-singing of Miss Agnes Nicholls as *Pamina*, and Mr. Maurice D'Oisly as *Tamino*, the light-hearted frivolity of *Papageno* (Mr. Ranalow), and the solemn pontifics (*de profundissimis*) of Mr. Foster Richardson's *Sarastro*. A most delightful and refreshing performance.

O. S.

JAZZ—TWO VIEWS.

Terpsichore, tired of the "trot,"
And letting the waltz go to pot,
In the glorious Jazz
Most undoubtedly has
Discovered the pick of the lot.

There was an exuberant "coon"
Who invented a horrible tune
For a horrible dance
Which suggested the prance
Of a half-epileptic baboon.

"The Prime Minister threw aside precedent to such an extent that he got out of his depth and went on his knees when we were on the rocks."—*Letter in "The Globe."*

When we get out of our depth we never think of kneeling on the bottom.

AT THE PLAY.

"VICTORY."

MR. MACDONALD HASTINGS has invented, and committed, yet another new sin—that of attempting to do a CONRAD novel into a three-act play. Fifteen, possibly; but three? We hardly think. What every Conradist knows is that you can't compress that master of subtlety without losing the master's dominant quality—atmosphere; that it 's not so much the things he says but the queer way and the odd order in which he says them that matter. He is not precisely a filmable person.

And yet, all things considered, the potter has produced a tolerable pot, and we may write down his fault of extreme foolhardiness as venial. What, however, Mr. CONRAD himself thought of the rehearsals, if he attended them—but perhaps we need not go into that.

It is easy to see the attraction, for the players, of the series of star parts provided by the exciting story. You have first the eccentric, misjudged Swede, *Heyst* (the adapter makes him an Englishman, perhaps wisely, as our stage takes no account of Swedes), come from self-banishment on a far Pacific island—a complex Conradian personality. Then his arch-enemy, *Schomberg*, lieutenant of reserve, shady hotel-keeper, sensualist and craven, with his insane malice. To these enter as pretty a company of miscreants as ever sailed the Southern seas: the sinister *Jones*, misogynist to the point of fine frenzy, nonconformist in the matter of card-playing, and thereafter frank bandit with a high ethic as to the superiority of plain robbery under arms over mere vulgar swindling—a gentleman with a code, in fact; his strictly incomparable "secretary," *Ricardo* of the rolling eyes and gait and deathly treacherous knife, philogynist *sans phrase;* and *Pedro*, their groom, a reincarnated *Caliban*. It may also be noted that *Heyst* has a freak servant, the disappearing *Wang*, whom the adapter uses, I suppose legitimately, as a kind of clown. And then, finally, there is a charming and unusual heroine, *Lena*, still in her teens, but of real flesh and blood, innocent and persecuted, daughter of a drunken fiddler (deceased), herself fiddling in a tenth-rate orchestra at *Schomberg's* hotel, wherein it is not intended that the music shall be the chief attraction to the guests.

Heyst is Perseus to *Lena's* Andromeda, carrying her off to his island out of lust's way. But dragon *Schomberg* has a sting left in his malicious tale, told to the unlikely trio of scoundrels, to the effect that *Heyst* has ill-gotten treasure hoarded on his island. Dragon *Ricardo* persuades his chief to the adventure of attaching it. A fine brew of passion and action forsooth: *Lena* passionately adoring; the aloof *Heyst* passing suddenly from indifference to ardour; the bestial *Ricardo* in pursuit of his startled quarry; and gentleman *Jones* intent on non-existent booty and rapt out of himself by cynical fury at the discovery of an unsuspected woman in the case. And while Mr. CONRAD in his novel drives all these to a relentless doom Mr. HASTINGS contrives a happy ending, which goes perilously near an anti-climax, with the hero on his knees and the heroine pointing up to heaven and claiming a "victory" quite other than their creator intended. But then he knew perfectly well that nobody wants to come to see Miss MARIE LÖHR killed.



THE LAGGARD LOVER.

Lena (Miss MARIE LÖHR) *to Heyst* (Mr. MURRAY CARRINGTON). "OH YES, YOU SMILE ALL RIGHT; BUT ONE MAY SMILE AND SMILE AND YET GET NO FORRARDER."

On the whole I can't think the cast was up to its extremely difficult task, if you estimate that task, as it seems to me you must, to be the reproducing of the original *Victory* characters. Perhaps Mr. SAM LIVESEY'S *Ricardo* was the nearest, though the primitive savagery of his wooing had to be toned down in the interests of propriety. Mr. GAYER MACKAY made his *Jones* interesting and plausible in the quieter opening movements. In the intended tragic spasms one felt that he became rather comic than sinister. Not his fault, I think. He had no room or time to work up his part. That should also apply to Mr. GARRY'S *Schomberg*, though he doesn't seem to have tried to fit himself into the skin of that entertaining villain. Mr. MURRAY CARRINGTON had an exceedingly tough task with his *Heyst*. But was he even as detached and eccentric as the average modern don? Certainly he was not the man of mystery of the original pattern, but rather the amiable comely film-hero.

Miss LÖHR had her interesting moments, the best of them, perhaps, in the First Act. In her big scene, where the knife is to be won from *Ricardo*, she was no doubt hampered by the tradition that it is necessary to play down to the carefully cultivated imbecility of the audience in order that they should not misunderstand the most obvious points. It 's not flattering to us, but it can't be helped. Probably we deserve it. But need she have been quite so refined? Only very occasionally does she remember that *Lena* is fine matter in a "common" mould, which is surely of the essence of the situation. I do seriously recommend a re-reading of what should be a character full of blood, which is ever so much more amusing than sawdust, however charmingly encased. I feel sure she could shock and at the same time please the groundlings if she let herself go.

And where, by the way, did she get that charmingly-cut skirt in the Second Act? She certainly hadn't it in her bundle when she left the hotel. And yet the stage-manager will go to the trouble, for the sake of a quite misguided realism, of making the hotel orchestra play against the dialogue as if the persistent coughing of the audience were not sufficient handicap to his team.

Miss BALVAIRD-HEWETT gave a clever rendering of the hotel-keeper's sombre *Frau*; and Mr. GEORGE ELTON contributed an excellent Chinese servant.

But you can't, you really can't, get a gallon into a pint pot, however strenuous the potter. T.

Hygienic Strategy.

"What has to be done is to draw a sanitary cordon to bar the road to Bolshevism."
M. Pichon in the French Chamber.

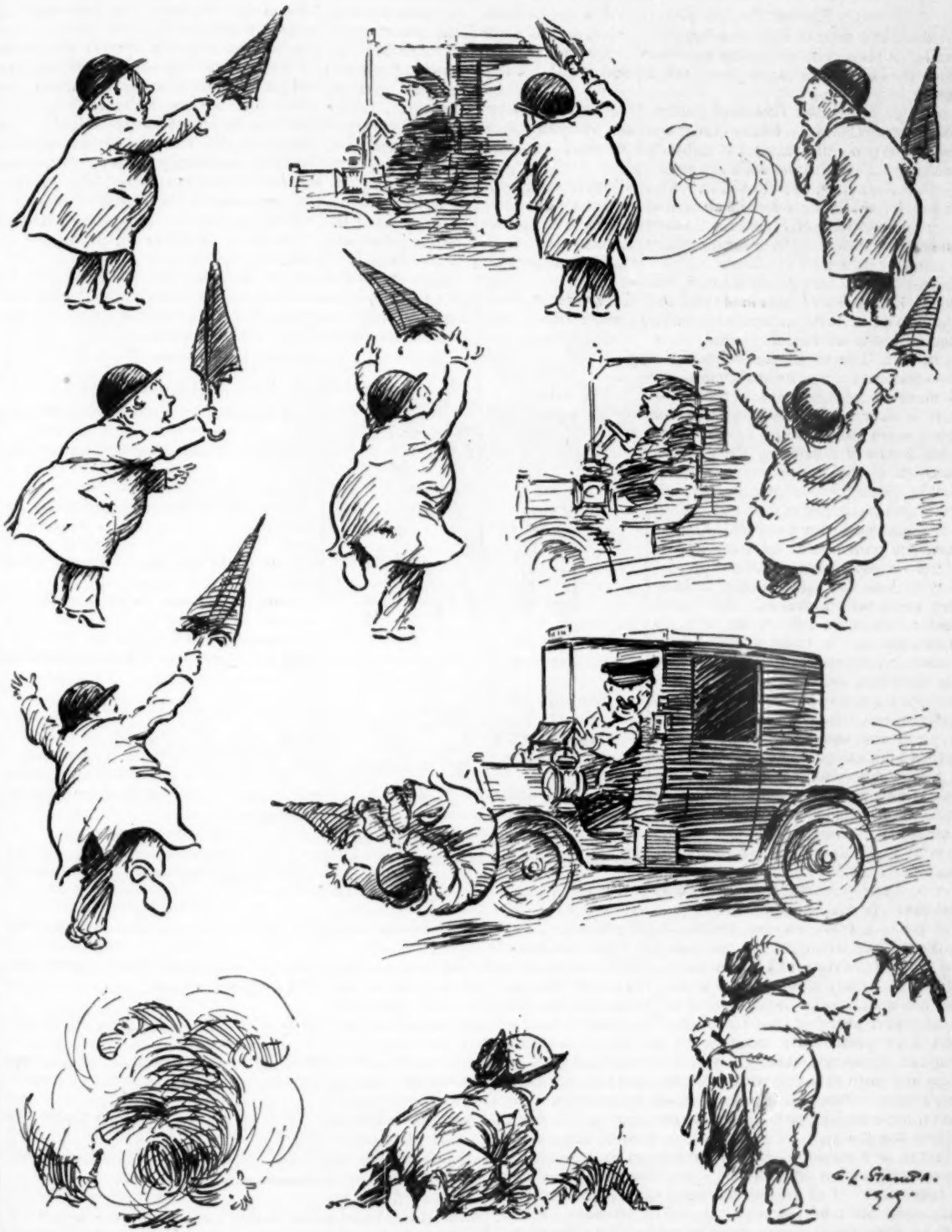
The need of this policy is strengthened by the simultaneous announcement that the Bolsheviks have crossed the Bug on a wide front.

"Mr. —— has for twenty-one years been illustrating 'A Saunter Through Kent.'"
Sunday Pictorial.

The artist seems to have caught the spirit of his subject.

"This was seconded by Mr. Mackinder, who said the barque of British trade had to steer a perilous course between the scylla of the front Opposition bench and the charybodies as represented by the Government."
Western Daily Press.

This is the first intimation we have yet received of any noticeable tendency to penurious economy on the part of the Government.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

THE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY COLLAR.

Mr. Bingley-Spyker pleaded surprise. He pointed out that he had been in bed for a fortnight, "laid aside," as he said, "through the prevailing epidemic." In the meantime the revolution had taken place, and he had heard nothing about it.

"Well," said the President gruffly, "we can't 'elp that, can we, comrades? While this 'ere citizen 'as been restin' in the lap o' luxury, so to speak, we workers 'ave been revolutin'. An' that's all there is to it."

"But fair play," persisted Mr. Bingley-Spyker gently, "is a jewel. At least so I have always understood."

"Not so much of it, me lad," interrupted the President sharply. "Now then, comrade, wot's the charge?"

An unkempt person stepped up to the front and, clearing his throat with some emphasis, began:—

"About ten-thirty this morning I see this gentleman——"

"*What?*" The interruption came simultaneously from several members of the tribunal.

"——this party walkin' down Whitehall casual-like, as if the place belonged to 'im instead of to us. 'What ho!' I says to myself, 'this 'ere chap looks like a counter-revolution'ry;' and with that I comes closer to 'im. Sure enough he was wearin' a 'igh collar, about three inches 'igh, I should say, all white an' shiny, straight from the lorndry. I could 'ardly believe my eyes."

"Never mind your eyes, comrade," the President said; "tell us what you did."

"I accosted 'im and said, 'Ere, citizen, wot do you mean by wearin' a collar like that?'"

"An' what was the reply?"

"He looked at me 'aughty-like, an' says, 'Get away, my man, or I shall call the police.' An' thereupon I said, 'P'raps you don't know it, citizen, but I *am* the p'lice, an', wot's more, I arrest you for wearin' a white collar, contrairy to the regulations in that case made an' perwided.'"

"Very good, comrade," murmured the President, "very good indeed. Did he seem surprised?"

"Knocked all of a 'eap. So I took him into custody and brought him along."

"You did well, comrade. The Tribunal thanks you. Step down now, me lad, and don't make too much noise. Now then, prisoner, you 've 'eard the charge; what have you got to say about it?"

"Only this," said Mr. Bingley-Spyker firmly, "that I am not guilty."

"Not guilty?" shouted the President. "Why, you 've got the blooming thing on now!"

"Yes," said the prisoner mildly. "But observe."

Somewhat diffidently he removed his collar and held it up to view. "You call this a clean, white, shiny collar? Well, it's not. Fawn-colour, if you like; speckled—yes; but white—clean? No! Believe me," continued Mr. Bingley-Spyker, warming to his subject, "it's years since I 've had a genuinely clean collar from my laundry. Mostly they are speckled. And the specks are usually in a conspicuous position; one on each wing is a favourite combination. I grant you these can be removed by a penknife, but imperfectly and with damage to the fabric. When what I may call the main portion of the collar is affected, the speckled area may occasionally be concealed by a careful disposition of one's tie. But not often. The laundress, with diabolical cunning, takes care to place her trade-mark as near the top rim as possible. I have not by any means exhausted the subject," he concluded, "but I think I have said enough to clear myself of this particular charge."

It seemed then to Mr. Bingley-Spyker that all the members of the Tribunal were shouting together. On the whole he gathered that he had not improved his position. He had been "attacking the proletariat."

"'Ard-working gyurls," panted a woman-member excitedly, "toilin' and moilin' at wash-tubs and mangles for the likes of 'im! It's a rope collar he wants, Mr. President. Make it a 'anging matter, I should."

"Silence, comrades!" commanded the President. "Let me deal with 'im. Prisoner, the Tribunal finds you guilty of wearing a collar, contrary to the regulations. Collars are the 'all-marks of a slave civilization; they 'ave no place in a free state. The sentence of the Court is that you be committed to a State laundry for ten years, with 'ard labour, principally at mangles. Remove the prisoner."

So they removed Mr. Bingley-Spyker . . .

He was glad when he woke up to find himself in his own room in his own Government office at Whitehall, with the afternoon sun streaming deliciously through the windows. Involuntarily he felt for his collar.

THE HANWELLIAD.

WHEN I come into my kingdom, which will happen very soon,
I shall ride a milk-white palfrey from the Mountains of the Moon;
He 's caparisoned and costly, but he did his bit of work
In a bridle set with brilliants, which he used to beat the Turk.

Then they called their Uncle Edward and they blew without a check,
Keeping time with much precision, down the back of Uncle's neck,
Till he fled to get an iceberg, which he providently found
Half on land and half in water, so he couldn't well be drowned.

Oh, his gait was very silent, very sinuous and slow—
He had learnt it from a waiter whom he met about Soho;
He was much the best tactician of the migratory band
And he earned a decent living as a parcel packed by hand.

"Sergeant James," we said, "how goes it?" but the Sergeant looked askance;
Not for him the mazy phalanx or the military dance;
He could only sit and suffer, with a most portentous frown,
While a crowd of little gipsies turned the whole thing upside down.

Aunt Maria next surprised us: for her massive back was grooved,
And her adenoids gave trouble, so we had them all removed;
If we hadn't done it neatly she 'd have gone and joined the dead,
As it is she hops politely while she walks upon her head.

So we 'll all fill up a cheque-form on some celebrated Banks—
It 's a pity that a cheque-form should be made so much of blanks—
And we 'll give the Bank of England all the credit that is due
To her hoards of gold and silver; and I wish they weren't so few.

"Mr. —— has been actively connected with the last two Victory Loan drives, in the last one raising $15,282,000. As an appreciation of his work the salesmen presented him with a (fifteen million dollar) diamond ring."—*Canadian Paper.*

We are glad that something was left for the Loan.



Small Boy (who has been promised a visit to the Zoo to-morrow). "I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A BETTER DAY FOR IT THAN NOAH HAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FOUND myself as much taken with the title of *The Great Interruption* (HUTCHINSON) as with any of the dozen short war-stories that Mr. W. B. MAXWELL has collected in the volume. Yet these are admirable of their kind—"muffin-tales" is my own name for them, of just the length to hold your attention for a solitary tea-hour and each with some novelty of idea or distinction in treatment that makes the next page worth turning. The central theme of all is, of course, the same: the War in its effect upon people at the fighting front and elsewhere. Perhaps it was inevitable that Mr. MAXWELL should betray a certain faintly cynical amusement in his dealings with the people of elsewhere. Two of the stories especially—"The Strain of It" and "What Edie Regretted"—are grimly illustrative of some home keeping types for whom the great tragedy served only as an opportunity for social advancement or a pleasantly-thrilling excuse for futilities. There will be no reader who will not smilingly acknowledge the justice of these sketches; not one of us whose neighbours could not supply an original for them. Fortunately the book has other tales of which the humour is less caustic; probably of intention Mr. MAXWELL's pictures of war as the soldier knew it, its hardships and compensations, contrast poignantly with the others. On the active-service side my choice would undoubtedly be for the admirably cheery and well-told "Christmas is Christmas" (not exactly about fraternization), as convincing a realisation of the Front at its best as any I remember to have read in more pretentious volumes.

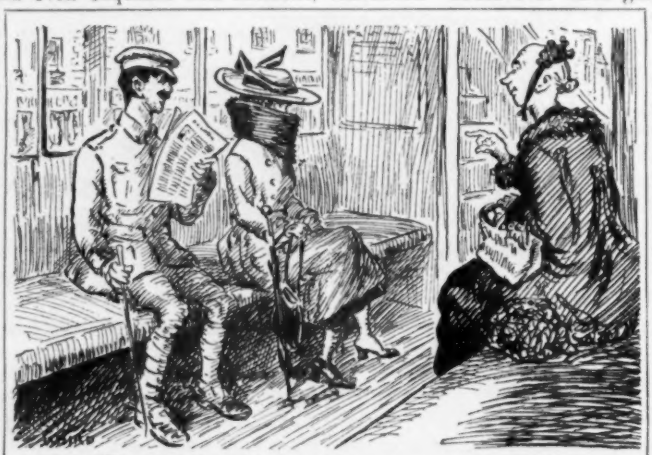
I am bound to admit that for all my appreciation of Mr. J. D. BERESFORD as a literary craftsman I did find *The Jervaise Comedy* (COLLINS) a bit slow off the mark. Here is a quite considerable volume, exquisitely printed upon delightful paper, all about the events of twenty-four hours, in which, when you come to consider it afterwards, nothing very much happened. The heroine thought about eloping with the chauffeur, and the onlooker, who tells the tale, thought about falling in love with the sister of the same. In both cases thought is subsequently translated into action, but only after the curtains fall. Meanwhile an affair of hesitations, suggestions, moods and (as I hinted above) rather too many words. It is a tribute to Mr. BERESFORD'S art that out of all this we do eventually emerge with some definite idea of the characters and a pleasantly-amused interest in their fate. There is, of course, plenty of distinction in the writing. But I could have wished more or earlier movement. Even the motor-car, whose appearance promised a hint, the merest far-off possibility, of farcical developments, shared in the general lethargy and refused to move from its ditch. In spite, however, of this procrastination I wish it to be understood that the story is in some ways one of unusual charm; it has style, atmosphere and a very sensible dignity. But, lacking the confidence that I fortunately had in my author, I question whether I should have survived to the point at which these qualities became apparent.

An author who in his first novel can deliberately put himself in the way of temptation and as unhesitatingly avoid it must be worth following. And so, if for no other

reason, one might look forward to Mr. BERNARD DUFFY'S next book with uncommon interest. His hero comes into the story as a foundling, being deposited in a humble Irish home and an atmosphere of mystery by some woman unknown; he is supported thereafter by sufficiently suggestive remittances, and he passes through a Bohemian boyhood and a more normal though still intriguing early struggle and fluctuating love-story to eventual success, always with the glamour of conventional romance about him, only to turn out nobody in particular in the end. Congratulations! One was horribly afraid he would be compelled to be at least the acknowledged heir to a title. Quite apart from this, too, *Oriel* (FISHER UNWIN) is after an unassuming fashion one of the most easily and happily read and, one would say, happily written books that has appeared for many a long day, with humour that is Irish without being too broadly of the brogue, and with people who are distinctive without ever becoming unnatural. The dear old tramping quack-doctor, *Oriel's* foster-father, in particular might well be praised in language that would sound exaggerated. Mr. DUFFY'S work, depending as it does mainly on a flow of charming and even exquisite side incident, suggests that he is no more than beginning to tap a most extensive reservoir. I greatly hope that this is the case.

I gather that *The Son of Tarzan* (METHUEN) is the fourth of a *Tarzan* series by Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, who specialises in an exciting brand of hero, half ape, half man. *Tarzan père* had been suckled and reared by a proud ape foster-mother, and after many jungle adventures had settled down as *Lord Greystoke*. This latest instalment of the *Tarzan* chronicles finds the *Greystokes* somewhat anxious about the restlessness and unconventional tastes of their schoolboy son, who inherits not only his father's vague jungle longings but all his explicit acquired characteristics, so that when, with the decent old ape, *Akut*, disguised as his invalid grandmother, he sails away from England and plunges into the wild he promptly becomes the terror of the jungle and bites the jugular veins of hostile man and beast with such a precision of technique that he becomes king of the ape-folk, as his father, *Tarzan*, had been before him. Plausibility, even within the limits of his bizarre plan, is not Mr. BURROUGHS' strong suit, but exciting incident, ingeniously imagined and staged, with swift movement, undoubtedly is. If the author wouldn't let his favourites off so easily and would give their enemies a better sporting chance, he would more readily sustain the illusion which is of the essence of real enjoyment in this kind of fantasy. But I imagine the normal human boy will find nothing whatever to complain of, and to him I chiefly commend this yarn.

The Tale of Mr. Tubbs (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is one of those which hover agreeably between low comedy and refined farce, in a world which, being frankly to the last degree improbable, makes no urgent demand for belief. Sometimes indeed (as I have observed before with Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE) the characters themselves are more credible than the way in which they carry on. Thus while *Mr. Tubbs*, the middle-aged and high-principled champion of distress, is both human and likeable, I was never persuaded that any more real motive than regard for an amusing situation would compel him to saddle himself with the continued society of a squint-eyed maid-servant and her yellow cat, turned adrift through his unfortunate attempts to befriend them. I think I need not tell you all, or even a part of all, that happens to *Mr. Tubbs* and *Belinda* and the yellow cat after their arrival as fugitives at the pleasant village of Holmes-Eaton, or do more than hint at the trials of this poor knight-errant, mistaken for a burglar and a libertine, till the hour when (the book being sufficiently full) he is rewarded with the hand of beauty and the prospect of what I will venture to call a Buckroseate future. They were no more than his due for remaining a consistent gentleman amid the temptations of farce. One word of criticism however; surely Mr. BUCKROSE has made a study of *The Boy's Own Paper* less intimate than mine if he supposes that a story with such a title as "The Red Robbers of Ravenhill" could ever have gained admittance to those chaste columns.



"'ELLO, DOROFEE WATKINS, I SEE YER HIDING THERE!"

John Justinian Jellicoe, the hero's father in *The Quest of the Golden Spurs* (JARROLD), possessed a secretive and peculiar disposition. Not only did he conceal his true nature from his son, but he also left a will with some remarkable clauses which made it necessary for *J.J.J., Junior*, to work and wait for his inheritance; and it is the tale of his search for it that Mr. SHAUN MALORY tells us here. Perhaps I have known treasure-hunts in which I have followed the scent with a more abandoned interest. But we are given some fine hunting, with a surprise at the end of it, and what more can treasure-hunters, or we who read of them, possibly want? The date of this quest is modern, and more than once I found myself thinking that the twentieth century was not the fittest period in which to lay such a plot as this. But I am content to believe that Mr. MALORY knows his business better than I do, and as—like a good huntsman—he has left me with a keen desire to go a-hunting with him again, I beg to thank him for my day's sport.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"After the tremendous battles of the present war, even such actions as Marlborough's victories—Dettingen, Luicelles, Vittoria, Waterloo, and Inkerman—seem insignificant by comparison."—*Daily Paper.*

We don't suppose the shades of GEORGE II., WELLINGTON and RAGLAN will worry much about this annexation of their triumphs, but Lord LAKE'S ghost will be seriously annoyed at the misspelling of Lincelles.

Extract from a letter received from a well-known wholesale tobacconist:—

"We think that if you will apply to either of the three tobacconists, whose names and addresses we append, you will have no difficulty in obtaining an inadequate supply for your requirements."

Judging by our own experiences we are jolly well sure of it.

CHARIVARIA.

A BRASS-HAT employed at the Air Ministry recently requested that his salary might be reduced on the ground that there was now very little work for him to do. As no other symptoms developed, the close observation kept upon him has now been relaxed.

* * *

To what extent the habit of war economy is embedded in the minds of the British public was illustrated at Woodford Green on March 29th, when a lady entered the local Post Office and endeavoured to purchase some Daylight Saving Certificates.

* * *

The War Office Staff, it was stated in the House of Commons, has been reduced from 21,807 to 19,510 since the Armistice. It is only fair to point out that the vast bulk of them were not asked whether they wanted an Armistice.

* * *

The War Office talks of re-issuing to the Volunteers the rifles and equipment which were long ago called in. This threat is likely to discourage many of them from volunteering for the next Peace.

* * *

Experiments are being conducted with the view of discovering the best use to which obsolete army tanks can be put. Attached to a piece of cheese they are said to make excellent mouse-traps.

* * *

"The police," says *The Irish Times*, *à propos* of the escape of twenty Sinn Feiners from Mountjoy prison, "are pursuing active inquiries." This is much simpler than pursuing active Sinn Feiners.

* * *

"Ever since the snowdrop gave the first hint of Spring," burbles a contemporary, "we have watched the miracle of the young year unfolding." It certainly *was* a miracle in the weather we had last week.

* * *

The suggestion is being put forward in certain quarters that, in order to save time, the Commission to fix the responsibility for the Peace should begin to sit at once.

* * *

It is not known definitely how many ex-munition workers in this country are at present in Government unemployment.

* * *

In connection with the recent report that the Sittinghurst Vermin Club had killed 1,175 mice in one day, we are asked to say that the number should be 1,176. It appears that one mouse made its way in a state of collapse to the Club headquarters and gave itself up.

* * *

From the newspapers we gather that a sample of water analysed by the Essex County Analyst contained seven per cent. of milk.

* * *

A man charged with burglary in Hoxton Street was captured in a meat-storage ice-house. It is said that, remembering a well-known precedent, he tried to evade capture by making a noise like a frozen Canterbury lamb.

* * *

Sir SAMUEL SCOTT says that the odds are that a quack will kill you quicker than a qualified doctor. All the same we prefer the slow-and-sure method.

* * *

According to the Bishop of MANCHESTER there is a shortage of curates. A spinster writes to say that she is not surprised, considering how quickly they get snapped up.

* * *

With reference to the burglar who made off with the jewels of ex-Queen AMELIE, it is said that the fellow contemplates in future styling himself on his visiting-cards as "Housebreaker to the ex-Queen of Portugal."

* * *

A weekly paper states that if every soldier who served in France during the War would place all the letters he had received in a line they would reach a little more than once round the world. We hear, however, that, as the present addresses of several demobilised men are unknown, the feat will not be attempted.

* * *

"Between ten and fifteen thousand years ago," says Professor KEITH, "Scotland became fit for habitation." We ourselves should not have assigned so remote a date to the introduction of whisky into that country.

* * *

"There is no place like home," says a gossip-writer. This seems to indicate that spring cleaning has started at his residence.

* * *

"It isn't every year we celebrate peace," says a correspondent in a weekly paper. The usual custom, of course, is to celebrate peace about once every war.

* * *

"A Pretty Way to Pat Butter" is the heading of one of a contemporary's "Household Hints." They will never improve on the old-fashioned custom of slapping it heartily on the bread.

* * *

"People will be able to have their strawberries and cream this summer," said an official of the Food Ministry the other day. Still, for association's sake it is thought that the conventional description, "Marrows and Milk," will be retained on the menus.

* * *

Professor LEONARD HILL says that people working in gas factories who have to breathe poison fumes suffer less from influenza than anyone else. It is thought that this opinion may give a serious set-back to the Garden City movement.

* * *

"Hens like artificial light," says Professor RICE, of Cornell University, "and if provided with it will lay through the winter." One enterprising gas company, we understand, is already advertising that no fowl-house can be regarded as adequately furnished without its egg-in-the-slot meter.



THE FIRST PROHIBITION TIPSY-CAKE IN DEAD MAN'S GULCH, U.S.A.

"£5.—Church, nicely situated Gothic structure, sliding roofs. No ground-rent. Pulpit, Font, Lectern, Organ, Parson, Choir Boys, Bells; fully seated; electric light, bells, &c."
Provincial Paper.

It seems a nice cheap lot. The parson alone must be worth the money.

"THE TIMES" AS PEACEMAKER.

[On reading the heavy attack made by the "Political" Correspondent of *The Times* in Paris on the Peace Conference leaders, "and in particular the British Prime Minister."]

How like the talk at Babel's Tower
This interchange of tedious chat!
War can be made in half-an-hour
And why should Peace take more than that?
All this procrastination, worst of crimes,
Annoys the Paris Politician of *The Times*.

Had *he* been summoned to construct
New Heavens and a brand-new Earth,
To cope with Cosmos and conduct
The business of its second birth,
He would have finished months and months ago;
Why, the Creation only took a week or so!

He (while the Moving Spirit wired
Instructions from the South of France)
Would have dispatched, like one inspired,
A thousand details at a glance,
Built corridors for Poland while you wait,
And at a single sitting fixed the Bolshies' fate.

No *séance* of the secret sort
Had barred the Truth with bolts and keys;
The Press, encouraged to report
Verbatim his soliloquies,
Would have exposed to all men near and wide
(The Hun included) what was going on inside.

Is it too late to start again?
At this eleventh hour depose
A Council whose united brain
Apparently is comatose?
Replace the Big Four with a MONSTROUS ONE,
And hand the whole show over to *The Times* to run?

O. S.

TO-DAY IN THE FOOD GARDEN.

PEAS.—Have you planted your early peas yet? If not you should do so at once. Select a piece of well-tilled ground running North and South. To find the North go out at twelve o'clock and stand facing the direction you think the sun would be in if it were visible. Turn smartly about bringing up the left foot on the word "Two." If you guessed right the first time you will now be facing North. Without taking your eye off it, drill your peas into the ground in columns of fours. Don't forget to soak them in prussic acid or any simple poison (this is done more easily before they are sown) to prevent them being eaten by mice. A less effective precaution is to sit up all night near the vegetable garden and miaow.

Here is a good recipe for cooking peas. Shell the peas. Take a piece of butter as big as a nut, two ducklings, six ounces sage and onions and three drops of mushroom catsup. Roast together briskly for twenty minutes. Boil the peas for fifteen minutes. Serve together.

ONIONS.—The big, gentle onions seen in the shops can only be brought to maturity on very warm sandy soil. Most of them come from Portugal. How the natives can bear to part with them is a mystery. The small high-powered onions, on the other hand, are easily cultivated. The best varieties are Eau de Jazz, Cook's Revenge, Sutton's Saucepan Corroder and Soho Violet. Sow in rows and beat the soil flat with the back of a spade. Your neighbour's spade is as good as any other for this purpose. Goats are said to be very fond of onion tops, but many people hesitate to keep both.

PARSNIPS.—To get big parsnips plant a single row twenty feet long. Thin out to ten feet apart. The crop you will get will last you until the following year. Placed in a quiet corner of the potting-shed and covered with sand it will last for several years. To get the best out of parsnips stew them in a *bain-marie* for eight hours. Remove the undissolved portion of the parsnips and set the liquid on the stone floor of the larder to cool. Prepare a nice thick stock, adding seasoning to taste. Cut up three carrots. Place the carrots in the saucepan in which the parsnips were cooked, being careful to wash it out first. Add the stock, bring to a boil and serve.

A LADY-FRIEND sends me the following instructions for growing vegetable marrows: In the sunniest part of the garden—the middle of the tennis-court is as good as anywhere else—dig a trench ten feet deep and about six wide, taking care to keep the top soil separate from the subsoil. Into this trench tip about six hundredweight of a compost made up of equal parts of hyperphosphate of lime, ground bones, nitrate of soda and basic-slag. The basic-slag should be obtained direct from the iron-foundry. That kept by the chemist is not always fresh. Add one chive, one cardamon, two cloves, half a nutmeg and salt to taste. Replace the top-soil. Top-soil and sub-soil can easily be distinguished in the following way. If it is on your whiskers it is top-soil, if on your boots sub-soil. In the middle of the bed set a good strong marrow seedling, root downwards. As it grows remove all the marrows except the one you wish to develop. When it stands about two hands high, thread a piece of worsted through it, allowing the end of the worsted to hang in a pail of water. Some gardeners recommend whisky-and-water. If the marrow is intended for exhibition a half-inch pipe connected with the water main may be substituted for the worsted as soon as the marrow is about six feet long. Make a muslin bag out of a pair of drawing-room curtains and enclose the marrow in it. This will protect it from mosquitoes. As soon as the marrow ceases growing or if it becomes sluggish and exhibits loss of appetite it is ready for the table. Marrows grown in this way make delicious orange-marmalade.

HOW TO GET RID OF SLUGS.—Take a piece of hose-pipe about forty feet long. Lay one end anywhere and the other on the lawn. At the latter end place some cabbage leaves fried in bacon fat. The slugs will be attracted by the cabbage leaves and, having eaten their fill, will enter the hose-pipe to rest. Now hold the hose-pipe perpendicularly over a pail of water and pour into it a few drops of chloroform. This will cause the slugs to faint and relax their hold. They will then fall through the pipe into the water and be drowned.

ALGOL.

Our Helpful Press.

"Summer time commences to-morrow morning at 2 o'clock, and it will be necessary for people to put their clocks by one hour before retiring to bed to-night. In Southport the Cambridge Hall clock, which governs the clocks in the municipal buildings, will be put one hour at midnight."—*Provincial Paper.*

"The —— Society has a large selection of literature tracing the origin and development of Bolshevism, and exposing its miseries and horrors, of which samples will be forwarded on application."—*Times.*

We are not applying; it is bad enough to read about them.

From a General Routine Order:—

"*Shoeing.*—G.R.O. No. —— /d 23/10/18. With the exception of Pack and Draught Mules . . ., all animals proceeding to join Units in the forward area must be shot all round without delay."

That should save the farriers a lot of trouble.



THE ARMY OF UNOCCUPATION.

First Gentleman of Leisure. "I SEE THEY'RE GIVING US ANOTHER SIX MONTHS' UNEMPLOYMENT PAY. SEEMS ALL RIGHT."

Second Gentleman of Leisure. "YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE INDIGNITY OF HAVING TO FETCH IT? WHY CAN'T THEY BRING IT TO US?"



War Profiteer. "Ah, that's beautiful—got me to the life, that 'as. Wotmeantersay it *looks* like money, that does!"

ON THE RHINE.

III.

In spite of oft-repeated warnings—in spite of the fact that I personally explained to each sentry that all he had to remember was that there were only seven different kinds of military passes, each one of different colour and all with dates, stamps and signatures, and that there was no difficulty in recognising its validity if a pass had the right British official stamp and so long as the signature underneath was one of the twenty-four people authorised to sign (a list of which would be kept in every sentry-box and constantly revised), and if the number of the pass, the name of the person, his address, destination, habits, hobbies and past life tallied exactly with the information on his "personal Ausweis," which must be produced except in the case of a licence to proceed by bicycle, which differed, of course, in colour, shape, size and other small details (which would have to be learnt by heart) from the licence to carry foodstuffs—in spite, also, of the fact that all necessary details of the examination of passes were typewritten in not more than three pages of the clearest official language and were posted up in every sentry-box—even then that ass Nijinsky let the whole company down by passing a member of the Intelligence Police through the line on his giving his word of honour that it was all right.

The result was, of course, that I received official intimation that our line could apparently be broken at any time and that "steps must be taken," etc., etc. I took steps in the direction of Nijinsky.

Nijinsky is a Polish Jew (from Commercial Road, E.) and has long been the despair of his platoon sergeant. He is fat where there is no need to be fat, his clothes bulge where no clothes are expected to bulge, and he is the kind of man who loses a cap-badge once a week, preferably just before the C.O. comes round. There is only one saving grace about him. He can always be trusted to volunteer for a dull lecture or outing to which nobody else wants to go, but to which certain numbers have to be sent. His invariable reply to the question is, "Yiss, I 'll ger-go, it 's ser-something for ner-nothing."

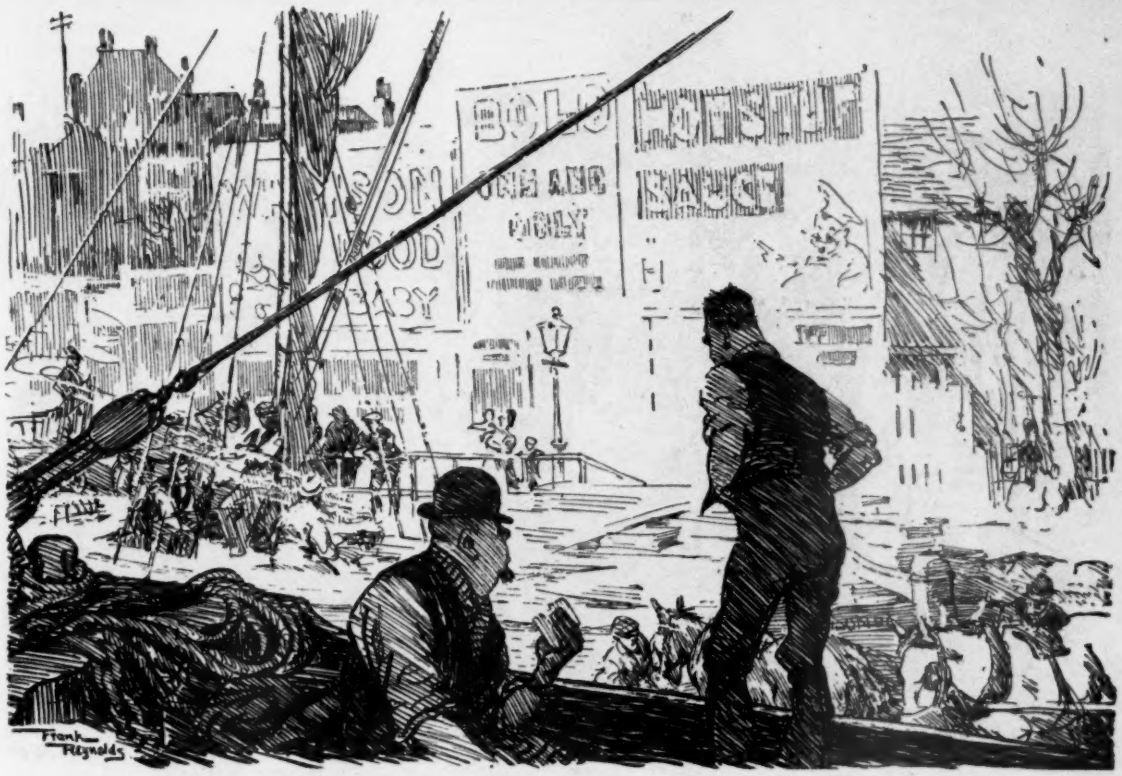
I found him, as I expected, hanging round the cookhouse, and taxed him with his neglect of duty.

"He ter-told me I ought to use my dis-cretion, Sir," he piped in his high plaintive voice.

I told him severely that it was a trick, a very palpable trick, and that he must ever be on the alert for all such kinds of evasion. Finally, when I had informed him how badly he had let us all down, he waddled away contrite and tearful, and fully under the impression, I think, that I should probably lose my commission through his negligence.

I did not realise how deeply he had taken the matter to heart until I found him at his post apparently reading the Riot Act to a crowd of obsequious Huns, who were listening patiently to the written law as expounded in Yiddish—that being a language in which he succeeds in making himself partially understood. The incident passed, but I began to have fears that the reformed rake might prove a greater danger than ever.

The next day my worst fears were realised. In fact, during my temporary



Alf. "AIN'T YOU GOIN' TO EAT ANYFINK, 'ERBERT?"
'Erbert (four years in France). "WELL, MY OLD FAM AIN'T TURNED UP WITH MY BIT OF DAYJEENY."

absence Nijinsky surpassed himself. At eleven o'clock the General, supported by his Staff, rolled up in his car and stopped at Nijinsky's post on his way into "neutral" country. The General, the G.S.O.1, the D.A.Q.M.G. and the A.D.C. got out, shining, gorgeous and beflowered with foreign decorations, to chat to the sentry (you 've seen pictures of it; it 's always being done). Nijinsky, who had already turned back two innocuous Gunner Colonels (armed with sporting guns) that morning, sauntered up, drunk with newly acquired confidence, his rifle slung on his right shoulder and his hat over one eye.

"All well here, sentry?" asked the General, towering over him in all his glory.

"Pup-pass, please," said Nijinsky, ever on the look-out for some cunning trick.

"Oh, that 's all right; I 'm General Blank."

The word "General" recalled Nijinsky to his senses. He unslung his rifle, brought it to the order, brought it to the slope and presented arms with great solemnity, and as only Nijinsky can.

"Oh—er—stand easy," said the General, when the meaning of these evolutions was made manifest to him. "Wonderful days for you fellows here—what? There have been times when the Rhine seemed a long way away, didn't it? And now here you are, a victorious army guarding that very river! It 's a wonderful time for you, and no doubt you appreciate it?"

"Ger-grub 's short," said Nijinsky.

"Rations?" said the D.A.Q.M.G. "I 've had no complaints."

"Yiss. No spuds—taters, I mean."

"We must see to that," said the General. "Well, we 'll go on, I think;" and they got into the car.

"Pup-pass, please," said Nijinsky, spotting the trick at once.

"Oh, that 's all right, my good fellow. Drive on."

"N-n-no," said Nijinsky sternly; "you ker-can't ger-go without a pup-pup-pass!"

"Come, come, don't be ridiculous. I 'm your General; you know me perfectly well."

"Yiss."

"Then let me through, do you hear? And let me have no more of this infernal nonsense."

"It 's ug-ug——"

"It 's what?"

"Ug-against orders."

"*I* know all about the orders, boy. I gave them myself.'

"Yiss, and I 'm ker-carrying them out, ain't I?" came with inexorable logic.

"Well, now I give you orders to let me through. Do you see?"

"Yiss; but if I do they 'll have me up for disobeying the fer-first one. Pup-pass, please."

"Don't be ridiculous. We *must* go through. Don't you realise we have our duty to perform?"

"Yiss, Sir, so have I."

"'Pon my soul, this is too preposterous. My good boy, I 'm very glad you know how to obey an order, but you must use your discretion sometimes."

At the word "discretion" Nijinsky started. Then he broke all records and winked—winked at a perfectly good General at eleven o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, no, you der-don't," he grinned; "I 've been her-had before. The Captain says I 'm ner-not to use my discretion; it only ger-gets me into a lot of terouble."

The General got out of his car. So



Visitor to devastated area. "JOH'S CHINAMAN LIKEE MUCHEE DLESSEE ALLEE SAMEE ENGLISH SOLDIER."
Chinese Ganger. "WELL, SIR, I DON'T CONCERN MYSELF MUCH ABOUT UNIFORM. ACTUALLY I'M A JOURNALIST AND ONLY CAME OUT HERE FOR THE EXPERIENCE."

did the G.S.O.1. So did the D.A.Q.M.G. So did the A.D.C. But the spectacle was not so impressive as before. They advanced in artillery formation upon the enemy. It was enough. Perish the General Staff! They were mere phantoms of authority beside the vision of the company officer and the words, "Escort and accused—halt. Left—turn. Private Nijinsky, Sir." With his eyes bulging with excitement Nijinsky leapt back and assumed the attitude of war-like defiance known as "coming on guard."

The General hesitated. He did not know Nijinsky, you see; he had never seen him going sick before the battle, or heard him murmur, "ser-something for ner-nothing," as he took his medicine.

"Look here, my man, you are exceeding your duty and the consequences will be very serious. I will *not* be stopped in this outrageous manner! There is a time to *obey* orders and there is a time to *use our discretion*. Confound it, we must *all* of us use our discretion at times."

"Then," said Nijinsky, "wer-will you per-please use yours, for I ker-can't let you through without a pup-pass."

The sun shone brightly on the car as it retired ignominiously, leaving Nijinsky hot, happy and victorious, presenting arms faithfully to the indignant Great Ones, and silence reigned on the battlefield.

He came and spluttered it all out to me afterwards, concluding with "I der-didn't let the ker-company down this time, Sir, der-did I?" and evidently expected a pat on the back for it.

Teams of infuriated artillery horses wouldn't drag from me whether he got it or not, but from that day to this he has never looked back. Indeed he has begun to take a pride in his personal appearance and general smartness. I met him yesterday wearing a smile like a slice of melon and with his boots and buttons glistening in the sunshine.

"The General came through to-day, Sir," he said, beaming, "and he her-had a pup-pass all right;" and he strutted on, making strange noises in his throat, which I understand is the Yiddish for being pleased with yourself. L.

"General wanted; small family; cook wept; wages £18-£20."—*Local Paper.*
We confess we should like to know the cause of cook's affliction. Was it jealousy, or onions?

TO CHLOE, CAUGHT SPRING-CLEANING.

Now wherefore should you be dismayed
And in confusion fall,
Because I spied on you arrayed
In cap and overall,
And saw you for a moment stand
Clenching a duster in your hand?

The morning ardour of your face
Was like a summer rose;
One sooty smudge but seemed to grace
The challenge of your nose;
The gaudy thing that hid your hair
Performed its office with an air.

There is a time for stately tire,
For frills and furbelows,
When dainty humours should inspire
Such vanities as those;
So for stern hours of high intent
Behoves a fit habiliment.

Did not those gallants win our pride
And heroes stand revealed,
Who flung their fineries aside
For fashions of the field?
I, who have known campaigning too,
Salute a kindred soul in you.

The Overland Route.

"H.M.S. New Zealand, with Admiral Jellicoe on board, arrived at Bombay on March 14, and left for Delhi on the 15th."—*Scots Paper.*

GETTING A JOB.

John looked very gloomy.

"*Pourquoi triste*, John?" said I, knowing the language.

"Well, it's like this," said John, "the time has come when you and I must look for a job."

"That's all right," said I cheerfully. "We'll go and see the Advisory Committee. They'll put us up to a job in civil life. They're sitting there bubbling over with advice. Employers in England are simply falling over one another to find positions for brave young officers who——"

"Yes, I don't think," remarked John very sceptically. "I went to see the Advisory Committee two days ago. Perhaps I was rather unfortunate in arriving at the same time as the English mail; anyhow I came away with the following information and convictions:—

(1) That the easiest job in civil life is to sit on an Advisory Committee.

(2) That one is always either too old or too young for the Civil Services.

(3) That I was a devil of a good fellow and I'd won the War (they patted me on the back and told me so).

(4) That I was to fill up my A.Z.15 and trust in my stars (not the things on my sleeve)."

"Well, what about it?" I continued.

"Personally," said John, "I think an advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph* is the correct thing. How's this?—

"'Anybody know of a decent war? Two young subs in France, Soldiers of Fortune (so-called), would like to get in touch with anyone thinking of starting a first-class war. Send full particulars and rough strength of enemy to "Warriors," c/o *The Daily Telegraph*.'"

Mine was much more modest:—

"An officer at present in France desires a good job in civil life. No experience, no education, no languages, no money, no prospects and no hope. What offers?"

"I don't think they'll bring much," said I. "You know, John, what we really want is leave."

So we applied for leave.

John asked permission to remove his person to the U.K. for urgent and private reasons. I stated that I had a position offered me, but an interview was necessary, and asked their indulgence for the purpose.

John's chit came back three days later. "Will this officer state his urgent and private reasons, please?"

"Ah!" said John, "enemy attitude hostile." Nevertheless he stated as required.

Three days later it came back again with the request that this officer further state his reasons, please.



COMRADES OF THE WAR.

"STRAFE ME IF IT AIN'T ME OLD 'ORACE! W'Y, I AIN'T SEEN YER SINCE THAT STUNT RAHND CAMBRAI!"

"Enemy attitude distinctly hostile," said John, and committed himself further.

Nothing happened for a week and John's hopes ran high. "It must be through, old man," he declared, "or it would have been back before now."

But when at the end of the week it came back for further information his ardour cooled somewhat, and when, three days later, it turned up once more with a request for his urgent and private reasons, John in a fit of exasperation retorted that if the matter was kept much longer it wouldn't be urgent, and if they enquired much further it wouldn't be private. That finished him, and he got no leave.

My application was still on the tapis. Eventually it returned. "This officer can be granted leave only on condition that he promises to serve with the Rhine Army."

"Go on," said John; "promise."

So I promised.

Now, looking over the situation, we find that it amounts to this: John has no job and never will have till he can get leave to look for one. He can't get leave. That's John.

I have a job (I haven't really) if I can get leave to attend an interview. I've got leave, but only on the understanding that when I've got the job I refuse it because I've promised to serve on the Rhine. That's me.

We are now thinking out the next move.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

Mr. Crabbe Hermitage to Mrs. Bonnamy.

March 30th.

My dear Mrs. Bonnamy,—I am glad to report that my journey was accomplished in safety and comparative comfort. Indeed my housekeeper was surprised that I showed so few traces of fatigue. This, I tell her, was due to the kind care and consideration experienced by me throughout my sojourn beneath your hospitable roof.

Please inform Miss Chance that the carriage *was* a through one. This may relieve her of any possible anxiety as to her own journey with her mother. I much appreciated her consideration in seeing me into the train, and trust that the weather will prove favourable for their return to town.

Although the week I passed in your society will always be an agreeable memory it carries with it the penalty of an increased sense of my solitary life, and I feel that your remarks were not without justice.

With kind regards,

Believe me, Yours sincerely,

Thos. Crabbe Hermitage.

Mr. Crabbe Hermitage to Mrs. Mayne Chance.

April 3rd.

My dear Mrs. Mayne Chance,—Ever since my return from the visit which gave me so much happiness in your society and that of your dear daughter, I have wondered whether I dared address you upon a point which concerns me intimately. Have you reason to suppose that her affections are engaged in any quarter? Believe me that I seek this information from no idle curiosity, but solely that I may know whether there is any obstacle to my making a certain proposal. I naturally shrink from intruding myself between a mother and daughter whose companionship is so close and am well aware of the disparity in our ages, but if you could encourage me to proceed you would confer the greatest happiness upon a very lonely man.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

Thomas Crabbe Hermitage.

Mrs. Mayne Chance to Mr. Crabbe Hermitage.

April 4th.

My dear Mr. Crabbe Hermitage,—Your letter has come as the greatest surprise. I suppose mothers cannot expect to keep for ever at their daughters' side, but the parting is robbed of its bitterness when *other* considerations are involved.

I questioned the dear child this morning and she confessed, as indeed I suspected, that she is not indifferent to the attentions of the son of a neighbour of ours. But anyhow there need be no obstacle in that quarter. She is far too sensible and unselfish, as only I know. Surely there is not such a disparity of age as you seem to think! But perhaps I have said too much.

Most sincerely yours,

Melissa Mayne Chance.

Mr. Crabbe Hermitage to Miss Chance.

April 5th.

My dear Miss Chance,—I wrote to your dear mother two days ago to endeavour to ascertain whether you would view favourably the proposal which I wished to make. Her reply was, on the whole, encouraging, but it is far from being my wish that in seeking my own happiness you should sacrifice your own. More I will not permit myself to add until you have reassured my mind.

Believe me, Your sincere Friend,

Thos. Crabbe Hermitage.

From Miss Chance to Mr. Crabbe Hermitage.

April 6th.

Dear Mr. Crabbe Hermitage,—Yes, mother told me all about it, and I think it is perfectly lovely. Of course I would never stand in the way of your happiness and you need not consider me at all. She is so happy about it, and of course I am too.

Yours very sincerely, Edith Chance.

From Mr. Crabbe Hermitage to Mrs. Mayne Chance.

April 7th.

My dear Mrs. Mayne Chance,—I have received a letter from dearest Edith which removes the only obstacle to the realization of the wish of my heart. Rest assured that my every endeavour shall be to prove worthy of this great happiness. If quite convenient I hope to call on the 9th instant to offer myself in person.

Believe me, Your sincere Friend,

Thos. Crabbe Hermitage.

From Mrs. Mayne Chance to Mr. Crabbe Hermitage.

April, 8th.

My dear Thomas,—For I must call you this without waiting till to-morrow! I knew the dear child would share our happiness. How could you ever doubt it? Only this morning she said there was no one in the world she would like better for a father than you. But I mustn't begin by making you vain! Oh dear! I wish to-day was to-morrow.

Your Melissa.

THE LAST STRAW.

I don't agree with grousing, and I trust I shall escape any
Desire to pick a quarrel with an egg at fivepence ha'penny;
I'm quite prepared to recognise that no persuasive charm 'll aid
In getting from a grocer either cheese or jam or marmalade;
I brave the brackish bacon and refrain from ever uttering
Complaints about the margarine that on my bread I'm buttering;
I'm not unduly bored with Charlie Chaplin on the cinema
And view serenely miners agitating for their minima;
I sit with resignation in a study stark and shivery,
Desiderating coal with little hope of its delivery;
I realise that getting into tram or tube 's improbable
And pardon profiteers for robbing ev'ryone that 's robable;
I don't mind cleaning doorsteps in the view of all ignoble eyes
(Now Mary, my domestic, has decided to demobilise);
Though life is like a poker that you 've handled at the vivid end
And all my wretched companies have ceased to pay a dividend—
All these and other worries, though they 're very near the limit, I
Maintain that I can face with philosophic equanimity;
But, when I by my family and fond and fussy friends am asked
To trot about in public with my features influenza-masked,
My sense of humour wrings from me (or possibly a lack of it)
The protest of the camel at the straw that breaks the back of it.

Reconstruction in London.

Extract from a recent novel:—

"She sat at her desk and, without any palpable hesitation, wrote to Stanley asking him to meet her within an hour by the bridge over the Serpentine in St. James's Park."



1915.
THE PURCHASE OF THE SOUVENIR.



1920.
"THAT'S A SOUVENIR OF MY JOB AT HAVRE—



1925.
—OF MY SERVICE IN FRANCE—



1930
—OF MY ACTIVE SERVICE—



1935.
—OF MY FIGHTING DAYS



1940.
GOT THAT IN THE BIG PUSH—



1945
—FIERCE FIGHTING IT WAS—



1950.
—*DESPERATE* FIGHTING.



1955.
—*HACKED* MY WAY THROUGH—



1960.
—RIGHT UP TO THEIR GENERAL—



1965.
—CUT HIS HEAD OFF—



1970.
—*THAT* WAS ON IT!?

THE MAKING OF HISTORY.



Infatuated Little Boy. "I WISH YOU CAME TO OUR CHURCH. WHY DON'T YOU?"
Little Girl. "MOTHER SAYS IT'S TOO HIGH."
I. L. B. "IS THAT ALL? WELL, I'LL SPEAK TO DADDY, AND I'M SURE HE'LL FIX THAT UP ALL RIGHT."

A GENTLE HINT.

THE Corps Commander paced thoughtfully down the street of a half-ruined village in France and his thoughts were pleasant; for he alone amongst all other Corps Commanders was the owner of a cow. There was no other cow in the whole army nearer than G.H.Q., and he pictured the envy of brother Generals when he invited them to come in and have a glass of milk.

The Assistant Provost-Marshal stood at his office window and gazed out upon his garden. His thoughts were also pleasant, for the garden belonged to him by right of billet law, and in the garden grew strawberries rich and ripe.

The A.P.M. pictured the envy of brother A.P.M.'s when he should ask them to a strawberry feast.

The Corps Commander's thoughtful wanderings took him by chance through the A.P.M.'s garden, and as he walked he stooped now and again and picked some of the sacred fruit.

The A.P.M. swelled with impotent anger, for the Corps Commander was known to be "hot stuff," and nobody had told him "not to do it" for a very long time.

That night the A.P.M. sought the company of his friend the R.E. officer and told his troubles.

The R.E. officer had been a journalist before the War and had learnt to say and write rude things without offence. He was also the owner of wood and paint and brushes.

The next morning a large notice-board reared its head above the scarlet fruit of the strawberry bed:—

ANYONE FOUND PICKING THESE STRAWBERRIES
WILL HAVE HIS COW SHOT.

"Express Train to the Orient.

The itinerary will include London, Paris, Vallorbe, Lausanne, the Simpleton, Milan, Trieste and beyond. The first train is fixed to leave Paris on April 15."—*Provincial Paper.*

"All Fools' Day" would have been more appropriate for the "Simpleton" route.

The following advertisement appeared in a French provincial paper:—

"TAKE KÈRE!

Ask always the interchanging thooth made by this inventors in this mastery. The interchanging tooth is ablo for any people and it is very good and not dear.

The imperfections of the mouth, resulting of a bad dentition, are stricken away by the application of the interchanging Thooth. That toolh it is not expensive and you can changed in five minuts if it broked.

Gives you all guarontees of perfect natural immitation. ENGLISH SPOKEN."

But, as you may have remarked, not invariably written.



CRAMPING HIS STYLE.

British Lion: "I'M GETTING A BIT TIRED OF THIS LADY. AFTER ALL, I *AM* A LION, AND NOT AN ASS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 31st.—Colonel WILLIAM THORNE has the credit of eliciting from the Government the most hopeful statement about Peace which has yet been made. To the hon. and gallant Member's suggestion that May 1st should be declared a general holiday, if Peace was signed before that date, Mr. BONAR LAW replied that it would be considered.

It is fortunate that the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE possesses a most imperturbable character. He is daily bombarded with the most diverse questions regarding the effects of the Government's fiscal policy. The paper manufacturers are being ruined because paper is being allowed in; export traders are suffering because glass bottles are kept out; the textile trades cannot compete with their foreign rivals because of the high price of olive-oil. But for all inquirers Mr. BRIDGEMAN has a soft answer, delivered in level tones, discouraging further catechism.

A delightful inconsistency is one of Lord HENRY CAVENDISH - BENTINCK'S many claims upon the affection of the House. Not long ago he wrote a book in praise of Toryism as a democratic creed; so it was perfectly natural that when Mr. CECIL HARMSWORTH (a Coalition Liberal) had explained that law and order must be restored before an inquiry could usefully be held into the causes of the Egyptian riots Lord HENRY should burst out with, "When will my hon. friend begin to apply Liberal principles?"

Mr. BOTTOMLEY is the latest convert to "P.R.," as the result of a mock-election in which he came out top of the poll, with the PRIME MINISTER second, Mr. HOGGE third, and Messrs. BALFOUR and ASQUITH among the "also ran;" but Mr. BONAR LAW, who can be very dense when he likes, did not see in that an argument for the general adoption of the system.

The "Wee Frees" made a last and unavailing attempt to defeat the new Military Service Bill. Mr. GEORGE THORNE, Major HAYWARD and others made great play with the PRIME MINISTER'S "No Conscription" pledge, and Mr. NEWBOULD in a maiden speech declared that what West Leyton had said yesterday England would say to-morrow. But it was noticeable that not one of the opponents of the Bill was unwilling to give the Government the powers they required if they were really necessary.

Mr. CHURCHILL revealed himself in a new *rôle* as a financier, and proved to his own satisfaction that the Army Estimates of £506,500,000 would, if properly manipulated, work out at little more than a fourth of that amount. Between now and the Budget Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might do worse than get his versatile colleague to explain away the National Debt.



THE PROMISE OF MAY.

Peace. "IF YOU 'RE WAKING, CALL ME EARLY, CALL ME EARLY, BONAR DEAR, FOR I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY, BONAR; I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY."

Tuesday, April 1st.—Twenty years ago there used to be a not infrequent headline in *The Times*, "The Duke of Devonshire on Technical Education," which always struck on my frivolous spirit with a touch of infinite prose. It is the same nowadays, I regret to say, with a Lords' debate on the national resources. The Upper House is filled with eminent financiers—men who think in millions and who under our glorious Constitution may not propose an expenditure of sixpence without the consent of Tom, Dick and Harry in the Commons—and they all talk the most excellent good sense. But whether such unimpeachable truisms as that "this huge Debt is going to be a terrible handicap to this country" (Lord LANSDOWNE), or that "what applies to private credit and private economy may be in the main taken to apply to public economy and also to public credit" (Lord CREWE), are going to have much effect upon the demands of the Labour Party, to whom they were directly addressed, I am rather inclined to doubt.

It is refreshing to note, however, that the Commons had a brief spasm of economy. Under the financial resolution of the Ways and Communications Bill the new Minister would have had almost unlimited powers of initiating great enterprises without the consent of Parliament. Mr. R. J. MCNEILL alluded (without acknowledgment to Mr. Punch) to the hero of *Eric; or, Little by Little*, and urged that not even "a Napoleon of administration" ought to be trusted with a blank cheque. He rather spoilt a good case by referring to the new Minister's financial relations with his late employers, the North-Eastern Railway; but his argument was so far successful that Mr. BONAR LAW undertook first that a Treasury watchdog should be permanently installed in the new Ministry, with instructions to bark whenever he saw any sign of extravagance; and, secondly, that the Minister should not have power to initiate any enterprise involving large expenditure—he suggested a million as a moderate limit—without the direct sanction of Parliament.

After this achievement Members felt that a rest was necessary. So the Housing Bill was postponed, and after two or three Scottish Bills had received a second reading the House counted itself out, and Members went to their dinners feeling as comfortably virtuous as the Boy Scout who has done his good deed for the day.

Wednesday, April 2nd.—The unemployment donation was the theme of innumerable inquiries. The MINISTER OF LABOUR was forced to admit that Parliament had at present furnished him with no direct authority to spend a million or so a week on this form of out-door relief, but hoped that it would

be kind enough to do so when the Appropriation Bill came along. A statement that in Ireland men were coming for their donation in motor-cars aroused the sympathy of Mr. JACK JONES, who said that surely they were entitled to an occasional ride, but did not go so far as to suggest that the Government should organise a service of cars to be at their disposal.

A suggestion to incorporate in the Army Annual Bill one of Dora's most stringent regulations for the prevention of criticism upon military matters aroused much indignation. Mr. BEN TILLETT observed that, if it were retained, Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Mr. BOTTOMLEY and even Sir HENRY DALZIEL might soon be conducting their various journals from a prison-cell. This possibility may have mitigated but it did not wholly remove the objections to the clause, which Mr. CHURCHILL ultimately withdrew.

A debate on the popular theme, "Make Germany Pay!" was initiated by Col. CLAUDE LOWTHER, who not long ago produced a specific scheme for extracting twenty-five thousand millions from the enemy—a scheme which by its unconventional handling of the rules of arithmetic excited the amazed admiration of professional financiers. Possibly Mr. BONAR LAW, as ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, was jealous because he had not thought of it first. At any rate he subjected the plan to so much caustic criticism that Col. LOWTHER, having appealed in vain for the protection of his namesake in the Chair, walked out of the House.

Thursday, April 3rd.—Some of NAPOLEON'S many complaints of his treatment at St. Helena concerned the cost and quality of his food. The exile of Amerongen need have no fears on that score should the Allies decide to remove him to Longwood, for the present Governor has been so successful in keeping down the price of foodstuffs that the merchants of the island have petitioned for his recall.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has so far relaxed his *non-possumus* attitude on the joint income-tax question as to consent to receive a deputation of Members interested, and even to allow them to be accompanied by a small number of ladies. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by the way, has exchanged his hereditary monocle for a pair of ordinary spectacles, which may account for his taking a less one-sided view of this question.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR now enjoys the distinction of being the "Father" of the House of Commons, having sat there uninterruptedly since the General Election of 1880. Perhaps his new dignity sits rather heavily on his youthful spirit, for his speech on the Irish Estimates was painfully lugubrious. He took some comfort from a statement in *The Times* that "We are all Home Rulers now," but as a veteran journalist he is probably aware that what *The Times* says to-day it will not necessarily say to-morrow.



Treasury Bulldog (to Minister of Transportation). "ERIC—NAUGHTY!"

"Leave politics alone and give us decent houses for our people and better education for our children" was Sir EDWARD CARSON'S prescription for invalid Erin; and Mr. IAN MACPHERSON, making his first speech as Chief Secretary, indicated that he meant to apply it. But the patient is suffering from so many disorders at present that she must have a tonic—with iron in it—before her Constitution can be regarded as completely restored.

P. B.

OFT when the world was bent
Solely on killing
Heard we in Parliament
PEMBERTON billing.

Now the Dove hovers near,
Now the League 's brewing,
May we not hope to hear
PEMBERTON cooing?

MACEDONIA.

THE Allies having won the War, and myself having been released from the hands of the Hun, I spent a happy repatriation leave, and began to think about soldiering again. My orders were to rejoin my reserve unit in the North of England.

Before the time came, however, a friend of mine, an educational staff officer in Ireland, wrote to me and suggested that I should go over and give him the assistance of my superior intelligence. I replied that I would be delighted. He then wrote:—

"MY DEAR K——,—I am so pleased that you are willing to come over to Macedonia and help us. You had better ask War Office for a week's extension of leave, by which time my application for you will probably have filtered through. That will save you the trouble of rejoining your reserve unit."

I thought this an excellent plan and went to the War Office to see about it.

After the customary wait I was granted a few moments of a Staff Officer's precious time.

"What do you want?" said the Staff Officer. He seemed used to meeting people who wanted things, and familiarity had evidently bred contempt.

I humbly explained.

"Have you got a written authority to support your application?" he asked.

I produced my friend's letter, which was endorsed with the stamp of his Command Headquarters.

The Staff Officer, standing (not out of politeness, I am sure), read the letter. Then he looked up, suspicion in his eye and in the cock of his head.

"I don't understand this," he said. "You told me you wanted to go to Ireland. This letter distinctly refers to your going to Macedonia."

"Macedonia!" I echoed (I had forgotten my friend's Biblical way of expressing himself).

"Yes, Macedonia," snapped the Staff Officer. "Balkans, isn't it? Something to do with Salonika?"

"Macedonia!" I repeated, still mystified.

"Yes, yes—Macedonia," he snapped, obviously suspecting me of trying to obtain a week's leave on false pretences. "Here it is, in black and white, 'so pleased that you are willing to come



Magistrate. "BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING TO ALLOW A MAN OF THE PRISONER'S PHYSIQUE TO GIVE YOU A BLACK EYE?"

Constable. "ON THE MORNING OF TOOSDAY, THE FIRST OF APRIL, YOUR WORSHIP, I WAS ON DOOTY OUTSIDE THE 'DOOK OF WELLINGTON' PUBLIC-'OUSE, WHEN, AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE PRISONER, MY ATTENTION WAS DRAWN TO SOMETHIN' THAT WASN'T THERE. 'E THEN 'IT ME."

over to Macedonia and help us.' I don't understand this at all."

He handed me the letter. Then I realised what was amiss. My friend had not reckoned with the War Office. They call a spade a spade in Whitehall (unless they refer to it as "shovels, one.")

"Oh," said I, "I see. Yes, Macedonia. Slight misunderstanding. It 's written from Ireland all right. There 's the Irish Command stamp on it. 'Come over to Macedonia and help us.' Biblical phrase. St. PAUL, you know. Just a figure of speech. My friend meant it metaphorically."

"The devil he did," barked the Staff man. "Then why the blazes didn't he say so?"

Of course, why didn't he say so? Very stupid of him. One can't be too literal in dealing with the War Office, that notorious fount of clear and orderly diction.

My plan nearly went West, and I was nearly sent East. It was only the Headquarters' stamp that turned the scale in my favour.

It was lucky for my friend that I ultimately got leave to help him in his educational duties. Clearly he is himself sadly lacking in the very rudiments of official culture.

THE LETTERS THAT COUNT.

["Meanwhile one sighs for the letters which do not exist."—*C. K. S., in "The Sphere."*]

I NEVER have felt any hunger,
Apart from my shortage of gold,
For the spoils of the autograph-monger,
The screeds of the sages of old;
By envy unvexed and unsmitten
I study the connoisseur's list,
But I sigh for the letters unwritten,
Or those that no longer exist.

The notes, for example, that Hector
Despatched to his Andromache,
When, tied to a troublesome sector,
He couldn't get home to his tea;
Or the messages CÆSAR kept sending
To pacify QUEEN CLEOPAT,
When, simply from fear of offending
The mob, he avoided her flat.

But even more impetus giving,
More apt to inspire and refresh,
Are the letters addressed to the living
By writers no more in the flesh—
The epistles to WILCOX from SHELLEY,
From LANDOR to MRS. JOHN LANE,
From SWIFT to Miss MARIE CORELLI,
From POPE to Sir THOMAS HALL CAINE;

The instructions to NORTHCLIFFE from BONEY,
The comments of SHAKSPEARE on SHAW,
COLUMBUS's hints to MARCONI,
TOM HUGHES's to young ALEC WAUGH,
Or a letter to cheer her supporter
In CHARLOTTE's own delicate fist,
Enclosing her photo to SHORTER—
A letter which does not exist.

For relics of *this* sort I hanker,
For these, when they 're offered for sale,
I will beg overdrafts from my banker
And bid on a liberal scale;
For the arts of the DOYLES and the LODGES
Are bound to contribute new grist
To SOTHEBY's mills and to HODGE's
In the letters which do not exist.

An Aid to Genuflexion.

"The Rev. ——, minister of —— U.F. Church, was yesterday presented with pulpit robes, hassock, hood and cap by his congregation."—*Scotch Paper.*

"Schools of cokery are being 'snowed' under with applications."—*Evening Paper.*

We ourselves call almost every day to ask for more cokery.

"BOTCHES."

An Appeal for God-Parents.

For many years the village of Chailey, in Sussex—famous topographically for possessing that conical tree which is said to mark the centre of the county, and for a landmark windmill of dazzling whiteness—has been famous sociologically for its Heritage Craft Schools of crippled boys and girls. Among the ameliorative institutions of this country none has a finer record than these schools, where ever since 1897 the work of converting helplessness into helpfulness has been going bravely on. Entering as complete dependents, the inmates leave fully equipped to earn their living unassisted, the boys chiefly as carpenters, and the girls as needlewomen. In some cases the cures effected have been remarkable. In the late War seven-and-twenty Guild boys fought in the ranks, four of whom were killed and are now proudly commemorated on the wall of the School church.

This contribution of fighting men, together with a certain activity in munition-making, is not, however, Chailey's only share in the War, for the Government are using its experience for the education of cripples of a larger growth. The boys have, in short, surrendered their comfortable old quarters—now transferred to a War Hospital, named, after the Heritage's chief patron, the Princess Louise Special Military Surgical Hospital—to companies of maimed soldiers, who are sent to Chailey to learn how much of usefulness and fun can still remain when limbs are missing; and, by a charming inspiration, their teachers in this great lesson are the boys themselves. It is no doubt encouraging for a soldier who has lost both arms to be told by a kindly and enthusiastic visitor at his bedside that all will be well, and he will be able to manage without them; but a certain measure of scepticism and despair may remain to darken his waking hours. But when a little fellow in precisely the same plight shows him how the disabilities have been conquered, his zest in life begins to return. Seeing is believing, and believing means new endeavour. The result is that the crippled soldiers at Chailey, taught by the crippled boys, have been transformed into happy and active men, and not a few of them have discovered themselves to possess faculties of which they had no notion. There is even an armless billiard-player among them; and I could not wish him a happier setting for the exercise of his skill. For here is one of the finest Y.M.C.A. recreation halls in the country, with a view of the South Downs that probably no other can boast. Whether or not the method of learning from a young cripple the art of being an old one is novel, I cannot say, but it has been proved to be eminently successful; and one of its attractions is the pride taken not only in their mature pupils by the immature masters but in the boys by the men.

Meanwhile, what became of the boys whose nest was thus invaded? (The Girls' School and Babies' Montessori School is half-a-mile away.)



Employer (who has given his foreman a ticket for Pianoforte Recital). "And how did you enjoy the music last night?"

Foreman. "I was a bit disappointed, Sir. 'E wasn't 'arf as good as my young Flobbie. Why, 'e played there for close on two hours, and never once crossed 'is 'ands."

They immediately showed what they are made of by themselves erecting on the ground beside the windmill a series of Kitchener huts. There they sleep and eat, coming hobbling down to headquarters for carpentering and to perform their strange new duties as guides, philosophers and friends.

Another development in the Chailey scheme of altruism that arose from the War was, as readers of *Punch* will no doubt remember, the sudden establishment of the St. Nicholas Home for child victims of the air-raids. So sudden was it that within seven days of the inception of the idea a house had been found and furnished, a staff engaged and a number of the beds were occupied. Here, throughout the last years of the War, terrified children were soothed back to serenity and a sense of security in the sky above.

And now for "Botches." It had long been one of the many aspirations of the founder of the Heritage Schools, and the founder also of the Guild of Brave Poor Things and the Guild of Play—Mrs. C. W. Kimmins—who in her quiet practical way is probably as good a friend as London ever had—it had long been one of her dreams that the word "cripple" should be enlarged from its narrower meaning to include the crippled mind no less than the crippled limbs. In her work in Southwark, where the Guild of the Brave Poor Things began, she has seen too many children stunted and enfeebled by lack of pure food and fresh air, who would under better conditions grow naturally into health and strength and even power: "little mothers" taxed beyond their capacity by thoughtless parents, and all the other types of "cripple" which the mean streets of a great city can only too easily produce. If a house at Chailey or near by could be found or built where this wasted material might be nourished into happy efficiency, how splendid! Such was the desire of the founder, and it is now within sight of fruition; for, through the generosity of a friend of the Heritage, the house has been acquired and is ready for occupation.

Strange are the vicissitudes of fortune; stranger the links in the chain of life. Claude and Alice Askew, who wrote popular serial novels in the daily papers, lived in a rambling old home at Wivelsfield Green, in Sussex, known as "Botches." This they enlarged and modernised; they developed the gardens and filled the grass with bulbs. Then came the War. Mr. and Mrs. Askew threw themselves into foreign work, and on one of their voyages were drowned through an enemy torpedo, and "Botches" became tenantless. It is "Botches" which has now been given to the Heritage for the reception of Southwark children.

For the peopling and maintenance of the Home a novel and very pretty device has been invented. Everyone has heard of the *marraines* of France during the War—those ladies who made themselves responsible each for the comfort of a *poilu*, sending him gifts of food and cigarettes, writing him letters and so forth. It is the *marraine*—or godmother—system which is being adopted and adapted for "Botches." The house can accommodate fifty children, and as many godmothers or godfathers are needed, each of whom will be respon-



Lady of the billet (to officer returned from Rugger match on Flanders ground). "LA, LA! VOUS ÊTES TOMBÉ, M'SIEUR?"

sible for one child for a year, at a minimum cost of fifty pounds. The Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, who has just been elected a Southwark County Councillor, was the first to accept this honourable privilege, and other ladies and gentlemen have already joined her; but there are still many vacancies. Mr. Punch, who has very great pleasure in giving publicity to Mrs. KIMMINS'S most admirable scheme, would be proud indeed if the other godparents were found among his readers. All communications on the subject should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Miss A. C. RENNIE, the Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

"Botches," it should be added, is not to be the Home's final name. The final name—something descriptive of the work before it and its ideal of restoration—has yet to be found. Perhaps some of Mr. Punch's readers have suggestions.

"NAVAL SQUADRON IN ROME.

ROME, Sunday.

The special Brazilian naval squadron, comprising the cruiser Bahia and four destroyers, under the command of Admiral Defrontin, arrived to-day."—*Evening Paper.*

Like the British Army, it looks as if the Brazilian Navy can "go anywhere."

A WASTED TALENT.

FRESH knowledge of a varied kind
While in the army I acquired,
Some useful, which I didn't mind,
And much that made me tired;
But one result was undesigned;
It cost me neither toil nor care:
Swiftly and surely, with the ease
Of drinking beer or shelling peas,
War taught me how to swear.

Widely my power was recognised;
The hardiest soldier shook like froth,
And even mules were paralysed
To hear me voice my wrath;
Unhappy he and ill-advised
Who dared withstand when I reviled;
Have I not seen a whole platoon
Wilt and grow pale and almost swoon
When I was really wild?

But now those happy days are past;
A mild civilian once again,
I dare not even whisper "——!"
If something gives me pain;
Barred are those curses, surging fast,
That swift and stinging repartee;
Instead of words that peal and crash
I breathe a soft innocuous "Dash!"
Or murmur, "Dearie me!"

Yet sometimes still, when on the rack
And past all due forbearance tried,
The ancient fierce desire comes back,
I seem to boil inside;
And then I take a hefty sack,
I place my head within, and thus
Loose off, in some secluded niche,
A deep, whole-hearted, grateful, rich,
Sustained, delirious cuss.

The Slump in Monarchy.

From a publisher's advertisement:—

THE PRICE OF
A THRONE

1/6 NETT

"The scratching of the hydroplane Sunrise for the Atlantic Flight Stakes must tempt her captain to change his name from Sunstedt to Sunsttd."—*Provincial Paper.*

We fear the printer did not appreciate the sub-editor's humour.

"Until they get a barber the Islington Board of Guardians are employing a gardener to do hair-cutting and shaving work in his spare time at a remuneration of 1s. 3d. per hour."
Daily Express.

But we understand that he is expected to provide his own scythe.

THE OLD SHIPS.

They called 'em from the breakers' yards, the shores of Dead Men's Bay,
From coaling wharves the wide world round, red-rusty where they lay,
And chipped and caulked and scoured and tarred and sent 'em on their way.

It didn't matter what they were nor what they once had been,
They cleared the decks of harbour-junk and scraped the stringers clean
And turned 'em out to try their luck with the mine and submarine . . .

With a scatter o' pitch and a plate or two,
And she 's fit for the risks o' war—
Fit for to carry a freight or two,
The same as she used before;
To carry a cargo here and there,
And what she carries she don't much care.
Boxes or barrels or baulks or bales,
Coal or cotton or nuts or nails,
Pork or pepper or Spanish beans,
Mules or millet or sewing-machines,
Or a trifle o' lumber from Hastings Mill . . .
She 's carried 'em all and she 'll carry 'em still,
The same as she 's done before.

And some were waiting for a freight, and some were laid away,
And some were liners that had broke all records in their day,
And some were common eight-knot tramps that couldn't make it pay.

And some were has-been sailing cracks of famous old renown,
Had logged their eighteen easy when they ran their easting down
With cargo, mails and passengers bound South from London Town . . .

With a handful or two o' ratline stuff,
And she 's fit for to sail once more;
She 's rigged and she 's ready and right enough,
The same as she was before;
The same old ship on the same old road
She 's always used and she 's always knowed,
For there isn't a blooming wind can blow
In all the latitudes, high or low,
Nor there isn't a kind of sea that rolls,
From both the Tropics to both the Poles,
But she 's knowed 'em all since she sailed sou' Spain,
She 's weathered the lot, and she 'll do it again,
The same as she 's done before.

And sail or steam or coasting craft, the big ships with the small,
The barges which were steamers once, the hulks that once were tall,
They wanted tonnage cruel bad, and so they fetched 'em all.

And some went out as fighting-craft and shipped a fighting crew,
But most they tramped the same old road they always used to do,
With a crowd of merchant-sailormen, as might be me or you . . .

With a lick o' paint and a bucket o' tar,
And she 's fit for the seas once more,
To carry the Duster near and far,
The same as she used before;
The same old Rag on the same old round,
Bar Light vessel and Puget Sound,
Brass and Bonny and Grand Bassam,
Both the Rios and Rotterdam—
Dutch and Dagoes, niggers and Chinks,
Palms and fire-flies, spices and stinks—
Portland (Oregon), Portland (Maine),
She 's been there once and she 'll go there again,
The same as she 's been before.

* * * * *

Their bones are strewed to every tide from Torres Strait to Tyne—
God's truth, they 've paid their blooming dues to the tin-fish and the mine,
By storm or calm, by night or day, from Longships light to Line.

With a bomb or a mine or a bursting shell,
And she 'll follow the seas no more,
She 's fetched and carried and served you well,
The same as she 's done before—
They 've fetched and carried and gone their way,
As good ships should and as brave men may . . .
And we 'll build 'em still, and we 'll breed 'em again,
The same good ships and the same good men,
The same—the same—the same as we 've done before!

C. F. S.

A FIRST-CLASS MISDEMEANANT.

Cozens has a conscience—a conformist conscience—and is a first-class season-ticket holder.

The other morning we were travelling up to town together as usual. He was evidently bursting with the anticipatory pride of telling me something very much to his credit. Presently, at a gap in my reading, he said:—

"I left my season at home this morning, so I bought a return."

"What on earth for?" I expostulated. "You 've already paid the company once by taking out a season; why pay twice? And anyhow it 's only the Government."

"It 's the first duty of a citizen to obey the laws of his country," he proclaimed sententiously.

"Oh, all right; but you 'll never get your money back—not from the Government. Besides, you could easily have got through without a ticket."

"How?"

"By taking out your note-case at the barrier and showing the girl the back of a Bradbury. Dazzled by the display of so much wealth, she 'd pass you without a murmur."

"A miserable subterfuge," Cozens protested.

"Or you and I might walk up to the barrier deep in conversation. I should then get in front, and the examiner would pull me up for my ticket. I should fumble before producing my season. Meantime you would have passed beyond recall."

"I simply couldn't do it."

"Or why not pay at the barrier, if you *must* pay?"

"Yes, and lose the return ticket rate. How should I get down to-night?"

"That 's easy. Buy a platform ticket. The man at the gate at home will pass you; he knows you."

"All underhand work," said Cozens. "It 's much more dignified to buy a ticket."

Just then a travelling inspector entered our carriage.

"Tickets, gentlemen, please!"

And Cozens, looking supremely undignified, produced a third-class return, and tried to explain.



Little Girl (reading poster). "OH, MUMMY, ISN'T THAT VULGAR? OUGHTN'T THEY TO PUT 'PERSPIRED LABOUR'?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE gives us in *Sylvia and Michael* (SECKER) a continuation—I hesitate to say a conclusion—of the adventures of that amazing heroine, *Sylvia Scarlett*, which, being not a sequel but a second volume, needs some familiarity with the first for its full enjoyment. Not that anyone even meeting *Sylvia* for the first time in mid-course could fail to be intrigued by the astounding things that are continually happening to her. The variety and piquancy of these events and the general brilliance of Mr. MACKENZIE'S colouring must keep the reader alert, curious, scandalized (perhaps), but always expectant. His scheme starts with an invigorating plunge (as one might say, off the deep end) into the cabaret society of Petrograd in 1914, where *Sylvia* and the more than queer company at the pension of *Mère Gontran* are surprised by the outbreak of war. Incidentally, *Mère Gontran* herself, with her cats, whose tails wave in the gloom "like seaweed," and her tawdry spiritualism—"key-hole peeping at infinity" the heroine (or the author) rather happily calls it—is one of the least forgettable figures in the galaxy. I have no space to indicate what turns of this glittering kaleidoscope eventually bring *Sylvia* and *Michael* together during the Serbian retreat, though there are scenes upon which I should like to dwell, notably that of the death of *Guy Hazlewood*, an incident whose admirable restraint shows Mr. MACKENZIE at his best. One question I have to ask, and that is how has *Sylvia* learnt to imitate so bewilderingly the mannerisms of *Michael*? Her soliloquies especially might have come straight from the first volume of *Sinister Street*, so much more do they suggest the cloistered adolescence of Carlington Road than a development from her own feverish youth. While I cannot pretend that she has for me the compelling vitality of *Jenny Pearl*, her adventures certainly make (for those who are not too nice about the morals or the conversation of their company) an exhilarating, even intoxicating entertainment, the end of which is, I am glad to think, still remote.

The publishers, in their preface to Mr. HUGH SPENDER'S new novel, *The Seekers* (COLLINS), led me to believe that it was written with the object of denouncing the dangers and the frauds of spiritualism. This, however, is by no means the case. To be sure the first few chapters do contain an account of a *séance*, which serves not so much to lay bare the mysteries of spiritualism as to bring together a few of the characters in the novel. From that point onward there is nothing more about spooks, save for an occasional reference. It is when the *dramatis personæ* have been well collected in and about a Yorkshire vicarage that things really get a move on and begin to hum. No reader is entitled to complain of a lack of excitement; the mortality, indeed, is almost Shakspearean. *Rudge*, a medium, who must not be confused with our old friend, *Mr. Sludge*, perishes in a snowstorm. *John Havering* batters in the head of *Hubert Kenyon*, and later on commits suicide, while *Beaufort*, a Labour leader, is wrongfully charged with the murder of *Hubert* and barely escapes with his life. Everything however ends comparatively well, owing to a strong female interest. Mr. SPENDER is usually a careful workman, but sometimes his sentences get the better of him. Here is one such: "She wondered if Peter, who must have seen Mary as he came into the vicarage disappear into the study, had gone in, hoping to find her there as he left the house." It is not often however that Mr. SPENDER leaves his clauses to fight it out together like that.

THE OLD SHIPS.

They called 'em from the breakers' yards, the shores of Dead Men's Bay,
From coaling wharves the wide world round, red-rusty where they lay,
And chipped and caulked and scoured and tarred and sent 'em on their way.

It didn't matter what they were nor what they once had been,
They cleared the decks of harbour-junk and scraped the stringers clean
And turned 'em out to try their luck with the mine and submarine . . .

With a scatter o' pitch and a plate or two,
And she 's fit for the risks o' war—
Fit for to carry a freight or two,
The same as she used before;
To carry a cargo here and there,
And what she carries she don't much care.
Boxes or barrels or baulks or bales,
Coal or cotton or nuts or nails,
Pork or pepper or Spanish beans,
Mules or millet or sewing-machines,
Or a trifle o' lumber from Hastings Mill . . .
She 's carried 'em all and she 'll carry 'em still,
The same as she 's done before.

And some were waiting for a freight, and some were laid away,
And some were liners that had broke all records in their day,
And some were common eight-knot tramps that couldn't make it pay.

And some were has-been sailing cracks of famous old renown,
Had logged their eighteen easy when they ran their easting down
With cargo, mails and passengers bound South from London Town . . .

With a handful or two o' ratline stuff,
And she 's fit for to sail once more;
She 's rigged and she 's ready and right enough,
The same as she was before;
The same old ship on the same old road
She 's always used and she 's always knowed,
For there isn't a blooming wind can blow
In all the latitudes, high or low,
Nor there isn't a kind of sea that rolls,
From both the Tropics to both the Poles,
But she 's knowed 'em all since she sailed sou' Spain,
She 's weathered the lot, and she 'll do it again,
The same as she 's done before.

And sail or steam or coasting craft, the big ships with the small,
The barges which were steamers once, the hulks that once were tall,
They wanted tonnage cruel bad, and so they fetched 'em all.

And some went out as fighting-craft and shipped a fighting crew,
But most they tramped the same old road they always used to do,
With a crowd of merchant-sailormen, as might be me or you . . .

With a lick o' paint and a bucket o' tar,
And she 's fit for the seas once more,
To carry the Duster near and far,
The same as she used before;
The same old Rag on the same old round,
Bar Light vessel and Puget Sound,
Brass and Bonny and Grand Bassam,
Both the Rios and Rotterdam—
Dutch and Dagoes, niggers and Chinks,
Palms and fire-flies, spices and stinks—
Portland (Oregon), Portland (Maine),
She 's been there once and she 'll go there again,
The same as she 's been before.

* * * * *

Their bones are strewed to every tide from Torres Strait to Tyne—
God's truth, they 've paid their blooming dues to the tin-fish and the mine,
By storm or calm, by night or day, from Longships light to Line.

With a bomb or a mine or a bursting shell,
And she 'll follow the seas no more,
She 's fetched and carried and served you well,
The same as she 's done before—
They 've fetched and carried and gone their way,
As good ships should and as brave men may . . .
And we 'll build 'em still, and we 'll breed 'em again,
The same good ships and the same good men,
The same—the same—the same as we 've done before!

C. F. S.

A FIRST-CLASS MISDEMEANANT.

Cozens has a conscience—a conformist conscience—and is a first-class season-ticket holder.

The other morning we were travelling up to town together as usual. He was evidently bursting with the anticipatory pride of telling me something very much to his credit. Presently, at a gap in my reading, he said:—

"I left my season at home this morning, so I bought a return."

"What on earth for?" I expostulated. "You 've already paid the company once by taking out a season; why pay twice? And anyhow it 's only the Government."

"It 's the first duty of a citizen to obey the laws of his country," he proclaimed sententiously.

"Oh, all right; but you 'll never get your money back—not from the Government. Besides, you could easily have got through without a ticket."

"How?"

"By taking out your note-case at the barrier and showing the girl the back of a Bradbury. Dazzled by the display of so much wealth, she 'd pass you without a murmur."

"A miserable subterfuge," Cozens protested.

"Or you and I might walk up to the barrier deep in conversation. I should then get in front, and the examiner would pull me up for my ticket. I should fumble before producing my season. Meantime you would have passed beyond recall."

"I simply couldn't do it."

"Or why not pay at the barrier, if you *must* pay?"

"Yes, and lose the return ticket rate. How should I get down to-night?"

"That 's easy. Buy a platform ticket. The man at the gate at home will pass you; he knows you."

"All underhand work," said Cozens. "It 's much more dignified to buy a ticket."

Just then a travelling inspector entered our carriage.

"Tickets, gentlemen, please!"

And Cozens, looking supremely undignified, produced a third-class return, and tried to explain.



Little Girl (reading poster). "OH, MUMMY, ISN'T THAT VULGAR? OUGHTN'T THEY TO PUT 'PERSPIRED LABOUR'?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE gives us in *Sylvia and Michael* (SECKER) a continuation—I hesitate to say a conclusion—of the adventures of that amazing heroine, *Sylvia Scarlett*, which, being not a sequel but a second volume, needs some familiarity with the first for its full enjoyment. Not that anyone even meeting *Sylvia* for the first time in mid-course could fail to be intrigued by the astounding things that are continually happening to her. The variety and piquancy of these events and the general brilliance of Mr. MACKENZIE'S colouring must keep the reader alert, curious, scandalized (perhaps), but always expectant. His scheme starts with an invigorating plunge (as one might say, off the deep end) into the cabaret society of Petrograd in 1914, where *Sylvia* and the more than queer company at the pension of *Mère Gontran* are surprised by the outbreak of war. Incidentally, *Mère Gontran* herself, with her cats, whose tails wave in the gloom "like seaweed," and her tawdry spiritualism—"key-hole peeping at infinity" the heroine (or the author) rather happily calls it—is one of the least forgettable figures in the galaxy. I have no space to indicate what turns of this glittering kaleidoscope eventually bring *Sylvia* and *Michael* together during the Serbian retreat, though there are scenes upon which I should like to dwell, notably that of the death of *Guy Hazlewood*, an incident whose admirable restraint shows Mr. MACKENZIE at his best. One question I have to ask, and that is how has *Sylvia* learnt to imitate so bewilderingly the mannerisms of *Michael?* Her soliloquies especially might have come straight from the first volume of *Sinister Street*, so much more do they suggest the cloistered adolescence of Carlington Road than a development from her own feverish youth. While I cannot pretend that she has for me the compelling vitality of *Jenny Pearl*, her adventures certainly make (for those who are not too nice about the morals or the conversation of their company) an exhilarating, even intoxicating entertainment, the end of which is, I am glad to think, still remote.

The publishers, in their preface to Mr. HUGH SPENDER'S new novel, *The Seekers* (COLLINS), led me to believe that it was written with the object of denouncing the dangers and the frauds of spiritualism. This, however, is by no means the case. To be sure the first few chapters do contain an account of a *séance*, which serves not so much to lay bare the mysteries of spiritualism as to bring together a few of the characters in the novel. From that point onward there is nothing more about spooks, save for an occasional reference. It is when the *dramatis personæ* have been well collected in and about a Yorkshire vicarage that things really get a move on and begin to hum. No reader is entitled to complain of a lack of excitement; the mortality, indeed, is almost Shakspearean. *Rudge*, a medium, who must not be confused with our old friend, *Mr. Sludge*, perishes in a snowstorm. *John Havering* batters in the head of *Hubert Kenyon*, and later on commits suicide, while *Beaufort*, a Labour leader, is wrongfully charged with the murder of *Hubert* and barely escapes with his life. Everything however ends comparatively well, owing to a strong female interest. Mr. SPENDER is usually a careful workman, but sometimes his sentences get the better of him. Here is one such: "She wondered if Peter, who must have seen Mary as he came into the vicarage disappear into the study, had gone in, hoping to find her there as he left the house." It is not often however that Mr. SPENDER leaves his clauses to fight it out together like that.

In *The Golden Rope* (LANE) Mr. J. W. BRODIE-INNES has tried to combine a tale of mystery and murder with the love-story of a man of fifty; and, on the whole, it is a fairly successful effort. *Alan Maclean*, the middle-aged one who tells the tale, was a celebrated artist, and, when he made his way to Devon to paint Pontylanyon Castle, he little expected to find himself involved in a maze of intrigue and adventure. The castle, however, was owned by a lady of great but unfortunate possessions. In the first place she had a dual personality (and, believe me, it is the very deuce to have a dual personality); and, secondly, she possessed a crowd of relatives (Austrian) who wanted her estate and were ready to remove mountains and men to get it. I know nothing of *Mr. Maclean's* pictures except that I am assured by the author that they were exquisitely beautiful, but I do know that Mr. INNES's own canvas suffers from overcrowding, and, although I admire the deft way in which he handles his embarrassment of figures, his task would have been less complicated and my enjoyment more complete if he had managed to do with fewer. Otherwise I can recommend *The Golden Rope* both for its exciting episodes, lavish of thrills, and for the warning it gives to men of fifty to stick to their pigments, or whatever their stock-in-trade may be.

The Cinderella Man (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), "a romance of youth," by HELEN and EDWARD CARPENTER, is more suited to the ingenuous than the sophisticated reader. Its hero is a poet, *Tony Quintard*, very poor and deathly proud. The scene is set in New York and largely in *Tony's* attic verse-laboratory, which *Marjorie*, the rugged millionaire's daughter, visits by way of the leads in a perfectly proper if unconventional mood. The idiom occasionally soars into realms even higher. Thus when *Tony's* father dies he is "summoned by the Great Usher of Eternity." When the gentle *Marjorie*, reading out one of *Tony's* efforts—

> "Love whose feet are shod with light
> Lost this ribbon in her flight;
> Rosette of the twilight sky,
> Waft to me Love's lullaby!"

(the note of exclamation is *Tony's*), says, "Anyone who can write songs like that ought to write an opera," you realise that her heart is sounder than her pretty head. Anyway *Tony*, who needed no encouragement, wrote his opera and landed a ten-thousand dollar prize for same, together with the daughter of the millionaire, who began to see, no doubt, that there might be something in poetry after all.

Indian Studies (HUTCHINSON) one may call a work partly descriptive and historical, partly also polemic. Its author, General Sir O'MOORE CREAGH, V.C. (and so many other letters of honour that there is hardly room for them on the title-page), writes with the powerful authority of forty years' Indian service, five of them as Commander-in-Chief. His book is, in compressed form, a survey of the Indian Empire that deserves the epithet "exhaustive"; history, races, religious castes and forms of local government are all intimately surveyed; the chapters on the India Office and (especially) the army in India will command wide attention both among experts and the general public. Naturally the word "experts" brings me to the controversial side of the subject, the much discussed Montagu-Chelmsford Report, concerning which the late C.-in-C. holds views that might fairly be described as pronounced. Where authorities differ the honest reviewer can but record impartially. Really we have here the old antagonism between the upholder of one school of Imperial thought, fortified by many years' experience of its successful application, and the theories of a newer and more experimental age. Without attempting a judgment on its conclusions, I can safely agree with the publishers that this is a book that "will be read with special interest in military, diplomatic and Government circles"; also—my own postscript—more vociferously debated in certain club smoking-rooms than almost any volume of recent years.



Manager of Gasworks (to aeronaut who has just had his balloon inflated). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I WOULD LIKE YOU TO UNDERSTAND CLEARLY THAT OUR TERMS FOR GAS ARE STRICTLY CASH."

A "Literary Note" thoughtfully inserted in the fly-leaves of *The Elstones* (HUTCHINSON) informs me that it will "make a strong appeal to all those who have experienced the suffering caused by religious conflict." It is not entirely because it has been my lot to escape the ordeal in question that Miss ISABEL C. CLARKE's latest book failed to make the promised appeal. She takes two hundred and odd pages of peculiarly eye-racking type to convert the *Elstone* family to Catholicism without indicating in any way how or why her solemn puppets are inspired to change their beliefs. Now and again a completely nebulous cleric happens along to perform the necessary function of receiving a moribund neophyte into the Church; otherwise the conversion appears to take place as it were by spontaneous combustion and not as the result of any visible proselytising agency. However the *Elstones* bear no resemblance to real human beings—you can hardly expect it of people called *Ierne* and *Magali* and *Ivo* and *Elvidia* and names like that—so perhaps it doesn't matter how they came to see the great light. The important thing obviously from the authoress's point of view is to get them into the fold; and good Catholics who look at the end rather than the means may enjoy *The Elstones*. As a novel it will try them hard.

How the Secrets of Royal Households Leak Out.

"'SO HOMELY AND NICE.'

WHAT THE PRINCE SAID WHEN TOLD THERE WERE NO BATHROOMS."
Daily Mirror.

"It is a trifle, perhaps, that the author mispels the name of Varden in 'Barnaby Rudge,' and the name of Bucket in 'Bleak House.' Spelling is not of much consequence."
Mr. Arthur Machen in "The Evening News."

So we observe.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that a proposal to send a relief party to America to rescue Scotsmen from the threatened Prohibition law is under consideration.

* * *

It is rumoured that *The Times* is about to announce that it does not hold itself responsible for editorial opinions expressed in its own columns.

* * *

A correspondent, complaining of the tiny flats in London, states that he is a trombone-player, and every time he wants to get the lowest note he has to go out on to the landing.

* * *

In Essex Street, Shoreditch—so Dr. ADDISON explained to the House of Commons—there are seven hundred and thirty-three people in twenty-nine houses. A correspondent writes that a single house in the neighbourhood of Big Ben contains seven hundred and seven persons, many of them incapable, and that nothing is being done about it.

* * *

"The Original Dixie Land Jazz Band has arrived in London," says an evening paper. We are grateful for the warning.

* * *

Over two hundred season-ticket-holders live within a mile radius at Southend. We suppose there must be some attraction at Southend to explain why so many season-ticket-holders live there.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to throw some light on the mystery of the Russian who was not shot in Petrograd last week. It appears that he ducked his head.

* * *

We await confirmation of the report that an American has offered to defray the cost of the War if the authorities will name it after him.

* * *

The Surplus Government Property Disposal Board is making a special offer of eighteen-pounder guns to golf clubs. For a long shot out of a bad lie the superiority of the eighteen-pounder over the Sammie cleek is conceded by all the best golfers.

* * *

Westgate-on-Sea has decided to abolish bathing-machines. In future visitors desiring to bathe will have to do it by hand.

Mr. KELLAWAY informed the House of Commons the other day that the War Office has forty million yards of surplus aeroplane linen. It seems inevitable that some of it will have to be washed in public.

* * *

A woman aged twenty-six, mother of five children, told the Old Street police magistrate that she could not read. How she managed to have five children without being able to read the Defence of the Realm Regulations is regarded by the authorities as a mystery.

* * *

At the Royal Drawing Society's exhibition there is a picture painted by a child of two. Pictures by older artists, with all the appearances of having been painted by children of this unripe age, are, of course, no novelty.

* * *

"Whitehall Wakes Up," says *The Evening News*. An indignant denial of this charge is hourly expected.

* * *

A Northumberland man last week declined to draw his unemployment pay on the ground that he was not actually wanting it. His workmates put it down to the alleged fact that a careless nurse had let him fall out of the perambulator on to his head.

* * *

"Unless Russian women join the Bolshevist movement," says Herr RADEK, "they will all be shot by order of Lenin." This confirms our worst fears that these Russian revolutionaries are becoming rather spiteful.

* * *

A new fire-engine has been provided for Aberavon. As a result of this addition to their appliances the Aberavon Fire Brigade are now able to consider a few additional fires.

* * *

A large rat with peculiar red markings on its back has recently been seen at Woodvale, Isle of Wight. In consequence much alarm is felt locally, as it is feared that this is an indication that the rodents on the isle have embraced Bolshevism.

* * *

The correspondent who, as reported in these columns, noticed a pair of labourers building within a stone's-throw of Catford Bridge, now writes to say that a foundation stone has been laid.

* * *

Philanthropists are warned against a beggar who is going about saying that, when wounded in France, he was so full of bullets that they took him back to the Base in an ammunition wagon instead of an ambulance.

* * *

The reported decision of the Sinn Fein Executive, that policemen shall only be shot at on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, has definitely eased a situation which it was feared could only be coped with by arresting the instigators of such crimes.

* * *

In a recent suit for alimony a wealthy New Yorker complained that his wife used a diamond-studded watch for a golf tee. If she had only wasted the money on a new ball he would never have complained.

* * *

Experiments in rat-killing, says a news item, are being carried out at the Zoo. At the time of writing the reticulated python is said to be leading the whale-headed stork by a matter of three rats.

From the report of a breach of promise case:—

"The engagement came about through a chance meeting in Richmond Park in the summer of 117."—*Daily Herald*.

Despite the happy case of Jacob and Rachel, we never have approved of these long engagements.



Husband (just arrived home). "WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF?"

Wife. "ONLY THE COAL-MAN 'S BEEN AT LAST, AND I SIMPLY COULDN'T RESIST GIVING THE DEAR MAN A KISS!"

In *The Golden Rope* (LANE) Mr. J. W. BRODIE-INNES has tried to combine a tale of mystery and murder with the love-story of a man of fifty; and, on the whole, it is a fairly successful effort. *Alan Maclean*, the middle-aged one who tells the tale, was a celebrated artist, and, when he made his way to Devon to paint Pontylanyon Castle, he little expected to find himself involved in a maze of intrigue and adventure. The castle, however, was owned by a lady of great but unfortunate possessions. In the first place she had a dual personality (and, believe me, it is the very deuce to have a dual personality); and, secondly, she possessed a crowd of relatives (Austrian) who wanted her estate and were ready to remove mountains and men to get it. I know nothing of *Mr. Maclean's* pictures except that I am assured by the author that they were exquisitely beautiful, but I do know that Mr. INNES's own canvas suffers from overcrowding, and, although I admire the deft way in which he handles his embarrassment of figures, his task would have been less complicated and my enjoyment more complete if he had managed to do with fewer. Otherwise I can recommend *The Golden Rope* both for its exciting episodes, lavish of thrills, and for the warning it gives to men of fifty to stick to their pigments, or whatever their stock-in-trade may be.

The Cinderella Man (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), "a romance of youth," by HELEN and EDWARD CARPENTER, is more suited to the ingenuous than the sophisticated reader. Its hero is a poet, *Tony Quintard*, very poor and deathly proud. The scene is set in New York and largely in *Tony's* attic verse-laboratory, which *Marjorie*, the rugged millionaire's daughter, visits by way of the leads in a perfectly proper if unconventional mood. The idiom occasionally soars into realms even higher. Thus when *Tony's* father dies he is "summoned by the Great Usher of Eternity." When the gentle *Marjorie*, reading out one of *Tony's* efforts—

> "Love whose feet are shod with light
> Lost this ribbon in her flight;
> Rosette of the twilight sky,
> Waft to me Love's lullaby!"

(the note of exclamation is *Tony's*), says, "Anyone who can write songs like that ought to write an opera," you realise that her heart is sounder than her pretty head. Anyway *Tony*, who needed no encouragement, wrote his opera and landed a ten-thousand dollar prize for same, together with the daughter of the millionaire, who began to see, no doubt, that there might be something in poetry after all.

Indian Studies (HUTCHINSON) one may call a work partly descriptive and historical, partly also polemic. Its author, General Sir O'MOORE CREAGH, V.C. (and so many other letters of honour that there is hardly room for them on the title-page), writes with the powerful authority of forty years' Indian service, five of them as Commander-in-Chief. His book is, in compressed form, a survey of the Indian Empire that deserves the epithet "exhaustive"; history, races, religious castes and forms of local government are all intimately surveyed; the chapters on the India Office and (especially) the army in India will command wide attention both among experts and the general public. Naturally the word "experts" brings me to the controversial side of the subject, the much discussed Montagu-Chelmsford Report, concerning which the late C.-in-C. holds views that might fairly be described as pronounced. Where authorities differ the honest reviewer can but record impartially. Really we have here the old antagonism between the upholder of one school of Imperial thought, fortified by many years' experience of its successful application, and the theories of a newer and more experimental age. Without attempting a judgment on its conclusions, I can safely agree with the publishers that this is a book that "will be read with special interest in military, diplomatic and Government circles"; also—my own postscript—more vociferously debated in certain club smoking-rooms than almost any volume of recent years.



Manager of Gasworks (to aeronaut who has just had his balloon inflated). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I WOULD LIKE YOU TO UNDERSTAND CLEARLY THAT OUR TERMS FOR GAS ARE STRICTLY CASH."

A "Literary Note" thoughtfully inserted in the fly-leaves of *The Elstones* (HUTCHINSON) informs me that it will "make a strong appeal to all those who have experienced the suffering caused by religious conflict." It is not entirely because it has been my lot to escape the ordeal in question that Miss ISABEL C. CLARKE'S latest book failed to make the promised appeal. She takes two hundred and odd pages of peculiarly eye-racking type to convert the *Elstone* family to Catholicism without indicating in any way how or why her solemn puppets are inspired to change their beliefs. Now and again a completely nebulous cleric happens along to perform the necessary function of receiving a moribund neophyte into the Church; otherwise the conversion appears to take place as it were by spontaneous combustion and not as the result of any visible proselytising agency. However the *Elstones* bear no resemblance to real human beings—you can hardly expect it of people called *Ierne* and *Magali* and *Ivo* and *Elvidia* and names like that—so perhaps it doesn't matter how they came to see the great light. The important thing obviously from the authoress's point of view is to get them into the fold; and good Catholics who look at the end rather than the means may enjoy *The Elstones*. As a novel it will try them hard.

How the Secrets of Royal Households Leak Out.

"'SO HOMELY AND NICE.'

WHAT THE PRINCE SAID WHEN TOLD THERE WERE NO BATHROOMS."
Daily Mirror.

"It is a trifle, perhaps, that the author mispels the name of Varden in 'Barnaby Rudge,' and the name of Bucket in 'Bleak House.' Spelling is not of much consequence."
Mr. Arthur Machen in "The Evening News."

So we observe.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that a proposal to send a relief party to America to rescue Scotsmen from the threatened Prohibition law is under consideration.

* * *

It is rumoured that *The Times* is about to announce that it does not hold itself responsible for editorial opinions expressed in its own columns.

* * *

A correspondent, complaining of the tiny flats in London, states that he is a trombone-player, and every time he wants to get the lowest note he has to go out on to the landing.

* * *

In Essex Street, Shoreditch—so Dr. ADDISON explained to the House of Commons—there are seven hundred and thirty-three people in twenty-nine houses. A correspondent writes that a single house in the neighbourhood of Big Ben contains seven hundred and seven persons, many of them incapable, and that nothing is being done about it.

* * *

"The Original Dixie Land Jazz Band has arrived in London," says an evening paper. We are grateful for the warning.

* * *

Over two hundred season-ticket-holders live within a mile radius at Southend. We suppose there must be some attraction at Southend to explain why so many season-ticket-holders live there.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to throw some light on the mystery of the Russian who was not shot in Petrograd last week. It appears that he ducked his head.

* * *

We await confirmation of the report that an American has offered to defray the cost of the War if the authorities will name it after him.

* * *

The Surplus Government Property Disposal Board is making a special offer of eighteen-pounder guns to golf clubs. For a long shot out of a bad lie the superiority of the eighteen-pounder over the Sammie cleek is conceded by all the best golfers.

* * *

Westgate-on-Sea has decided to abolish bathing-machines. In future visitors desiring to bathe will have to do it by hand.

Mr. KELLAWAY informed the House of Commons the other day that the War Office has forty million yards of surplus aeroplane linen. It seems inevitable that some of it will have to be washed in public.

* * *

A woman aged twenty-six, mother of five children, told the Old Street police magistrate that she could not read. How she managed to have five children without being able to read the Defence of the Realm Regulations is regarded by the authorities as a mystery.

* * *

At the Royal Drawing Society's exhibition there is a picture painted by a child of two. Pictures by older artists, with all the appearances of having been painted by children of this unripe age, are, of course, no novelty.

* * *

"Whitehall Wakes Up," says *The Evening News*. An indignant denial of this charge is hourly expected.

* * *

A Northumberland man last week declined to draw his unemployment pay on the ground that he was not actually wanting it. His workmates put it down to the alleged fact that a careless nurse had let him fall out of the perambulator on to his head.

* * *

"Unless Russian women join the Bolshevist movement," says Herr RADEK, "they will all be shot by order of Lenin." This confirms our worst fears that these Russian revolutionaries are becoming rather spiteful.

* * *

A new fire-engine has been provided for Aberavon. As a result of this addition to their appliances the Aberavon Fire Brigade are now able to consider a few additional fires.

* * *

A large rat with peculiar red markings on its back has recently been seen at Woodvale, Isle of Wight. In consequence much alarm is felt locally, as it is feared that this is an indication that the rodents on the isle have embraced Bolshevism.

* * *

The correspondent who, as reported in these columns, noticed a pair of labourers building within a stone's-throw of Catford Bridge, now writes to say that a foundation stone has been laid.

* * *

Philanthropists are warned against a beggar who is going about saying that, when wounded in France, he was so full of bullets that they took him back to the Base in an ammunition wagon instead of an ambulance.

* * *

The reported decision of the Sinn Fein Executive, that policemen shall only be shot at on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, has definitely eased a situation which it was feared could only be coped with by arresting the instigators of such crimes.

* * *

In a recent suit for alimony a wealthy New Yorker complained that his wife used a diamond-studded watch for a golf tee. If she had only wasted the money on a new ball he would never have complained.

* * *

Experiments in rat-killing, says a news item, are being carried out at the Zoo. At the time of writing the reticulated python is said to be leading the whale-headed stork by a matter of three rats.

From the report of a breach of promise case:—

"The engagement came about through a chance meeting in Richmond Park in the summer of 117."—*Daily Herald*.

Despite the happy case of Jacob and Rachel, we never have approved of these long engagements.



Husband (just arrived home). "WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF?"

Wife. "ONLY THE COAL-MAN 'S BEEN AT LAST, AND I SIMPLY COULDN'T RESIST GIVING THE DEAR MAN A KISS!"

A PAYING GAME.

When Belgium lay beneath your heel
To prove the law that Might is Right,
And Innocence, without appeal,
Must serve your scheme of *Schrecklichkeit*,
"Justice," we said, "abides her day
And she shall set her balance true;
Methods like yours can never pay."
"Can't they?" you cried; "they can—and do!"

And now full circle comes the wheel,
And, prone across the knees of Fate,
You are to hear, without appeal,
The final terms that we dictate;
And, when you whine (the German way)
On presentation of the bill:
"*Ach, Himmel!* we can never pay,"
"Can't you?" we'll cry; "you can—and will!"

O. S.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF PEACE.

I'm not out of the Army yet, but lately I was home on leave. At a time like that you don't really care about being demobilised just yet. After all, to earn—or let us say to be paid—several pounds for a fortnight's luxurious idleness is a far, far better thing than to receive about the same number of shillings for a like period of unremitting toil. There you have an indication of the financial prospects of my civvy career. None the less, to me in Blighty the future looked as rosy as a robin's breast, and life was immensely satisfactory. I deemed that I was capable of saying "Ha, ha" among the captains (though myself only boasting two pips). Then one day, in the lane that leads to the downs, I met Woggles.

I've known Woggles for years and years. Some time ago she became a V.A.D. and began to drive an ambulance about France; since when I had lost sight of her. I greeted her therefore with jubilation.

"Oh, Woggles," I cried, "this is a great occasion. How shall we celebrate it?"

"Well, if you like I'll go back again on to the top with you and show you the Weald. But I'd much rather you came home to tea. I *could* make some 'Dog's Delight'—s'posing you haven't outgrown such simple tastes."

"Oh, if you put it like that," I said cheerfully.

Well, it was a bitter sort of afternoon and growing late. The annoyance of Bogie (an enthusiastic puppy) at missing his walk might appropriately be solaced with portions of "Dog's Delight." It's a large home-made bun thing which used to delight me as well as Bogie's mother in days gone by.

"I ought to warn you," said Woggles as we walked across the fields, "that Mother and Dad are out to-day. I expect your dog'll have to take acting rank as chaperon."

"By the way," I said, "you don't know each other, do you?" I called Bogie, who was giving a vivid imitation of a cavalry screen protecting our advance, and made him sit up and pretend to be begging. "Now fix your eyes on the kind lady," I commanded. "Woggles—Bogie: Bogie—Woggles. Two very nice people." Bogie barked, put out his tongue and let the wind blow his left ear inside out. Woggles laughed in that excellent way she has.

At the Rectory she sang to me even better than she used to; the "Delight" was an achievement, Bogie being most agreeably surprised; there was a glow of firelight such as I love, and a vast comfortable chair. I felt lazy and very happy.

"This tea idea of yours was simply an inspiration. I don't know when I've been so pleased with myself and existence generally. At the moment my *moral* is as high as Mount Everest."

"Yes, I noticed something like that," Woggles agreed. "More tea? It's only about your fifth cup." Suddenly serious, she went on: "I wonder—is there much to be happy about just now? Dad thinks not; and so do I, rather. Do you want to talk about it, or would you rather find faces in the fire?"

"Please I want to talk about it."

"Carry on then. Fortify yourself with that last bit of 'Delight.'"

In spite of this reinforcement I found it wasn't so very easy to begin.

"Well," I said slowly, "I expect the foundation of my *joie de vivre* is a great relief that the War's over. Lots of troops celebrated that with song and dance and so forth on November 11th and subsequent nights; I'm spreading it over a much longer time. In a way it's like having a death sentence repealed, for millions of us. Not the heroic spirit, is it?—but there you are."

"Of course everyone feels that," Woggles admitted. "Only now that it *is* all over, aren't we sort of looking round and counting the cost? Thinking that all this loss of life and suffering hasn't made the world so very much better? Look at Russia and our strikes. Doesn't Bolshevism worry you?" she asked.

"The fact is," I told her, "I believe I've evolved a philosophy of life which nothing of that kind can seriously disturb—or I hope not. It's very jolly to feel like that."

"It must be. May we have this philosophy, please? Perhaps you'll make a disciple."

"It's an awfully simple one really, only I think people lose sight of it so strangely. Just to realise the extraordinary pleasure everyday things can give you—if you'll only let them. You compree that?"

"It doesn't sound very convincing," Woggles objected. "Everyday things! As for instance?"

"Oh, what shall I say? One of those really fine mornings; huge white clouds in a deep blue sky; the feel of a good drive at golf; smoke from cottage chimneys at dusk; wondering what's round the next corner of an unknown road; bare branches at night with the stars tangled in them; the wind that blows across these downs of ours; the music of a sentence of Stevenson's; Bogie here and his funny little ways—— Well, I needn't go on?"

"No, you needn't," said Woggles thoughtfully and looked at me rather hard for a space. "We're old friends, aren't we, and all that sort of thing?" she demanded.

"What a question! I hope we are. But why?"

"Well, I'm going to ask you something. But I may say I'm rather nervous. You'll promise not to set Bogie at me or strangle me with your Sam Browne?"

"I will."

"Well, then, have you been asking Betty Willoughby to marry you, and has she said 'Yes'?"

I was amazed. Was Woggles also among the soothsayers? Because a few evenings earlier, with the help of a splendid full moon and one or two extenuating circumstances——

"But this is black magic and wizardry," I said. "It's a dead secret. How on earth did you know?"

"Oh, I just guessed," said Woggles.

The Matrimonial Market.

"Young Girl Wanted, for Wife of Naval Officer."—*Provincial Paper.*

The Navy may be the Silent Service, but when it does speak it is very direct.



THE EASTER OFFERING.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*fresh from Paris*). "I DON'T SAY IT'S A PERFECT EGG; BUT PARTS OF IT, AS THE SAYING IS, ARE EXCELLENT."



Colonel (back with his battalion from front lines—to horsey and immaculate Railway Transport Officer). "ENGINES A BIT FRISKY THIS MORNING?"

PROPACANDA IN THE BALKANS.

AT the end of September last those whom we in Macedonia had come to regard as our deadly enemies became our would-be friends with a suddenness which was almost painful. Kultur is a leavening influence, and our spurious local Hun in Bulgaria is every bit as frightful in war and as oily in defeat as the genuine article on the Rhine.

To escape this unfamiliar and rather overpowering atmosphere of friendliness our section of the Salonica Force immediately made for the nearest available enemy and found ourselves at a lonely spot on the Turkish frontier. The name of the O.C. Local Bulgars began with Boris, and he was a *Candidat Offizier* or Cadet, and acting Town Major. As an earnest of good-will, he showed us photos of his home, before and after the most recent *pogrom*, and of his grandfather, a bandit with a flourishing practice in the Philippopolis district, much respected locally.

We took up our dispositions, and shortly all officers were engaged sorting out the suspicious characters arrested by the sentries. It was in this way that I became acquainted with Serge Gotastitch the Serb.

When he was brought before me I sent for Aristides Papazaphiropoulos, our interpreter, and in the meantime delivered a short lecture to the Sergeant-Major, Quartermaster-Sergeant and Storeman on the inferiority of the Balkan peoples, with particular reference to the specimen before us, to whom, in view of the fact that he seemed a little below himself, I gave a tot of rum. He eyed it with suspicion.

"What 's this?" he asked suddenly (in English). "Whisky?"

I informed him that it was rum.

"That 's the goods," he said, and drank it. I then commenced interrogation.

"You are a Bulgar?" I asked.

"No," said Serge cheerlessly, "I am Serb."

"Serb! Then what are you doing here?"

"I hail from Prilep," he explained. "When Bulgar come Prilep, they say, 'You not Serb; you Bulgar.' So they bringit me here with others, and I workit on railroad. My family I not know where they are; no clothes getting, no money neither. English plenty money," he added, *à propos* of nothing.

I ignored the hint.

"Then you are a prisoner of war?" I suggested.

"In old time," he continued, "Turks have Prilep. I go to America and workit on railroad Chicago—three, four year. When I come back Turks take me for army. Not liking I desert to Serbish army. When war finish, Serbs have Prilep. I go home Serbish civil. Then this war start. Bulgar come to Prilep and say, 'You Bulgar, you come work for us.' You understahn me, boss?"

"I must look into this," I said to the Sergeant-Major. "Send for the interpreter and ask the Bulgar officer to step in. He 's just going past."

Boris arrived with a salute and a charming smile and listened to my tale. Then he turned a cold eye on Serge and burst into a torrent of Bulgarian, under which Serge stood with lifting scalp.

"Sir," faltered Serge, when the cascade ceased, "I am liar. All I said to you is false. I am good Bulgar. I hate Serbs."

"Then you are not, in fact, a Serb?" I said.

"Nope," said Serge, nodding his head frantically (the Oriental method of negation).

"Do you want to go home?" I asked cunningly.

"Sure, boss," replied he. "Want to go Chicago."

Boris uttered one blasting guttural and Serge receded to the horizon with great rapidity. "You understand, *mon ami*," explained Boris; "he is really a Bulgar, but the villainous Serb propagandists have taught him the Serbian language and that he is Serb. It is his duty really to fight or work for Bulgaria, just as it was ours to liberate him and his other Bulgar brothers in Serbia from the yoke of the Serbs. It is understood, my friend?"

"Oh, absolutely," I replied.

He withdrew, exchanging a glance of hatred with Aristides Papazaphiropoulos, who approached saluting with Hellenic fervour.

"You wish me, Sare?" he asked.

"I did," I answered, and outlined to him what had passed. "Is it true that propaganda is, or are, used to that extent?"

"It is true," he answered sadly. "The Serb has much propagandism, the Bulgar also. But in this case both are liars, since the population of Prilep is rightfully Greek."

* * * * *

Three days later Boris appeared before me with a sullen face.

"I wish to complain," he said. "You have with you a Greek, one Papazaphiropoulos. It is forbidden by the terms of the Armistice that Greeks should come into Bulgaria. Greeks or Serbs—it is expressly stated. I wish to complain."

"You are wrong," I replied. "He is no Greek. He is a Bulgar. But the cunning Greek propagandists have taught him the Greek language and that he is a Greek. It is really his duty to be the first to rush on to the soil of his beloved Bulgaria——"

"Ach!" said Boris, grinding his teeth; "you mock our patriotism. You are an Englishman."

"I don't," I replied. "And I 'm not. I 'm French. We came over in 1066. You ask my aunt at Tunbridge Wells. But the villainous English propagandists taught me English, and the Scotch gave me a taste for whisky, and——"

But Boris had faded away.

Alarming Spread of Cannibalism.

"AUSTRALIANS IN FRANCE.
THIRD OF GERMAN ARMY EATEN."
Queensland Paper.

"THOROUGHLY Experienced Cook. Capable cooking large family."—*Ceylon Paper.*

"WANTED, Smart Young Man or Woman, for frying."—*Provincial Paper.*



Born Grumbler. "FOR OVER FOUR YEARS I'VE BATTLED FURIOUSLY AGAINST A 'ARD AN' BITTER FOE. AN' 'ERE I AM CONSTRUCTIN' A WOODEN' 'ORSE FOR THE CAPTIN'S SON."

TO A YOUNG SUB.

(*By a late one.*)

SUBLIME young Sir, so nuttily complacent,
So airy-poised upon thy rubbered feet,
The cynosure, no doubt, of all adjacent
Regard along that bit of Regent Street,
My thanks. In rather less than half a twinkling
Thy lofty air and high Olympian gaze
Have taught me that of which I had no inkling
Throughout my swashing military days.

I too (*et ego in Arcadia vixi*)—
I too have strolled like that in London town,
Demanding homage from the very bricks I
Pressed with my shoes of scintillating brown;
But never till I tried the fair corrective
Of seeing khaki from a civvy suit
Could I envisage in its true perspective
That common circumstance, a Second-Loot.

Not Dead Yet.

"The Hungarian Soviet Government has adopted a non-posthumous attitude."—*Globe.*



Host (to visitor just arrived). "GET YOUR OVERCOAT OFF QUICKLY, MAN; THEN HE'LL THINK YOU BELONG TO THE HOUSE!"

THE PASSING OF GREEK.

A GREAT thanksgiving meeting (postponed till "Summer-time" on account of the shortage of artificial heat) was held at the Albert Hall last Saturday to celebrate the dethronement of Greek at Oxford. Mr. H. G. WELLS presided, and there was a numerous attendance.

Mr. WELLS, while he struck and maintained a jubilant note throughout his eloquent speech, tempered enthusiasm with caution. The Grecians, he said, like the Greeks, were wily folk and capable of shamming dead while they were all the while scheming and plotting to restore their imperilled supremacy. Indeed he knew it as a fact that some of the most infatuated scholars actually voted against compulsion, simply to confuse the issue. Still, for the moment it was a great victory, a crushing blow to Oxford, the stronghold of mediævalism, incompetence and Hanoverianism, and an immense relief to the sorely-tried physique of the nation. For he was able to assure them, speaking with the authority of one who had taken first-class honours in Zoology, that the study of Greek more than anything else predisposed people to influenza by promoting cachexia, often leading to arterio-sclerosis, bombination of the tympanum, and even astigmatism of the pineal gland. (Sensation.)

Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P., speaking from the seat of an aeroplane, said that he had found the little Greek he remembered from his school-days not only no help but a positive hindrance to his advocacy of a strong Air policy. The efforts of the Greeks as pioneers of aviation were grossly exaggerated and, speaking as an expert, he denounced these literary fictions as so much hot air. There were at least forty-seven thousand reasons against Greek, but he would be content with two. It didn't pay, and it was much harder than Esperanto.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX in a most impressive speech said that he was no enemy of ancient learning. Egyptology was only a less favourite recreation with him than revolver practice. But Greek he could never abide, and he was confirmed in his instinct by the fact that at all the sixteen Courts where he had been received and decorated Classical Greek was practically unknown. It was the same in his travels in Morocco, Algeria, Kabylia, among the Touaregs, the Senussis and the pygmies of the Aruwhimi Hinterland. He never heard it even alluded to. Nor had he found it necessary for his investigations into the secret service of Foreign Powers, the writing of spy stories, the forecasting of the Great War or the composition of cinema plays. He had done his best to procure the prohibition of the study of Greek in the Republic of San Marino, and he was inclined to trace the present financial crisis in that State to his failure. (Cheers.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW struck a somewhat jarring note by the cynical remark that it would be a very good thing for modern sensational authors if Greek literature were not only neglected but destroyed, as some of the Classical authors had been guilty of prospective plagiarism on a large scale. He knew this as a fact, as he had been recently reading LUCIAN in a crib and found him devilish amusing. (Uproar and cries of "Shame!")

A moving letter was read from Lord BEAVERBROOK, in which the great financier declared that, in arriving at the peerage at the age of thirty-seven, he had found his inability to read HOMER



Demobilised One (to massive lady about to make her exit). "EXCUSE ME. WOULD YOU MIND TREADING—ACCIDENTAL-LIKE—ON THAT MAN'S TOES? HE USED TO BE MY SERGEANT-MAJOR."

freely in the original no handicap or hindrance. He pointed out the interesting fact that Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who reached a similar elevation at the age of forty, had never composed any Greek iambics, though his literary style was singularly polished.

It was felt that any further speeches after this momentous announcement would inevitably partake of the nature of an anti-climax.

The Chairman happily interpreted the feeling of the meeting by hurling a copy of *Liddell and Scott* on the floor of the platform and dancing upon it, and the great assembly soon afterwards dispersed in a mood of solemn exultation to the strains of a Jazz band. As Mr. WELLS observed in a fine phrase, "We have to-day extinguished the lights in the Classical firmament."

The Tender-hearted Bailie.

"Accused broke down in the dock, and while weeping bitterly the Bailie fined both girls £1 or ten days."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

"Lord Burray of Elibank and the Hon. Gideon Murray, M.P., have recently had influenza and bronchitis."—*Scotch Paper.*

From internal evidence we gather that his lordship has not yet completely recovered.

SO SOON FORGOT.

[A cinema has been showing a picture of M. PADEREWSKI, bearing the legend, "The new President of Poland: once a world-famed violinist."]

THE President of POLAND
Was born to place and power;
Yet, ere he found his mission
In filling this position,
He was a great musician—
Men say so to this hour.
But, dash it! while the whole land
Admits his old repute,
It wonders, "Did this fellow,
At whom Queen's Hall would bellow,
Perform upon the 'cello,
Or did he play the flute?"

The day AUGUSTUS JOHN is
Created Duke of Wales,
His countrymen will never
Stop boasting of how clever
He is at Art, whatever
(Though Burlington still rails).
But one small detail gone is
From their forgetful nuts;
Their recollection 's shady—
Did JOHN'S artistic heyday
Mean costumes for *The Lady*
Or things for *Comic Cuts*?

When HALL CAINE rules a nation
As Superman of Man,
His subjects will assure us
In daily dance and chorus:
"Ere HALL presided o'er us,
Men read him as they ran.
For once his circulation
Spread over Seven Seas."
Yet memory by chance errs
In these ecstatic dancers—
Oh, did he edit *Answers*,
Or write "Callisthenes"?

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"But the most pressing of all the questions with which the Peace Congress has to deal is the settlement of terms of peace with Germany."—*Nottingham Guardian.*

"LIFE'S LITTLE MARVELS.

A family of eight was stated to be living on £3 a week in the Bow County Court, and counsel said it was a marvel how they did it."
Bradford Daily Argus.

It is supposed that they take it in turns to sleep on the Bench.

"A Republic is derported to have been declared at Zagazig. In Cairo stdikes have added to the difficulties of the public, the latest being one by the cabddivers. Crowds ottempted to storm the Government printing works, but were dispersed by the military."
Daily Paper.

Not, however, until they had worked some havoc among the type.

THE MUD LARKS.

I was motoring homewards across the old line. A ghost-peopled dusk was crawling over the devastation and desolation that is Vimy, and in the distance the bare bones of St. Eloy loomed like a spectre skeleton against the frosty after-glow. We hummed past Thélus cross-roads, dipped downhill and, *hey presto!* all of a sudden I was in China. (No, not Neuville-St.-Vaast; China, China, place where they eat birds'-nests and puppy-dogs' tails.) There were coolies from some salvage company all over the place, perched on heaps of broken masonry, squatting along the ditch side, banked ten-deep in the road—tall villainous-looking devils, very intently watching something. I pulled up, partly to avoid killing them and partly to see what it was all about.

It was an open-air theatre. They had built it on the ruins of an *estaminet*, roofed it over with odds and ends of tin and tarpaulin, and the play was on. There was the orchestra against the back-cloth, rendering selections from popular Pekin revues on the drum, cymbal and one-stringed fiddle. There were the actors apparelled in the gorgeous costumes of old Cathay strutting mechanically through their parts, the female impersonators squeaking in shrill falsetto and putting in a lot of subtle fan-work. And there was the ubiquitous property-man drifting in and out among the performers, setting his fantastic house in order. We were actually within a mile of the Vimy Ridge, but we might have been away on the sunny side of Suez, deep within the mysterious heart of Canton City.

"Good as a three-ring circus, ain't it?" said an English voice at my side; "most of their plays run on for nine months or so, but this particular show only lasts six weeks, the merest curtain-raiser."

I turned towards the speaker and looked full upon the beak nose, cleft cheek and bristling red moustache of an old friend. "Good Lord, The Beachcomber!" I breathed. He started, peered at me and growled, "Captain Dawnay-Devenish, if it's all the same to you, Mister blooming Lieutenant."

* * * * *

In the year 1907 John Fanshawe Dawnay-Devenish arrived in a certain Far Eastern port, deck passenger aboard a Dutch tramp out of Batavia. The Volendam mate accompanied him to the gang-plank, shaking a size eleven fist: "Now yous, get, see? . . . an' iv yous gôme bag . . .!" He ground his horse-teeth and made unpleasant noises in his throat.

"Shouldn't dream of risking it, old dear," replied John Fanshawe pleasantly, "not on your venerable coffee-grinder anyhow—not until she gets a navigator." He kissed his nicotined fingers to the exploding Hollander and strolled off down the wharf, whistling "*Nun trink ich Schnapps.*"

Arrived in the European quarter he smoothed what creases he could out of his sole suit of drills, whitened his soggy topee and frayed canvas shoes with a piece of chalk purloined from a billiard saloon, bluffed a drink out of an inebriated ship's engineer and snatched a free lunch on the strength of it. Thus fortified he visited the British Consul, and by means of somewhat soiled letters proved that he really was a Dawnay-Devenish of the Dorset Dawnay-Devenishes (who should be in no way confused with the Devenish-Dawnays of Chipping-Banbury or the Devenishe-d'Awnay-Dawnays of Upper Tooting; the Dorset branch alone possessing the privilege, granted by letters patent of Ethelred the Unready, of drinking the King's bath-water every Maunday Tuesday of Leap Year).

Awed by the name—was there not a Dawnay-Devenish occupying a plump armchair in the Colonial Office at the time?—the Consul parted with five hundred dollars (Mex.). Next time the yield was not so satisfactory, not by two hundred and fifty dollars. At the end of a month, the Consul having proved a broken reed only good for five-dollar touches at considerable intervals, it behoved our hero to seek some fresh source of income. He cast up-river in search of it and disappeared from civilised ken for seven merciful years.

In June, 1914, he beat back into port in a fancifully decorated junk, minus one ear and two fingers, but plus a cargo of jingling genuine money. He hired the bridal suite in the leading hotel, got hold of a fleet of motor cars and a host of boon companions, lived on a diet of champagne cocktails and splashed himself about with the carefree abandon of a dancing dervish.

By the middle of July he was "on the beach" again and once more began to haunt the Consular office babbling of his influential relations and his "temporary embarrassment."

When war broke out he had thrown up the sponge altogether and "gone yellow"; was living from hand to mouth among the Chinese. At the end of August a ship touched at that Far Eastern port, picking up volunteers for the Western Front. The port contributed a goodly number, but there remained one berth vacant. The long-suffering Consul had a stroke of inspiration. Here was a means of at once swelling the man-power of his country and ridding himself of a pestilent ne'er-do-well. His boys, searching far and wide, discovered John Fanshawe in the back premises of a Malay go-down, oblivious to all things, and bore him inanimate aboard ship.

In this manner did our hero answer The Call.

In due course he appeared in our reserve squadron and was detailed to my troop. It did not take me many days to realise that I was up against the most practised malingerer in the British (or any other) army. Did a fatigue prove too irksome; did the jumps in the riding-school loom too large; did the serjeant speak a harsh word unto him, "The Beachcomber" promptly went sick. Malaria was his long suit. By aid of black arts learned during those seven years sojourning with the heathen Chinee he could switch malaria (or a plausible imitation of it) on or off at will and fool the M.O.'s every time. I used to interview them about it, but got scant sympathy. The Healers' Union brooks no interference from outsiders.

"Look here, that brute's bluffing you," I would protest.

To which they would make reply, "Can you give us any scientific explanation of how a man can fake his pulse and increase his temperature to 102° by taking thought? You can't? No, we didn't suppose you could. Good day."

One person, however, I did succeed in convincing, and that was the C.O., who knew his East. "Very good," said he. "If the skunk won't be trained he shall go untrained. He sails for France with the next draft."

Nevertheless our friend did not sail with the next draft. Ten minutes after being warned for it, the old complaint caught him again, and when the band played our lads out of barracks he was snugly tucked away in sick-bay with sweet girl V.A.D.'s coaxing him to nibble a little calves-foot jelly and keep his strength up. Nor did he figure among either of the two subsequent drafts; his malaria wouldn't hear of it.

I went back to the land of fireworks at the head of one of these drafts myself, freely admitting that John Fanshawe had the best of the joke. He waved me farewell out of the hospital window by way of emphasising this.

The Babe followed me out shortly after, bringing about fifty men with him. He strolled into Mess one evening and mentioned quite casually that The Beachcomber was in camp.

"How did you manage it?" we chorused in wonder.



OUR COURTEOUS TELEPHONE SERVICE.

City Magnate. "YOU'VE CUT ME OFF! HELL!!" *Sweet Voice from the other end.* "THAT WILL BE A TRUNK CALL."

"Heard the story of his leaving China and repeated the dose," the Babe replied. "Just before the draft was warned, my batman led him down to Mooney's shebeen and treated him to the run of his throat—at my expense. He came all the way as baggage."

Thus did John Fanshawe complete the second stage of his journey to the War. He did not remain with us long, however; a fortnight at the most.

We were doing some digging at the time, night-work, up forward, in clay so glutinous it would not leave the shovels and had mainly to be clawed out by hand—filthy, back-breaking, heart-rending labour. On calling the roll one dawn I found that The Beachcomber was missing.

"Anybody seen anything of him?" I asked.

"Yessir, I did," a man replied, and spat disgustedly.

"Well," I inquired, "was he hit or anything?"

The man grunted, "No, Sir; I don't think 'e was 'it; I think 'e was fed up. 'Call this war, do they?' says 'e to me. 'I call it blawsted WORK!' I told 'im to get on wiv it an' do 'is whack. 'E chucks a couple of spoonfuls of muck and then sits down. 'I can feel me damned ol' malaria creepin' over me again, Jim,' says 'e. 'Noticed a Red Cross outfit in the valley; think I'll be totterin' along there,' says 'e. 'So long.' And that was the last the regiment saw of its Beachcomber.

* * * * *

"Have it as you like, Captain Dawnay-Devenish," I said, "but before I go tell me, how did you wangle this job?"

"Any affair of yours?" he sneered.

"No," I admitted; "still I'm interested."

He laughed unpleasantly. "Yes, you would be. Always infernally keen on minding my business for me, weren't you? Well, if you must know, I was convalescing when these same Chows started a pogrom in the next camp. I stopped it, and the powers—who were scared stiff—tacked a stripe on me and told me to carry on."

"That accounts for the stripe," said I; "but what of the stars?"

"Oh, them! We were behind the line down south last year laying a toy railway when the Hun broke clean through in a fog. Remember? I pulled the Chinks together and we stopped 'em. That's all."

"Good Lord, that wasn't you, was it?" I cried. "Set about 'em with picks and shovels, shrieking Chinese war-cries and chopped 'em to bits. Oh, splendid! But how on earth did you rouse these tame coolies to it?"

The Beachcomber tugged his red moustache and laughed deprecatingly. "It wasn't very difficult really. You see, these birds of mine are only temporary coolies. In civilian life they're mostly river pirates, Tong-fighters and suchlike professional cut-throats. Killing comes natural to 'em. They only wanted somebody who could organize and lead 'em."

"And you could?"

The Beachcomber drew himself up proudly.

"I should hope so. Wasn't I their Pirate King for seven long years?"

PATLANDER.

Self-Determination in Devon.

"At a public meeting at Barnstaple, the Vicar presiding, it was decided to form a local branch of the League of Nations."
Western Morning News.

Won't WILSON be bucked?



Little Girl (in foreground). "Mother, I suppose the bridegroom *must* come to his wedding?"

THE LAST WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

The hand of dawn is on the door
That seals the dolorous arch of night;
Dim gardens and hushed groves once more
Dream of the half-forgotten light;
Yet all the ancient fires are cold
On altars battered and forlorn,
And men grope still for gauds of gold,
Oblivious of the imminent morn.

When comes the dawn? Its unseen dew
Distils on folded swath and mound,
Where grass is deep or sods are new,
And branches shake without a sound;
Where, numberless and low and grey,
The furrows lessen to the sky;
There sleep the sons of England, they
Who died that England should not die.

Better—ah, better for us all,
For them who sleep and us who wake,
That never bird at dawn should call
Nor golden foam of morning break;
That on one high cairn of the dead
The ultimate light should be unsealed,
Than that the world should live unled,
Unchanged, unpurified, unhealed.

Life and all things that make it fair
Men gave that better lives might be;
They went exulting and aware
Forth to the great discovery;
But who will prize life over-much
Or deem that death comes over-soon
If hands of fools and barterers touch
The architrave of Hope half-hewn!

Under a brave new baldachin,
New robes drooped o'er their crimson feet,
The old unaltered twain begin
Their ride along the embannered street;
With golden charms for men to kiss
A-swing from wrist and bridle-rein,
The brethren Pride and Avarice,
The monarchs of the world again.

If this thing be and no new world
Rise from the old dead world beneath,
Then morning's chaplet seven-pearled
Is made the bauble-crest of death;
All dreams belied, all vows made void,
Pale Hope a wingless fugitive,
And man a stumbling anthropoid—
Can these things be if England live?

If England live, the anarch tide
Shall lose itself among her waves,
And the grey earth be glorified
By the young blossom on her graves;
And by her grace no power shall part
Fulfilment from the dreams that were,
If still the music of her heart
Be theirs who lived and died for her. D. M. S.



THE DOVE AT SEA.

Bird of Peace. "EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THIS THE ARK?"

Man of War. "DUNNO NOTHIN' ABOUT NO ARK; BUT WE'RE FOR ARK-ANGEL, IF THAT'S ANY USE TO YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Sultan Addison (his mind on the house famine). "TELL ME THE STORY OF THE PALACE BUILT IN A SINGLE NIGHT."

Monday, April 7th.—The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is determined that there shall be no slack time in the furniture-removing industry. To that end he is arranging that the business-premises in Kingsway now being vacated by the Government shall be filled by the Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement, that the Commission's old premises shall then be occupied by the Air Ministry, and that the Hotel Cecil shall then be restored to its original owners—unless, of course, it should be wanted by the Department lately housed in Kingsway. "Musical chairs," muttered Colonel WEDGWOOD.

That was not the hon. and gallant Member's only contribution to the gaiety of the proceedings. He essayed to move the adjournment in order to discuss the situation of our troops in Russia, but was reminded that there was already a motion on the Order Paper dealing with that subject and standing in his own name. An attempt to perform the difficult manœuvre of getting out of his own light was frustrated by the SPEAKER, who, to the argument that the motion on the Paper dealt with a wider subject, replied "*Majus in se minus continet.*" Overwhelmed by this display of erudition, the victim murmured "*Der Tag!*" and collapsed.

In moving the Second Reading of the Housing Bill Dr. ADDISON thought it necessary to disclaim any intention of posing as "an Oriental potentate," modestly adding, "I do not look the part." He has, however, one characteristic of the Eastern ruler, namely, a delight in long stories. It took him two hours to tell the House in melancholy monotone all about the defects of our present system and his proposals for removing them. Unfortunately he has not the Oriental gift of transforming slums into palaces in a single night, but hopes to produce a similar effect by treating the local authorities with a judicious mixture of subsidies and ginger.

Tuesday, April 8th.—Congratulations to Lord ASKWITH on taking his seat in the House of Lords and condolences (in advance) to those foreign journals which will inevitably announce that the ex-PRIME MINISTER has overcome his objections to taking a peerage.

Lord BUCKMASTER's futile attempt to resist the passage of the Military Service Bill was chiefly remarkable for his epigrammatic description of the present SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR—"a man of great capacity, a man of most restless and versatile energy and unconquerable will, and of the most vivid and most illimitable and elusive vision of any politician of recent time." Several public schoolmasters, I understand, have already noted its possibilities as a suitable extract for translation into Tacitean Latin.

Lord CURZON hastened to assure Lord BUCKMASTER that, though deprived of his co-operation, the present Cabinet thought itself equal to coping with Mr. CHURCHILL. As for the Bill, there were still storm-clouds over Europe that might break at any moment; and every threatened nationality was uttering the same cry, "Send us British troops." Although we could not respond to all these appeals, we must have the power to give aid when the circumstances required it.

Some of our warriors are already experiencing the horrors of peace. Mr. CHURCHILL has promised searching inquiry into the case of the officer who sent a hundred-word telegram—at Government expense—about a dog; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, on his attention being called to the forty-three motor-cars still in use by the War Office, gave an answer which implied an impending slump in joy-rides.

Sir MARTIN CONWAY's anxiety that an "archæologically-qualified official" should be entrusted with the duty of protecting the ancient monuments of Mesopotamia was relieved by Mr. FISHER. Such an official had already been sent out—not from the War Office, where all the "archæologically quali-

fied" are presumably too busy—but from the British Museum. Part of his work had been kindly done for him by the German scientists, who had collected ninety cases of specimens, now in our hands. The removal of bricks or other antiquities had long been forbidden—rather a blow to Dr. ADDISON, who in the present shortage of building material is very envious of the new Bavarian Government with a bricklayer at its head.

Wednesday, April 9th.—In the Commons Dr. MACNAMARA announced that the Admiralty did not propose to perpetuate the title "Grand Fleet" for the principal squadron of His Majesty's Navy. The Grand Fleet is now a part of the history that it did so much to make.

On the Third Reading of the Ministry of Health Bill Mr. J. H. THOMAS made a rather ungracious allusion to the Local Government Board. *De moribundis nil nisi bonum* should have been his motto, especially as the old Department has done splendid work (and never better than in recent times under Sir HORACE MONRO) for the health and comfort of His Majesty's lieges.

If words were as effective as bullets the Bolshevist Government in Russia would have but a brief existence. The rumour that LENIN had made overtures to the Allies moved Mr. CLEM EDWARDS to a display of virtuous vituperation that Mr. BOTTOMLEY found it difficult to equal, though he did his best. Even Colonel WEDGWOOD, though he evidently thinks we ought to make peace with LENIN, indignantly repudiated the suggestion that he himself is a Bolshevist. Towards the close of the evening the HOME SECRETARY declared that no proposals from LENIN had reached our delegates in Paris—a statement which, if made a few hours earlier, would have rendered the debate superfluous. In his opinion the proposals, whatever they may be, had been "made in Germany" and should be excluded as goods of enemy origin. His statement that he was deporting Bolshevists every day was satisfactory so far as it went, but left the House wondering how they had been permitted to get here.

Thursday, April 10th.—The House does not feel quite the same without its BONAR, who has once more flown off to Paris. Question after Question was "postponed" for his return. We were informed, however, that the delay in releasing Charles the First from internment was due to the necessity of repairing sundry damages to his fabric, due, I understand, not to Zeppelins or Gothas, but to the corroding tooth of Time.

Several Questions regarding an explosive magazine at Dinas Mawddwy have lately been addressed to the Ministry of Munitions. Hitherto they have received rather cryptic replies, no one in the Department apparently being prepared to pronounce the name. But this afternoon Mr. HOPE, after a few preliminary sentences to get his voice into condition, boldly blurted out, "Dinnus Mouthwy," and received the tribute which the House always pays to true courage.



MODIFIED MOTOR FACILITIES.

STAFF-OFFICERS PASSING THROUGH WHITEHALL ON THEIR WAY TO LUNCHEON.

The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, hitherto a dual personality, is now three single gentlemen rolled into one. Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT has accepted the leadership of a new Liberal Party, and with Colonel GODFREY COLLINS and Mr. ALBION RICHARDSON as his attendant Whips, duly took his seat upon the Front Bench. Someone challenged the intrusion of non-Privy Councillors into that sacred precinct. But the SPEAKER dismissed the objection with the remark, "There is more room upon that bench than on any other, you know." It is expected that, in contradistinction to the "Wee Frees," the new Party will be known as the "Auld Lichts."

"It is impossible to plough on account of the large number of unexploded shells and bombs buried in the soil. These are now being employed by the Engineers."
Evening Paper.

We trust they will manage to avoid the traditional fate of the engineer.

UNEMPLOYMENT NOTES.

GOVERNMENT unemployees at present engaged in drawing their weekly donation are requested to call at the Labour Exchange every day at 10 A.M. Morning dress.

It is not permissible for applicants to send their wives, valets or chauffeurs to represent them.

Smoking is not prohibited, but applicants are requested not to offer tobacco, cigarettes or cigars to the officials.

Arrangements are to be made to provide entertainment by means of concert parties and motor-trips; also newspapers and periodicals, in which, to avoid annoyance, the "Situations Vacant" column has been blacked out.

It is desirable that applicants should not wear fur coats. The present fashion does not go beyond a grey tweed lounge suit, with white spats and velours hat.

A limited number of openings are offered to any who care to act as batmen to unemployed munition-workers.

A doctor is in future to be kept at every Labour Exchange to render first-aid to those who should be offered a situation.

Applicants are requested not to tease the officials.

Jargon.

From a speech at a Medical conference:—

"He was ashamed of the term 'shell-shock.' It was a bad word, and should be wiped out of the vocabulary of every scientific man. It was really molecular abnormality of the nervous system, characterised by abnormal reactions to ordinary stimuli."—*Daily Paper.*

We must try to remember this.

A Modest Estimate.

From a publisher's advertisement:—

"Baroness Orczy has laid the world under a fresh debt of gratitude. 7/- net."
"Times" Literary Supplement.

"The question one could naturally put is, 'Has the millennium arrived, when the lion and the lamb shall lay together?'"
Monthly Paper.

Let 's hope, at all events, that the produce won't be a cockatrice's egg.

"This is the anniversary of the death of Robert Southey in 1843. Perhaps his most celebrated poem is the delightful 'Ode to a Skylark,' the beginning of which 'Hail to thee, blithe spirit,' is known to every school child."—*New York Evening Journal.*

It seems that Truth still stands in need of propaganda in America.



Amateur Photographer (on a conducted tour in France). "CHARMING SPOT; BUT RATHER DISAPPOINTING. I *QUITE* HOPED IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ALL SMASHED UP."

FINANCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE decision of *The Westminster Gazette* to return to its old figure of a penny must not be taken as a sign that prices generally are coming down. On the contrary there is every indication that they are rising and will still rise, as the following symptomatic scraps of news, gathered from all parts of the country, go to prove:—

The First Commissioner of Oaths states that "twopenny damns" will, until further notice, be eight-pence each.

A schoolmaster in Birmingham who propounded the old question about a herring and a half costing three half-pence has been put under restraint as a dangerous lunatic.

If the information that reaches us from a little bird is correct, a boycott of sparrows is in progress, owing to their inveterate habit of saying, "Cheep! Cheep!"

Mr. HEINEMANN announces that, as a concession to modern susceptibilities, he has decided to alter the title of Mr. HERGESHEIMER'S successful novel, *The Three Black Pennys* to *The Three Black Half-crowns.*

All guinea-pigs and guinea-fowls will from the present date onwards be two guineas.

In the best profiteering circles cigars are now lighted with spills made of one-pound notes, instead of, as during the war, ten-shilling ones.

A well-known orchestral leader states that there is a serious movement afoot to popularise "The Dear Home Land" as an encore for the National Anthem.

The legal profession has long been concerned by the fact that lawyers' fees remain so fixed in a world given over to flux. It has now been decided that, although the fees shall remain the same, less value shall be given. For six-and-eightpence a solicitor will in future give only half his attention, by listening with only one ear.

Commercial Candour.

"EGGS FOR SALE.

Why go out of —— to be swindled? Come to the —— Poultry Farm."

"IN MY GARDEN.

April 4.—Now is a suitable time to saw sweet peas."—*Daily Mirror.*

When the stalks are very strong we always use an axe.

L'ALLEGRO.

HASTE thee, Peace, and bring with thee
Food and old festivity,
Bread and sugar white as snow,
The bacon that we used to know,
Apples cheap, and eggs and meat,
Dainty cakes with icing sweet,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph (not much U. P.).
Come, and sip it as you go,
And let my not-too-gouty toe
Join the dance with them and thee
In sweet unrationed revelry;
While the grocer, free of care,
Bustles blithe and debonair,
And the milkman lilts his lay,
And the butcher beams all day,
And every warrior tells his tale
Over the spicy nut-brown ale.
Peace, if thou canst really bring
These delights, *do* haste, old thing.

"WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE.—Sledges were constructed out of empty ration-boxes, whilst the old flappers used for dispersing poison-gas from dug-outs did duty as snow-shoes."
Daily Paper.

The young flappers were no doubt better engaged.

PINK GEORGETTE.

Joyce, at breakfast that morning, had announced firmly that if I really loved her I would take the pattern up to town with me and "see what I could do." What she failed to realise was that, if I ventured alone into the midst of so intimately feminine a world as Bibby and Renns' for the purpose of matching stuff called Pink Georgette, I should become practically incapable of doing anything at all.

The only redeeming feature about the whole nerve-racking business was that he found me as soon as he did.

"Good afternoon, Sir," he said in a most ingratiating voice. "What can we have the pleasure of showing you, Sir?"

He was tall and handsome, with a perfectly waxed moustache and a faultless frock-coat. He bowed before me with a sort of solicitous curve to his broad shoulders, and the way he massaged one hand with the other had a highly soothing effect.

"Pink georgette, Sir? Certainly, Sir." To my inexpressible relief he seemed to consider it the most likely request in the world.

A moment before I had been drifting hopelessly, in a state of most acute self-consciousness. But with him to guide me I set off quite boldly.



"I DON'T THINK I CARE ABOUT THAT ONE. IT MAKES ME LOOK LIKE ONE OF THESE 'ERE SPANISH DANCERS."

At what proved to be exactly the right spot he paused.

"Miss Robinson," he called; "pink georgette."

With a polite introductory wave of the hand he motioned me towards the lady. He hovered about, near by, whilst I opened the bit of tissue-paper containing the pattern and murmured my needs to Miss Robinson. His very presence gave me confidence.

When it was all over he came up and led me away. As we emerged into the stronger light near the door I peered at him closely. Then I touched him on the arm and beckoned him behind a couple of Paris models.

I took hold of his hand and wrung it fervently.

"Sergeant Steel," I said, "you always *did* have the knack of being in exactly the right spot at the right moment. I haven't set eyes on you since that very hot day in '16, when you brought up the remnants of 14 platoon and pulled me out of that tight corner at Guillemont. That was a valuable bit of work, Sergeant, but nothing to this—simply nothing!"

The solicitous curve had straightened out from his broad shoulders. His hands had ceased their soothing massage. His heels were together, his arms glued to his sides, his eyes glaring at a fixed point directly over the top of my head.

"Thought it was you, Sir, as soon as I saw you. But of course I wasn't going to say anything till you did." It was not the ingratiating voice now, but that rasping half-whisper he always used for nocturnal conferences in the front line. "Never heard anything of you, Sir, since you went down with a Blighty after Guillemont. Beg your pardon, Sir, but you looked a bit windy as you came in just now, so I thought I 'd keep in support. . . . Yes, Sir, got my ticket last month—only been back on my old job a fortnight."

I tapped the parcel that Miss Robinson's own fair hands had made up for me.

"This a good issue, Sergeant?" I said. "Sound and reliable and all that?"

"Couldn't be better, Sir. I had my eye on her. We only drew it ourselves lately. That 's the stuff to give 'em. You can safely carry on with that, Sir . . . a perfect match . . . exquisite blending of colour . . . those art shades are to be very fashionable this season, I assure you, Sir."

Imperceptibly his hands had resumed their massage, the solicitous curve had returned to his broad shoulders, his voice was ingratiating again.

"We have a large range of all the daintiest materials. I believe our charmeuse, ninons and crêpe-de-Chines to be unrivalled in town, Sir. A little damp under foot to-day, Sir, but warmer, I think—distinctly warmer. Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir, *Good* day, Sir."

And Sergeant Steel (D.C.M. and four chevrons) bowed me into the street.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. WELLS has a new volume of collected Prefaces coming out this week, with an Introduction and an Epilogue by Sir HARRY JOHNSTON. It will be remembered that in *Joan and Peter*, a comparatively early work of Mr. WELLS—it was published, if our memory serves us, before the Armistice—handsome acknowledgment was made of Sir HARRY JOHNSTON'S administrative ability and high aims; and it is pleasant to know that in the long interval that has elapsed nothing has occurred to modify their mutual admiration.

* * *

The firm of Black and Green will shortly publish Lord DYSART'S monumental monograph on *China Tea: the Universal Antidote*. Lord DYSART establishes the remarkable fact that the word "dyspepsia" was practically unknown until the introduction of Indian and Ceylon tea. Mr. WELLS, who contributes an illuminating Preface, points out that the troubles of Russia are entirely due to the cutting off of the supplies of caravan tea from China (the leading Bolshevists prefer vodka to tea in any form) and the consequent recourse to inferior synthetic substitutes. The rival merits of cream, milk and lemon are carefully discussed both from the gustatory and hygienic standpoint, Mr. WELLS pronouncing in favour of lemon, in which idiosyncrasy he resembles Mr. CONRAD and Mr. GALSWORTHY. The volume is richly illustrated with pictures of rare tea-pots, tea-caddies and samovars, and contains a set of humorous verses dedicated to the author by Mr. T. LEIF JONES.

* * *

The Right Hon. REGINALD MCKENNA'S new book, *The Proud Podsnaps*, will be his first novel, and we hear it is to be humorous. His distinguished relative, Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA, Mr. WELLS and Mr. HERBERT JENKINS have all written encouraging Prefaces to it;



Nurse (reproachfully). "WHO DIDN'T FOLD UP HIS TROUSERS WHEN HE WENT TO BED?"
Tony. "I KNOW, ADAM. I CAN ALWAYS GUESS THESE SUNDAY RIDDLES."

and Master ANTHONY ASQUITH has added two essays on commercial aviation and a couple of brilliant caricatures of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

* * *

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE'S *Life of the Kaiser* is already far advanced, but he has laid it on one side in order to collaborate with Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in the authoritative biography of Sir OLIVER LODGE. It is understood that of the chapters dealing with the physiognomy and phrenological aspect of the subject Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE will be exclusively responsible for those on the frontal regions of Sir OLIVER'S cranium, while Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE will devote himself to the occipital Hinterland. In this way it is hoped that the whole area, which is enormous, will be adequately covered. The book will be published by Messrs. Odder and Odder at 10*s.* 6*d.*; but a limited number of copies, with special tambourine and planchette attachments, will be available at £2 2*s.*

* * *

To the list of biographies of the PRIME MINISTER already published or in contemplation there remains to be added one by an author who veils his identity under the pseudonym of "Mount Carmel." It will bear the title, *Lloyd George—Saint or Dragon?* and will be prefaced by an introduction by Mr. Stickham Weed, in which that eminent publicist discusses the antagonism of the Celtic temperament to Jugo-Slav ideals. The book will be published at Fontainebleau.

* * *

The new Cardiff firm of Jenkins and Jones announce a novel from the pen of Mr. Caradoc Blodwen, who had to fly from his native village last year owing to the realistic picture he gave of local life in *The Home of the Squinting Widows.* It is to be called *Taffy was a Thief*; and those who have had the privilege of seeing early copies of the book, which Mr. Blodwen wrote during his seclusion amongst the Hairy Ainus, describe it as lurid in the extreme.

* * *

Mr. Cuthbert Skrimshanks's new novel is being looked forward to expectantly by those who admire the vital and distinguished artistry of his work. The author, it will be remembered, was employed in a firm of ginger-beer bottlers before he took to literature, and Mr. WELLS, who contributes a Preface, dwells happily on the stimulating and phosphorescent quality which his literary work owes to his employment, and contrasts it favourably with the flatness of Eton "Pop."

Yet another Shakspearean volume, which promises to be of engrossing interest, has been written by Lord BLEDISLOE. It is to be called *Bacon and Hamlet*, and Sir THOMAS LIPTON has contributed an Introduction, in which the organisation of the food supply in the Elizabethan age is exhaustively described. This exhaustive work, which is dedicated to General STORRS, the Governor of Jerusalem, will be published by Messrs. FORTNUM and MASON.

"C'est la Guerre."

A brace of chemists' labels:—

"This preparation is issued in amber glass pots, as a War Emergency Measure, when white glass is not available owing to shortage."

"War Bottle. Amber glass is not obtainable just now, so we have to use white glass. May we ask you to grant us your kind indulgence under the circumstances?"

"A bullet fired at a pig from a humane killer struck the wall of a Merthyr Tydvil slaughter-house, ricochetted and wounded a butcher's manager."—*Daily Paper.*

The victim regards the name of the instrument as most inept.

"Lord Salvesen, the presiding judge, arrived in Aberdeen on Monday night, and gave a winner in the Palace Hotel."—*Sunday Paper.*

We hope to meet him in London before the Derby.

PINK GEORGETTE.

Joyce, at breakfast that morning, had announced firmly that if I really loved her I would take the pattern up to town with me and "see what I could do." What she failed to realise was that, if I ventured alone into the midst of so intimately feminine a world as Bibby and Renns' for the purpose of matching stuff called Pink Georgette, I should become practically incapable of doing anything at all.

The only redeeming feature about the whole nerve-racking business was that he found me as soon as he did.

"Good afternoon, Sir," he said in a most ingratiating voice. "What can we have the pleasure of showing you, Sir?"

He was tall and handsome, with a perfectly waxed moustache and a faultless frock-coat. He bowed before me with a sort of solicitous curve to his broad shoulders, and the way he massaged one hand with the other had a highly soothing effect.

"Pink georgette, Sir? Certainly, Sir." To my inexpressible relief he seemed to consider it the most likely request in the world.

A moment before I had been drifting hopelessly, in a state of most acute self-consciousness. But with him to guide me I set off quite boldly.



"I DON'T THINK I CARE ABOUT THAT ONE. IT MAKES ME LOOK LIKE ONE OF THESE 'ERE SPANISH DANCERS."

At what proved to be exactly the right spot he paused.

"Miss Robinson," he called; "pink georgette."

With a polite introductory wave of the hand he motioned me towards the lady. He hovered about, near by, whilst I opened the bit of tissue-paper containing the pattern and murmured my needs to Miss Robinson. His very presence gave me confidence.

When it was all over he came up and led me away. As we emerged into the stronger light near the door I peered at him closely. Then I touched him on the arm and beckoned him behind a couple of Paris models.

I took hold of his hand and wrung it fervently.

"Sergeant Steel," I said, "you always *did* have the knack of being in exactly the right spot at the right moment. I haven't set eyes on you since that very hot day in '16, when you brought up the remnants of 14 platoon and pulled me out of that tight corner at Guillemont. That was a valuable bit of work, Sergeant, but nothing to this—simply nothing!"

The solicitous curve had straightened out from his broad shoulders. His hands had ceased their soothing massage. His heels were together, his arms glued to his sides, his eyes glaring at a fixed point directly over the top of my head.

"Thought it was you, Sir, as soon as I saw you. But of course I wasn't going to say anything till you did." It was not the ingratiating voice now, but that rasping half-whisper he always used for nocturnal conferences in the front line. "Never heard anything of you, Sir, since you went down with a Blighty after Guillemont. Beg your pardon, Sir, but you looked a bit windy as you came in just now, so I thought I'd keep in support. . . . Yes, Sir, got my ticket last month—only been back on my old job a fortnight."

I tapped the parcel that Miss Robinson's own fair hands had made up for me.

"This a good issue, Sergeant?" I said. "Sound and reliable and all that?"

"Couldn't be better, Sir. I had my eye on her. We only drew it ourselves lately. That's the stuff to give 'em. You can safely carry on with that, Sir . . . a perfect match . . . exquisite blending of colour . . . those art shades are to be very fashionable this season, I assure you, Sir."

Imperceptibly his hands had resumed their massage, the solicitous curve had returned to his broad shoulders, his voice was ingratiating again.

"We have a large range of all the daintiest materials. I believe our charmeuse, ninons and crêpe-de-Chines to be unrivalled in town, Sir. A little damp under foot to-day, Sir, but warmer, I think—distinctly warmer. Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir, *Good* day, Sir."

And Sergeant Steel (D.C.M. and four chevrons) bowed me into the street.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Wells has a new volume of collected Prefaces coming out this week, with an Introduction and an Epilogue by Sir Harry Johnston. It will be remembered that in *Joan and Peter*, a comparatively early work of Mr. Wells—it was published, if our memory serves us, before the Armistice—handsome acknowledgment was made of Sir Harry Johnston's administrative ability and high aims; and it is pleasant to know that in the long interval that has elapsed nothing has occurred to modify their mutual admiration.

* * *

The firm of Black and Green will shortly publish Lord Dysart's monumental monograph on *China Tea: the Universal Antidote.* Lord Dysart establishes the remarkable fact that the word "dyspepsia" was practically unknown until the introduction of Indian and Ceylon tea. Mr. Wells, who contributes an illuminating Preface, points out that the troubles of Russia are entirely due to the cutting off of the supplies of caravan tea from China (the leading Bolshevists prefer vodka to tea in any form) and the consequent recourse to inferior synthetic substitutes. The rival merits of cream, milk and lemon are carefully discussed both from the gustatory and hygienic standpoint, Mr. Wells pronouncing in favour of lemon, in which idiosyncrasy he resembles Mr. Conrad and Mr. Galsworthy. The volume is richly illustrated with pictures of rare tea-pots, tea-caddies and samovars, and contains a set of humorous verses dedicated to the author by Mr. T. Leif Jones.

* * *

The Right Hon. Reginald McKenna's new book, *The Proud Podsnaps*, will be his first novel, and we hear it is to be humorous. His distinguished relative, Mr. Stephen McKenna, Mr. Wells and Mr. Herbert Jenkins have all written encouraging Prefaces to it;



Nurse (reproachfully). "WHO DIDN'T FOLD UP HIS TROUSERS WHEN HE WENT TO BED?"
Tony. "I KNOW, ADAM. I CAN ALWAYS GUESS THESE SUNDAY RIDDLES."

and Master ANTHONY ASQUITH has added two essays on commercial aviation and a couple of brilliant caricatures of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

* * *

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE'S *Life of the Kaiser* is already far advanced, but he has laid it on one side in order to collaborate with Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in the authoritative biography of Sir OLIVER LODGE. It is understood that of the chapters dealing with the physiognomy and phrenological aspect of the subject Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE will be exclusively responsible for those on the frontal regions of Sir OLIVER'S cranium, while Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE will devote himself to the occipital Hinterland. In this way it is hoped that the whole area, which is enormous, will be adequately covered. The book will be published by Messrs. Odder and Odder at 10*s.* 6*d.*; but a limited number of copies, with special tambourine and planchette attachments, will be available at £2 2*s.*

* * *

To the list of biographies of the PRIME MINISTER already published or in contemplation there remains to be added one by an author who veils his identity under the pseudonym of "Mount Carmel." It will bear the title, *Lloyd George—Saint or Dragon?* and will be prefaced by an introduction by Mr. Stickham Weed, in which that eminent publicist discusses the antagonism of the Celtic temperament to Jugo-Slav ideals. The book will be published at Fontainebleau.

* * *

The new Cardiff firm of Jenkins and Jones announce a novel from the pen of Mr. Caradoc Blodwen, who had to fly from his native village last year owing to the realistic picture he gave of local life in *The Home of the Squinting Widows*. It is to be called *Taffy was a Thief*; and those who have had the privilege of seeing early copies of the book, which Mr. Blodwen wrote during his seclusion amongst the Hairy Ainus, describe it as lurid in the extreme.

* * *

Mr. Cuthbert Skrimshanks's new novel is being looked forward to expectantly by those who admire the vital and distinguished artistry of his work. The author, it will be remembered, was employed in a firm of ginger-beer bottlers before he took to literature, and Mr. WELLS, who contributes a Preface, dwells happily on the stimulating and phosphorescent quality which his literary work owes to his employment, and contrasts it favourably with the flatness of Eton "Pop."

Yet another Shakspearean volume, which promises to be of engrossing interest, has been written by Lord BLEDISLOE. It is to be called *Bacon and Hamlet*, and Sir THOMAS LIPTON has contributed an Introduction, in which the organisation of the food supply in the Elizabethan age is exhaustively described. This exhaustive work, which is dedicated to General STORRS, the Governor of Jerusalem, will be published by Messrs. FORTNUM and MASON.

"C'est la Guerre."

A brace of chemists' labels:—

"This preparation is issued in amber glass pots, as a War Emergency Measure, when white glass is not available owing to shortage."

"War Bottle. Amber glass is not obtainable just now, so we have to use white glass. May we ask you to grant us your kind indulgence under the circumstances?"

"A bullet fired at a pig from a humane killer struck the wall of a Merthyr Tydvil slaughter-house, ricochetted and wounded a butcher's manager."—*Daily Paper.*

The victim regards the name of the instrument as most inept.

"Lord Salvesen, the presiding judge, arrived in Aberdeen on Monday night, and gave a winner in the Palace Hotel."—*Sunday Paper.*

We hope to meet him in London before the Derby.

POLLY.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. KIPLING.*)

I WENT into a private 'ouse to get a place as cook;
The lady ups an' greets me with a most angelic look:
"I 've just been makin' tea," she sez, "I 'opes as you will try
These little scones wot I 'ave baked;" and to myself sez I:
"It was Polly this, an' Polly that, an' 'Polly, scrub the floor,'
But it 's 'If you please, Miss Perkins,' since we won the bloomin' War;
We won the bloomin' War, my girls, we won the bloomin' War,
It 's 'If you please, Miss Perkins,' since we won the bloomin' War."

The lady she was out to please; we talked about the weather,
An' when the tea was done we smoked a cigarette together,
An' then we talked o' jazzin' an' the BILLIE CARLETON case,
An' so we come in course o' time to talkin' o' the place.

"You won't mind cookin' lunch?" sez she. Sez I, "Without a doubt,
On Toosdays an' on Fridays, which they ain't my 'alf-days out;
An' dinner, too, I 'll manage"—'ere the lady give a grin—
"On Mondays an' on Thursdays, which they 'll be my evenings in."

"An' wot about the breakfast?" "Don't you worry, mum," sez I,
"I 'm willin' to oblige you every single blessed dye,
Bar Sundays, when my young man comes; 'e 's such a bloomin' toff,
'E takes me up the river, so I takes the 'ole day off."

"That 's excellent," the lady sez, "I 'll easy do the rest,
So if you come, Miss Perkins, you will be our honoured guest,
For Mr. Vere de Vere an' I do all we can an' more
To please the splendid women wot 'ave bin an' won the War."

Well, seein' as the lady seemed to 'ave the proper view,
I took the situation an' I 'opes as it will do.
Of course there may be drawbacks, but you can't get *all* you wish,
For aprons ain't quite overalls an' cookin' ain't munish.
It was Polly this, an' Polly that, an' "Ugh! the mutton 's red;"
But it 's "*Won't* you come, Miss Perkins?" now we 're paid to stay in bed;
An' it 's Polly this, an' Polly that, an' anythink you please;
An' Polly ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Polly sees!

"Les beaux esprits se rencontrent."

"Persons expressing unpopular views (by which I mean views opposed to such patriots as Horatio Bottomley, Colonel Lowther, and our own hon. and gallant member of Parliament, et hoc genus omne)."—*Letter in "The Daily News."*

"There have been more pig posts than there have been big men able to fill them.—Mr. Bonar Law."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

From an article on the Zeebrugge exploit:—

"An on-shore wind was needed to carry the fog-screen in advance of the blockships. Absence of fog was essential. A fog would be beneficial. These desiderata postulated a concurrence of favourable conditions, and on April 23 they were not all present."—*Cologne Post.*

We gather that the Censor, shortly to be demobilised at home, still maintains his watch on the Rhine.

CRITICISM IN EXCELSIS.

THERE was a good deal of excitement in the Elysian Fields when the news went round that the Committee had exercised their power of electing a certain distinguished Shade to full membership of the Asphodel Club without a ballot. The general opinion seemed to be that the Committee had acted wisely, and that the election was in every way justified. A few members, however, expressed disapproval, not so much on account of any demerits of his own as of the effect that his election might produce on the sensitive minds of some who were already members.

"This Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON," said one who had been busy in canvassing opinions, "is fully qualified for membership, but I fear he may have a deleterious effect on JOHN MILTON and THOMAS GRAY. Did he not roughly criticise them in his *Lives of the Poets*, and do you think that MILTON is one who will sit down tamely under the affront? MILTON has been for years and is still one of our most distinguished members. Indeed, he has almost the standing amongst us of a highly-respected Bishop. He uses the Club a great deal, and I fear his comfort will be much reduced by the admission of one who regards his poetry with a hostile eye."

"In what way," said another, "has the denouncer of SALMASIUS become entitled to complain of rough attacks? Nor has his character been assailed. In that he remains episcopal. Only in his poetry is he made to suffer."

"But he is made to suffer pretty heavily," said a third. "Hear what JOHNSON said with regard to our friend's *Lycidas*:—

"'One of the poems on which much praise has been bestowed is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain and the numbers unpleasing. What beauty there is we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough *satyrs* and *fauns with cloven heel*. Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.

"'In this poem there is no nature for there is no truth; there is no art for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral: easy, vulgar and therefore disgusting.'

"Do you call that criticism?"

"Ah, but listen," said another and much agitated Shade, "to what he says of our respected THOMAS GRAY. The Committee must have forgotten how it goes:—

"These odes are marked by glittering accumulation of ungraceful ornaments; they strike rather than please; the images are magnified by affectation, the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. *Double, double, toil and trouble.* He has a kind of strutting dignity and is tall by walking on tiptoe."

The agitated Shade was about to proceed further with his protest when a sound of cheering stopped him. And lo and behold! an approving throng was circling round the new member, and in the thick of it were JOHN MILTON and THOMAS GRAY.

"For this Relief," etc.

From a Girl Guides' report:—

"The thanks of the Association are due to the following ladies who have resigned . . ."

"Sir George Newman and Mr. Philip Snowden have resigned their membership of the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic).

Caruso has sung at 550 performances."—*Evening Paper.*

All the same, there seems to have been a lack of harmony.



Lady (who has called on two successive Wednesdays, the fourth and fifth of the month, and has been told each time that Lady Smith-Robinson is not at home). "BUT I THOUGHT HER LADYSHIP WAS AT HOME ON ALTERNATE WEDNESDAYS?"

Parlourmaid (with dignity). "NO, MADAM. HER LADYSHIP IS AT HOME ON THE FIRST AND THIRD WEDNESDAYS IN THE MONTH; BUT WHEN THERE IS A FIFTH WEDNESDAY THAT IS TO *OUR* ADVANTAGE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My War Experiences in Two Continents (MURRAY) is made up of the diary and letters of Miss MACNAUGHTAN, written during her search for work that might help in the great Task. The book, it is sad to say, must serve as her memorial to those many whom she has amused by her bright and wholesome stories. Worn out by labours and quests beyond her strength she fell sick at Teheran in 1916 and returned to England to die. In 1914 she had done fine service with her soup-kitchen in Flanders, where her energy and almost too tender sympathy had full scope and the reward of good work accomplished. She seemed also to be happy in her lecture tour on her return to England, trying to arouse the sluggish-minded to a sense of the gravity of the business. But in her Russian and Persian adventure it is clear that she was deeply disappointed at feeling herself unwanted and useless in a region of waste and muddle. It is probable that for all her courage and unselfish devotion she was too sensitive to the suffering she encountered ever to attain the routine indifference which makes work among such horrors possible. Her deep religious convictions aggravated rather than eased that suffering. She was honestly old-fashioned and never took quite kindly to the khaki-breeched free-spoken young women of the subsidiary war services, had a hatred of muddle and was a little severe on men, though acknowledging that "young men are the kindest members of the human race." True this, I should say, who am no longer young. "The war is fine, *fine*, FINE, though I don't get near the fineness except in the pages of *Punch*." Charming of her to say that.

The heroine of *Miss Fingal* (BLACKWOOD) is called by her publishers "a woman whose distinguishing trait is femininity," to which they add, with obvious truth, "a refreshing creation in these days." Really, in this one phrase Messrs. BLACKWOOD have covered the ground so comprehensively that I have little more to do than subscribe my signature. To fill in details, Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD'S latest is a quietly sympathetic tale about a lonely gentlewoman (this you can take either as one or two words) rescued from a life of penury by the will of a rich uncle, transferred from her tiny flat in Battersea to Bedford Square and a country cottage, expanding in prosperity, and generally proving the old adage that where there's a will there's a way, indeed several ways, of spending the result agreeably. As I have said, it is all the gentlest little comedy of happiness, not specially exciting perhaps. I find it characteristic of Mrs. CLIFFORD'S method that the only at all violent incident, a railway smash, happens discreetly out of sight, and does no more than provide its victim with an enjoyable convalescence, and the attentive reader with the suggestion of a psychological problem that is both unnecessary and unconvincing. The best of the tale is its picture of *Miss Fingal* herself, rescued from premature decay and gradually recovering her youth under the stimulus of new interests and opportunities. Whether

the now rather too familiar *Kaiser-ex-machina* solution was needed in order to rid the stage of a superfluous character is open to question; but at all events it leaves *Miss Fingal* happy in companionship and assured of the success that waits upon a satisfactory finish.

"How can I"—I seem to hear the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* communing with herself—"how can I write a story, with all my necessary Teutonic ingredients in it, which shall be popular even during the War?" And then I seem to see the satisfaction with which she hit upon the solution of inventing pretty twin girls of seventeen, an age which permits remarks with a sting in them to be uttered apparently in innocence and yet is marriageable or, at any rate, engageable; making them orphans; giving them a German father and an English mother, and very mixed sympathies, in which England predominates; and sending them to America to pass its novelty under their candid European eyes. Much of the satisfaction which her scheme must have given to the authoress of *Christopher and Columbus* (MACMILLAN) is shared by its readers, although the feeling that it has been made to order to fit a difficult market is never absent. For much of the dialogue, and often when most amusing, does not ring true, and we are occasionally asked to believe that the twins could be far slower in the uptake than at other, and less inconvenient, times they show themselves to be. But the book is another sufficing proof that the male sex has no monopoly of humour.

MR. CHRISTOPHER CULLEY, in his rather superfluous and petulant preface to *Billy McCoy* (CASSELL), observes that such reviewers as "may find time to skip through its pages" will probably call it a Romance. Well, skipping or not, here is one reviewer who will not disappoint him. A story of a hero who adventures into sinister places, disregards repeated warnings to "go back ere it is too late" (or the American for that entrancing formula), meets there a Distressed Damsel and kisses her as introduction, and finally, after an infinity of perils, is left with the D.D. as his B.B., or blushing bride—this I state emphatically to be not only Romance, but a most excellent brand of that article. What however Mr. CULLEY seems most to fear is that we shall think that *McCoy* himself and the whole setting (New Mexican scenes) are all make-believe. He need have had no such alarm in my case. I have, I remember, already commented on the admirable reality of his cowboys, as exemplified in the hero of a previous story. *Billy*, if just a little less convincing, is in many ways a worthy companion. But Mr. CULLEY's heroines always strike me as inferior to his men. They have the air of hanging about in corners of the tale, and generally of being rather a nuisance than a delight to their creator. But the heroine of *Billy McCoy* makes hardly a pretence of being other than a lay figure; without her it would be just as entertaining and exciting, if perhaps less completely furnished for Romance.

While reading "*Q*" *Boat Adventures* (JENKINS) I kept on telling myself that it ought to be read in small doses if the greatest enjoyment was to be got from it; but all the same I could not let it out of my hands. "The 'Q' boat," says Lieutenant-Commander AUTEN, V.C., "was a 'stunt' possible only to a nation of sailors. Officers might be found for 'Q' boats in any country with a seaboard; but men—no;" and I imagine that few Englishmen will be found to deny this statement. Elizabethan days for all their spaciousness contained nothing more incredibly brave than the exploits of these decoy boats, exploits which could only be carried out if absolutely every man taking part in them played his rôle to perfection. And it cannot be too widely noted that after the Huns had become suspicious the "Q" boat had to invite a torpedo as a preliminary to real business. Officers and men alike deserve all the gratitude their nation can give them, not only for their courage in action, but also for their patience when spending dreary months without getting to grips with the enemy. Few things are more demoralizing than to wait to be attacked and to find no one kind enough to accommodate you; but even during all these long periods of inaction the discipline and keenness of the "Q" boat crews never relaxed. Lieut.-Commander AUTEN has done a great service in telling us of these astounding achievements and of the infinite difficulties in the way of their successful accomplishment. We may be a nation of short memories, but it is impossible to believe that our "Q" boats will ever be forgotten.



Professor (who has inadvertently pulled the shower-bath handle). "TYPICAL APRIL WEATHER!"

Anything more Pettridgian than *The Bustling Hours* (METHUEN) cannot be conceived and cannot certainly be written. That means that Mr. PETT RIDGE's latest book will be heartily welcomed and thoroughly enjoyed by the large circle of his readers. Mr. PETT RIDGE is as good as a tonic in these depressing days, and without any effort he keeps at a high level of sane cheerfulness. His heroine is a certain *Dorothy Gainsford*, who has the gift of turning up at exactly the right moment and of getting exactly the right thing done, or more often of doing it herself. She really is a marvel and the last word in efficiency. There is only one thing at which I hint a doubt or hesitate dislike. She takes a banjo with her to a picnic on the Upper Thames.

There was a young man who said, "How,
With the minimum sweat of my brow,
Can I find jobs to do
For a maximum screw?"
So they said to him, "Why not try Slough?"

CHARIVARIA.

"HULL electors," declared a Radical contemporary, "have dealt the Coalition a stinging rebuke." But not, as others claim, the *coupon de grace*.

* * *

À propos, a Woking butcher was fined last week for being thirty-two thousand coupons short. The report that he has since received a letter of condolence from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is not confirmed.

* * *

A correspondent who has a latch-key would like to hear from a gentleman who could fit a house to it.

* * *

A food inspector at Chatham admitted that he could not tell the difference between No. 1 grade tinned beef and No. 2 grade. The old plan of calling one grade Rover and the other Fido seems to have been abolished since the War.

* * *

The EX-CROWN PRINCE, in a recent interview with a Danish newspaper man, called LUDENDORFF a liar. LUDENDORFF is believed to be preparing a crushing rejoinder, in which he calls the EX-CROWN PRINCE a Hohenzollern.

* * *

"The new Bolsheviks," says *The Philatelist*, "are fetching eight shillings a pair." It doesn't say where they are fetching it from, but it is clear that the loot business has declined since the days of the old Bolsheviks.

* * *

The United States Government has purchased four million pounds of frozen chickens for the American army. They are to be tested by inspectors before shipment to determine whether they are edible. What is known in scientific circles as the Soho standard of resilience will probably be applied.

* * *

Burglars have broken into an East End moneylender's office. It is not known definitely how much they lost.

* * *

The five hundred pounds in notes recently lost by a London hotel guest have now been recovered. It appears that a waiter had mistaken them for a gratuity.

* * *

The Metropolitan police are trying to establish the identity of a man who can give no account of himself and who knows nothing about the War. The fact that he was not wearing red tabs only adds to the mystery.

* * *

"Some men dance the Jazz dance," says a contemporary, "because it is stimulating." It is not known why the others do it.

* * *

A squirrel having been stolen from the Zoo, it is said that the authorities are taking no further risks, and that in future all lions and tigers will be securely chained to their cages.

* * *

It is reported that a much-advertised motor-car, after having its engine removed, ran for seven miles on its reputation alone.

* * *

With reference to the report that a service man had received a letter from the Intelligence Department admitting that a certain mistake was due to a clerical error, it is now reported that this admission was due to another oversight.

* * *

A terrible tragedy was only just averted last week, when a husband, who had travelled from the City by tube, and his wife, who had been to the Spring bargain sales, failed to recognise each other on their return home.

* * *

The War Office, the Board of Trade and the Zoo have formed a Triple Alliance for a campaign against rats. As a result of this it is said that quite a number of the more timid rodents are afraid to go out alone after dark.

* * *

The Society of Public Analysts has been asked by the Food Ministry to define a sausage. A number of pedigree sausages are to be submitted for classification.

* * *

The Minister of Foreign Affairs in the late Bavarian Soviet Government has been placed in a lunatic asylum. The reason for this invidious distinction is not assigned.

Mr. CHURCHILL on the Hull Election:

"Nothing in these reactions should be taken by the Government as in any way deflecting them from their clear and definite course of reviving the posterity of this country."
Daily Telegraph.

All very well, but they must get it born first.



Old-fashioned humorous Cow (suddenly). "MOO!"



Lady (who all last year was a land-worker). "POOH!"

"MUTABILE SEMPER."

To such as have a humorous bent
  Pleasant indeed it was to cull
From rival organs what was meant
  By the enlightened vote of Hull;
What process of the mind (if any) drove her
To execute that ludicrous turn-over.

Some held the Peace was too severe,
  And others not severe enough;
The latter cried, "The cause is clear—
  LLOYD GEORGE is made of flabby stuff;"
The former took the line that he had blundered
In letting Fritz (their friend) be grossly "plundered."

Then came a still small voice which said,
  "The thing that sent the coupon West
Was Woman; something in her head
  Told her that second thoughts were best;
To Party laws she hasn't learnt to knuckle
(This was the view advanced by Mr. BUCKLE).

"Men know a 'pledge's' worth by now;
  They take it with a touch of salt;
To Woman 'tis a sacred vow,
  And for the least alleged default
She gives her Chosen One no minute's grace,
But treats it like a breach-of-promise case."

O "Ministering Angels," ye
  Who yet are mobile as the breeze,
Have you alone the right to be
  "Uncertain, coy and hard to please?"
Our Ministerial Angels (GEORGE and kind)—
Aren't they allowed, poor males, to change their mind?

O. S.

THE SPOIL-SPORT.

Mr. Phillybag was demobilised. The Day had come. For months he had dreamed of the possibility—had imagined the joy and alacrity with which he would doff his cap, tunic and trousers, service dress, one each, and resume the decent broadcloth of a successful City solicitor. Strangely enough, however, once he was actually demobilised he found himself in no hurry to lose the garb which showed that he, Mr. Phillybag, had helped, you know, to put the kybosh on the KAISER. He was proud too of the corporal's stripes which he had gained in a very short Army career.

That explains why he was in uniform this morning in his office, when he opened a letter from Ernest Williams, his former junior clerk. He remembered Williams well—how in the early days of the War that youth had seen Lord KITCHENER point his finger from the hoardings at him, and there and then, discovering that the Ordnance Department possessed a cap, size $6\frac{7}{8}$, which fitted him, had followed instructions and immediately commenced to wear it. Now he had written to Mr. Phillybag to inform him that, as he expected to be demobilised shortly, he was calling at eleven o'clock to discuss the question of re-entering his employ.

Mr. Phillybag rubbed his hands together in satisfaction. He was looking forward to the interview. Since Armistice Day he had read every article he could find written on the subject of demobilisation and its humours; consequently he knew exactly what he was expected to do. When Williams entered, in all the glory of a Captain's stars, perhaps even a Major's crown, the ribbon of the D.S.O. or the M.C., or both, on his breast, he, Corporal Phillybag, would spring smartly to attention, salute and address his junior clerk as "Sir."

He chuckled with delight as he visualised the piquant scene. Reseating himself, he would briskly resume his interrupted work for a moment while he kept his superior officer waiting. Then——

"Mr. Williams to see you, Sir," said one of his clerks.

"Show him in at once."

On his appearance Mr. Phillybag suffered a slight recoil, but recovered himself quickly and exchanged embarrassed greetings. An awkward pause followed. At length Mr. Phillybag broke it.

"Williams," he said severely, "I 'm surprised at you. Who ever heard of an employee returning to civil life from the Army with a lower rank than the one his employer holds? Four years in khaki and only a lance-corporal! You 've spoiled my whole morning. It 's men with careers like yours who make the profession of humorous journalism so precarious."

A SOUVENIR OF COLOGNE.

"AM I really awake, or is it all a beautiful dream?" I said, pinching myself to make sure.

At the other end of the room an unmistakably German band was playing "Roses of Picardy," while all around me German waiters were running about deferentially, with trays in their hands. Even as I wondered one of them approached and laid the bill on my table with a friendly smile and "Tree mark, bleesir."

Then I remembered that I was at the British Officers' Club in Cologne.

"How interested they will be at home," I thought, "when they know where I am. And of course I must send them souvenirs of my Watch on the Rhine;" and thoughtfully I produced from my pocket some local tram-tickets, kept for the younger members of the family, and patted a box of two-penny cigars encouragingly. These I was going to send to my brother.

Then I rose and, paying the bill, went out to purchase a suitable memento for a younger sister. Slowly I wandered along the crowded Hohestrasse in the direction of the Opera House, peering into the shop-windows for something redolent of the land I was in. Presently a bright-looking sweet-shop attracted me. The window contained a beautiful selection of chocolate-boxes, with pictures of the Cathedral or the Rhine Maidens on the lids. In I went and selected a handsome sample, bound with red plush and bordered with sea-shells. But it was empty. "Nix sweets," said the girl behind the counter, and offered me the alternative of a bun. Nothing doing, and I passed on.

Further along the street I stopped before a chemist's shop to regard a huge pyramid of bottles of eau-de-Cologne displayed in the window.

"The very thing," I said to myself. "What more appropriate souvenir than a bottle of the local produce?"

That was ten days ago, and this morning I received the following letter:—

"Thank you *so* much for the scent; it was sweet of you, and arrived safely, only I don't think it *quite* so nice as the *real* eau-de-Cologne which I buy at Brown's shop [Brown is the village grocer] for three-and-nine a bottle. And he says they must have taken you in properly with a German imitation called eau-de-*Köln*, and expects you had to pay a pretty penny for it, though I hope you didn't, poor boy."

Reader, I ask you.

"INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC—PUBLIC MEETING.

In order to comply with the regulations of the Board of Health, each person attending the meeting must occupy 25 sq. feet space."
Australian Paper.

"Let me have men about me that are fat."—*Julius Cæsar.*



THE CHEERFUL PACHYDERM.

Elephant (*faintly intrigued*). "WHO'S THAT TICKLING ME?"



PEACE PREPARATIONS.

Music-hall Artist (to partner). "I RECKON WE OUGHT TO INTRODUCE SOME NEW FEATURE INTO THE TURN, WITH PEACE COMIN'."
Partner. "AH, I'VE BEEN THINKING OF IT TOO. WHAT ABAHT PINK FACINGS FOR OUR EVENING DRESS?"

THE BLUE HAT.

Nancy came softly into my study and stood at the side of the desk, where I was busy with some work on account of which I had stayed away from the office that morning.

"Do you like it?" she said.

I felt a momentary anxiety as I looked up. I had made a bad mistake only a little time before, having waxed enthusiastic over what I took to be a new blouse when it was a question of hair-dressing, the blouse having been worn by my wife, so she solemnly averred, "every evening for the last two months."

But this time no mistake was possible. You don't go about the house at eleven o'clock on a cold Spring morning fancifully arrayed in a pale blue hat with white feathery things sticking out all round it, unless there is a particular reason for so doing.

"I think it's a delightful hat," I said, "and suits you splendidly. But I thought you never wore blue?"

"I don't," said Nancy; "that's what makes me rather doubtful. I didn't really mean to buy it at all. I went in to Marguerite's—you know, that heavenly shop at the corner of the square"—I nodded; of course I knew Marguerite's—"to ask the price of a jade-green jumper they had in the window—oh, my dear, a perfect angel of a jumper!—and they showed me this. That red-haired assistant almost *made* me buy it; said she had never seen me in a hat that suited me so well; and really it wasn't so very dear. But I *was* a little doubtful. However——"

"She was quite right," I said very decidedly. "Did you get the what-you-may-call-it—the other thing?"

Nancy's face expressed poignant anguish.

"Twelve guineas," she said. "I simply couldn't run to it. Of course I was heart-broken. Still, it wasn't as if I really needed anything just now. It would have been ridiculous extravagance. But it really was an angel."

She turned to go, stopping a moment on the way out to have another look at herself in the little round mirror over the mantel-piece.

"I'm not quite happy about it," I heard her murmur as she went out.

The next morning I found a letter waiting for me at the office which brought me news of a totally unexpected windfall of some fifty odd pounds. It was a sunny morning, too, with a distinct feeling of Spring in the air.

I felt like being extravagant, and my mind flew at once to Nancy and her jade-green—what was the name of the thing?—that she had wanted so badly.

I left the office early, and on my way home managed to summon up sufficient courage to carry me through the discreetly curtained doors of Madame Marguerite's *recherché* establishment, devoutly hoping that the nervous sinking which I felt about my heart was not reflected in my outer demeanour.

The red-haired girl, in spite of a curiously detached and supercilious air, as who should say, "Take it or leave it; it concerns me not in the least," which at first rather alarmed me, was really quite kind and helpful.

"Something in jade-green that Moddom admired? A hat perhaps?"

No, I knew it was not a hat. I murmured something about twelve guineas. This seemed to be enlightening.

Ah, yes, a jumper probably. They had had a jade-green jumper at that price, she believed. If I would sit down for a moment she would send someone to see if it were still unsold.

I felt very anxious while I waited, but the emissary presently returned with the garment over her arm.

Yes, that was undoubtedly the one. She remembered how much Moddom had admired it. It had suited Moddom so well too.

While it was being packed up, for I decided to take it with me, a small boy arrived with several hat-boxes, which he put down on the floor.

Red-hair proceeded to unpack them, carefully, almost reverently, extracting the hats from the folds of surrounding tissue-paper and placing them one by one in various cupboards and drawers. Presently she drew forth from one of the boxes—I felt sure I was not mistaken—that very blue hat which I had admired only the day before upon the head of my wife.

I gave an involuntary exclamation. Red-hair looked at me.

"Surely," I said, feeling inwardly rather proud at recognising it again—"surely that hat is exactly like one that my wife bought yesterday."

Red-hair was hurt. "It is the same hat," she said coldly. "We never make two models alike."

I tried to mollify her. "I can't understand her sending it back," I said. "I think it 's an extremely pretty hat, and it suits her so well. But perhaps there was some alteration necessary. It may not have quite fitted or something?"

Red-head dived gracefully into the box and drew forth a note from the tissue-paper billows.

A faint flicker expressive of I knew not what hidden emotion seemed to pass for one moment over her aristocratic features as she read it. But it vanished instantaneously, and she turned to me with her previous air of haughty and imperturbable aloofness.

"Moddom is not keeping the hat," she said.

I felt somehow a little snubbed, and said no more, and, my parcel appearing at this moment, I paid and departed.

Nancy's joy over the jumper more than came up to my expectations. When she had calmed down a little I bethought myself of the matter of the hat.

"Oh, yes," said Nancy in reply to my question, "I sent it back after all. It won't matter in the least now that you have bought this."

"But why didn't you keep it?" I said.

"Well, I really felt I didn't like it so very much," said Nancy, "and, as you didn't seem quite to like it either——"

"My dear girl," I protested, "I told you I thought it was charming."

"Well, anyway you said that blue didn't suit me," persisted my wife. "You *did*, George."



Raw Hand (at sea for first time and observing steamer's red and green lights). "'Ere's some lights on the starboard side, Sir."

Officer. "Well, what is it?"

R. H. "Looks to me like a chemist's shop, Sir."

There was a moment's pause. It was no use saying anything. Suddenly Nancy jumped up and clutched me by the arm.

"George," she said anxiously, "you didn't, you didn't say anything about that hat to the girl in the shop, did you?"

"I believe I mentioned that I thought it was extremely pretty, and that I was sorry you weren't keeping it," I replied airily. "But why?" For my wife's face had suddenly assumed an expression of horrified dismay.

"I shall never be able to go into that shop again," she wailed, "never. I wrote them a note saying that I was not keeping the hat because *my husband very much disliked it*, and that I didn't care ever to wear anything of which he didn't approve."

What is really very unfair about the whole thing is that I know that Nancy thinks me entirely to blame. Indeed she told me so. When I ventured to point out that she had not been quite truthful in the matter she was at first genuinely and honestly amazed, and subsequently so indignant that I was fain ultimately to apologise.

In looking back upon the episode I am filled with admiration for the red-haired girl. I consider that she showed extraordinary self-restraint in what must have been a peculiarly tempting situation.

R. F.

SMALL-TALK.

"Of course you must come," said Mary; "it 's nonsense to say you can't dance."

Mary is married to my first cousin, Thomas. I looked at Thomas, but saw no hope of support. Thomas labours under the delusion that he can jazz.

"It isn't only the dancing," I protested; "it 's the conversational strain. Besides, as one of the original founders of the League to Minimise Gossip amongst General Staff Officers——"

"Rot!" said Thomas; "you simply let your partners do the talking. You needn't even listen. Just say 'Quite' in your most official tone whenever you hear them saying nothing."

Thomas, although my first cousin, is not bright; but I had to go.

For the first few dances I escaped; the crowd round the door was so dense that I saw at once that I should be trampled to death if I attempted to enter. Then I was caught by Mary and introduced to a total stranger.

I suppose there are people who do not mind kicking a total stranger round the room to the strain of cymbals, a motor siren and a frying-pan. I fancy the lady expressed a desire to stop, but as her words were lost in the orchestral pandemonium I realised that as long as the dulcet chords continued conversation was impossible; so we danced on.

Fortunately too, when the interval came, she was full of small-talk.

"Isn't the floor good? And I always like this band."

"Quite," said I.

"Rather sporting of the Smythe-Joneses to give a dance."

"Quite," said I.

"Especially when their eldest boy, the one, you know, who was so frightfully good at golf or something, has just got into a mess with——"

"Quite," said I, while she plunged into a flood of reminiscences. She did not ask whether I could jazz, mainly, I think, because I had already danced with her. I concentrated my thoughts on the best means of avoiding Mary when the music began again, and just threw in an occasional "Quite" to keep the lady in a good temper.

But there was no escaping Mary.

"You *must* go and dance with Miss Carter," she told me, adducing inconvertible arguments. I am terrified of Miss Carter, who can only be described as "statuesque" and always does the right thing (which makes her crushing to the verge of discourtesy). I am always being asked if I know whether she is "only twenty-two." It was not without satisfaction that I initiated her into my style of dancing.

To my horror, when we stopped she sat in silence, regarding me with an air of expectant boredom. I racked my brains.

"Good floor, isn't it?" said I.

"Quite," said Miss Carter.

"Jolly good band too."

"Quite," said Miss Carter.



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR HAIR DONE, MADAM?"
"WELL, I WANT TO GET IT DEBOBBED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE."

"And rather sporting of the Smythe-Joneses, don't you think?"

She said it again. By this time I felt convinced that all the other couples within hearing were listening to us. Miss Carter is that sort of person.

"Of course," I said with a nervous laugh, "it 's rather absurd for me to say anything about it, because, you know, dancing isn't much in my line."

"Quite," said Miss Carter.

That settled it; I felt I must stop her at all costs. I cleared my throat and spoke as distinctly as I could.

"I 'm always being asked a conundrum, Miss Carter, and you 're the one person who can tell me the true answer. Am I permitted to ask it?"

"Quite," said Miss Carter, for the first time almost smiling. I plucked up courage.

"It 's this: how old are you?"

She stopped herself just in time. Her answer was given in a tone which expressed at the same time her contempt for my breach of the conventions and the fact that she was too indifferent to think me worth snubbing.

"Twenty-two," said she.

"Quite," said I.

THE CAREER (POSTPONED).

MY DEAR JAMES,—A few weeks ago I wrote to tell you that ere long the military machine would be able to spare one of its cogs—myself. I discussed possible careers in civil life, and since then I had almost decided on "filbert-grower." Had things gone well, by the beginning of June you should have received a first instalment of forced filberts.

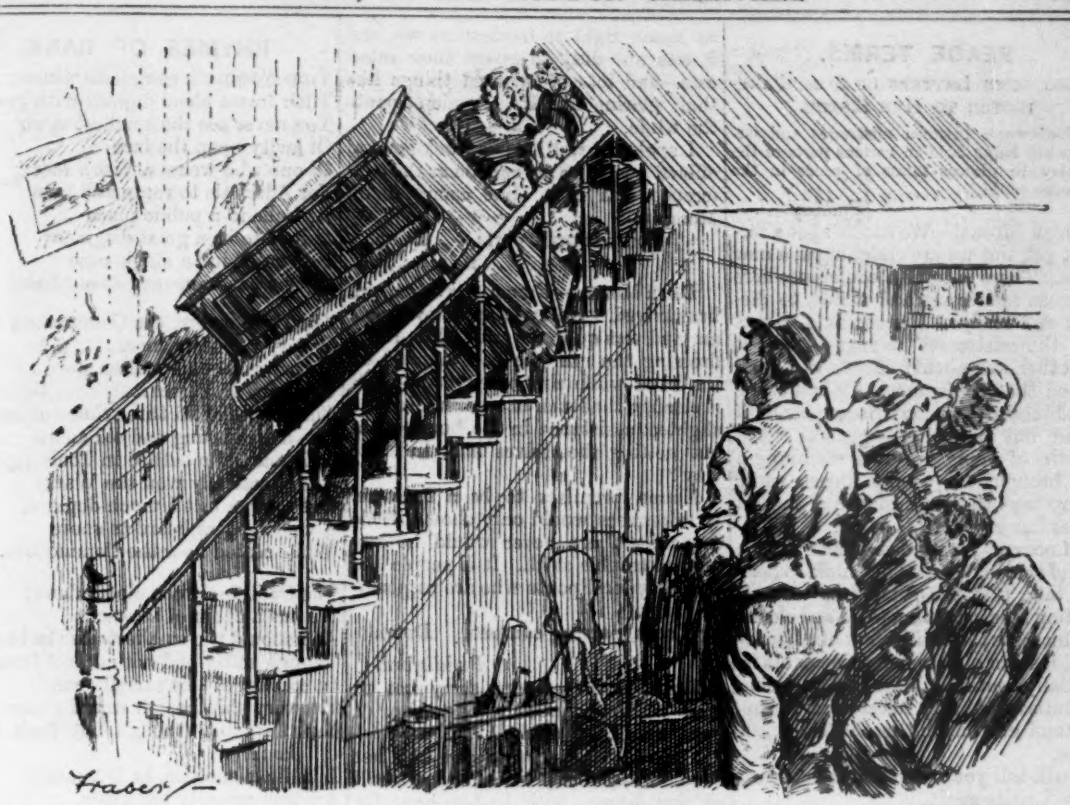
Now this cannot be. The cog is shown to be indispensable. I must remain a soldier.

Why do they want me, James? I am nothing like a soldier. I cannot click my heels as other men do. I try, Heaven knows how I try, but all the C.O. hears is a sound as of two cabbages being slapped together. And my word of command! The critics say it is like a cry for help in a London fog.

My haversack contains no trace of any Field-Marshal's bâton. You are aware that every private soldier's haversack is issued complete with "Batons, one, Field-Marshal (potential), for the use of." But there is no authority for such an issue for commissioned ranks.

Is it because of my manner with men and my powers as a disciplinarian? I fear not. If a man is brought before me for summary jurisdiction a lump rises in my throat and I want to cry. I am always sure he didn't mean to do it. As for military law, I am shaky on the fines for drunkenness, and I don't feel at all sure whether death at dawn or two extra fatigues is the maximum punishment for having one string of the hold-all longer than the other when on active service.

When I kicked the bell-push towards the end of last guest-night the Adjutant said he should mark me down for the job of Physical Training Officer; but I hope he was only joking. I am not



"SORRY, MUM, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL 'AVE TER STAY UPSTAIRS 'COS THE AFFILIATED SOCIETY OF PIANNER-SHIFTERS 'AS CALLED A GENERAL STRIKE THIS MINNIT."

built for the work. My frame is puny and my countenance irresolute. I hate bending and stretching my arms; they creak and frighten me. I never could squat on my heels like a thingummy.

I might, if allowed, make a hit as Messing Officer. With the aid of my Cookery Course notes I can differentiate between no fewer than thirty-four different types of rissole. Unfortunately we already have a Messing Officer of deadly efficiency. He can classify dripping by instinct. He can memorise at sight all the revolting contents of a swill-tub. My rissole lore is a poor asset in comparison.

No, James, I think I have it. One day you will read that our Armies of Occupation consist of so many hundred thousands of all ranks, including, perhaps, 35,001 officers. That is why they retain me. I shall be the "1" at the end of the thousands. It is your humble servant's function to keep the Armies of Occupation up to strength.

Are we to be robbed of the fruits of victory? The reply is in the negative. Therefore, when next June comes along and you yearn for the early filberts, do not be fretty. Remember that I am gathering in fruits of another and a nobler kind. Yours ever, WILLIAM.

NEW BREAD FOR OLD.

["New Bread Again"—"Loaves of Any Shape."—*Headlines from a Daily Paper.*]

As I walked forth in Baker Street
  As sober as a Quaker,
Whom did I have the luck to meet?
  I met a jolly Baker.
His voice was gay, his eye was bright,
  His step was light and airy,
His face and arms were powdered white—
  I think he was a fairy;
He danced beneath the April moon,
  And as he danced he trolled
Wild snatches of an ancient rune,
Yet all the burden of his tune
  Was "New—Bread—for Old!"

Quoth I: "Whence got you, lad, a heart
  So glad that you must show it?"
Quoth he: "The Baker hath his art
  No less, Sir, than the Poet;
I tell ye, I'm so blithe to-night
  I'd paint the old Moon's orb red!
Oh, think ye that I took delight
  For years in baking war-bread?
One shape, one colour and one size,
  By Government controlled?
But now all this to limbo flies;
What wonder that to-night I cries
  'New—Bread—for Old?'

"Good Sir, the Baker hath a soul
  And loves to make bread pleasant—
The Twist, the long Vienna Roll,
  The Horseshoe and the Crescent,
The Milk, the Tin, the lovely loaf
  Where currants one discovers,
The Wholemeal for the country oaf,
  The Knot for all true lovers.
So, till upon the glowing East
  The sun in red and gold
Comes forth to bake the daily feast,
I'll cry with heart as light as yeast,
  'New—Bread—for Old!'"

The Modern Icarus.

"After an hour's flight over the frozen Conception Bay and the town of St. John's, Mr. Hawker made a perfect landing. He appeared more than ever confident of success."
Daily Paper.

"General admiration and sympathy is extended to Mr. Tawker due to his frankness regarding his progress towards making the trans-ocean flight."—*Sunday Paper.*

We trust our contemporaries are not in a conspiracy to represent the gallant aviator as a hot-air man.

"Presently, when aviation becomes a commonplace, the fares will come down."
Daily Dispatch.

That's just what makes us so nervous.

PEACE TERMS.

BEING SOME LETTERS OF MRS. PARTINGTON TO HER SISTER.

[Conferences between mistresses and servants are being held in various parts of the country to discuss terms of peace in the domestic world.]

Puddleford.

DEAR MOIRA,—We haven't got a servant yet, but we are clutching at a new hope. There is to be a conference here between mistresses and maids, to discuss and readjust the servants' rights and the mistresses' wrongs—or is it the other way about? Anyhow, I shall attend that conference. I shall bribe, plead, consent to any arrangement if I can but net a cook-general. Ten months of doing my own washing-up has brought me to my knees, while Harry says the performance of menial duties has crushed his spirit.

Of course, Harry does make such a fuss of things. You might think, to hear him talk, that the getting up of coal, lighting fires, chopping wood and cleaning flues was the entire work of a household, instead of being mere incidents in the daily routine. If he had to tackle *my* duties—but men never seem to understand how much there is to do in a house.

I will tell you about the conference when I write again.

Yours always, DODO.

Puddleford.

DEAR MOIRA,—The conference was a most interesting affair; the one going on in Paris could never be half so thrilling. There was a goodly attendance of servants, and they had their own spokeswoman. We spoke for ourselves—those of us who were not too dazed at the sight of so many "treasures" almost within our grasp.

What the servants wanted was not unreasonable. They chiefly demanded a certain time to themselves during the day, with fixed hours for meals, evening free, etc.

Then Mrs. Boydon-Spoute got up—you know how that woman loves to hear herself talk—and said that such demands were outrageous. (It's easy for her to raise objections. She has somehow paralysed her two servants into staying with her for over ten years.) She pointed out that under such conditions the servant would have more freedom than the mistress; and to allow the working classes to thus get the upper hand was nothing short of encouraging Bolshevism in the home. Dreadful thing to say, wasn't it?

The servants got rather restive at that. When I thought of the two days' washing-up waiting for me at home I retorted with spirit that servants had as much right to freedom as we, and it was our duty to guard their interests—and lots of inspired things like that, glaring at Mrs. Boydon-Spoute the while.

I spoke so well that a cook-general offered herself to me as soon as the conference was over. She comes in on Monday.

Yours in transports, DODO.

Puddleford.

DEAR MOIRA,—Emma, the new maid, has arrived. Harry is as relieved as I am and was quite cheerful while I was dressing the gash he had inflicted on his hand while chopping wood. Isn't it strange that men can never give the slightest assistance in the house without getting themselves hurt in some way?

Emma promises to be a treasure. If mistresses would only show a little humanity there never would be any servant trouble at all. It is people like Mrs. Boydon-Spoute who are responsible for it.

Yours, purring content, DODO.

Puddleford.

DEAR MOIRA,—I am sorry not to have written for such a long time. I have been so extremely busy.

You see, when Emma has had her two hours free daily, her hour-and-a-half off for dinner, with half-an-hour for other meals, every evening out as well as two afternoons a week, you would be surprised what little leisure is left to her for the housework.

She gets in what she can, of course, and I do the rest. Doing the rest, by the way, takes up a great deal of my time. But I generally have an hour free in the evenings.

Your brave DODO.

Puddleford.

DEAR MOIRA,—I am glad to say Emma has gone and I am putting my name down at a registry-office in the usual way. It 's too much of a strain having "conference" girls in the home.

Who was it said that if we are to allow the working classes to get the upper hand it was nothing short of encouraging Bolshevism in the home? Anyhow, I think he—or perhaps it was she—must be right.

I must close rather hastily. I have just heard a terrific crash in the kitchen; I 'm afraid Harry has dropped something on his foot *again*.

Your long-suffering DODO.

"Mr. ——, like a fatherly hen, hovered over all, satisfying himself that nothing had been omitted that could detract from their comfort."—*Egyptian Mail.*

We cannot imagine any hen, however unsexed, behaving like that.

RHYMES OF RANK.

VICE-ADMIRALS command a base;
Their forms blend dignity with grace.
You never see the smallest trace
Of levity upon the face
Of one who wears a Vice's lace.
For Admirals to romp and race
Or frolic in a public place
Is held to be a great disgrace;
I do not think a single case
Of this has happened at our base.

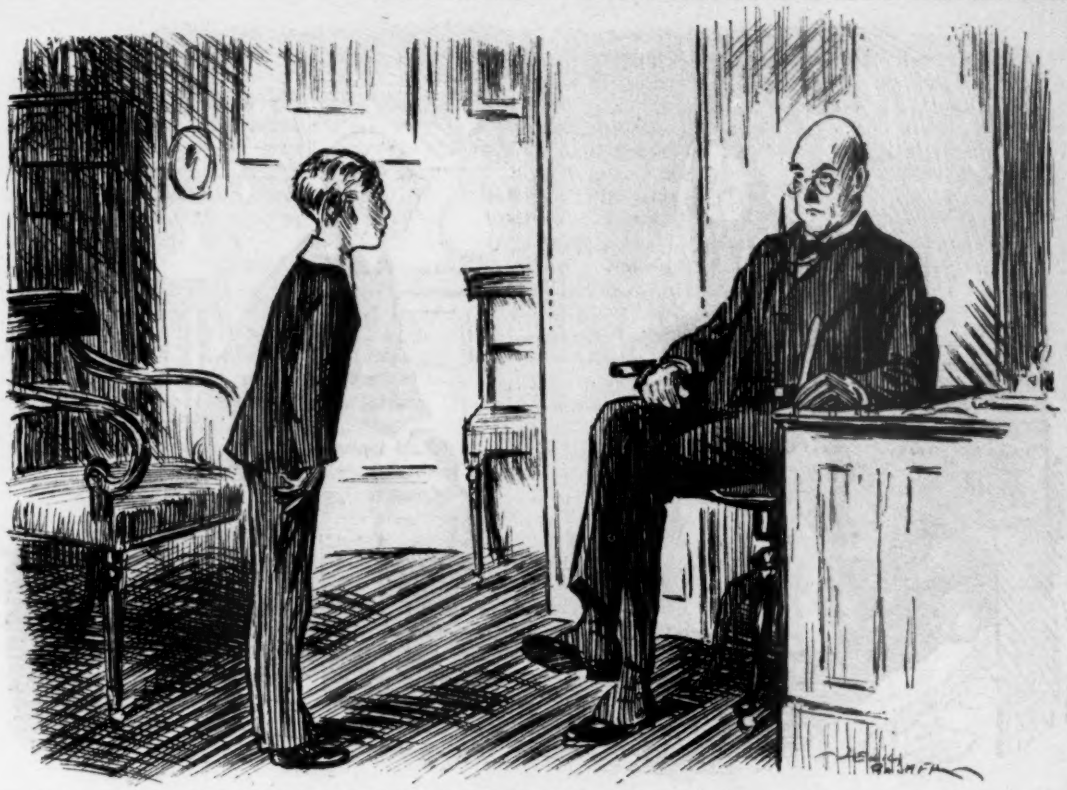
The Commodore, the Commodore
Is very popular ashore;
He can relate an endless store
Of yarns which scarcely ever bore
Till they are told three times or more.
The ladies young and old adore
This man who bathed in Teuton gore
And practically won the War;
But once, a fact I much deplore,
A General was heard to snore
While seated near the Commodore.

The Captain dwells aloof, alone;
He has a cabin of his own;
And should the smallest nose be blown,
Though softly and with dulcet tone,
In earshot of this sacred zone
The very ship herself would groan.
Yes, Captains (though but flesh and bone
Like little snotties, be it known)
Are best severely left alone.

Commanders are a stern-eyed folk
Who may or may not take a joke;
It really isn't safe to poke
Light fun at any three-ringed bloke;
You may be sorry that you spoke.
Their ways are proud; they sport the oak;
They are not tame enough to stroke;
I greatly dread these grim-eyed folk.

Lieutenants of the R.N.V.
Were born and bred on land, not sea,
And ancient mariners like me
With sly grimace and winks of glee
Would watch them when the winds blew free,
Or send them down a cup of tea.
But soon their deeds became their plea
For standing with the Big Navee
In equal fame and dignity:
While even Subs. R.N. agree
They 're better than they used to be,
These Looties of the R.N.V.

Sub-Loots are nothing if not sports;
The nicest girls in all the ports
Declare they are the best of sorts
And useful on the tennis-courts.
In gun-rooms, where their rank resorts,
They bandy quips and shrewd retorts,
And swig champagne, not pints but quarts.
I said at first that they were sports.



Headmaster (interviewing new boy). "AT WHAT SCHOOL WERE YOU LAST, MY BOY?"

New Boy. "P-P-PLEASE, SIR, AT A ST-T-T-TAMMERING T-TUTOR'S"; *(feels he is not making the best of himself)* "B-BUT THEY T-TAUGHT OTHER THINGS BESIDES ST-T-T-TAMMERING."

WITH THE RED GUARDS.

A GOOD deal of curiosity exists regarding the management of the Bolshevik army, in which it is stated that discipline does not exist. A copy of Battalion Orders may therefore be of interest:—

BATTALION ORDERS

BY MAJOR TROTOFF

(Commanding the 22nd Battalion the Red Guards).

(1) DETAIL.

Disorderly Officer—LOOT VODKAWITCH.

Next for duty (if so disposed): LOOT PUTAWAYSKY.

(2) PARADES.

The Battalion (or such of it as has no other engagement) will parade as strong as possible on the Peter-and-Paulsky Prospekt, at 10.30 A.M. for 9.30 A.M.

DRESS.

Barging order, with rifles, razors, knives, pokers and horsewhips.

The following scheme will be carried out:—

General Idea.—A few families of the Bourgeois class have taken up a position in certain cellars in West End of City. Patrols report that they still possess a few valuables.

Special Idea.—The O.C. invites the Battalion to occupy district and help itself.

(3) COMMAND.

The Second in Command of this unit regrets to announce that he found it necessary to sentence his Commanding Officer to forty-two days No. 1 F.P. for attempting to maintain discipline; the Second in Command therefore assumes command of this unit in the absence of the C.O. now serving sentence.

(4) COURSE.

Would a few officers mind being detailed for the hundred-and-twenty-first course in the use of Private House Grenades, 13th of this month?

(5) BOOTS, BOLSHEVISTS FOR THE USE OF, ISSUE OF.

The Quartermaster would be greatly obliged if private gentlemen of the Battalion requiring boots would favour him with a visit at any time during the day or night.

If not inconvenient to them it would be a kindness if they let him know what they take.

NOTICE.

The Officer at present in command of the Battalion has pleasure in announcing that the private residence of the Commanding Officer, which contains a large number of objects of great beauty and value, is through its owner's unavoidable absence at present unguarded.

In these circumstances the O.C. is pleased to grant an extension to all ranks until twelve midnight.

P. PIPSKY,
Captain and Agitant.

A Super-Mormon.

"A Nelson soldier in a letter states that General —— informed his unit that he had 2,000 wives to ship out to New Zealand, and another 2,000 would be ready to leave England during the next few months."
New Zealand Paper.

There was an industrial freak,
As a labourer sadly to seek;
But he leapt into fame
By preferring a claim
For a general Ten-Minutes' Week.



Vicar (to parishioner who has violent quarrels with her neighbour). "MRS. CRABBE SENT A MESSAGE THAT SHE HAS QUITE FORGIVEN YOU. WHAT MESSAGE CAN I TAKE TO HER?"

Parishioner. "YOU CAN SAY I 'OPE SHE'LL DIE 'APPY."

FEARFUL ODDS.

THERE 's no fear that strikes so dumb,
None so hard to overcome,
As the thought that there are two
Eyes that *may* be watching you.
Here 's a perfect illustration
Of that sickening sensation.

Young Lieutenant Jimmy Spry's
Power resided in his eyes;
He 'd been able all his days
To revolve them different ways.
For example, let 's suppose
That the right one watched his nose,
Then the left—you 'll think it queer—
Turned towards his dexter ear.
But what really made him great
Was—he always *saw* things straight.

Out in France, a year ago,
He was cornered by the foe;
Neither party had a gun,
But the odds were three to one
And the Huns were fit and strong;
One was lean and very long,
One was short and stout of calf,
While the third was half and half.

Jimmy, spoiling for a fight,
Fixed the short one with his right,
While his left with martial glare
Met the long 'un's startled stare;
But—I know it sounds absurd—
He was *looking* at the third.

Jimmy was, I 'd have you know,
Something of a boxing pro.,
So he knew the golden maxim:
"He who eyes his man best whacks him."
Shorty, when he saw the grim
Optic that was turned on him,
Thinking Jimmy's fist looked hard
Prudently remained on guard.
Canny Hun! And who can blame
Longshanks if he did the same?
But our hero, irritated,
Grassed the third man while they waited.

Filled with rage and anger, both
Rushed upon him with an oath,
Eager now to slit the gizzard
Of that astigmatic wizard,
Till they noticed with dismay
Both his eyes were far away!
(One eye sought the earth, while one
Seemed to contemplate the sun.)

Both stopped dead; the same cold thought
At their jangling heart-strings caught.
Longshanks, trembling at the knee,
Quavered, "Hans, he 's watching *me!*"
Shorty whimpered, scared to fits,
"No, it 's *me* he 's after, Fritz!"
Sick with fear, their souls revolted;
As one man they turned and bolted.

At them Spry in mild amaze
(Literally) bent his gaze,
Sighed, and then without a word
Wandered homeward with the third.

BAR BABIES.

[Lord Justice BANKS recently referred to the possible establishment of a Law Courts' *crèche*, where the female barrister might leave her young while engaged in forensic duties.]

From "The Law Times" of 192—.

"A VIOLENT altercation took place yesterday in the room allotted to infants of the Junior Bar (adjoining the Court of Pathetic Appeal) between his nurse and little Johnnie, the teething infant of Mrs. Flapperton, who, by the way, we noticed being measured only the other day for silk. The Court Husher having failed to produce silence, Mrs. Justice Spankhurst had to intervene, and only succeeded in restoring order by threatening to have the *crèche* cleared."



THE RECKONING.

PAN-GERMAN. "MONSTROUS, I CALL IT. WHY, IT'S FULLY A QUARTER OF WHAT *WE* SHOULD HAVE MADE *THEM* PAY, IF *WE'D* WON."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 14th.—The Criminal Injuries (Ireland) Bill furnished the LORD CHANCELLOR with the text for a rather gloomy sermon on the present state of the sister-country. The King's Writ still runs there, but in many counties is outstripped by the rival *fiat* of Sinn Fein. A tribute to the impeccable behaviour of "law-abiding" Ulster appeared to stir in the breast of Lord CREWE memories of the pre-war prancings of a certain "Galloper," for he remarked that the noble lord's information seemed to be "partial and recent."

Exception has recently been taken to the cab-shelter in Palace Yard, some Members objecting that its architectural design was out of harmony with that of the Houses of Parliament, and others complaining that its internal attractions were so great as to seduce the taxi-men from paying any attention to prospective fares. Sir ALFRED MOND, after long consideration, has decided to abolish the offending edifice and to give the drivers a shelter in the Vaults, where the police will discourage them from exceeding in the matter of "rest and refreshment."



SIR A. MOND AND AN EFFICIENT CAB SERVICE FOR MEMBERS.
At a blast on whistle the cab-drivers will down tea-cups, seed-cake, kippers or what-not, and double smartly on to parade.

Members were naturally eager to hear what Mr. BONAR LAW, freshly flown from Paris, had to tell them about the Peace Conference, the prospects of hanging the EX-KAISER, and so forth, but received little information, save that the Government shared the popular desire that no legal quibble should prevent the arch-criminal being brought to justice. Members were a little comforted, however, by the announcement that a Committee of the Cabinet is already considering the whole question of Peace-celebrations. While Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is engaged (if the image is permitted) in fighting beasts at Ephesus it is pleasant to think of his colleagues deciding upon the relative merits of crackers and catherine-wheels, flares and bonfires, church-bells and steam-sirens, as means for the expression of the national joy.

After the loud orgy of headlines which followed upon his remarkable victory at Central Hull, Commander KENWORTHY might reasonably have expected that his entry into the House would have produced an uproarious scene of demonstration and counter-demonstration. But there was nothing of the kind. The jubilant "Wee Frees," of course, cheered as one man, but the volume of sound produced was not appreciably greater than if one man had cheered; and the crowded Coalitionists sat gloomily silent, though no doubt they thought a lot. The gallant Commander has already introduced one pleasing innovation into the procedure of the House, for, before signing the Roll, he nodded cheerfully to the ladies in the Gallery, as if to say, "But for you I shouldn't be here!"

Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, who at Question-time had regretfully admitted that the Government were withdrawing soldiers from agriculture at a moment when they were particularly required, now moved the Second Reading of the Bill which is intended to give them the chance of going back to the land in perpetuity. In spite of his warning that the cost of the land to be acquired was a comparatively minor part of the expense, Members vied with one another in denouncing the iniquity of allowing the land-owner to get the present market-value of his property; and the landlords' representatives themselves hastened to declare that such a preposterous notion never entered their heads. The Bill was read a second time without a division. I don't suppose it will provide land for anything approaching the eight hundred thousand soldiers who are said to be pining for it; but it ought to satisfy the relatively small proportion who, after hearing about the trials and hardships of a small-holder—no forty-eight hours' week for him!—retain their agricultural aspirations.

Tuesday, April 15th.—In a couple of hours the Lords disposed of several Bills, enjoyed a scientific debate on neurasthenia—described by a correspondent of Lord KNUTSFORD as "a gas escaping from people"—discussed the prices of milk and cheese, and still found time for the consideration of their own procedure. Lord CURZON said the suggestion that the House should sit on more days in the week had not been favourably received. Friday would not do, as their Lordships went out of town on that day, and Monday was equally inconvenient, as they could not contrive to get back by then. To earlier sittings the LORD CHANCELLOR objected on behalf of his legal colleagues. So it looks as if there would be no change, and since, *teste* Lord SALISBURY, the House does its work admirably, why should there be?

Remembering a famous speech on the presumption of certain organs of the Press, the Commons were not surprised to learn from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, *à propos* of the beer-tax, that he is not responsible for what may appear in *The Times*.

There is still something of "the eternal boy" in Major WEDGWOOD BENN. It was with an air of "Now I've got him" that he propounded the question, "Is paper a raw material or a manufactured article?" But Mr. BRIDGEMAN can always solve these Cobdenite conundrums, and quietly replied, "Both." Whereupon Major BENN, with an engaging blush, retired from the fray.

In moving the second reading of the Aliens Restriction Bill the HOME SECRETARY said that, while national safety must be the first consideration, no unnecessary hardship should be inflicted on our foreign immigrants. But his proposal that the Government should rest contented with its present powers for another two years met with little favour from Members whose knowledge of history seems to date from 1914. In the opinion of Mr. BOTTOMLEY, who led the Opposition, every alien was *prima facie* undesirable; Sir ERNEST WILD, from his experience in the criminal courts, took the same view, and patriotically demanded the exclusion from our shores of persons whose principal occupation, we gathered, was to furnish him with briefs for the defence; and Mr. JOYNSON HICKS, Mr. BILLING and Sir R. COOPER urged that the SHORTT way with aliens should be made considerably shorter. Before this massed attack the HOME SECRETARY gave way and agreed to reduce the operation of the Bill to one year.

The temperature of the House rose so appreciably during the debate as to

upset the nerves of some of the ladies in the Strangers' Gallery. At least that is the charitable explanation of the behaviour of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and her friends, who interrupted a discussion on soldiers' pensions by shouting out, "You are a gang of murderers!"

Wednesday, April 16th.—A crowded House, the Peers' Gallery full to overflowing, the Heir-Apparent over the Clock, and the new Editor of *The Times* among the representatives of the Press—the Prime Minister could have desired no better setting for his speech upon the labours of the Peace Conference. His original intention was to hold his forces in reserve and invite his critics to "fire first," but, as none of these gentlemen seemed to be particularly anxious to go "over the top," Mr. Lloyd George obligingly altered his battle-plan and himself delivered the opening fusillade.

That he was in no apologetic mood was shown in almost his first sentence. His declaration that indemnities were a difficult problem, "not to be settled by telegram," evoked resounding cheers. Thenceforward he held the sympathy of the House, whether he was describing the difficulties of the Peace Conference, or reconciling the apparent inconsistencies of its Russian policy, or inveighing against the attempts of certain newspapers to sow dissension among the Allies. "I would rather have a good Peace than a good Press" was one of his most telling phrases, and it was followed by a character-sketch of his principal newspaper-critic which in pungency left nothing to be desired. "What a journalist I could have made of him!" the recluse of Fontainebleau will doubtless remark when he reads the passage.

The Prime Minister's object, I imagine, was less to impart information than to create an atmosphere; and he was so far successful that the House showed little inclination to listen to other speakers. Nevertheless several of them devoted some hours to saying nothing in particular before the House mercifully adjourned for the Easter Recess.

"The Postmaster-General, in a written answer, states that arrangements are now in hand for the improvement, where circumstances permit, of postal services which have been curtained as a result of war conditions."
Scots Paper.

As for the telephone service, we can well believe that he would prefer the veil to be kept over that.

A GERMLESS EDEN.

The antiseptic baby and the prophylactic pup
Were playing in the garden when the bunny gambolled up;
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised,
For he wasn't disinfected and he wasn't sterilized.
They said he was a microbe and a hotbed of disease;
They steamed him in a vapour of a thousand odd degrees,
They froze him in a freezer that was cold as banished hope,
They washed him with permanganate and carbolated soap,



THE QUESTION OF PEACE CELEBRATIONS IS BEING CONSIDERED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE CABINET.

With sulphuretted hydrogen they bathed his wiggly ears;
They trimmed his frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
Then they donned their rubber mittens and they took him by the hand
And elected him a member of the fumigated band.
Now there's not a micrococcus in the garden where they play
And they bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day,
Taking each his daily ration from a hygienic cup,
The baby and the bunny and the prophylactic pup.

Rapid Promotion.

"Cpl. A. A. C., Earl of Shaftesbury, K.P., K.C.V.O., relinquishes his appt. (March 1), and is granted the hon. rank of Brig.-Gen."
Daily Paper.

FROM THE STREET OF ADVENTURE.

Journalistic reconstructions and amalgamations have been proceeding so rapidly and extensively of late that there seems no end to the kaleidoscopic possibilities of the future.

Up to the present, however, no confirmation can be obtained of the startling rumour that *The Spectator* has been purchased by the proprietors of *The Kennel Gazette*, and will henceforth be devoted to the interests of our four-footed friends, the supplements being restricted to purely feline amenities.

Another persistent rumour, which hitherto lacks the seal of official corroboration, is to the effect that *The Guardian* is to be given a new range of activity as the organ of scientific spiritualism, under the title of *The Guardian Angel* and the joint editorship of Sir Oliver Doyle and Sir Conan Lodge. The investigations into multiple consciousness conducted by these two eminent *savants* have proved their mutual convertibility to such an extent that they have decided upon this rearrangement of their names. If the scheme materialises the stimulating collaboration of Mr. Harold Begbie is a foregone conclusion, and there is even a possibility of contributions from an August Exile somewhere in Holland.

A third report maintains with minute circumstantiality that the proprietors of *The Economist*, having come to the conclusion that this journal needs brightening, have decided to entrust the post of principal leader-writer to "Callisthenes," and retain the services of the authoress of *The Tunnel* as financial *feuilleton* writer. But on enquiry at the London School of Economics we could not obtain any definite information.

The rumours that *The Morning Post* is about to be merged in *The Winning Post*, and that Mr. Maxse is starting an evening paper, to be called *The Job and Caviller*, are extremely interesting, but need to be received with a certain amount of caution.

"Two-seater Motor-car, 7-9 h.p., in perfect running order, Bosch magneto, Michelin tyres, spare wheel and accessories, Axminster and Brussels carpets, stair carpeting, lino., kitchen utensils, dinner service, copper chafing dish, pots, pans, lawn mower, deck chairs, &c., nearly new mangle, and numerous other effects."—*Local Paper.*

Just the car for the *White Knight* when he takes to motoring.



Excited Officer (in demobilisation special). "I KNEW THE COUNTRY WAS GRATEFUL! LOOK AT THAT OLD CHAP WAVING HIS HOE AT US!"

BABLINGO.

IT has been suggested to me that the time has come for a comprehensive investigation of the interesting language known as Bablingo. Materials for this are ready for use in every home that still possesses a nursery with an inmate not more than two years of age. I must premise that it is the inmate's mother and the inmate's nurse, not the actual inmate, who use the language. Some day, no doubt, there will arise an investigator who will reduce to order and catalogue the inchoate efforts of an infant to make itself understood by talking. These efforts are doubtless of high interest to the etymologist, but the difficulties of the task are at present too great, and in any case I am not the man to undertake it.

I shall content myself for the moment with setting an examination paper in Bablingo for the purpose of testing knowledge. It will differ from most other examinations in having a further object—namely to supply instruction and information to the examiner. Later on it may be possible to construct a grammar, and to append to this a few easy exercises. It must be remembered, however, that there are great difficulties to be overcome in such a task. Every home, for instance, has its own rules for pronunciation. Of these I do not for my immediate purpose propose to take cognisance.

Here, then, is a short Bablingo examination paper for the use of mothers and nurses. I do not at present see my way to including fathers.

(1) On what principles is the language which you use in your nursery formed? Did you (*a*) acquire it, or (*b*) find yourself unconsciously in possession of it?

(2) Give a list of the characteristic features which distinguish Bablingo from the dialects employed by Prehistoric Man.

(3) What justification can you allege for the conversion of the words *little thing* into the words *ickle sing?* Are the spelling and pronunciation of these two words intended to be a concession to the feeble understanding of an infant?

(4) *Wasums and didums, then? Was it a ickle birdie, then?* Expand the above into a four-line verse with rhymes, and explain why the language as spoken and written is nearly always in the past tense, and rarely in the present or future.

(5) (*a*) *Did he woz-a-woz, then; a Mum's own woz-man?*
(*b*) *'Oose queenie-mouse was 'oo?*
Write a short story on one of the above texts.

(6) *Did she try to hit her ickle bruzzer on his nosie-posie wiz a mug? She was a Tartar, and did she want to break him up into bitsy-witsies?* Construct a scene from a typical nursery drama on the above motive. What theories do you base on the extract with regard to the girl's temper and the boy's courage and endurance?

A Really Candid Candidate.

"TO THE ELECTORS OF —— WARD.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I beg to thank you for returning me as your member at the Election on Monday last. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to betray the confidence thus reposed in me."

Provincial Paper.

A YEAR'S REPRISALS.

WHEN I sent Aunt Emily—from whom I have expectations—a pincushion at Christmas and she retaliated with a pen-wiper on New Year's Day, I thought that was the end of it.

Not so.

Aunt Emily reopened hostilities on my birthday with a purple satin letter-case embroidered with a sprig of rosemary and the word "Remembrance." That fresh offensive occurred on January 27th, which, I repeat, is my birthday. Readers please note.

When was Aunt Emily's birthday? Frenzied search in antique birthday books revealed not the horrid secret. Probing my diary for other suitable anniversaries, I came to February 1st—"Partridge and Pheasant Shooting ends."

I passed this as being inappropriate, and then—the very thing—February 14th, St. Valentine's. Also Full Moon.

To arrive on that day, I despatched, carefully packed, the white marble clock from the spare-room. When well shaken it will tick for an hour. Aunt Emily had never seen it, I knew.

Then I sounded the All Clear.

But on Easter Eve a heavy packing-case was bumped on to my doorstep. From wrappings of sacking there emerged a large model of Eddystone lighthouse; a thermometer was embedded in its chest, minus the mercury, I noted. And Aunt Emily wished me as per enclosed card "A joyous Easter."

With groans and lamentations another anniversary must be found by me. Ah! Here we have it! KING GEORGE V. born June 3rd. On the dark roof of my spare-room wardrobe loomed an Indian vase—bright yellow with red blobs—very rare and very hideous, with a bulge in its middle. Obviously unique, because when the Indian made it his fellow-Indians slew him to prevent repetitions of the offence. I packed it in the middle of a crate and much straw, calculated to make an appalling mess when released.

To dear Aunt Emily it went, with love, and a few topical remarks about the Monarchy.

But Aunt Emily evidently had a diary too. On the 21st of October—anniversary of Trafalgar—my heart sank as the railway delivery van drew up at my door. The angry driver toiled into my passage with a packing-case (bristling with splinters and nails). When it was open and the chisel broken I picked the splinters out of my fingers and contemplated the battered horn of a gramophone emerging from sawdust and shavings.

The mess created was indescribable when the horn was drawn forth. Shavings flew everywhere. The sawdust was like a butcher's shop. There were records too, some broken, all scratched. When set going it made a noise like a cockatoo with a cold. Decently covered with a cloth it was interned in the loft.

Next please. One more effort and I should be one up and Aunt Emily to play. And her turn would be Christmas. Once she sent me five pounds at Christmas.

The diary again. A poor batch of anniversaries for November. A partial eclipse of the moon, partially visible at Greenwich, was down for the 22nd. But eclipses are too ominous.

I fell back on KING EDWARD VII., born November 9th, 1841. Twenty-three volumes of Goodworthy's *History of England* should commemorate this. There had once been twenty-four, but the puppy ate one.

Gratitude came by return of post, and I sat down in peace to await Christmas and a cheque.

But on December 19th came another dreadful and splintery packing-case. Desperately I gouged it open. Out of it, through a cloud of shavings, emerged my own loathsome yellow-and-red Indian vase! No word with it—not a word, not a note. Not a funeral note.

Rage overtook me.

I disinterred Aunt Emily's own gramophone and records. I packed the horn anyhow. Such of the records as seemed difficult to get in I broke into small pieces and shoved in corners. I nailed the packing-case up with the same nails and addressed it in the boldest and fiercest of characters to Aunt Emily and caught the railway-van on the rebound. The deed was done.

I laughed "Ha, ha!" I laughed "Ho, ho!" I would teach Aunt Emily to return me my own vase.

Next morning came a letter. As I read it perspiration burst out on my forehead. Language the most awful burst from my lips.

And yet it was a simple letter—from my little cousin Dolly.

"DEAR BOB," it said,—"I sent you a yellow-and-red vase for Christmas. Your Aunt Emily gave it me as a wedding present. It is not my style and must be yours, because I have seen one like it in your house. Perhaps you collect them. Don't tell your Aunt, but I really couldn't bear it. I forgot to put any note in the box. Happy Christmas.

LOVE, DOLLY."

And Aunt Emily would have opened my case by now.

On Christmas Day I received a letter from her which I opened with cold and clammy fingers.

She thanked me for sending back the gramophone. She was sorry I did not care for it. She was now sending it to a hospital for shell-shocked officers. And she wished me a Blithe Yuletide on a penny card. And she was very sincerely mine.

Anyone can have her for aught I care.



Unsuccessful House-huntress. "REALLY ONE SEES SO FEW OF THE SORT OF MEN WHO USED TO *BUILD* HOUSES. WHY DOESN'T THE GOVERNMENT RELEASE MORE CORDUROY TROUSERS AND ENTICE THE LABOURERS BACK?"

THE SUPER-HUMAN DOG.



When you came home on leave your dog, unlike some humans, never expressed surprise at seeing you *still in England*.



Never indulged in Demobilisation talk.



Or handed out "chestnuts."



Or introduced you to your C.O. (also on pass).



Or bored you with his own domestic troubles ("left a boot-jack in my drinking-trough, she did").



Or intruded his presence at inopportune moments.



But simply welcomed you—



—in his own—



—inimitable manner.

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

"I WANT you," said my hostess, "to take in Mrs. Blank. She is charming. All through the War she has been with her husband in the South Seas. London is a new place to her."

Mrs. Blank did not look too promising. She was pretty in her way—"elegant" an American would have called her—but she lacked animation. However, the South Seas . . . ! Anyone fresh from the Pacific must have enough to tell to see soup, fish and *entrée* safely through.

I began by remarking that she must find London a very complete change after the sun and placidity that she had come from.

"It's certainly noisier," she said; "but we had our share of rain."

"I thought it was always fine there," I remarked; but she laughed a denial and relapsed into silence.

She was one of those women who don't take soup, and this made the economy of her utterances the more unfair.

Racking my brain for a new start I fell back on those useful fellows, the authors. Presuming that anyone who had lived in that fascinating region—the promised land (if land is the word) of so many of us who are weary of English climatic treacheries—would be familiar with the literature of it, I went boldly to work.

"The first book about the South Seas that I ever read," I said, "was BALLANTYNE'S *Coral Island*."

"Indeed!" she replied.

I asked her if she too had not been brought up on BALLANTYNE, and she said no. She did not even know his name.

"He wrote for boys," I explained rather lamely.

"I read poetry chiefly as a girl," she said.

"But surely you know STEVENSON'S *Island Nights' Entertainment?*" I said.

No, she did not. Was it nice?

"It's extraordinary," I said. "It gives you more of the atmosphere of the South Seas than any other work. And LOUIS BECKE—you must have read him?" I continued.

No, she had not. She read very little. The last book she had read was on spiritualism.

"Not even CONRAD?" I pursued. "No one has so described the calms and storms of the Pacific."

No, she remembered no story called *Conrad*.

I was about to explain that CONRAD was the writer, not the written; but it seemed a waste of words, and we fell into a stillness broken only by the sound of knife and fork.

"Hang it! you shall talk," I said to myself; and then aloud, "Tell me all about copra. I have longed to know what copra is; how it grows, what it looks like, what it is for."

"You have come to the wrong person," she replied, with wide eyes. "I never heard of it. Or did you say 'cobra'? Of course I know what a cobra is—it's a snake. I've seen them at the Zoo."

I put her right. "Copra, the stuff that the traders in the South Seas deal in."

"I never heard of it," she said. "But then why should I? I know nothing about the South Seas."

My stock fell thirty points and I crumbled bread nervously, hoping for something sensible to say; but at this moment "half-time" mercifully set in. My partner on the other side turned to me suavely and asked if I thought the verses in *Abraham Lincoln* were a beauty or a blemish; and with the assistance of the London stage, the flight to America, Mrs. FULTON'S *Blight*, Mr. WALPOLE'S *Secret City* and the prospects of the new Academy, I sailed serenely into port. She was as easy and agreeable a woman as that other was difficult, and before she left for the drawing-room she had invited me to lunch and I had accepted.

As I said Good-night to my hostess I asked why she had told me that my first partner had been in the South Seas. She said that she had said nothing of the sort; what she had said was that during the War she had been stationed with her husband, Colonel Blank, at Southsea.

THE MESSAGE OF HULL.

THE Hull Election has been keenly discussed in various papers, but by none with more enthusiasm than *The Daily News*. In a special article from the luminous pen of "A. G. G.," in the issue of April 12th, the true inwardness of the portent is thus revealed:—

"The message of Hull is a message for all the world. It is the announcement that this country, whatever its Government may do, will not have a French peace. It is a declaration to America that the English people are with her in her determination to have a League of Nations' settlement and no other. It is the repudiation of Conscription, of war on Russia, of the permanent military occupation of Germany, of imperialism and grab, of war policy in Ireland, of repression in Egypt, of the reckless profligacy and corruption that are plunging Europe into Bolshevism and hurrying this country to irretrievable ruin."

We confess that we are staggered by the moderation, not to say modesty, of "A. G. G." as an interpreter of the meaning of the Hull Election. He has omitted infinitely more than he has inscribed in his list.

The return of Commander KENWORTHY stands, of course, for all these things, but for many others of at least equal importance.

It means the disappearance of influenza, the ravages of which are clearly traceable to the political virus disseminated by the Coalition.

It means the rehabilitation of Mr. BIRRELL and his return to public life as English Ambassador to the Court of King Valeroso I.

It foreshadows the wholesale gratuitous distribution of cigarettes, marmalade and gramophones.

It means the prohibition of the use of the French horn in orchestras and all places where they play, the reinstatement of the German flute and the restoration of the German Fleet.

Lastly, it means the compulsory prohibition of all Greek except "Alpha of the Plough."

TO A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD

(With his first Cricket Set).

HERE'S a gift to take and treasure,
England's gift as well as mine,
Symbol of her clean-spent leisure,
Of her youth and strength a sign;
Gleams of sunlight on old meadows
O'er these varnished toys are cast,
And within that box's shadows
Stir the triumphs of the Past.

Still the ancient tale entrances,
Giving us in golden dower
ULYETT'S drives and IVO'S glances,
JACKSON'S dash and THORNTON'S power;
Skill of LYTTELTONS and LACEYS,
Grit of SHREWSBURYS and GUNNS;
Pride of STUDDS and STEELS and GRACES
Piling up their English runs.

Take these simple toys as token
Of the champions that have been,
Stalwart in defence unbroken,
Hefty hitters, hitting clean;
And, when capped in Life's eleven,
May you stand as firm as they;
May you, little son of seven,
Play the game the English way.

W. H. O.

"It seems to be a ruling passion amongst certain writers to portray anybody connected with commerce as being an ungrammatical ignoramus. Even Kipling panders to this notion in his conception of a drapery assistant in the person of 'Kipps.'"
Draper's Organiser.

But did not Mr. WELLS do something to redress the balance in *Kim*?



"What are you trying to do, No. 4?" "It's no good, Instructor; I ain't got no head for heights."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

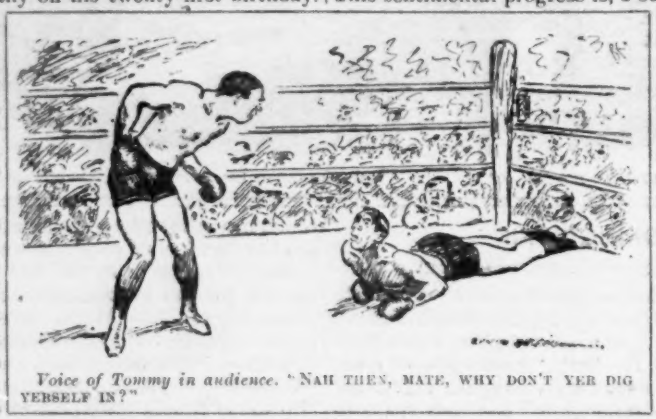
The latest of the now so fashionable short-story volumes to come my way is one called *Our Casualty, Etc.* (Skeffington). Much virtue in that "*Etc.*," which covers other fifteen little tales in the best, or nearly the best, "Birmingham" manner. I say "nearly," because for its happiest expression the art of "Mr. George Birmingham" demands space to tangle events into more complicated confusion than can be contrived in the dozen pages of these episodes. But within their limitations they are all excellent fun, partly concerned with the War (usually with an Irishman involved), partly recalled from the piping and whisky-drinking times of peace, at Inishmore and elsewhere. One can only treat them after the manner of the schoolboy who declined to distinguish between the Major and Minor Prophets. But I rather specially enjoyed the title-piece, which tells how the super-patriotism of an aged volunteer defeated the kindly plans of those who would have saved him fatigue by assigning to him the rôle of casualty in a trench-relief practice. Casualties also figure in "Getting Even," an improbable but highly entertaining fiction of the score practised by an ingenious Medical Officer (Irish, I need hardly say) upon an over-zealous C.O., who, to keep him busy during a field day, flooded his "clearing station" with all sorts of complicated imaginary cases, only to find the fictitious victims arranged comfortably in rows under the shade of the trees to await the Padre and a burying party, the M.O. reporting that they had all died before reaching him. It couldn't possibly happen as here told, but that matters little, since, so far as I am concerned, a "Birmingham" tale can always well afford to dispense with credibility.

I am distinctly grateful to Rose Macaulay for *What Not* (Constable). It brought me the pleasantest end to anything but a perfect English Spring day. She has wit, not so common a gift that you can afford just to take it for granted; she knows when to stop, selecting not exhausting; and she makes her epigrams by the way, as it were, without exposing the process of manufacture. (Other epigrammatists please copy.) Miss Macaulay's "prophetic comedy" is a joyous rag of Government office routine, flappery, Pelmania, Tribunals, State advertising, the Lower Journalism and "What Not." That audacious eugenist, *Nicky Chester*, first Minister of Brains in the post-war period of official attempts to raise the nation from C3 to something nearer A1 on the intellectual plane, happens, because of his family history, to be uncertified for marriage. He also happens to fall very desperately in love with his secretary, *Kitty Grammont*, and the conflict between duty and desire becomes the theme—perhaps just a little too heavy—of an extravaganza that is happiest in its lighter and more irreverent moments. Which is to say that *What Not* wanders out of the key. But what on earth does that matter if one is made to laugh quite often and to smile almost continuously at a very shrewd piece of observation, whimsicality and tempered malice? And you will like the serene *Pansy Ponsonby* (out of "Hullo, Peace!"), who could scarcely be called *Kitty's* "sister-in-law," but was of the most faithful. The odd thing is that under all her gibing the author seems to have a queer furtive admiration for her precious Ministry of Brains.

Among the many things I like in Dorothea Conyers' novels is the artistic subtlety, achieved by few of our other novelists, with which she manages to write them as it were in character. I am quite sure that if *Berenice Ermyntrude Nicosia Nevin*, who is called by her initials on the cover and inside by what they spell, had tried to write a novel it would have been remarkably like *B. E. N.* (Methuen). There would have been the same keen delight in horses, hunting and Irish scenery, and the same cheerful disregard for such trifles as spelling or such conventions as making quite sure that your reader knows which character

is speaking at any given moment, and the same excellent humour, which, if it is at the expense of the Irish, is kindly enough for all that. It seems to me that in her new novel Mrs. CONYERS, wisely refusing to stray to that suburbia in which her gifts lack this charm, has recaptured much of the careless rapture of her earliest books; and very careless and very rapturous they were. But I am not quite sure that in real life even *Ben*, when as second whip to the East Cara hounds she lost her horse, would have found an aeroplane useful to catch up with. In case it should be objected that anything so funny as the tea at *Miss Talty's* never could happen, even in the Caher Valley district, I want to put it on record here and now that it could and does.

The Mystery Keepers (LANE), by MARION FOX, reminds me of the old riddle, "What is it that has feathers and two legs, and barks like a dog?"—the answer being a stork. People who protest that a stork doesn't bark like a dog are told that that part is put in to make it harder. I find that the greater part of the mystery kept by *The Mystery Keepers* is put in to make it harder. The Abbey at Clynch St. Mary has a "coise" put on it by the last Abbess, and every direct male heir expires punctually on his twenty-first birthday. The actual agency is a poisoned ring concealed in the frame of a portrait of the malevolent Abbess and is in the custody of the *Otway* family, who enjoy a prescriptive if nebulous right to be stewards of the property. Just how or why the *Otways*—noble fellows, we are given to understand—carry out the deceased Abbess's nefarious wishes with such precision and despatch is not explained. Anyway the mother of the last victim, who has found out the secret, steals the ring, murders the *Otway* of the period, and retires to a lunatic asylum after her son has himself stolen the ring from her workbox and poisoned himself into the next world. That finishes it. The ring retires to a museum and the proper people marry each other. It is a slender and quite impossible story, but told in a clever way which goes far to redeem its lack of substance.



Voice of Tommy in audience. "NAH THEN, MATE, WHY DON'T YER DIG YERSELF IN?"

The Graftons (COLLINS) is a sequel to Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL's former chronicle of the same pleasant family. Herein you shall find them, pursuing the even tenor of their prosperous way, father, son and charming daughters, and arriving placidly at the point where, in the natural sequence of events, these daughters leave the paternal nest for others provided by eligible mates. Their courtships, and some mild uncertainty as to whether papa *Grafton*, well-preserved and wealthy widower, will or will not follow the example of his female offspring, provide the entire matter of the book. For the rest Mr. MARSHALL is content to mark time (and very pleasantly) with pictures of English country life at its most comfortable, and in particular with some comedy scenes, excellently done, turning upon the often delicate relationship of Hall and Parsonage. There are a couple of clerical portraits in the book that seem to me as lifelike as anything of the kind since *Barchester*. Apart from this the outstanding virtue of the *Graftons* is the reality of their dialogue. Precisely thus do, or did, actual people speak in the quiet old times before the War; precisely thus also did nothing whatever of any consequence happen to the vast majority of them. Since, however, the truth and charm of the tale depend upon this absence of the sensational, I must the more regret that Messrs. COLLINS, who have printed it exquisitely, should have been betrayed into a coloured wrapper of almost grotesque ineptitude.

In *Graduation* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) there is an essential femininity about Miss IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD's style and general attitude that imposes limitations; it is a quality that shows itself not only in her plot, but in her characters, the three reputed males who figure therein being as fine examples of true womanliness as you need wish to meet. *Frieda* was the heroine (a name somehow significant); and of the trouser-wearers, the first, *Geoffrey*, was a cat-like deceiver, who fascinated poor *Frieda* for ends unspecified, pretended (the minx!) to be keen on the Suffrage movement, which he wasn't, and concealed a wife; the second was a Being too perfect to endure beyond Chapter 10, where he expires eloquently of heart-failure, leaving *Alan*, the third, to bear the white man's burden and clasp *Frieda* to his maidenly heart. This sentimental progress is, I suppose, what is implied by the title and the symbolic staircase (if it is a staircase?) on the wrapper. But my trouble was that I could never discern in the sweet girl-graduate any development of character from the pretentious futility of her earliest appearance. Perhaps I am prejudiced. Undeniably Miss MCLEOD can draw a certain type of prig with a horrible facility. But the antiquated modernity of her scheme, flooded as it is with the New Dawn of, say, a decade ago, and its bland disregard of everything that has happened since, ended by violently irritating me. Others may have better luck.

Spring has been slow in coming, but I got something more than a whiff of actual summer when *Under Blue Skies* (HUTCHINSON) came my way. Mr. DE VERE STACPOOLE is at the top of his form, and it is a real pleasure to recommend an author who brings to his tales of adventure so nice a sense of style and so keen a feeling for character. In "The Frigate Bird" the rapscallions who seize a schooner and, without any knowledge of navigation, sail the high seas, are full-blooded adventurers; but there is all the difference in the world between the character of the educated *Carlyon* and that of the simple-minded and ignorant *Finn*. This yarn occupies nearly half of the book, and the other stories should give food for thought to those who allege that no Englishman can write a short story. Apart from one charming little tale of a haunted French *château* Mr. STACPOOLE allows us to bask here in the eternal summer of Pacific skies. I am very grateful for my sun-bath.

In *Poems of the Great War*, by Mrs. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW, readers of *Punch* will recognise some of the best serious poems that have appeared in these pages of recent years. The little half-crown volume in which they reappear has been admirably printed at S. Aldhelm's Home for Boys, Frome, and may be bought at SMITH's in Kensington High Street.

CHARIVARIA.

An alarming rumour is going the rounds to the effect that Printing House Square refuses to accept any responsibility for the findings of the Peace Conference.

* * *

"Mystery," says a news item, "surrounds the purchase of fifty retail fish shops in and about London." The Athenæum Club is full of the wildest rumours.

* * *

The statement of the Allied Food Commission, that there are more sheep in Germany to-day than in 1914, has come as a surprise to those who imagined that the loud bleating noise was chiefly Herr SCHEIDEMANN.

* * *

"Get your muzzle now!" says *The Daily Mail*. It is felt, however, that the PRIME MINISTER scored a distinct hit by saying it first.

* * *

"There is absolutely no reason," says a Health Culture writer, "why Members of Parliament should not live to be one hundred." We think we could find a reason if we were pressed.

* * *

To-morrow a man in the North of England is to celebrate his hundredth birthday. He will be the youngest centenarian in the country.

* * *

At Ealing it appears that a rabid dog dashed into a pork butcher's shop and snapped at a sausage. The sausage was immediately shot.

* * *

The War Office, says a contemporary, is to have another storey built. In order that the work shall not cause any sleepless days it is to be undertaken by night.

* * *

It is reported that a burglar who has been drawing unemployment pay has decided to return to work.

* * *

The New Zealand Government has decided to check the introduction of influenza, and every passenger arriving there is to be examined. All germs not declared are liable to be confiscated by the Customs.

Nearly all the Bank Holiday visitors to Hampstead Heath, it is stated, chose a silver-mounted bridge-marker in preference to nuts.

* * *

Two days before his wedding a man at Uxbridge was summoned to Wales by his wife for desertion. It is said that his second wedding went off quietly.

* * *

It is understood that the Home Office does not propose to re-arrest DE VALERA. The official view is that in future the Irish must provide their own entertainment.

* * *

We hear that all imprisoned Sinn Feiners have been instructed to give a day's notice in future before escaping, so that nobody shall do it out of his proper turn.

* * *

Citizens of Clarkson, Washington, U.S.A., have appealed to the Government to protect them against a plague of frogs. The Federal authorities have informed the Press that these insidious attempts to distract the Government from its Prohibition programme must not be taken seriously.

* * *

From an American newspaper we gather that a New York plutocrat has by his will cut his wife off with twelve million dollars.

* * *

"Is the Kaiser Highly Strung?" asks a weekly paper headline. We shall be able to answer this question a little later.

* * *

The report that an early bather was seen executing the Jazz-dance on the beach at Ventnor on Easter Monday seems to have some foundation. It appears that his partner was a large crab with well-developed claws.

* * *

We hear that visitors at a well-known London hotel, who have patiently borne the extension of the gratuity nuisance for a considerable time, now take exception to the notice, "Please tip the basin," which has been prominently placed in the lavatory.

* * *

On many golf-links nowadays the caddies are expected to keep count of the number of strokes taken for each hole. One beginner whom we know is seriously thinking of employing a chartered accountant for this purpose.

* * *

What cricket needs, says a sporting contemporary, is bright breezy batting. The game should no longer depend for its sparkle on impromptu badinage between the umpire and the wicket-keeper.

* * *

People who think they have heard the cuckoo before the first of May, declares a well-known ornithologist, are usually the victims of young practical jokers. The conspicuous barring of the bird's plumage should, however, make any real confusion impossible.



ABSENT-MINDED PHYSICIAN SENT BY HIS WIFE TO BUY "TWO GOOD SOUND BIRDS."

"Striking testimony as to the popularity of the Cataract Cliff Grounds—when it is remembered that the period embraces the complete term of the war—is the fact that during the past five years an aggregate of 428,890 persons was bitten by a snake."
Tasmanian Paper.

The snake may be fairly said to have done his bit.

PEACE AT THE SEASIDE.

[The public are being passionately warned against the threatened crush at watering-places in August of this year of Peace.]

STOUTLY we bore with April's icy blizzards;
"The worst of Spring," we said, "will soon be through;
Summer is bound to come and warm our gizzards
And we shall gambol by the briny blue."

But even as we put the annual question,
"Where shall we water? on what golden strand?"
Warnings appear of terrible congestion,
Of lodgers countless as the local sand.

Lucky the man, the hardened strap-suspender,
Who with a first-class ticket, there and back,
Finds a precarious seat upon the tender,
A rocky berth upon the baggage-rack.

Should he arrive, the breath of life still in him,
His face will be repulsed from door to door;
He'll get no lodging, not the very minim,
Save under heaven on the pebbly shore.

In vain he pleads for stall-room in the stable;
The cellars are engaged; 'tis idle talk
To ask for bedding on the billiard-table—
Two families are there, each side of baulk.

Next morn he fain would wash in ocean's spray (there's
Balm in the waves that helps you to forget),
And lo! the deep is simply stiff with bathers;
He has no chance of even getting wet.

He starves as never in the age of rations;
The fishy produce of the boundless sea
Fails to appease the hungry trippers' passions
Who barely pouch one shrimp apiece for tea.

"I came," he says, "to swallow priceless ozone
Under Britannia's elemental spell;
She rules the waves, as all her conquered foes own;
I wish she ruled her seasides half as well.

"I don't know what the beaten Bosch may suffer
Compared with us who won the late dispute,
But if it equals this (it can't be tougher),
Why, then I feel some pity for the brute."

So by the London train upon the morrow
From holiday delights he gets release,
Conspuing, more in anger than in sorrow,
The pestilent amenities of Peace.

O. S.

THE GREAT BEARD MYSTERY.

WHERE do men go when they want to grow beards? This is a question as yet unanswered, and the whole subject is shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

One sees thousands of men with beards, but one never sees anyone growing a beard. I cannot recall, in a life of varied travel, having ever encountered a man actually engaged in the process of beard-cultivation. The secret is well kept, doubtless by a kind of freemasonry amongst bearded men, but there can be little doubt that somewhere there are nurseries where a *bonâ-fide* beard-grower who is in the secret can retire until he is presentable.

I have frequently been annoyed by the way in which these men flaunt their beards at one; their whole manner seems to convey an air of superiority; they seem to say, "Look at my beard. You can't grow a beard because you haven't the moral courage to appear in public while it's growing. Wouldn't you like to know the secret? Well, I won't tell you."

Determined to suffer these contemptuous glances no longer, I set out on a voyage of discovery to unravel the mystery of England's beard-nurseries.

I asked bearded men if they knew of anywhere in the country where one could slip away in order to grow a beard, but they always gave me evasive replies, such as: "Why not have an illness and stay in bed for three months?" But when I went on to ask where they had grown theirs, they either made an excuse to leave me or said evasively, "Oh, I've always had mine."

I once went to the enormous expense of making a bearded Scotch acquaintance intoxicated in order to drag the secret from him, but the question as to where he grew his beard instantly sobered him, and nothing would induce him to touch another drop.

I have bribed barbers without success. I have vainly shadowed men for a month who looked as if they intended growing beards. I even took advantage of Armageddon to join the Navy, where beards are permitted; but when I tried to start growing one I was instantly reprimanded for not shaving by a bearded Commander, who had the same triumphant gleam of superiority which I had noticed ashore.

In the Old Testament there was no secrecy on the subject. Somebody said, "Tarry in Jericho until your beards be grown." But I am quite satisfied in my own mind that modern beard-growers do not go to Jericho; I have established this fact. No, there are in England properly organised beard-nurseries, and the secret of their whereabouts is jealously guarded; but I have by no means relaxed my determination to discover them, and to give to the world the results of my research.

GRAND REFUSALS.

AT the private reception the night before Miss CARNEGIE's wedding, "the ironmaster," so we read in our *Daily Mail*, "entertained his guests with numerous reminiscences of his life, and it was observed that he interrupted a story concerning King EDWARD and Skibo to whisper something in his daughter's ear concerning her dowry. He was telling the guests how the King offered to make him a Duke if he would bring about a coalition between England and the United States. 'I told King EDWARD,' said Mr. CARNEGIE, 'that in these United States every man is King. Why should I be a Duke?'"

It is pleasant to read of the heroic refusal of the staunch Republican to compromise the principles which he so eloquently vindicated in his *Triumphant Democracy*; but it is only right to add that this is not an isolated case.

Thus it is a literally open secret that when a famous ventriloquist was offered the O.B.E. for his services in popularising the Navy, he refused the coveted distinction on the ground that it would be derogatory to a Prince to accept it.

When Sir HENRY DUKE retired from the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland he was offered a Viscounty, but declined the proffered distinction, wittily observing that as he was born a Duke he did not see why he should descend to a lower grade of the peerage.

Then there is the notorious case of Mr. KING who, on being offered a peerage if he would desist from his criticisms of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and his Ministry, pointed out that other monarchs might abdicate, but that those who thought *he* would do so clearly knew not JOSEPH.

As for the titles, decorations and distinctions offered by the EX-KAISER to Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE if he would bring about a *rapprochement* between England and Germany, and patriotically declined by the eminent publicist, their name is legion.



THE MENACE OF MAY.

AUSTEN CHAMBERMAID (*to John Bull*). "YOUR TEA AND THE MORNING PAPER, SIR."



Charlady (on the subject of appearance). "OF COURSE I DON'T BOTHER NOW—BUT I USED TO BE ABLE TO TREAD ON MY 'AIR."

CIVILIAN FLYING, 1930.

"You're late," said Millie, as John entered the hall and shook himself free of his flying coat.

"Yes, dear; missed the 5.40 D.H. from the Battersea Park Take-off by a minute to-night. Jones brought me home on that neat little knock-about spad he's just bought. Small two-seater arrangement, you know. Then I walked from the 'drome just to stretch myself. They don't give you too much move space in those planettes."

"Oh, I 'd just love to have an aeroplanette like that!" exclaimed Millie. "Mrs. Smith says she simply couldn't do without hers now; it makes her so independent. She can pop up to town, do her shopping and get back in a short afternoon."

"Um—yes," calculated John. "Less than seventy miles the double journey—she 'd manage that all right."

"And that pilot of theirs," went on Millie, "seems just as safe with the 'pup' as he is with that great twin-engined bus her husband is so keen on."

"Yes," said John; "must be quite an undertaking getting Smith's triplane on the sky-way. It 's useful for a family party, though. I hear he packed twenty or thirty on to it for the picnic they had at John-o'-Groat's last week. By the way," added John, as he moved upstairs, "aren't the Robinsons coming to dinner?"

"Yes, you 'd better hurry up and change," advised Millie.

The Robinsons were very up-to-date people, John decided as they sat down to the meal a little later. He hadn't met them before. They were Millie's friends.

"Very glad to know such near neighbours," he said cordially. "Why, it 's under forty miles to your place, I should think."

"Forty-seven kilos, to be exact," Robinson volunteered, "and I should say we did it under twenty minutes."

"Quite good flying," said John.

"We came by the valley route, too," put in Mrs. Robinson. "John was good enough to consider my wretched air-pocket nerves rather than his petrol."

"It 's a couple of miles further," explained Robinson, "but my wife isn't such a stout flier as her mother, though the old lady is over seventy. My pilot was bringing her from Town one afternoon last week — took the Dorking-Leith Hill air-way, you know, always bumpy over there—and I suppose from all accounts he must have dropped her a hundred feet plumb, side-slipped and got into a spinning dive and only pulled the old bus out again when the furrows in a ploughed field below them had grown easily countable."

"Yes, it makes me shivery to think of," ejaculated Mrs. Robinson; "but mother really has extraordinary nerve. She wasn't in the least upset."

"No, not a little bit, by Jove!" added Robinson. "The old sport just leaned forward in her seat and, when James had adjusted his head-piece, she coolly reprimanded him for stunting without orders. Of course she doesn't know anything about the theory of the thing, you see."

With the dessert came letters by the late air post.

"Oh, please excuse me," said Millie, as she took them from the maid, "I see there 's a reply from Auntie—the Edinburgh aunt, you know," she explained. "I wrote her this morning, imploring her to come over to-morrow for the bazaar. She 's so splendid at that sort of thing."

"What my wife's aunt doesn't know about flying isn't worth knowing," remarked John with finality. "Why, she qualified for her ticket last year, and

she'll never see forty again. How's that for an up-to-date aunt?"

"I doubt if she'll fly solo that distance, though," said Millie; "I don't think she ought to, either."

"Of course," said Robinson, "it's a bit of a strain for a woman of middle age to negotiate three hundred odd miles, even with a couple of landings for a cup of tea *en route*."

Millie rose. "Now, don't you men sit here for an hour discussing 'flying speeds,' 'gliding angles,' and all that sort of thing. I object to aero-maniacs on principle. I——" At that moment a peculiar noise, evidently in the near vicinity of the house, arrested the attention of the party.

"Sounded like something breaking," said Millie, going to the window, which overlooked the garden and a good-sized paddock beyond. John had already gone out to investigate.

In a minute or two he reappeared ushering in a very jolly-looking old gentleman in a flying suit.

"A thousand pardons, Mrs. Smith," said the new arrival; "John collected me in the paddock. Ha! ha! You know my theory about the paddock."

The guests having been introduced, explanations followed.

"You know my theory," began old Mr. Brown.

"Yes, rather; I should think we do," interrupted Millie, leading him to the most comfortable armchair "But," she quoted, "you are old, Mr. Brown; do you think at your age it is right?"

"Well, the theory 's smashed, anyhow," said John decisively, "and so 's my fence."

"No! no! I won't hear of it," laughed Brown; "I admit the fence, but not the theory. You see," he went on, turning to Mrs. Robinson, "I 've always insisted, as Smith knows, that there 's plenty of landing space in his paddock, provided you do it up wind. The fact is I glided in to-night from east to west. Thought I should be dead head on; but I believe I was a couple of points out in my reckoning and so failed to bring the old 'bus to a stand short of the fence. You know, Smith," he added, with an injured air, "you ought to have a wind-pointer rigged up so 's there 'd be no doubt about it."

"Just to encourage reckless old gentlemen to smash up my premises, I suppose," retorted John. "But I admit I found some consolation for my smashed fence when I observed the pathetic appearance of your under carriage, after your famous landing."

"And now," said Millie to Mr. Brown, "all will be forgotten and forgiven if you 'll come into the drawing-room and let Mr. and Mrs. Robinson hear you sing that jolly song about

'Come and have a flip
In a big H Pip,' etc.

You know."



Voice. "Is that the Great Southern Railway?"
Flapper. "Yes."
Voice. "Are you the passenger department?"
Flapper. "No, I'm the goods."

"The egg shortage notwithstand, the Easter egg rolling carnival at Preston, which dates back to mediæval times, was, after a lapse of four years, celebrated with great musto."
Midland Paper.

Pre-war eggs, apparently.

Another Candid Candidate.

"—— Board of Guardians.

Mrs. —— desires to thank all who voted so splendidly, placing her at the top of the pole."
Provincial Paper.

"The queue at one part of the morning extended from the booking office, past the Midland Station entrance, into City Square, along the front of the Queen's Hotel, to the top of yesterday."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Better than the middle of next week, anyhow.



The Village Oracle. "YOU MARK MY WORDS—THESE 'ERE GERMANS 'LL DO US DOWN AT THE FINISH. THEY'LL PAY THE BLOOMIN' SIX THOUSAND MILLIONS, OR WOTEVER IT IS, IN THREEPENNY BITS; AND THEN 'OO THE 'ELL'S GOING TO COUNT IT?"

"AS YOU WERE."

A MEMORY OF MI-CARÊME.

Chippo Munks is a regular time-serving soldier, as distinguished from the amateurs who only joined the Army for the sake of a war. His company conduct-sheet runs into volumes, and in peace-time they fix a special peg outside the orderly-room for him to hang his cap on. At present he systematically neglects the functions of billet-orderly at a Base town in France.

A month or two ago he came across Chris Jones.

"Fined fourteen days' pay," said Chippo; "an' cheap it was at the price. But the financial embarrassment thereby followin' puts me under the necessity of borrowing the loan of a five-spotter."

"How did it happen?" said Chris, playing for time.

"'Twas this way," said Chippo. "The other night I was walking down the Roo Roobray, thinking out ways of making you chaps more comfortable in the billet, as is my custom. Suddenly out of the gloom there looms a Red Indian in full war-paint.

"'Strange,' thinks I. 'Chinks an' Portugoose we expects here, likewise Annamites and Senegalese an' doughboys; but I never heard that the BUFFALO BILL aggregation had taken the war-path.'

"He passes, and a little Geisha comes tripping by. I rubs my eyes an' says 'British Constitootian' correctly; but she was followed by a Gipsy King and a Welsh Witch. Then I sees a masked Toreador coming along, and I decides to arsk him all about it. The language question didn't worry me any. I can pitch the cuffer in any bat from Tamil to Arabic, an' the only chap I couldn't compree was a deaf-an'-dumb man who suffered from St. Vitus' Dance, which made 'im stutter with his fingers.

"'Hi, caballero,' says I, 'where's the bull-fight?'

"'It isn't a bull-fight, M'sieur,' he replies. 'It's Mi-Carême.'

"'If he's an Irishman,' I says, 'I never met him; but if it's a kind of pastry I'll try some.'

"Then he shows me a doorway through which they was all entering, and beside it was a big yellow poster which said, '*Mi-Carême. Grand Bal Costumé. Cavaliers, 2 francs. Dames, 1 franc 50 centimes.*'

"'I'd love to be a cavalier at two francs a time,' I remarks. 'Besides, I want to make the further acquaintance of little Perfume of Pineapple Essence who passed by just now.'

"'It will be necessary to 'ave a costume, M'sieur,' says Don Rodrigo.

"'Trust me,' I answers with dignity; "I've won diplomas as a fancy-dress architect.'

"I goes to my billet and investigates the personal effects of my colleagues. My choice fell on a Cameron kilt, a football jersey and a shrapnel helmet. These I puts into a bundle an' hikes back to the Hall of Dance.

"'May I ask what M'sieur represents?' said the doorkeeper as I paid my two francs.

"'I haven't started yet," I answers asperiously. "I assumes my costume as APPIUS CLAUDIUS in the dressing-room.'

"Well, when I'd finished my toilette—regrettin' the while that I hadn't brought a pair of spurs to complete the costume—I entered the ball-room. It was a scene of East-end—I mean Eastern—splendour. Carmens an' Father Timeses, Pierrots an' Pierrettes, Pompadours an' Apaches was gyrating to the soft strains of the orchestra, who perspired at the piano in his shirt-sleeves.

"All of a sudden I saw my little Geisha, my Stick of Scented Brilliantine, waltzing with the Toreador, an' my heart started beating holes in my football jersey. When the orchestra

stopped playing to light a cigarette I sought her out.

"'O Choicest of the Fifty-seven Varieties,' I says, 'deign to give me your honourable hand for the next gladiatorial jazz.'

"The Bull-fighter looked black, but she put her little hand in mine an' we trod a stately measure. Every now an' then a shadow passed o'er the ball-room, an' I knew it was the Toreador scowling. But I took no notice of him, an' we danced nearly everything on the menu, Don Rodrigo only getting an odd item now an' then to prevent him dying of grief.

"By-an'-by the Geisha said she must be going, so I offered to escort her home. Don Roddy tried to butt in, and when he got the frozen face he used langwidge more like a cow-puncher than a bull-fighter.

"I didn't trouble to change my clothes, because it seemed to be the custom to walk about like freaks at Mi-Carême, and we had a lovely promenade in the pale moonlight.

"When I returned the revelry was nearly over an' the orchestra was getting limp. I went into the cloak-room to change my clothes, but I couldn't find 'em anywhere. What annoyed me most about it was that there was five francs in my trouser pockets which I was saving to pay you back the loan I borrered last week."

"I wondered when you were going to say something about that," said Chris Jones.

"It fair upset me," continued Chippo. "And then all at once I saw my old pal the Toreador sneaking out of the door with a bundle an' the leg of a pair of khaki trousers hanging out of it. I gave a wild whoop an' was after him like the wind.

"Don Roddy was some runner. He doubled down the Roo Roubray, dodged round a corner an' made for the Grand Pont. I was gaining on him fast when I plunked into the arms of two Military Police.

"'What particular specie of night-bird do you call yourself?' said one of 'em, holding my arm in a grip of iron.

"'I 'm a Sergeant-drummer in the Roman Legion,' says I, trying to get away. 'An' I 'm in a hurry.'

"'Well, where 's your pass?'

"'We don't wear 'em in our battalion,' I says. 'For heving's sake let me go. There 's a chap over there trying to pinch my wardrobe.'

"It was no use. They held me tight, notwithstandin' me struggles, till the Toreador disappeared from view over the bridge.

"'That 's done it. I 'll go quietly,' I groans to the M.P.'s in despair. 'That 's Chris Jones's five francs gone west, and nuthen else matters.'" . . .

"Well," said Chris Jones, "what then?"

"The rest you knows," said Chippo plaintively, "exceptin' that later my clothes was mysteriously dumped at th' billet with the pockets empty. But I think the distressing circumstances are such as warrants me in arsking fer the loan of another five francs."

"They would be," said Chris Jones, fumbling with his wallet, "only I happened to be the Toreador myself. But you can have the same old five francs back, an' be 'as you were'!"



"CAN I 'AVE THE ARTERNOON OFF TO SEE A BLOKE ABAHT A JOB FER MY MISSIS?"
"YOU 'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING, I SUPPOSE?"
"YUS—IF SHE DON'T GET IT."

How to play Golf with your Head.

"He cocked his head up when playing his approach and hit it all along the carpet."
Evening Paper.

As You Like It—or Don't.

SCENE.—*Bois de Boulogne.*

Enter Orlando.

Orlando (reading from sheet of paper).
I should be extremely gloomy
If they pinched from me my Fiume.
[*Pins composition on tree.*
Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love. [*Exit.*

Another Impending Apology.

"If this pianist is not heard again in Shanghai, he will carry away with him the grateful thanks of our music-lovers."
Shanghai Mercury.

"This debate will immediately precede the introduction of the Budget, and will, let us hope, inaugurate a campaign for national entrenchment."—*Provincial Paper.*

Ah! if only, as taxpayers, we could dig ourselves in!

THE HOUSING QUESTION.

Someone estimated the other day that England is short just now of five hundred thousand houses. This is a miscalculation. She is really short of five hundred thousand and one, the odd one being the house that we are looking for and cannot find.

We have discovered many houses in our tour of London, but none that gives complete satisfaction. Either the locality or the shape or the price is all wrong; or, as more often happens, the fixtures. By the fixtures I mean, of course, the people who are already in the place and refuse to come out of it; London is full of houses with the wrong people in them.

"I wonder," says Celia, standing outside some particularly desirable residence, "if we dare go in and ask them if they wouldn't like to move."

"We can't live there unless they do," I agreed. "It would be so crowded."

"After all, I suppose they took it from somebody else some time or other. I don't see why we shouldn't take it from *them*."

"As soon as they put a 'To Let' board outside we will."

Celia hangs about hopefully for some days after this, waiting for a man to come along with a "To Let" board over his shoulder. As soon as he plants it in the front garden she means to rush forward, strike out the "To," and present herself to the occupier with her cheque-book in her hand. It is thus, she assures me, that the best houses are snapped up; but it is weary waiting, and I cannot take my turn on guard, for I must stay at home and earn the money which the landlord (sordid fellow) will want.

Sometimes we search the advertisement columns in the papers in the hope of finding something that may do.

"Here's one," I announced one morning; "'For American millionaires and others. Fifteen bathrooms——' Oh, no, that's too big."

"Isn't there anything for English hundredaires?" said Celia.

"Here's one that says 'reasonable offer taken.'"

"Yes, but I don't suppose we reason the same way as he does."

"Well, here's one for four thousand pounds. That's not so bad. I mean as a price, not as a house."

"Have you got four thousand pounds?"

"No; I was hoping *you* had."

"Couldn't you mortgage something—up to the hilt?"

"We'll have a look," I said.

We spent the rest of that day looking for something o mortgage, but found nothing with a hilt at all high up.

"Anyhow," I said, "it was a rotten house."

"Wouldn't it be simpler," said Celia, "to put in an advertisement ourselves, describing exactly the sort of house we want? That's the way I always get servants."

"A house is so much more difficult to describe than a cook."

"Oh, but I'm sure *you* could do it. You describe things so well."

Feeling highly flattered, I retired to the library and composed.

For the first hour or so I tried to do it in the *staccato* language of house-agents. They say all they want to say in five lines; I tried to say all we wanted to say in ten. The result was hopeless. We both agreed that we should hate to live in that sort of house. Celia indeed seemed to feel that if I couldn't write better than that we couldn't afford to live in a house at all.

"You don't seem to realise," I said, "that in the ordinary way people pay *me* for writing. This time, so far from receiving any money, I have actually got to hand it out in order to get into print at all. You can hardly expect me to give my best to an editor of that kind."

"I thought that the artist in you would insist on putting your best into *everything* that you wrote, quite apart from the money."

Of course after that the artist in me had to pull himself together. An hour later it had delivered itself as follows:—

"Wanted, an unusual house. When I say unusual I mean that it mustn't look like anybody's old house. Actually it should contain three living-rooms and five bedrooms. One of the bedrooms may be a dressing-room, if it is quite understood that a dressing-room does not mean a cupboard in which the last tenant's housemaid kept her brushes. The other four bedrooms must be a decent size and should get plenty of sun. The exigencies of the solar system may make it impossible for the sun to be always there, but it should be around when wanted. With regard to the living-rooms, it is essential that they should not be square but squiggly. The drawing-room should be particularly squiggly; the dining-room should have at least an air of squiggliness; and the third room, in which I propose to work, may be the least squiggly of the three, but it *must* be inspiring, otherwise the landlord may not obtain his rent. The kitchen arrangements do not interest me greatly, but they will interest the cook, and for this reason should be as delightful as possible; after which warning anybody with a really bad basement on his hands will see the wisdom of retiring from the *queue* and letting the next man move up one. The bathroom should have plenty of space, not only for the porcelain bath which it will be expected to contain, but also (as is sometimes forgotten) for the bather after he or she has stepped out of the bath. The fireplaces should not be, as they generally are, utterly beastly. Owners of utterly beastly fireplaces may also move out of the queue, but they should take their places up at the end again in case they are wanted; for, if things were satisfactory otherwise, their claims might be considered, since even the beastliest fireplace can be dug out at the owner's expense and replaced with something tolerable.

"A little garden would be liked. At any rate there must be a view of trees, whether one's own or somebody else's.

"As regards position, the house must be in London. I mean really in London. I mean really in central London. The outlying portions of Kensington, such as Ealing, Hanwell and Uxbridge, are no good. Cricklewood, Highgate, New Barnet and similar places near Portman Square are useless. It must be in London—in the middle of London.

"Now we come to rather an important matter. Rent. It is up to you to say how much you want; but let me give you one word of warning. Don't be absurd. You aren't dealing now with one of those profiteers who remained (with honour) in his own country. And you can have our flat in exchange, if you like—well, it isn't ours really, it's the landlord's, but we will introduce you to him without commission. Anyway, don't be afraid of saying what you want; if it is absurd (and I expect it will be) we will tell you so. And if you *must* have a lump sum instead of an annual one, well, perhaps we could manage to borrow it (from you or somebody); but smaller annual lumps would be preferred."

When I had written it out I handed it to Celia.

"There you are," I said, "and, speaking as an artist, I don't see how I can make it a word shorter."

She read it carefully through.

"It does sound a jolly house," she said wistfully. "Would it cost a lot as an advertisement?"

"About the first year's rent. And even then nobody would take it seriously."

"Oh, well, perhaps I'd better go and see another agent." She fingered the advertisement regretfully. "It seems a pity to waste this," she added with a smile.

But the artist in me was already quite resolved that it should not be wasted.

A. A. M.



Lady. "POOR DEAR! AND SO THEY REJECTED IT? IT'S A SHAME—THEY OUGHT TO SET YOU SIMPLER SUBJECTS."

A THREATENED SOURCE OF REVENUE.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER are at this moment the most melancholy of men. For the last few months they had been quietly chuckling to themselves over one of the most brilliant ideas that ever adorned the annals of Government. But the best laid schemes gang aft agley.

While publicists and economic experts were shaking their grey hairs over the prospect of national bankruptcy, the P. M. G. and the C. of E. were weeping jazz tears of joy as the national debt lifted before their eyes "like mist unrolled on the morning wind." And then certain unsophisticated Members of a new, a very new, House of Commons began their deadly work. As a result the main scheme of national solvency is in danger.

There are those who still think that the franchise was extended to women merely as an objective piece of political justice. I hate cynicism, and I should be the last to throw cold water on an ideal, but, as I said, the real fruits of that political master-stroke are in danger.

While millions of enfranchised women were quietly engaged in writing twice a week to their particular Member, at three half-pence a time (or more), they were unconsciously assisting the considered policy of His Majesty's Government, which was that such letters should be written and remain unanswered; that more letters and still more should be written, stamped and posted to demand an answer, and that still more should be written to friends and relations exposing the grave lack of courtesy at Westminster.

But, alas! certain Members, with monumental naïveté, have thought fit to take their correspondence seriously. They have put questions to Ministers. They have in so many crude words openly on the floor of the House referred to "the increase in the number of letters which Members now receive from their constituents on parliamentary matters, owing to the recent additions to the franchise and its extension to women." They have pleaded for the privilege of "franking" their answers. Could perversity go further? What woman will continue to write to a Member who satisfies her curiosity? And what of the unwritten, unstamped, unposted letters of just indignation to friends and relations?

The P.M.G.'s laconic answer to this monstrous request, "I do not think it would be expedient," was highly commendable as a feat of Ministerial restraint. But the gloom that has settled on him is only too solidly grounded. These afflicted Members are out to raise a sentimental public opinion in support of their silly demand. Then, of course, the Government will capitulate, and the country will go Bolshevik from excessive taxation.

Will not all patriotic women constituents write at once to their Members and point out the folly of this agitation?



"I SHALL NEVER FIND ANYONE ELSE LIKE YOU. YOU SEE, YOU 'RE SO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER GIRLS."
"OH, BUT YOU 'LL FIND LOTS OF OTHER GIRLS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER GIRLS."

OLD SOLDIERS.

THEY dug us down and earthed us in, their hasty shovels plying,
Us the poor dead of Oudenarde, Ramillies, Waterloo;
We heard their drum-taps fading and their trumpet fanfares dying
As they marched away and left us, in the dark and silence lying,
Home-bound for happy England and the green fields that we knew.

We slept. The seasons went their round. We did not hear the rover
Winds in our coverlets of grass, the plough-shares tear the mould;
We did not feel the bridal earth thrill to her April lover
Nor hear the song of bees among the poppies and the clover;
Snow-fall or sun to us were one and time went by untold.

We woke. The soil about us shook to the long boom of thunder—
War loose and making music on his crashing brazen gongs—
The sharp hoof-beat, the thresh of feet stirred our old bones down under;
Wheels upon wheels ground overhead; then with a glow of wonder
We heard the chant of Englishmen singing their marching songs.

Blood of our blood! We heard them swing a-down the teeming highways,
As we swung once. We heard them shout; we heard the jests they cast.
And we dead men remembered then blue Junes in Devon by-ways,
Star-dusted skies and women's eyes, women with sweet and shy ways.
These were their race! We strove to rise, but the strong clay held us fast.

Year in, year out, along the roads the ceaseless wagons clattered;
Listened we for an English voice ever, ever in vain;
Far in the west, year out, year in, terrible thunders battered,
Drumming the doom of whom—of whom? Hope in our hearts lay shattered . . .
Then we heard the lilt of Highland pipes and English songs again.

On, ever on, we heard them press; their jaunty bugles blended
Proudly and clear that we might hear, we dead men of old wars,
How the red agony was passed and the long vigil ended.
Now may we sleep in peace again lapped in a vision splendid
Of England's banners marching onwards, upwards to the stars.

PATLANDER.



THE MILITARY MUZZLE.

Fritz. "AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT MUCH GOOD BARKING WHEN THEY'VE STOPPED MY BITE."



OUR SENSITIVE YOUTH.

Cadet. "'Scuse me, Sir—are you a Doctor? There's a boy fainted."
Doctor. "Ah—fatigue, I suppose?"
Cadet. "No, Sir. The Sergeant split an infinitive."

BRAINS AND BALDNESS.

By our Medical Expert.
(*With acknowledgments to "The Times"*).

Baldness among men is undoubtedly on the increase, and various reasons have been assigned for its appearance in an exacerbated form. In particular the stress and strain of the War have been mooted, and the argument is reinforced by such words as Chauvinism, which, Mr. Lloyd George is probably not aware, is derived from *chauve*. War is a solvent of equanimity; in the cant but expressive phrase it becomes harder to keep one's hair on. Again, *inter arma silent Musæ*. Fewer people have been playing the pianoforte, an exercise which has always exerted a stimulating effect on the follicles. Our political correspondent at Paris writes that M. Paderewski's once luxuriant *chevelure* has suffered sadly since he has taken to politics, but that after playing for a couple of hours to Mr. Balfour a distinct improvement was noticeable.

But no very clear exposition of the subject has yet been forthcoming, and this is all the more extraordinary when it is considered that baldness is really a very unsightly and distressing condition.

The sensitiveness of Julius Cæsar on this score is notorious. Cimabue, of whom Mr. Lloyd George has probably never heard, was a martyr to *alopecia seborrhoica*, and the case of the Highland chieftain MacAssar is too well known to call for detailed survey. Yet the strange fact remains that hitherto sustained scientific investigation has been lacking, though there is assuredly a great, if not perhaps a vital, need for it. No one can afford to say that, if this apparently simple malady were studied, facts of the utmost value to hatters would not be forthcoming. One can only express regret that those fortunate interviewers who have been allowed to describe the cranial developments of eminent men should have failed to profit by their opportunities for examining the "area of baldness," which corresponds to the distribution of the Vth nerve, the branches of which come out from the brain by the eye-sockets. Such investigations will never be properly carried out and co-ordinated without the establishment of a Hair Ministry, which is one of the clamant needs of reconstruction. It is an open secret that the question was discussed a year ago and set aside for the curious reason that of the three persons whose candidature was most powerfully supported two were bald, and the third was the Member for Wigan.

Meanwhile a start has been made by the unofficial activities of a small committee of experts in trichology, and their conclusions, published in an interim report, are worth recording. They are as follows: "That the 'area of baldness,' should an illness supervene, will certainly suffer to a greater extent than the more vigorous ones. Illness, as is well known, tends to interfere with the nourishment of the skin and to establish an atrophic diathesis of the follicular ganglia. The patient's hair may all come out, or, and this often happens, it may come out only in one area—the area of baldness."

In a minority report, signed by only one of the committee, the strange theory was expounded that genius developed in a direct ratio with the loss of hair between the temporal regions and the crown of the head. It was also pointed out that in a great number of Turner's pictures a special feature was the prominence given to bald-headed fishermen in high lights. This observation does not seem to represent a scientific attempt to handle the problem; but it should not be rashly dismissed on that account.

In a further article we hope to deal with the effect of hard hats on the conductivity of the branches of the Vth nerve, the mentality of the Hairy Ainus and other cognate questions.

BOLSHEVISMUS.

Valparaiso, April 18th. (By special cable to *The Daily Thrill.*)—Three men, named Fedor Popemoff, Leon Strunski and Igor Wunderbaum, were arrested here this morning on suspicion of being Bolshevist agents. Their lodging was searched and a quantity of seditious literature, a portmanteau full of Browning pistols and some banks of dried caviare removed. At a preliminary examination they claimed that they had been sent to Chile by the Siberian Red Cross to establish a co-operative guinea-pig ranch for indigent Grand Dukes. The police believe that Wunderbaum is no other than the notorious McDuff, the Peebles anarchist, who, when not actively engaged in preaching revolution, used to earn a precarious livelihood contributing to the Scottish comic papers.

Moscow, April 17th (delayed). (By the Special Correspondent of *The Morning Roast.*)—By intervening in Russia at once the Allies can destroy Bolshevism at a blow. Three days hence the Red hordes may be sweeping across Western Europe in an irresistible flood. At the present moment Trotsky has less than one thousand one hundred and thirty-five trustworthy troops all told, mostly Chinese, with a smattering of Army Service Corps. In a month's time he will have a million and a half of well-trained soldiers at his beck. Don't ask me how he does it. He has plenty of money and his Army is well paid. Only yesterday I saw a private of the Red Guards pay five roubles for a hair-cut. Will it be another case of "Too late"?

New York, April 18th. (By special cable to *The Daily Thrill.*)—While truffle-tracking in the Saratoga forest a corporal and three men of the United States Marines came upon what is believed to be a *cache* of Bolshevist arms. The *cache* contained six 9-inch howitzers, two hundred thousand rifles and a million rounds of ammunition, and was skilfully concealed under the bole of a tree. Secret service men claim that this is part of a gigantic plot for the disorganization of traffic, the nationalization of cocktails and the wresting of Ireland from the strangulating grip of the Anglo-Saxon party. Two men have been arrested in Seattle in connection with the affair. On one of them was found Bolshevist literature and two hundred million francs in notes of the Deutsche Bank. He admitted that his name was not Devlin and said that the money had been given to him to hold by an Australian soldier who had not returned for it.



Mr. 'Iggins (describing his first experience in lawsuit). "'IS LORDSHIP SEZ, 'YOU CAN GO. THE CASE IS ADJOURNED *SINE DIE*. WELL, I WASN'T GOING TO LET 'IM THINK I DIDN'T RUMBLE 'IS LAW-TALK, SO I JUS' GIVES 'IM A WINK AN' SEZ, 'RIGHT-O! GOOD BYE-EE!'"

Moscow, April 19th. (From the Special Correspondent of *The Daily Blues.*)—I have just had a chat with Hackoff, the confidant of Trotsky. He indignantly denied that Russia was in a state of anarchy and pointed out that one hundred and twenty-three thousand one hundred and nine persons had already been executed for conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace. There can be no question that the man is sincere. He was very despondent, and stated that, owing to false reports spread by the Allies, the Bolshevist paper money had become worthless, except in Paris, where they would take anything you had on you. He urged that unless an arrangement could be made with the United States for a loan or Colonel Wedgwood would consent to take command of the Red Army the counter-revolution could no longer be resisted. Hackoff is a shrewd fellow, but neither he nor Trotsky can cope with the situation much longer. Only last week I telegraphed Mr. Lloyd George that England must act at once if we are to save Bolshevism from being nothing better than a Utopian dream.

Wilna, April 20th. (By special cable to *The Morning Roast.*)—Five hundred thousand Red Guards, well supplied with heavy artillery and German engineers (*Wurmtruppen*), are advancing on the town. The Church Lads Brigade are parading the streets day and night to prevent looting. Outwardly the Burgomaster remains calm, but this morning he told me, with tears in his eyes, that unless three carloads of potatoes reached the doomed city before next Friday nothing could save it. "Ah," he cried, "if only rich England would send us some of her tinned milk!"

Stockholm, April 21st. (From the Special Correspondent of *The Daily Thrill.*) — An extraordinary incident has come to light here. While the baggage of Mlle. Orloff, the famous *danseuse*, was being unloaded at the pier a heavy trunk dropped from the sling and crashed on to the wharf. Rendered suspicious by the lady's unaccountable agitation, Customs officers searched the trunk and found at the bottom of it six hundred million pounds in bank-notes and a Russian named Oilivitch, who at first claimed to be a scenic artist, but finally admitted that he had been appointed by Lenin ambassador to the Netherlands. Communication with Scotland Yard has now established the astounding fact that he is the Abram Oilivitch who in 1914 kept a fish-and-chips shop in Lower Tittlebat Street, Houndsditch. Oilivitch first came under suspicion when it was discovered that Litvinoff had been seen to purchase a haddock at his shop. He was also known to have contributed eighteen-pence to the funds of the Union of Democratic



Pupil. "What I want to know is, am I a bass or a baritone?" *Teacher.* "No—you're not."

Control, but afterwards recovered the sum, claiming that he had paid it under the erroneous belief that the Union of Democratic Control was an institution for extending philanthropy to decaying fishmongers. After disappearing from sight for a while Odivitch was next heard of in the Censor's Department, from which he was removed for suppressing a number of postal orders, but afterwards reinstated and transferred to the Foreign Office. He left the Foreign Office in June, 1918, as the result of ill-health, and was given a passport to Russia, where his medical adviser resided.

Later.—It now transpires that Odivitch was also employed at the Admiralty, the War Office and the National Liberal Club. It has also been established that he was born in Düsseldorf and that his real name is Gustaf Schnapps. He is being detained on suspicion.

Moscow, April 23rd. (By special cable to *The Daily Blues.*)—The situation here, thanks to the preposterous conduct of the Allies, is desperate. Food is unobtainable and Trotsky has only one pair of trousers. Unless something is done the Soviet Committee will disintegrate and chaos ensue. Already grave unrest is manifesting itself in various parts of the country. Hackoff, the able Minister of Justice and Sociology, tells me that he has already raised the weekly executions of bourgeoisie from six to ten thousand, in a desperate endeavour to prevent disorder on the part of the populace. It is not too late for the Peace Conference to act. Trotsky admitted to me yesterday that, on receipt of fifty thousand pounds and a new pair of trousers as a guarantee of good faith, he would allow the Big Four to present their case to him. He is firm on the subject of an indemnity and the execution of Mr. Bottomley. Otherwise he is moderation itself. But the Allies must act at once. To-morrow will be too late.

ALGOL.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"If births can be arranged would not mind taking charge of children in lieu of passage."
Advt. in "Statesman" (Calcutta).

"It is unsafe even to curry favour with the French just to spite your own Prim Minister."
Sunday Paper.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been called a lot of things in his time, but—prim!

From a concert programme:—

"Recitatif et Grand air D'oedipe à Cologne."

It was after the long march to the Rhine, no doubt, that the hero acquired the nickname of "Swellfoot."

THE DREAM TELEPHONE.

I go to bed at half-past six
And Nurse says, "No more funny tricks;"
She takes the light and goes away
And all alone up there I stay.

And, as I lie there all alone,
Sometimes I hear the telephone;
I hear them say, "Yes, that 's all right,"
Then, "Buzz, buzz, buzz," and then
"Good-night."

And sometimes as I lie it seems
That people come into my dreams;
I hear a bell ring far away,
And then I hear the people say:

"Have you a little girl up there,
The room that 's by the Nursery stair?
We are the people that she knew
Before she came to live with you.

"Tell her we know she bruised her knee
In falling from the apple-tree;
Tell her that we 'll come very soon
And find the missing tea-set spoon.

"She knows we often come and peep
And kiss her when she 's fast asleep;
We think you 'll suit her soon all right."
Then, "Buzz, buzz, buzz," and then,
"Good-night."

Another Knock for "The Times."

"WE ARE BACKING NORTHCLIFFE."
Poster of "John Bull."

DOGS' DELIGHT.

SCENE.—*Interior of shop devoted to the sale of cutlery, leatherware and dogs' collars, leads, etc. Customers discovered lining the counter, others in background leading puzzled and suspicious dogs. The proprietor is endeavouring to serve ordinary purchasers, answer questions, punch holes in straps and give change simultaneously. A harried assistant in a white coat is dealing, as well as he can, with overwhelming demands for muzzles.*

Proprietor. Yes, Sir, you 'll find that razor-strop quite . . . Six holes wanted in that strap? (*To Assistant*) Right—leave it here and—— Sorry, Madam, I can't attend to you just now . . . Don't happen to have a *ten*-shilling note, do you, Sir? No? Well, I may be able to manage it for you . . . If you 'll speak to my assistant, Madam; *he* 's attending to the muzzling.

The Owner of a subdued nondescript (*calling Assistant*). Will you ask this lady to kindly keep her dog from trying to kill mine, please?



"I SUPPOSE YOUR LANDLORD ASKS A LOT FOR THE RENT OF THIS PLACE?"
"A LOT! HE ASKS ME FOR IT NEARLY EVERY WEEK."

The Other Lady (*whose dog, a powerful and truculent Airedale, seems to have conceived a sudden and violent dislike for the nondescript*). Yours must have done *something* to irritate him—he 's generally such a good-tempered dog.

Assistant (*to the Airedale, which is barking furiously and straining at his lead*). 'Ere, sherrup, will you? Allow me, Mum. I 'll put 'im where he can 'ave 'is good temper out to 'imself. (*He hustles the Airedale to a small office, where he shuts him in—to his and his owner's intense disapproval. A fox-terrier in another customer's arms becomes hysterical with sympathy and utters ear-rending barks.*) Oh, kindly get that dawg to sherrup, Mum, or we 'll 'ave the lot of 'em orf; or could you look in some day when he 's more collected?

Another Lady. I say, I want a muzzle for my dog.

Assistant (*sardonically*). You surprise me, Mum! We 're very near sold out, but if you 'll let me 'ave a look at your dawg, p'r'aps——

The Lady. Oh, I haven't *brought* him. Left him at Barnes.

Assistant. 'Ave yer, Mum? Well, yer see, I can't run down to Barnes—not just now I can't.

The Lady. No, but I thought—he 's rather a large dog, a Pekinese spaniel.

Assistant. Then I couldn't fit 'im if 'e was 'ere, cos 'e 'd want a short muzzle and we 've run out o' them.

A Customer with a Pekinese. Then will you find me a muzzle for *this* one?

Assistant (*with resigned despair*). You jest 'eard me say we 'ad no short muzzles, Mum. If you don't mind waiting 'ere an hour or two I 'll send a man to the factory in a taxi to bring back a fresh stock—if they 've got any, which I don't guarantee.

The Customer with the Pekinese. But I saw some leather muzzles in the window; one of those would do beautifully.

Assistant. I shall 'ave great pleasure in selling you one, Mum, on'y Gover'ment says they 've got to be wire. 'Owever, it 's *your* risk, not mine. Well, since you ask me, I think you *'ad* better wait.

A Customer (*carrying a large brown-and-white dog with lop ears and soulful eyes*). I 've been kept waiting here two hours, and I think it 's high time——

Assistant. If you 'll bring 'im along to the back shop, Mum, I *may* have one left his size.

A Lady with a lovely complexion and an unlovely griffon (*to her companion*). So fussy and tiresome of the Government bringing in muzzles again after all these years!

Her Companion. Oh, I don't *know*. We 've had a mysterious dog running about snapping in our district for days.

The Lady with the complexion. Ah, but *this* poor darling *never* snaps, and, besides, he hasn't been used to muzzles in Belgium. You needn't *mention* it, but I got a friend of mine to smuggle him over for me—such a *dear* boy, he 'll do anything I ask him to.

Assistant (*after attempting to fit the soulful-eyed dog with a muzzle and narrowly escaping being bitten*). There, that 's enough for *me*, Mum. Jest take that dawg out at once, please.

Owner of the dog (*which, having gained its point, affects an air of innocent detachment*). I shall do nothing of the kind. It was the brutal way you took hold of her. The *gentlest* creature! Why, I 've *had* her three years!

Assistant. I don't care if you 've 'ad her a century. They 're all angels as come 'ere; but I ain't going to 'ave *my* thumb bit by no angels, so will you kindly walk out?

Owner. Without a muzzle? Never!

Assistant. Then I shall 'ave to call in a constable to make you. I 'm not bound to sell you nothing.

Owner (*with spirit*). *Call* a constable then! *I* don't care. Here I stay till I get that muzzle.

Assistant (*giving up his idea of calling a constable*). Then I should advise you to take a chair, Mum, as we don't close till seven.

Owner (*retreating with dignity*). All *I* can say is that I call it perfectly disgraceful. I shall certainly report your conduct; and I only hope you won't sell a single other muzzle to-day!

Assistant. If I didn't I could bear up. (*To a lady with an elderly Blenheim*) If it 's a muzzle, Mum——

The Owner of the Blenheim. That 's just what I want to know. *Must* he have a muzzle? You see, he 's got no teeth, so he couldn't possibly bite anyone—now, *could* he?

Assistant. I dunno, Mum. You take 'im to see the Board of Agriculture. *They 'll* give you an opinion on 'im. (*To Staff Officer who approaches*) Sorry, Sir, but our stock of muzzles——

Staff Officer. All *I* want is a new leather band for this wrist-watch. Got one?

Assistant (*with joy*). Thank 'eaven I *'ave*! Gaw bless the Army!

F. A.



Helen's elder Sister. "YOU KNOW, ALL THE STARS ARE WORLDS LIKE OURS."
Helen. "WELL, I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO LIVE ON ONE—IT WOULD BE SO HORRID WHEN IT TWINKLED."

THE REVOLT.

THERE is a cupboard underneath the stair
Where moth and rust hold undisputed sway,
And here is hid my old civilian wear,
And my wife sits and plays with it all day,
Since Peace is imminent and, I 'm advised,
Even the bard may be demobilised.

She is a woman who was clearly born
To be the monarch of a helpless male;
And when she says, "This overcoat is torn,"
"These flannel trousers are beyond the pale,"
"You can't be seen in any of those shirts,"
I acquiesce, but, goodness, how it hurts.

For they are rich with memories of Peace,
The soiled habiliments my lady loathes.
I do not long for trousers with a crease;
I *do not want* another crowd of clothes—
Particularly as you have to pay
Seventeen guineas for a suit to-day.

We are but worms, we husbands; yet 'tis said,
When the sad worm lies broken and at bay,
There comes a moment when the thing sees red,
And one such moment has occurred to-day;
"Look at this hat," I said, "this old top-hat;
I will not wear another one like that.

"This is the hat I purchased in the High,
Still crude and young and ignorant of sin;
I wooed you in this hat—I don't know why;
This is the hat that I was married in;
In it I walked on Sunday through the parks,
And even then the people made remarks.

"Now it is dead—the last of all its line—
Nothing like this shall mar the poet's Peace;
What have the nations fought for, wet and fine,
If not that ancient tyrannies should cease?
What use the Crowns of Europe coming croppers
If we are still to be the slaves of 'toppers'?

"It speaks to me of many an ancient sore—
Of calls and cards and Sunday afternoon;
Of hideous wanderings from door to door
And choking necks and patent-leather shoon;
'The War is won,' as Mr. ASQUITH said,
And all these evils are or should be dead.

"It moves me not that other men with wives
Have fall'n already in the old abyss,
Have let their women ruin all their lives
And ordered new atrocities like this.
President WILSON will have missed success
If other men determine how I dress.

"Yonder there hangs the helmet of a Hun,
And I will hang this horror at its side;
Twin symbols of an epoch which is done,
These shall remind our children——" My wife sighed,
"You 'll have to get another one, I fear;"
And all I said was, "Very well, my dear." A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a cobbler's window:—

"Will customers please bring their own paper for repairs?"

"Miss Carnegie wore a gown of white satin and point appliqué lace, with a lace veil falling from a light brown coiffeur almost to the end of the train."—*Daily Mirror.*

It doesn't say whether the light-brown coiffeur was a page or the best man.

From an account of the British sailors' reception in Paris:—

"Sous les clamations de la foule, les marins gagnent par les Champs-Elysées, la rue Royale et le boulevard Malesherbes, le Lycée Carnot, où M. Breakfast les attend."—*French Local Paper.*

Hospitality personified!

AT THE PLAY.

"BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE."

THE return of *Abe Potash* and *Mawruss Perlmutter* to London is not an event to be regarded indifferently. The light-hearted pair have evidently been through some anxious times. *Rosie Potash* can never have been a very easy woman to live with. She has not improved. And now that she has infected *Ruth Perlmutter* with her morbid jealousies the alert and as yet unbroken *Mawruss* begins to know something of what his long-suffering, not to say occasionally abject, partner, *Abe*, has had to endure these many years.

It was bad enough in the dress business. But now they have gone into films it is indefinitely worse. Every reasonable person must know that you can't produce really moving pictures without an immense amount of late office hours, dining and supping out and that sort of thing, a fact which the *Rosies* and *Ruths* of this world can't be expected to appreciate. So that it would be as well, think the ingenuous *entrepreneurs*, if *The Fatal Murder* were, so far as the ladies' parts are concerned, cast from members of the two households. Besides, what an excellent way of keeping the money in the family. However *The Fatal Murder* is a dud; *Rosie* and *Ruth* are not the right shape; and film acting, with the necessary pep, is not a thing you can just acquire by wishing so.

What is wanted, says the voluble young hustler in the firm, who alone seems to know anything of the business, is real actresses as distinguished from members of the directors' families, and above all a good vampire. A vampire is the very immoral and underdressed type of woman that wrecks hearts and homes, and without which no film with a high moral purpose is conceivable. You must have shadows to throw up the light. And on this principle all the uplift and moral instruction of that potent instrument of grace, the cinematograph, is based—a fact which will not have escaped the notice of cinema-goers.

When *Rita Sismondi* appears in an evil Futurist black-and-white gown by Viola you can tell at once she is the goods. But naturally *Abe's* first thought is, "What will *Rosie* say?" His second, shared by *Mawruss*: "Hang *Rosie*! We shall both like this lady." Finances are not flourishing, but the crooked manager of the very unbusinesslike bank that is financing the P. and P. Film Co. harbours designs on the virtue of *Rita*, who has this commodity in a measure unusual with film vampires (or usual, I forget which), and is just a slightly adventurous prude out for a good time. He accordingly advances more money for *The Guilty Dollar* on condition that *Rita* be engaged, and yet more money on condition that she be not fired by any machinations of jealous wives.

Rosie, indeed, says a good deal when she turns up at a rehearsal and finds the vampire clad in the third of a gown hazardously suspended on her gracious shoulders by bead straps, and *Mawruss* and *Abe* demonstrating how in their opinion the kissing scenes should be conducted so as to make a really notable production. However, the vampire's film vices make the success of the company, and her private virtues bring all to a happy ending.

The story need hardly concern us. It is not plausible, which matters nothing at all. Mr. YORKE and Mr. LEONARD are the essential outfit, and it seems to me they are better than ever. One simply *has* to laugh, louder and oftener than is seemly for a self-respecting Englishman. No doubt their authors, Messrs. GLASS and GOODMAN, give them plenty of good things to say, but it is the astonishing finish and precision of their technique which make their work so pleasant to watch. If it throws into awkward relief the amateurishness of some of their associates that can't be helped. Miss VERA GORDON'S *Rosie* is a good performance, and Miss JULIA BRUNS, the vampire, seemed to me to make with considerable skill and subtlety a real character (within the limits allowed by the farcical nature of the scheme) out of what might easily have been uninvitingly crude.

T.

OUR FRIEND THE FISH.

"WHAT is a sardine?" was a question much before the Courts some few years ago, not unprofitably for certain gentlemen wearing silk, and the correct solution I never heard; but I can supply, from personal observation, one answer to the query, and that is, "An essential ingredient in London humour." For without this small but sapid fish—whatever he may really be, whether denizen of the Sardinian sea, immature Cornish pilchard, or mere plebeian sprat well oiled—numbers of our fellow-men and fellow-women, with all the will in the world, might never raise a laugh. As it is, thanks to his habit of lying in excessive compression within his tin tabernacle, and the prevalence in these congested days of too many passengers on the Tubes, on the Underground and in the omnibuses, whoever would publicly remove gravity has but to set up the sardine comparison and be rewarded.

Why creatures so remote from man as fishes—cold-blooded inhabitants of an element in which man exists only so long as he keeps on the surface; mute, incredible and incapable of exchanging any intercourse with him—why these should provide the Cockney, the dweller in the citiest City of the world, with so much of the material of jocoseness is an odd problem. But they do. Herrings, when cured either by smoke or sun, notoriously contribute to the low comedian's success. The mere word "kipper" has every girl in the gallery in a tittering ecstasy. But outside the Halls it is the sardine that conquers.

In one day this week I witnessed the triumph of the sardine on three different occasions, and it was always hearty and complete.

The first time was in a lift at Chancery Lane. It is not normally a very busy station, but our attendant having, as is now the rule, talked too long with the attendant of a neighbouring lift, we were more than full before the descent began. We were also cross and impatient, the rumble, from below, of trains that we might just as well be in doing nothing to steady our nerves.

But help came—and came from that strange quarter the mighty ocean, from Chancery Lane so distant! "Might as well," said a burly labourer (or, for all I know, burly receiver of unemployment dole)—"might as well be sardines in a tin!"

Straightway we all laughed and viewed our lost time with more serenity.

Later I was in a 'bus in Victoria Street, on its way to the Strand. As many persons were inside, seated or standing on their own and on others' feet, as it should be permitted to hold, but still another two were let in by the harassed conductress.

"I say, Miss," said the inevitable wag, who was one of the standing passengers, "steady on. We're more than full up already, you know. Do you take us for sardines?"

And again mirth rocked us.

Finally, that night I was among the stream of humanity which pours down Villiers Street from the theatres for half-an-hour or so between 10.40 and 11.10, all in some mysterious way to be absorbed into the trains or the trams and conveyed home. After some desperate struggles on Charing Cross platform I found myself a suffering unit in yet another dense throng in a compartment going West; and again, amid delighted merriment, some one likened us to sardines.

It is not much of a joke, but you will notice that it so seldom fails that one wonders why any effort is ever made to invent a better.



"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW THE FUNNY MAN, SIS."
"I DIDN'T. BUT BY THE TIME I DISCOVERED THAT I DIDN'T—WELL, I DID."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Madam Constantia (LONGMANS) is a war story, but of an earlier and more picturesque war. A simple tale, I am bound to call it, revolving entirely round a situation not altogether unknown to fiction, in which the hero and heroine, being of opposite sides, love and fight one another simultaneously. Actually the scene is set during the American struggle for independence, thus providing a sufficiency of pomp and circumstance in the way of fine uniforms and pretty frocks; and the protagonists are *Captain Carter*, of the British service, and *Constantia Wilmer*, daughter of the American who had captured him. Perhaps you may recall that the identical campaign has already provided a very similar position (reversed) in *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner*. It is only a deserved tribute to the skill with which Mr. JEFFERSON CARTER has told this adventure of his namesake to admit that I am left with an uncertainty, not usual to the reviewing experience, whether it is in fact a true or an imagined affair. In any event its development follows a well-trodden path. We have the captive, jealous in honour, susceptible and exasperatingly Quixotic, doubly enchained by his word and the charms of his fair wardress; the lady's conspicuous ill-treatment of him at the first, a slight mystery, some escapes and counterplots, and on the appointed page the matrimonial finish that hardly the most pessimistic reader can ever have felt as other than assured. Fact or fiction, you may spend an agreeable hour in watching the course of *Captain Carter's* courtship overcoming its rather obvious obstacles.

Because I have so great an admiration for their beneficent activities, I have always wanted to meet a novel with a lot about dentists in it, and now Miss DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON, in *The Tunnel* (DUCKWORTH), has satisfied my desire. Dentists—a houseful of them—spittoons, revolving basins; patients going upstairs with sinking feelings; wondering at the pattern on the wallpaper; going down triumphant. Teeth. Appointment books. Dentists everywhere. This is not a quotation, but very like one, for Miss RICHARDSON affects the modern manner. Though one of the dentists is quite the most agreeable person in the book, he isn't the hero, because the author is much too clever to have anything of the sort. Her method, exploited some time ago in that remarkable book, *Pointed Roofs*, is to get right inside one *Miriam Henderson* and keep on writing out her thoughts with as little explanation of her circumstances as possible, so that *The Tunnel*, to anyone who has missed the earlier books, must be very nearly unintelligible. Even the sincere admirer of Miss RICHARDSON'S talent will begin to wonder how many more books at the present rate of progress must be required to bring *Miriam* to, say, threescore years and ten. My own belief is that if her creator is ever so ill-advised as to put her beneath a 'bus or drop her down a lift-well, she herself will be gone too; and for that I should be sorry, since I agree with almost all the nice things Miss MAY SINCLAIR says of the earlier books in an appreciation here reprinted from *The Egoist*. Miss RICHARDSON has evolved a way of writing a novel which somehow suggests the Futurist way of painting a picture; but *The Tunnel* has left me wondering whether she has not carried her method a little too far.

It seems to me that some of her heroine's thoughts were not worth recording; but perhaps when another four or five books have been added to *Miriam's* life-history I may discover what the scheme may be that lies behind them all, and change my mind.

More than once before this I have enjoyed the dexterity of Miss VIOLET HUNT in a certain type of social satire; but I regret to say that the expectation with which I opened *The Last Ditch* (STANLEY PAUL) was doomed to some disappointment. The idea was promising enough—a study of our British best people confronting the ordeal of world-war; but somehow it failed to capture me. For one reason it is told in a series of letters—a dangerous method at any time. As usual, these are far too long and literary to be genuine; though they keep up a rather irritating pretence of reality by repetitions of the same events in correspondence from different writers. Moreover, letters whose concern is the progress of recruiting or the novelty of war can hardly at this time avoid an effect of having been delayed in the post. But all this would have mattered little if Miss HUNT had chosen her aristocrats from persons in whom it was possible to take more interest. But the plain fact is that you never met so tedious a set. They are not witty; they are not even wicked to any significant extent. They simply produce (at least in my case) no effect whatever. Perhaps this may all be of intention; the author may have meant to harrow us with the spectacle of our old nobility expiring as nonentities. But in that case the picture is manifestly unfair. And it is certainly dull—dull as the last ditch-water.



Young Sub (a very earnest pilgrim). "PLEASE SEND A LARGE BUNCH OF ROSES TO THE ADDRESS ON THAT CARD AND CHARGE IT TO ME."
Florist. "YES, SIR—AND YOUR NAME?"
Sub. "OH, NEVER MIND MY NAME—SHE'LL UNDERSTAND."

In *America in France* (MURRAY) Lieut.-Col. FREDERICK PALMER, a member of the Staff Corps of the United States Army, sets out to tell the story of the making of an army. This is the first book by Colonel PALMER that has come my way, but I find that he has written four others, all of which I judge by their titles to be concerned with the War. Be that as it may, I welcome *America in France* both because it gives a narrative of America's tremendous effort, and because the book is written with a modesty which is very pleasing. America came to the job of fighting as a learner. Her soldiers did not boast of what they were going to do, but sat down solidly to learn, in order that she might be useful in the fighting-line. How she achieved her purpose the world now knows. If any fault is to be found with the author's style, it is that the limpidity and evenness of its flow make great events less easy of distinction than perhaps they might be; but most people will hail this as a merit rather than a fault, and I agree with them. Colonel PALMER records the names of the first three Americans who died fighting. The French General to whose unit they were attached ordered a ceremonial parade and made a speech in which he asked that the mortal remains of these young men be left in France. "We will," he continued, "inscribe on their tombs, 'Here lie the first soldiers of the United States to fall on the soil of France for Justice and Liberty' . . . Corporal Gresham, Private Enright, Private Hay, in the name of France I thank you." As another matter of historical interest it may be stated that the first shot of the War on the American side was fired by Battery C of the 6th Field Artillery, "without waiting on going into position at the time set. The men dragged a gun forward in the early morning of October 23rd, and sent a shell at the enemy. There was no particular target. The aim was in the general direction of Berlin. The gun has been sent to West Point as a relic."

I must assume that *Such Stuff as Dreams* (MURRAY) was written by C. E. W. LAWRENCE with a purpose, but it remains obscure to me. A smart young married clerk in the oil business falls off the top of a bus on to his head and, from a confirmed materialist, becomes something not unlike a confirmed lunatic, with a faculty for seeing flaming emanations which enable him to place the owners of them in the true scale of human and spiritual values. He discovers that his wife's uncle, a whimsical but essentially tedious drunkard, is a better man than the egregious New Religionist pastor—a discovery I made for myself without falling off a bus. I was forced to the conclusion that these and equally dull, or duller, folk must exist or have existed, and that it could not possibly have been necessary to invent them. And if I am right then it obviously needs a greater sympathy than I can command to do justice to this type of narrative, with its presuppositions and inferences. Sir A. CONAN DOYLE has much to answer for.

I do not remember the precise number of murders which occur in *Droonin' Watter* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), but readers of this sensational story can accept my assurance that Mr. J. S. FLETCHER has a quick and decisive way of meting out justice (or injustice) to his characters. In fact, from the very start, when a man with a black patch over his eye walks into Berwick-upon-Tweed and takes lodgings with *Mrs. Moneylaws* (the mother of the man who tells the tale), the pace is red-hot. It is easy enough to discover improbabilities in such a yarn as this, but the only important question is whether one wants to discover what happens in the end, and I confess without a blush that I did want to follow Mr. J. S. FLETCHER to the last page. Let me however beg him in his next book to give the word "yon" a rest; four "yons" in eleven lines is a clear case of overcrowding; and I invite the attention of the Limited Labour Party to this scandal.

"Any owner whose dog shows signs of illness should be chained up securely."—*Bradford Daily Argus.*

And every other *Argus* will say the same.

CHARIVARIA.

No enthusiasm attended the recent revival of the curious May Day custom of dancing round the snow man.

* * *

Since the Muzzling Order, says a weekly paper, fewer postmen in the West End have been bitten by dogs. We are asked by the Dogs' Trade Union to point out that this is not due to the Muzzling Order, but to the fact that just at present there is a fine supply of dairy-fed milkmen in that district.

* * *

A negress has just died in South America, aged 136. It is supposed that the exodus of so many of her descendants to London on account of the great demand for Jazz-band players was largely responsible for hastening her end.

* * *

According to a local paper an American officer refused to stay at a seaside hotel during Easter-time because a flea hopped on to the visitors' book whilst he was in the act of signing it. We agree that it is certainly rather alarming when these unwelcome intruders adopt such methods of espionage in order to discover which room one is about to occupy.

* * *

The Society of Public Analysts declares that it is impossible to tell what animal or what part of it is contained in a sausage. We gather that it all depends on whether the beast is backed into the machine or enticed into it with a sardine.

* * *

The British people still feel themselves the victors, so Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD told the *Vossische Zeitung*. Not Mr. MACDONALD'S fault, of course.

* * *

London butchers have protested against being compelled to sell Chilian, Brazilian, Manchurian *and other* beef. A simple way to distinguish "other beef" from Manchurian beef is to offer it to the cat. If it eats it, it is neither.

* * *

The Board of Agriculture claims that since 1914 eleven thousand persons have been taught to make cheese. It is admitted, however, that as the result of inexperience the mortality among young cheeses has been enormous.

* * *

The Labour Party are submitting a Motion in the House of Commons for the reduction of railway fares. An alternative suggestion that passengers should be allowed to pay the extra shilling or two and buy the train outright will probably be put forward.

* * *

The sum of £15,650 has just been paid for the lease of a West End flat, says a contemporary. If this includes use of the bath, it seems a bit of a bargain.

* * *

We gather from an American newspaper that shooting for the new Mexican Presidency has commenced.

* * *

An East End fishmonger is reported to have sold fish at one penny a pound. The controlled price being much higher, several trade rivals have offered to bear the expense of a doctor for this man as they feel that something may be pressing on his brain.

* * *

A Berlin message indicates that the man who shot KURT EISNER has again been assassinated by the Spartacists. This, of course, cannot be the end of the business. The last and positively final execution of the man still rests with the German Government.

* * *

There has never been a case of rabies in Scotland, says *The Evening News*. This speaks well for the bagpipes as a defensive weapon.

* * *

According to a Boston message some Americans gave Admiral WOOD, U.S. Navy, a very cool reception the other day. In shaking hands with him they only broke seven small bones.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to say that the recently demobilised soldier who accidentally swallowed some "plum and apple" in a London restaurant is well on the road to recovery.

* * *

The number of hot-cross-bun specialists who, since Easter, have been in receipt of unemployment pay has not yet been disclosed for publication.

* * *

A dog has returned to its home at Walsworth after being absent for two months. It is feared that he has been leading a double life.

* * *

"Throughout the country," says a well-known daily paper, "the hedges and trees are now budding forth into green leaves." This, we understand, is according to precedent.

* * *

"Is your rent raised?" asks a contemporary. With difficulty, if he *must* know.

* * *

Newcastle Justices have extinguished eight licences for redundancy. There is no reason for supposing that the offence was intentional.

* * *

The report that the prehistoric flint axe recently found at Ascot had been claimed by Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, M.P., is denied. Sir FREDERICK, it appears, merely expressed warm approval of it.

* * *

The Manchester Parks Committee is considering the question of opening the Municipal Golf Links for Sunday play. It is contended that the more anti-Sabbatarian features of the game could be eliminated by allowing players to pick out of a bunker without penalty.

* * *

Much advice has recently appeared in the Press regarding the treatment of bites received from mad dogs, and in consequence there is a movement on foot among Missionaries to obtain some information regarding the best method of treating the bite of a cannibal.

* * *

A Chicago woman has been charged with attempting to shoot her husband with a jewelled and gold-handled revolver. We are pleased to note that the American authorities are determined to put down such ostentation.

* * *

It has come to our ears that a certain Conscientious Objector now feels so ashamed of his refusal to fight that he has practically decided to take boxing lessons by post.



"WHAT'S THAT THING YOU'VE GOT ON, ALBERT?"
"TRENCH COAT."
"BUT YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE TRENCHES."
"I KNOW. THAT'S THE IDEA."

LETTERS TO PEOPLE I DON'T KNOW.

(*No answers required, thank you.*)

To Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, Head of the German Peace Delegation.

The enthralling volume, entitled *Preliminary Terms of Peace*, on which your attention is being engrossed at the present moment, is said to be of the same length as *A Tale of Two Cities*. In other respects there is little resemblance traceable between the two works. A more striking likeness is to be found between the present volume and a document produced (also in the neighbourhood of Paris) by the late Prince BISMARCK in 1871. On your return home, if the fancy appeals to you, you might, out of these two publications, construct a very readable romance and call it *Two Tales of One City*. I think this would be a better name for it than *Vice-Versailles*.

To Signor Orlando.

Apart from our love for Italy we are, of course, naturally prejudiced in favour of a man who got his surname from one of our own SHAKSPEARE's heroes, and has consequently given us several easy chances of making little *As-you-like-it* jokes for the Press in our simple unsophisticated way. All the same I think you were wrong in dropping out of the Big Four like that. If every other Allied delegate were to go off home whenever he couldn't get his own way, or whenever he differed from President WILSON, there might be nobody left to meet the German representatives or to sign any sort of Peace terms. The enemy might even start a Big Four of their own and begin to talk. What should we do then? We might have to send for Marshal FOCH. I'm not sure that in any case this wouldn't be the best plan.

But perhaps you will be back in Paris before this letter reaches you. All roads lead to Rome, and there must be at least one that leads out of it again.

To Ferdinand, Fox.

If news of the outside world ever reaches you in your earth, and you read the discussions on the question whether your old friend WILLIAM ought to be hanged, it can hardly have escaped Your Nosiness that nothing is said about your own claim to similar treatment. Those who never rightly appreciated you may imagine that you will meekly consent to forgo that claim. But, if I know anything of your proud and princely nature, you are, on the other hand, bitterly chagrined at the thought that you have been forgotten so soon.

To a British "Sportsman."

I have often seen you of an afternoon in war-time hanging about in groups along my workaday street, poring over what you regarded as the vital news of the day. It was not a report of any battle in which your brothers were fighting, and, if I had asked you breathlessly, "Who won?" you would not have said, "The British"; you would have said, "SOLLY JOEL'S colt." You had never seen the horse, but you had half-a-dollar of your War-bonus on him, or more probably on one of those who also ran. To-day there are no silly battles to take up good space in your evening print; and, better still, there is no day without its racing matter; no more curtailing of the King of Sports to the lamentable detriment of our national horse-breeding, a subject so close to your heart. The War is indeed well over.

And nothing can be more gratifying to you than to note the rapid progress of Reconstruction in the domain of the Turf. In other spheres of activity there may be a million people drawing the unemployment donation; but here there is immediate occupation for all. The New Jerusalem has been built in a day.

To Peace.

You must not mind if, when you come at last, we treat you like an anti-climax. You see, we let ourselves go, once for all, over the Armistice, and, though there will be plenty of celebrations for you, we shan't forget ourselves again. There will be bands, of course, and bunting, and we shall read the directions in the papers, and buy expensive tickets and get to our seats early. But we shall be respectable and inarticulate this time, like the present exhibition at the Royal Academy. Besides, we have no nice things to shout when the pageants go by, like "*Vive la Victoire!*" or "*Viva la Pace!*" and even if we had we should all wait for somebody else to start shouting them.

But you are not to be disappointed; we shall really be glad to welcome you, though we do it in that strange way we have of taking everything as it comes.

I suppose you are bound to assist at your own celebrations, otherwise I should recommend you to be content to read about them next day—about the thundering cheers, the wild enthusiasm that swept like a flame through the vast multitudes, and how "the red glare on Skiddaw roused the Canon (RAWNSLEY) of Carlisle."

To a Multi-Millionaire.

It must be a great satisfaction to you to see how highly the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appreciates the loss which the country will sustain by your eventual decease; and that he has proposed to increase materially the amount to be raised out of your estate as a national souvenir of your commercial activities. Indeed you may reflect that, splendid and profitable as your life has been, nothing in it will have become you so much as the leaving of it. With such a thought in your mind the prospect of death should be robbed of a large proportion of its sting.

To a New Knight (Scots).

Out of the eight hundred million pounds' worth of Government material left over from the War, of which two hundred million pounds' worth is expected to be realised in the current year, you should have no difficulty in securing a pair of knightly spurs at quite a reasonable price. They ought to go well with a kilt.

To the Chairman of the "Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco."

Few people can have been better pleased than you at the cessation of hostilities. During all those terrible years the falling-off among the patrons of your world-famous bathing-establishment must have been a source of cruel grief to you. And now there are already myriads who have washed away the stains of war in the pellucid waves that lap your coast of azure.

Here, too, at your hospitable Board of Green Cloth there is forgetfulness of Armageddon save when the cry of "Zéro" recalls to the convalescent British warrior the fateful hour for going over the top.

And to think of Monte Carlo without the guttural Hun and his raucous "*Dass ist mein*" as he swoops upon his disputed spoils! An Eden with the worm away!

À bientôt! O. S.

"PUBLIC SCHOOLS' HIGH JUMP CHALLENGE CUP.—E. C. Archer (Merchant Taylors'), 5 ft. 4 in. (unfinished), 1."—*The Times.*

We are glad to have later advices which state that he has returned to earth safely.

"Alabaster Lady's Evening Cigarette Case, lid and hinges set with diamonds; left in taxi."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

We trust the alabaster lady has by now regained her property and with it her marmoreal calm.



IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.

LETTERS TO PEOPLE I DON'T KNOW.

(*No answers required, thank you.*)

To Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, Head of the German Peace Delegation.

The enthralling volume, entitled *Preliminary Terms of Peace*, on which your attention is being engrossed at the present moment, is said to be of the same length as *A Tale of Two Cities*. In other respects there is little resemblance traceable between the two works. A more striking likeness is to be found between the present volume and a document produced (also in the neighbourhood of Paris) by the late Prince BISMARCK in 1871. On your return home, if the fancy appeals to you, you might, out of these two publications, construct a very readable romance and call it *Two Tales of One City*. I think this would be a better name for it than *Vice-Versailles*.

To Signor Orlando.

Apart from our love for Italy we are, of course, naturally prejudiced in favour of a man who got his surname from one of our own SHAKSPEARE's heroes, and has consequently given us several easy chances of making little *As-you-like-it* jokes for the Press in our simple unsophisticated way. All the same I think you were wrong in dropping out of the Big Four like that. If every other Allied delegate were to go off home whenever he couldn't get his own way, or whenever he differed from President WILSON, there might be nobody left to meet the German representatives or to sign any sort of Peace terms. The enemy might even start a Big Four of their own and begin to talk. What should we do then? We might have to send for Marshal FOCH. I'm not sure that in any case this wouldn't be the best plan.

But perhaps you will be back in Paris before this letter reaches you. All roads lead to Rome, and there must be at least one that leads out of it again.

To Ferdinand, Fox.

If news of the outside world ever reaches you in your earth, and you read the discussions on the question whether your old friend WILLIAM ought to be hanged, it can hardly have escaped Your Nosiness that nothing is said about your own claim to similar treatment. Those who never rightly appreciated you may imagine that you will meekly consent to forgo that claim. But, if I know anything of your proud and princely nature, you are, on the other hand, bitterly chagrined at the thought that you have been forgotten so soon.

To a British "Sportsman."

I have often seen you of an afternoon in war-time hanging about in groups along my workaday street, poring over what you regarded as the vital news of the day. It was not a report of any battle in which your brothers were fighting, and, if I had asked you breathlessly, "Who won?" you would not have said, "The British"; you would have said, "SOLLY JOEL'S colt." You had never seen the horse, but you had half-a-dollar of your War-bonus on him, or more probably on one of those who also ran. To-day there are no silly battles to take up good space in your evening print; and, better still, there is no day without its racing matter; no more curtailing of the King of Sports to the lamentable detriment of our national horse-breeding, a subject so close to your heart. The War is indeed well over.

And nothing can be more gratifying to you than to note the rapid progress of Reconstruction in the domain of the Turf. In other spheres of activity there may be a million people drawing the unemployment donation; but here there is immediate occupation for all. The New Jerusalem has been built in a day.

To Peace.

You must not mind if, when you come at last, we treat you like an anti-climax. You see, we let ourselves go, once for all, over the Armistice, and, though there will be plenty of celebrations for you, we shan't forget ourselves again. There will be bands, of course, and bunting, and we shall read the directions in the papers, and buy expensive tickets and get to our seats early. But we shall be respectable and inarticulate this time, like the present exhibition at the Royal Academy. Besides, we have no nice things to shout when the pageants go by, like "*Vive la Victoire!*" or "*Viva la Pace!*" and even if we had we should all wait for somebody else to start shouting them.

But you are not to be disappointed; we shall really be glad to welcome you, though we do it in that strange way we have of taking everything as it comes.

I suppose you are bound to assist at your own celebrations, otherwise I should recommend you to be content to read about them next day—about the thundering cheers, the wild enthusiasm that swept like a flame through the vast multitudes, and how "the red glare on Skiddaw roused the Canon (RAWNSLEY) of Carlisle."

To a Multi-Millionaire.

It must be a great satisfaction to you to see how highly the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appreciates the loss which the country will sustain by your eventual decease; and that he has proposed to increase materially the amount to be raised out of your estate as a national souvenir of your commercial activities. Indeed you may reflect that, splendid and profitable as your life has been, nothing in it will have become you so much as the leaving of it. With such a thought in your mind the prospect of death should be robbed of a large proportion of its sting.

To a New Knight (Scots).

Out of the eight hundred million pounds' worth of Government material left over from the War, of which two hundred million pounds' worth is expected to be realised in the current year, you should have no difficulty in securing a pair of knightly spurs at quite a reasonable price. They ought to go well with a kilt.

To the Chairman of the "Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco."

Few people can have been better pleased than you at the cessation of hostilities. During all those terrible years the falling-off among the patrons of your world-famous bathing-establishment must have been a source of cruel grief to you. And now there are already myriads who have washed away the stains of war in the pellucid waves that lap your coast of azure.

Here, too, at your hospitable Board of Green Cloth there is forgetfulness of Armageddon save when the cry of "Zéro" recalls to the convalescent British warrior the fateful hour for going over the top.

And to think of Monte Carlo without the guttural Hun and his raucous "*Dass ist mein*" as he swoops upon his disputed spoils! An Eden with the worm away!

À bientôt!

O. S.

"PUBLIC SCHOOLS' HIGH JUMP CHALLENGE CUP.—E. C. Archer (Merchant Taylors'), 5 ft. 4 in. (unfinished), 1."—*The Times.*

We are glad to have later advices which state that he has returned to earth safely.

"Alabaster Lady's Evening Cigarette Case, lid and hinges set with diamonds; left in taxi."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

We trust the alabaster lady has by now regained her property and with it her marmoreal calm.



IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.



"THEY 'ALSO RUN' WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

THE ARRIVAL OF BLACKMAN'S WARBLER.

I AM become an Authority on Birds. It happened in this way.

The other day we heard the Cuckoo in Hampshire. (The next morning the papers announced that the Cuckoo had been heard in Devonshire—possibly a different one, but in no way superior to ours except in the matter of its Press agent.) Well, everybody in the house said, "Did you hear the Cuckoo?" to everybody else, until I began to get rather tired of it; and, having told everybody several times that I *had* heard it, I tried to make the conversation more interesting. So, after my tenth "Yes," I added quite casually:—

"But I haven't heard the Tufted Pipit yet. It's funny why it should be so late this year."

"Is that the same as the Tree Pipit?" said my hostess, who seemed to know more about birds than I had hoped.

"Oh, no," I said confidently.

"What's the difference exactly?"

"Well, one is tufted," I said, doing my best, "and the other—er—climbs trees."

"Oh, I see."

"And of course the eggs are more speckled," I added, gradually acquiring confidence.

"I often wish I knew more about birds," she said regretfully. "You must tell us something about them now we've got you here."

And all this because of one miserable Cuckoo!

"By all means," I said, wondering how long it would take to get a book about birds down from London.

However, it was easier than I thought. We had tea in the garden that afternoon, and a bird of some kind struck up in the plane-tree.

"There, now," said my hostess, "what's that?"

I listened with my head on one side. The bird said it again.

"That's the Lesser Bunting," I said hopefully.

"The Lesser Bunting," said an earnest-looking girl; "I shall always remember that."

I hoped she wouldn't, but I could hardly say so. Fortunately the bird lesser-bunted again, and I seized the opportunity of playing for safety.

"Or is it the Sardinian Whitethroat?" I wondered. "They have very much the same note during the breeding season. But of course the eggs are more speckled," I added casually.

And so on for the rest of the evening. You see how easy it is.

However the next afternoon a most unfortunate occurrence occurred. A real Bird Authority came to tea. As soon as the information leaked out I sent up a hasty prayer for bird-silence until we had got him safely out of the place; but it was not granted. Our feathered songster in the plane-tree broke into his little piece.

"There," said my hostess—"there's that bird again." She turned to me. "What did you say it was?"

I hoped that the Authority would speak first, and that the others would then accept my assurance that they had misunderstood me the day before; but he was entangled at that moment in a watercress sandwich, the loose ends of which were still waiting to be tucked away.

I looked anxiously at the girl who had promised to remember, in case she wanted to say something, but she also was silent. Everybody was silent except that miserable bird.

Well, I had to have another go at it. "Blackman's Warbler," I said firmly.

"Oh, yes," said my hostess.

"Blackman's Warbler; I shall always remember that," lied the earnest-looking girl.

The Authority, who was free by this time, looked at me indignantly.

"Nonsense," he said; "it's the Chiffchaff."

Everybody else looked at me reproachfully. I was about to say that "Black-



The Woman. "JAZZ STOCKINGS ARE THE LATEST THING, DEAR. HERE'S A PICTURE OF A GIRL WITH THEM ON."
The Man. "WHAT APPALLING ROT! ER—AFTER YOU WITH THE PAPER."

man's Warbler" was the local name for the Chiff-chaff in our part of Flint, when the Authority spoke again.

"The Chiff-chaff," he said to our hostess with an insufferable air of knowledge.

I wasn't going to stand that.

"So *I* thought when I heard it first," I said, giving him a gentle smile.

It was now the Authority's turn to get the reproachful looks.

"Are they very much alike?" my hostess asked me, much impressed.

"Very much. Blackman's Warbler is often mistaken for the Chiff-chaff, even by so-called experts"—and I turned to the Authority and added, "Have another sandwich, won't you?"—"and particularly so, of course, during the breeding season. It is true that the eggs are more speckled, but——"

"Bless my soul," said the Authority, but it was easy to see that he was shaken, "I should think I know a Chiff-chaff when I hear one."

"Ah, but do you know a Blackman's Warbler? One doesn't often hear them in this country. Now in Switzerland——"

The bird said "Chiff-chaff" again with an almost indecent plainness of speech.

"There you are!" I said triumphantly. "Listen," and I held up a finger. "You notice the difference? *Obviously* a Blackman's Warbler."

Everybody looked at the Authority. He was wondering how long it would take to get a book about birds down from London, and deciding that it couldn't be done that afternoon. Meanwhile "Blackman's Warbler" sounded too much like the name of something to be repudiated. For all he had caught of our mumbled introduction I might have been Blackman myself.

"Possibly you're right," he said reluctantly.

Another bird said "Chiff-chaff" from another tree, and I thought it wise to be generous. "There," I said, "now that *was* a Chiff-chaff."

The earnest-looking girl remarked (silly creature) that it sounded just like the other one, but nobody took any notice of her. They were all busy admiring me.

Of course I mustn't meet the Authority again, because you may be pretty sure that when he got back to his books he looked up Blackman's Warbler and found that there was no such animal. But if you mix in the right society and only see the wrong people once it is really quite easy to be an authority on birds—or, I imagine, on anything else.

A. A. M.

"HONOURS."

(By a Cynic.)

A DUKEDOM, Grand or otherwise,
No longer is an envied prize
When every day some fierce Commission
Clamours for ducal inhibition.
The style of Marquess — thuswise spelt—
Is picturesque, but, like the belt
Of Earldom, cannot long abide
Or stem the democratic tide.
Viscounties stand to cheer and bless
The labours of the purple Press,
And Baronies, once held by robbers,
Are given to patriotic jobbers.
Uncompromising malediction
Rests on the Baronets of fiction;
In actual life they serve to link
A Party with the Street of Ink;
While Knighthood's latest honours fall
Upon the funniest men of all.
Yes, while our gratitude acclaims
The justly decorated names
Of peers like TENNYSON and LISTER,
There is much virtue in plain Mister.
The style and title deemed most fit
By DARWIN, HUXLEY, BURKE and PITT,
And later on by A. J. B.,
Are more than good enough for me.



AN ECHO OF "SHOW SUNDAY."

Visitor. "What's this fellow doin' in the corner?" *Artist.* "Oh, he's there just to help the composition."
Visitor. "Awfully decent of him—what!"

THE DOMESTIC QUESTION SOLVED.

Last Thursday, at a registry-office, I obtained the favour of an interview with a domestic artist and was able (by reason of a previous conference with my friend Freshfield—like myself a demobilised bachelor author) to face the ordeal with some degree of confidence.

Mrs. Milton, widow, fifty-five, exceptional references, who proposed, if everything about me seemed satisfactory, to rule my household, was as suave as one has any right to expect nowadays; but when she dictated the terms I gathered that she would be sufficiently dangerous if roused.

She knew what bachelors were, she did, and wasn't going to take a place where a lot of comp'ny was kept.

I assured her on this point. My friend, Mr. Freshfield, I said, would come once a week, every Monday, to dine and sleep, but beyond that I should put no strain upon her powers of entertainment.

Mrs. Milton further said that she would require at least two afternoons and one evening a week. Here was my opportunity to appear generous.

"Two afternoons and one evening?" I said. "My dear friend and fellow-worker, you can have every Wednesday and Thursday from after breakfast on the former to practically dinner-time (eight o'clock) on the latter. No questions will be asked of you or of the piano or gramophone, both of which instruments you will find in smooth running order. I am away," I added, "every Wednesday and Thursday."

That clinched it. Hiding her surprise as well as she could under an irreproachable bonnet and toupee, Mrs. Milton expressed her readiness to accompany me then and there, and to superintend the disappearance of my coals and marmalade.

Perhaps you have guessed that I propose to spend every Wednesday night at Freshfield's place, and that the complete success of the scheme has been assured by the making of a similar agreement between Freshfield and a person holding corresponding views to those of Mrs. Milton.

Thus Freshfield and I have each secured the full seven days' attendance by a device pleasing to all concerned. After locking up the Melba and George Robey records on Wednesday mornings and with the knowledge that the piano is past serious injury, I depart for Freshfield's (*vid* the Club for lunch) each week with a light heart.

My collaborator is all for keeping this solution of a harassing problem to ourselves. I say "No." The general adoption of such a scheme, with alterations to suit individual cases, would, I think, be a nail in the coffin of Bolshevism in the home.

Mr. Wilson Rubs It In.

"The *Echo de Paris* says, 'Mr. Wilson believes he can play the rôle of the Popes of the middle ages. In the éclat of his public massages he tries to set peoples against governments.'"—*Scots Paper.*

"General Monash making an imposing figure on his grey horse, where he rode with General Hobbs and three Brigadiers."—*Times.*

The R.S.P.C.A. must look into this.

"Golf Battle of the Sexes.

The latest Jack Johnson story is that he is training in Mexico City for a series of fights, which will take place in the bull-ring.

Ladies: Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Chubb, Miss Barry, Mrs. McNair, Mrs. Jillard, Mrs. F. W. Brown, Miss Jones Parker and Mrs. Willock Pollen."—*Daily Sketch.*

We are rather sorry for Massa Johnson.



Bored Cadet (in Westminster Abbey). "LET'S SHOVE OFF NOW, MATER. HATE HANGIN' ROUND A PLACE WHERE ONE MIGHT BE BURIED SOME DAY!"

THE CHURCH AND PEACE.

THE acquiescence of the Coventry Peace Celebration Committee in the Bishop of COVENTRY'S view that the Lady GODIVA of their pageant should be fully clothed is leading not only to many innovations in the representations of history all over the country, but to a recrudescence of ecclesiastical power which is affording the liveliest satisfaction to Lord HUGH CECIL.

For already several other divines have followed suit. It is agreeable, for example, to the very reasonable wishes of the DEAN and Chapter of Westminster that the Westminster Peace Celebration Committee have decided that NELL GWYNN shall either be excluded from the Whitehall procession altogether or shall figure as a Mildmay deaconess.

Acting under the influence of a local curate, the Athelney Peace Celebration Committee have unanimously resolved that in these hard times, when (as the curate pointed out) food is not too plentiful, it would be better if KING ALFRED cooked the cakes properly and they were afterwards distributed.

So many watering-places claim CANUTE as their own that he may be expected to be multiplied exceedingly in the approaching Peace revels; but from more than one Pastoral Letter it may be gathered that the Episcopal Bench is very wisely in favour of the King's retirement from the margin of the ocean before his shoes are actually wet. It is held that in these days of leather-shortage and the need for economy no risks should be run with footwear.

Other laudable efforts in the direction of economy are to be made, again through the earnest solicitude of the Establishment, in connection with the impersonation of Sir WALTER RALEIGH and KING JOHN. With the purpose of saving Sir WALTER'S cloak from stain and possible injury the puddle at QUEEN ELIZABETH'S feet will be only a painted one, while, owing to the exorbitant price of laundry-work at the moment, it has been arranged that only a few of KING JOHN'S more negligible articles shall be consigned to the Wash.

Hun Duplicity in Paris.

"Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau replied simply, pointing to Herr Dandsbery and saying: 'I present to you Herr Landsberg.'"
The Star.

HOME FATIGUES.

How oft I tried by smart intrigue
To do the British Army,
And dodge each rightly-termed Fatigue
Which nearly drove me barmy.
In vain! Whoever else they missed
My name was always on the list.

And so, while other minds were set
On smashing Jerry Bosch up
With rifle, bomb and bayonet,
I chiefly learned to wash-up,
To peel potatoes by the score,
Sweep out a room and scrub the floor.

Thus, now that I have left the ranks,
The plain unvarnished fact is
That through those three rough years, and thanks
To very frequent practice,
I, who was once a nascent snob,
Am master of the menial's job.

To-day I count this no disgrace
When "maids" have gone to blazes,
But take our late Eliza's place
And win my lady's praises,
As she declares in grateful mood
The Army did me worlds of good.

THE MUD LARKS.

"So," said Albert Edward, "I clapped him on the back and said, 'You were at Geelong College in 1910, and your name's Cazenove, isn't it?'"

"To which he made reply, 'My name's Jones and I never heard of Geewhizz,' and knocked you down and trod on you for your dashed familiarity," said the Babe.

"Nothing of the sort. He was delighted to meet me again—de-lighted. He's coming to munch with us to-morrow evening, by the way, so you might sport the tablecloth for once, William old dear, and tell the cook to put it across Og, the fatted capon, and generally strive to live down your reputation as the worst Mess President the world has ever seen. You will, I know—for my sake."

Next morning, when I came down to breakfast, I found a note from him saying that he had gone to the Divisional Races with his dear old college chum, Cazenove; also the following addenda:—

"P.S.—If William should miss a few francs from the Mess Fund tell him I will return it fourfold ere night. I am on to a sure thing.

"P.P.S.—If MacTavish should raise a howl about his fawn leggings, tell him I have borrowed them for the day as I understand there will be V.A.D.'s present, and *noblesse oblige*."

At a quarter past eight that night he returned, accompanied by a pleasant-looking gunner subaltern, whom we gathered to be the Cazenove person. I say "gathered," for Albert Edward did not trouble to introduce the friend of his youth, but, flinging himself into a chair, attacked his food in a sulky silence which endured all through the repast. Mr. Cazenove, on the other hand, was in excellent form. He had spent a beautiful day, he said, and didn't care who knew it. A judge of horseflesh from the cradle, he had spotted the winner every time, backed his fancy like a little man and had been very generously rewarded by the Totalizator. He was contemplating a trip to Brussels in a day or so. Was his dear old friend Albert Edward coming?

His "dear old friend" (who was eating his thumb-nails instead of his savoury) scowled and said he thought not.

The gunner wagged his head sagely. "Ah, well, old chap, if you will bet on horses which roar like a den of lions you must take the consequences."

Albert Edward writhed. "That animal used to win sprints in England; do you know that?"

Mr. Cazenove shrugged his shoulders. "He may have thirty years ago. All I'd back him to win now would be an old-age pension. Well, I warned you, didn't I?"

Albert Edward lost control. "When I'm reduced to taking advice on racing form from a Tasmanian I'll chuck the game and hie me to a monkery. Why, look at that bit of bric-à-brac you were riding to-day; a decent God-fearing Australian wouldn't be seen dead in a ten-acre paddock with it."

Mr. Cazenove spluttered even more furiously. "That's a dashed good horse I'll have you know."

"I am not alluding to his morals, but to his appearance," said Albert Edward; "I've seen better-looking hat-racks."

"I'd back him to lick the stuffing out of anything you've got in this unit, anyway," Cazenove snorted.

"Don't be rash, Charlie," Albert Edward warned; "your lucky afternoon has gone to your head. Why, I've got an old mule here could give that bone-shaker two stone and beat him by a furlong in five."

The gunner sprang to his feet. "Done with you!" he roared. "Done with you here and now!"

Albert Edward appeared to be somewhat taken back. "Don't be silly, man," he soothed. "It's pitch dark outside and cut up with trenches. Sit down and have some more of this rare old port, specially concocted for us by the E.F.C."

But Mr. Cazenove was thoroughly aroused. "You're hedging," he sneered; "you're scared."

"Nonsense," said Albert Edward. "I have never known what fear is—not since the Armistice, anyhow. I am one of the bravest men I have ever met. What are you doing with all that money?"

"Putting it down for you to cover," said Cazenove firmly.

Albert Edward sighed. "All right, then, if you will have it so. William, old bean, I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you for a trifle more out of the Mess Fund. *Noblesse oblige*, you know."

MacTavish and the Babe departed with the quest to prepare his mount for the ordeal, while Albert Edward and I sought out Ferdinand and Isabella, our water-cart pair. Isabella was fast asleep, curled up like a cat and purring pleasantly, but Ferdinand was awake, meditatively gnawing through the wood-work of his stall. With the assistance of the line-guard we saddled and bridled him; but at the stable door he dug his toes in. It was long past his racing hours, he gave us to understand, and his union wouldn't permit it. He backed all round the standings, treading on recumbent horses, tripping over bails, knocking uprights flat and bringing acres of tin roofing clattering down upon our heads, Isabella encouraging him with ringing fanfares of applause.

At length we roused out the grooms and practically carried him to the starting-point.

"You've been the devil of a time," William grumbled. "Cazenove's been waiting for twenty minutes. See that light over there? That's where MacTavish is. He's the winning-post. Keep straight down the mud-track towards it and you'll be all right. Don't swing sideways or you'll get bunkered. Form line. Come up the mule. Back, Cazenove, back! Steady. Go!"

The rivals clapped heels to their steeds and were swallowed up in the night. I looked at my watch, the hands pointed to 10.30 exactly. William and I lit cigarettes and waited. At 10.42 MacTavish walked into us, his lamp had given out and he wanted a new battery.

"Who won?" we inquired.

"Won?" he asked. "They haven't started yet, have they?"

"Left here about ten minutes ago," said William. "Do you mean to say you've seen nothing of them?"

At that moment two loud voices, accompanied by the splash of liquid and the crash of tin, struck our ears from different points of the compass.

"Sounds to me as if somebody had found a watery grave over to the left," said the Babe.

"Sounds to me as if somebody had returned to stables over to the right," said I.

We trotted away to investigate. 'Twas as I thought; Ferdinand had homed to his Isabella and was backing round the standings once more, trailing the infuriated Albert Edward after him, sheets of corrugated-iron falling about them like leaves in Vallombrosa.

"Bolted straight in here and scraped me off against the roof," panted the latter. "Suppose the confounded apple-fancier won ages ago, didn't he?"

"He's upside down in the Tuning Fork trench system at the present moment," said I. "The Babe and the grooms are digging him out. If you hurry up you'll win yet."

We roused out the guard, bore the reluctant Ferdinand back to the course and by eleven o'clock had restarted him. At 11.10 William returned to report that the digging party had salved the Cazenove pair and got them going again.

"Too late," said I; "Albert Edward must have won in a walk by now. He left here at . . ."

The resounding clatter of falling

sheet-iron cut short my words. Ferdinand had, it appeared, returned to stables once more.

Suddenly something hurtled out of the gloom and crashed into us. It was the Babe.

"What 's the matter now? Where are you going?" we asked.

"Wire-cutters, quick!" he gasped and hurtled onwards towards the saddle-room.

"Hello there!" came the hail of MacTavish from up the course. "I s-say, what about this blessed race? I 'm f-f-rozen s-s-tiff out here. I 'm about f-f-fed up, I t-tell you."

William groaned. "As if we all weren't!" he protested. "If all the Mess Funds for the next three weeks weren't involved I 'd make the silly fools chuck it. Here, you, run and tell Albert Edward to get a move on."

I found Ferdinand rapidly levelling the remainder of the standings, playing his jockey at the end of his reins as a fisherman plays a salmon.

"This cursed donkey won't steer at all," Albert Edward growled. "Side-slips all over the place like a wet tyre. Has Cazenove won yet?"

"Not yet," said I. "He 's wound up in the Switch Line wire entanglements now. The Babe and the wrecking gang are busy chopping him out. There 's still time."

"Then drag Isabella out in front of this brute," said he. "Quick, man, quick!"

At 11.43, by means of a brimming nose-bag, I had enticed Isabella forth, and the procession started in the following order: First, myself, dragging Isabella and dangling the bait. Secondly, Isabella. Thirdly, the racers, Ferdinand and Albert Edward, the latter belting Isabella with a surcingle whenever she faltered. Lastly, the line-guard, speeding Ferdinand with a doubled stirrup-leather. We toiled down the mud track at an average velocity of ·25 m.p.h., halting occasionally for Isabella to feed and the line-guard to rest his arm. I have seen faster things in my day.

Then, just as we were arriving at our journey's end we collided with another procession. It was the wrecking gang, laden with the implements of their trade (shovels, picks, wire-cutters, ropes, planks, waggon-jacks, etc.), and escorting in their midst Mr. Cazenove and his battered racehorse. Both competitors immediately claimed the victory:—

"Beaten you this time, Albert Edward, old man." . . . "On the contrary, Charles, old chap, I won hands down." . . . "But, my good fellow, I 've been here for hours." . . . "My dear old thing, I 've been here *all night!*" . . . "Do be reasonable." . . . "Don't be absurd."

"Oh, dry up, you two, and leave it to the winning-post to decide," said William.

"By the way, where is the winning-post?"

"The winning-post," we echoed. "Yes, where is he?"

"Begging your pardon, Sir," came the voice of the Mess orderly, "but if you was referring to Mister MacTavish he went home to bed half-an-hour ago." PATLANDER.



Potential President of the Royal Academy. "AND HERE, AUNTIE, WE GET THE SIDE ELEVATION."

Auntie. "HOW DELIGHTFULLY THOROUGH! I'D NO IDEA THAT ARCHITECTS DID THE SIDES AS WELL."

Another Impending Apology.

"A sub-department of Scotland Yard . . . which looks after Kings and visiting potentates, Cabinet Ministers and Suffragettes, spies, anarchists, and other 'undesirables.'"
Daily Paper.

"The custodian smothered the ball, and after a Ruby scrimmage the City goal escaped."
Provincial Paper.

A much prettier word than the other.

"Teacher (juniors); £1 monthly."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

Who says there are no prizes in the teaching profession?



OUR ARTIST GIVES HIS MODEL AN IDEA OF THE GRACE AND BEAUTY OF THE POSE HE REQUIRES OF HER.

REVANCHE.

WHEN I had seen ten thousand pass me by
And waved my arms and wearied of hallooing,
"Ho, taxi-meter! Taxi-meter, hi!"
And they hied on and there was nothing doing;
When I was sick of counting dud by dud
Bearing I know not whom—or coarse carousers,
Or damsels fairer than the moss-rose bud—
And still more sick at having bits of mud
Daubed on my new dress-trousers;

I went to dinner by the Underground
And every time the carriage stopped or started
Clung to my neighbour very tightly round
The neck till at Sloane Square his collar parted.
I saw my hostess glancing at my socks,
Surprised perhaps at so much clay's adherence
And, still unnerved by those infernal shocks,
Said, "I was working in my window-box;
Excuse my soiled appearance."

But in the morn I found a silent square
And one tall house with all the windows shuttered,
The mansion of the Marquis of Mayfair,
And "Here shall be the counter-stroke," I muttered;
"Shall not the noble Marquis and his kin
Make feast to-night in his superb refectory,
And then go on to see 'The Purple Sin'?
They shall." I sought a taxi-garage in
The Telephone Directory.

"Ho, there!" I cried within the wooden hutch;
"Hammersmith House—a most absurd dilemma—
His lordship's motor-cars have strained a clutch,
And taxis are required at 8 pip emma
(Six of your finest and most up-to-date,
With no false starts and no foul petrol leaking),
To bear a certain party of the great
To the Melpomene at ten past eight.
Thompson, the butler, speaking."

They came. And I at the appointed hour
Watched them arrive before the muted dwelling
And heard some speeches full of pith and power
And saw them turn and go with anger swelling;
Save only one who, spite his rude dismay,
Like a whipped Hun, made traffic of his sorrow
And shouted, "Taxi, Sir?" I answered "Nay,
I do not need you, jarvey, but I may
Be disengaged to-morrow." EVOE.

The Punishment of Greed.

"Large quantity of new Block Chocolate offered cheap; cause ill-health."—*Manchester Evening News.*

"Miss M. Albanesi, daughter of the well-known singer, Mme. Albanesi."—*Daily Paper.*

Not to be confused with Mme. ALBANI, the popular novelist.

"The Portuguese retreated a step. His head flew to his hip-pocket. But he was a fraction of a second too late."—*The Scout.*

Many a slip 'twixt the head and the hip.



GHOSTS AT VERSAILLES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 29th.—When the House of Commons re-assembled this afternoon a good many gaps were noticeable on the green benches. They were not due, however, to the New Year's Honours, which made a belated appearance this morning, for not a single Member of Parliament has been ennobled. The notion that not one of the seven hundred is worthy of elevation is, of course, unthinkable. But by-elections are so chancy.

Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH still has some difficulty in realising that the Irish centre of gravity has shifted from Westminster to Dublin. He indignantly refused to accept an answer to one of his questions from little Mr. PRATT, and loudly demanded the corporeal presence of the CHIEF SECRETARY. Mr. MACPHERSON, however, considers that his duty requires him to remain in Ireland, where Mr. MACVEAGH'S seventy Sinn Fein colleagues are keeping him sufficiently busy.

In explaining the swollen estimates of the Ministry of Labour, Sir ROBERT HORNE pointed out that it is now charged with the functions formerly appertaining to half-a-dozen other Departments. He has indeed become a sort of administrative *Pooh-Bah*. Unlike that functionary, however, he was not "born sneering." On the contrary, he made a most sympathetic speech, chiefly devoted to justifying the much-abused unemployment donation, which accounts for twenty-five out of the thirty-eight millions to be spent by his Department this year. But let no one mistake him for a mere HORNE of Plenty, pouring out benefits indiscriminately upon the genuine unemployed and the work-shy. He has already deprived some seventeen thousand potential domestics of their unearned increment, and he promises ruthless prosecution of all who try to cheat the State in future.

Criticism was largely silenced by the Minister's frankness. Sir F. BANBURY, of course, was dead against the whole policy, and demanded the immediate withdrawal of the civilian grants; but his uncompromising attitude found little favour. Mr. CLYNES thought it would have been better for the State to furnish work instead of doles, but did not explain how in that case private enterprise was to get going. France's experience with the *ateliers nationaux* is not encouraging, though 1919, when "demobbed" subalterns turn up their noses at £250 a year, is not 1848.

Wednesday, April 30th.—Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, returning to the Exchequer after an interval of thirteen years, made a much better Budget speech than one would have expected. It was longer, perhaps, than was absolutely necessary. Like the late Mr. GLADSTONE, he has a tendency to digress into financial backwaters instead of sticking to the main Pactolian stream. His excursus upon the im-



Budget Victims. "YOU MAY HAVE WON THE WAR, BUT WE 'VE GOT TO PAY FOR IT."

practicability of a levy on capital was really redundant, though it pleased the millionaires and reconciled them to the screwing-up of the death-duties. Still, on the whole, he had a more flattering tale to unfold than most of us had ventured to anticipate, and he told it well, in spite of an occasional confusion in his figures. After all, it must be hard for a Chancellor who left the national expenditure at a hundred and fifty millions and comes back to find it multiplied tenfold not to mistake millions for thousands now and again.

On the whole the Committee was well pleased with his performance, partly because the gap between revenue and expenditure turned out to be a mere trifle of two hundred millions instead of twice or thrice that amount; partly because there was, for once, no increase in the income-tax; but chiefly, I think, for the sentimental reason that in recommending a tiny preference for the produce of the Dominions and Dependencies Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was happily combining imperial interests with filial affection.

Almost casually the CHANCELLOR announced that the Land Values Duties, the outstanding feature of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S famous Budget of 1909, were, with the approval of their author, to be referred to a Select Committee, to see if anything could be made of them. If only Mr. ASQUITH had thought of that device when his brilliant young lieutenant first propounded them! There would have been no quarrel between the two Houses: the Parliament Act would never have been passed, and a Home Rule Act, for which nobody in Ireland has a good word, would not now be reposing on the Statute-Book.

In the absence of any EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the task of criticism was left to Mr. ADAMSON, who was mildly aggressive and showed a hankering after a levy on capital, not altogether easy to reconcile with his statement that no responsible Member of the Labour Party desired to repudiate the National Debt. Mr. JESSON, a National Democrat, was more original and stimulating. As a representative of the Musicians' Union he is all for harmony, and foresees the time when Capital and Labour shall unite their forces in one great national orchestra, under the directing baton of the State.

At the instance of Lord STRACHIE the House of Lords conducted a spirited little debate on the price of milk. It appears that there is a conflict of jurisdiction between the FOOD-CONTROLLER and the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, and that the shortage in the supply of this commodity must be ascribed to the overlapping of the Departments.

Thursday, May 1st.—Sinn Fein has decreed that nobody in Ireland should do any work on May Day. Messrs. DEVLIN and MACVEAGH, however, being out of the jurisdiction, demonstrated their independence by being busier than ever. The appointment of a new Press Censor in Ireland furnished them with many opportunities at Question-time for the display of their wit, which some of the new Members seemed to find passably amusing.

Mr. DEVLIN'S best joke was, how-

ever, reserved for the Budget debate; when, in denouncing the further burdens laid on stout and whisky, he declared that Ireland was, "apart from political trouble," the most peaceful country in the world.

The fiscal question always seems to invite exaggeration of statement. The CHANCELLOR'S not very tremendous Preference proposals were denounced by Sir DONALD MACLEAN as inevitably leading to the taxation of food and to quarrels with foreign countries. Colonel AMERY, on the other hand, waxed dithyrambic in their praise, and declared that by taking twopence off Colonial tea the Government were not only consecrating the policy of Imperial Preference, but were "putting the coping-stone on it."

A CELTIC COUNTER-BLAST.

THE continued domination of the Russians in the domain of the ballet has already excited a certain amount of not unfriendly criticism. But our Muscovite visitors are not to be allowed to have it all their own way, and we understand that negotiations are already on foot with a view to enabling the Irish Ballet to give a season at a leading London theatre in the near future.

The Irish Ballet, which is organised on a strictly self-determining basis, is one of the outcomes of the Irish Theatre, but derives in its essentials directly from the school established by Cormac, son of Art. That is to say it is in its aims, ideals and methods permeated by the Dalecarlian, Fomorian, Brythonic and Firbolgian impulse. Mr. Fergal Dindsenchus O'Corkery, the Director, is a direct descendant of Cuchulinn and only uses the Ulidian dialect. Mr. Tordelbach O'Lochlainn, who has composed most of the ballets in the répertoire, is a chieftain of mingled Dalcassian and Gallgoidel descent. The scenery has been painted by Mr. Cathal Eochaid MacCathamhoil, and the dresses designed by Mr. Domnall Fothud O'Conchobar.

The artists who compose the troupe have all been trained during the War at the Ballybunnion School in North Kerry, and combine in a wonderful way the sobriety of the Delsartean method with the feline agility of that of Kilkenny. Headed by the bewitching Gormflaith Rathbressil, and including such brilliant artists as Maeve Errigal, Coomhoola Grits, Ethne O'Conarchy, Brigit Brandub, Corcu and Mocu, Diarmid Hy Brasil, Murtagh MacMurchada, Aillil Molt, Mag Mell and Donnchad Bodb, they form a galaxy of talent which, alike for the euphony of its nomenclature and the elasticity of its technique, has never been equalled since the days of ST. VITUS.

We have spoken of the work of Mr. O'Lochlainn, who is responsible for the three-act ballet, *Brian Boruma;* a fantasy on the Brehon laws, entitled *The Gardens of Goll; Poulaphuca*, and the *Roaring of O'Rafferty;* but the repertory also includes notable and impassioned compositions by Ossian MacGillycuddy, Aghla Malachy, Carolan MacFirbis and Emer Sidh. The orchestra employed differs in many respects from that to which we are accustomed, the wood-wind being strengthened by a quartet of Firbolg flutes and two Fodlaphones, while the brass is reinforced by a bass bosthoon, an instrument of extraordinary depth and sonority, and the percussion by a group of Dingle drums.

But enough has been said to show that the Irish ballet is assured in advance of a cordial reception from all admirers of the neo-Celtic genius.



The Minister of Labour (anxious to find work for the ex-munitionette drawing unemployment pay). "HERE, MODOM, IS A CHARMING MODEL WHICH WOULD SUIT YOU, IF I MAY SO PUT IT, DOWN TO THE GROUND."

"A Bill has been introduced in Florida providing that 'from and after equal suffrage has been established in Florida it shall be lawful for females to don and wear the wearing apparel of man as now worn publicly by him.'"
Western Morning News.

Happily they cannot take the breeks off a Highlander.

COLLABORATION.

Biddick has placed me in a most awkward position. I am a proud man; I cannot bring myself to accept a gift of money from anybody. And yet I cannot help feeling I should be justified in taking the guinea he has sent me.

Biddick is a journalist. I was discussing the inflation of prices and asking his advice as to how to increase one's income. "Why not write something for the Press, my dear fellow?" he said. "Five hundred words with a catchy title; nothing funny—that's *my* line—but something solid and practical with money in it; the public 's always ready for that. Take your neighbour, old Diggles, and his mushroom-beds, for instance. Thriving local industry—capital copy. Try your hand at half a column, and call it 'A Fortune in Fungus.'"

"I 'm afraid I know nothing about mushrooms, with the exception of the one I nearly died of," I replied, "and I'm not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Diggles to venture to invite his confidence respecting his business."

"My dear man, I don't ask you to tell Diggles you're going to write him up in the newspapers; he 'd kick you off the premises; he doesn't want his secrets given away to competitors. Just dodge the old man round the sheds, get into conversation with his staff, keep your eyes open generally and you 'll pick up as much as you want for half a column. And when you 've got your notes together bring 'em along to me. I 'll put 'em shipshape for you."

I thanked him very gratefully.

The mushroom-sheds are situated in a field some distance from my residence, and I found it rather a fatiguing walk. After tedious watching in a cramped position through a gap in the hedge I saw Mr. Diggles emerge from a shed and move away from my direction. I lost no time in creeping forward under cover of my umbrella towards an employee, who was engaged in tossing manure. I drew out my note-book and interrogated him briefly and briskly.

"Do you rear from seeds or from cuttings?" I asked him. He scratched his head and appeared in doubt. "Are your plants self-supporting," I went on, "or do you train them on twigs? What would be the diameter of your finest specimen?" He continued in



"IT LOOKS QUITE LIKE PRE-WAR BACON."
"ON THE CONTRARY, MADAM, PERMIT ME TO ASSURE YOU IT IS OUR FINEST 'POST-BELLUM STREAKY.'"

doubt. I adopted a conversational manner. "I suppose you'll be potting off soon? You must get very fond of your mushrooms. I think one always gets fond of anything which demands one's whole care and attention. I wonder if I might have a peep at your *protégés*?"

I edged towards the door of one of the sheds, but he made no attempt to accompany me. Instead he put his hands to his mouth and shouted, "Hi, maister!"

Mr. Diggles promptly responded to the summons. There was no eluding him. I put my note-book out of sight and inquired if he could oblige me with a pound of fresh-culled musbrooms. He could, and he did. I paid him four-and-sixpence for them, the control price presumably, but he gave me no invitation to view the growing crops. I retraced my steps without having collected even an opening paragraph for "A Fortune in Fungus."

The next day found me again near the sheds. Mr. Diggles was nowhere in sight. I approached unobtrusively through the hedge and accosted a small boy.

"Hullea, my little man," I said, "what is your department in this hive of industry? You weed the mushrooms, perhaps, or prune them?" He seemed shy and offered no answer. "Perhaps you hoe between the plants or syringe them with insecticide?"

Still I could not win his confidence, so I tried pressing sixpence into his palm. "Between ourselves, what are the weekly takings?" I said. He pocketed the coin and put his finger on his lips.

"*Belge*," he said. Then he bolted into a shed and returned accompanied by Mr. Diggles. There was nothing for it but to purchase another pound of mushrooms. I was no nearer "A Fortune in Fungus" than before.

Two days later, having received apparently reliable information that Mr. Diggles was confined to his bed with influenza, I ventured again to visit the sheds. I was advancing boldly across the field when to my consternation he suddenly appeared from behind a hayrick. I was so startled that I turned to fly, and in my precipitancy tripped on a tussock and fell. Mr. Diggles came to my assistance, and, when he had helped me to my feet and brushed me down with a birch broom he was carrying, I could do nothing less than buy another pound of his mushrooms.

I felt it was time to consult Biddick. He was sitting at his desk staring at a blank sheet of paper. His fingers were harrowing his hair and he looked distraught.

"Excuse the interruption," I said, "but this 'Fortune in Fungus' is ruining me;" and I related my experience.

At the finish Biddick gripped my hand and spoke with some emotion. "Dear old chap," he said, "it's my line, after all. It's funny. If only I can do it justice;" and he shook his fountain-pen.

This morning I received a guinea and a newspaper cutting entitled "A Cadger for Copy," which may appeal to some people's sense of humour. It makes none to mine. In the flap of the envelope Biddick writes: "Halves, with best thanks."

Upon consideration I shall forward him a simple formal receipt.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"THE ART OF TATTING.

This book is intended for the woman who has time to spare for reading, Tatting being such quick and easy work that busy fingers can do both at the same time."

An edition in Braille would appear to be contemplated.

THE GERM.

THE great Bacteriologist entered the lecture-room and ascended the platform. A murmur of astonishment ran round the audience as they beheld, not the haggard face of a man who daily risked the possibility of being awarded the O.B.E., but the calm and smiling countenance of one who had succeeded where other scientists, even of Anglo-American reputation, had failed.

In an awed silence this remarkable man placed on the table a dish, somewhat like a soup-plate in appearance, and carefully removed its glass cover.

"In this dish, gentlemen," said the Professor, "we have the Agar-Agar, which is without doubt the best bacteriological culture medium yet discovered and is especially useful in growing a pathogenic organism such as we are about to test this afternoon."

Then taking a glass rod, to the end of which was attached a small piece of platinum wire, the lecturer proceeded to scrape a little of the growth from off the Agar-Agar. Having done this he quickly deposited it in a test-tube half full of distilled water, which he then heated over a Bunsen burner. Finally, with the aid of a hypodermic syringe, a little of the liquid was injected into two sleepy-looking guinea-pigs, and with bated breath the result of the test was awaited.

Suddenly, without any warning, the two little animals rose on their hind legs and violently clutched each other by any part of the body on which they could get a grip. Before the astounded gaze of the onlookers they swayed, nearly fell, then went round in circles, at the same time executing every sort of conceivable contortion.

A great cheer burst from the audience. From all sides a rush was made for the platform, and the Professor was carried shoulder-high round the room.

The Jazz germ had been discovered at last.



Pekinese (who has been accidentally pushed into the gutter by gigantic bloodhound). "AND YOU MAY THANK YOUR STARS I'VE GOT A MUZZLE ON!"

A Friendly Offer.

"A French Gentleman would like to make acquaintance with and english one to improve the english language."
French Provincial Paper.

"Ste. Geneviève (422-572), born just outside Paris, spent a long life in the city."—*Daily Paper.*

Wherever it was spent, it was clearly a long life.

"—— College is the chosen home, the favoured haunt of educational success. Our staff is composed of lineal descendants of poets, seers, or savants, and it is the intention of this formidable phalanx of intellectuals to drive the whole world before them! We, of course, will say that these classes will be famous, and well worth attending. In Carlyle especially, the undersigned, with due modesty, expects to constitute himself a Memnon, and to receive the sage of Chelsea's martial pibroch from Hades, transmit it to the listeners, and to thrill them to the very marrow of their bones!"
Advt. in Indian Paper.

We should like to hear what the sage's martial pibroch has to say about the advertiser's "due modesty."

LAXITY IN QUOTATIONS.

AMONG the many privileges which I propose to claim as a set-off for what are called advancing years is a greater laxity in quotation. When I have made a quotation I mean that that shall *be* the quotation, and I don't intend to be driven either to the original source or to cyclopædias of literature for verification. DANTE, for instance, is a most prolific fount of quotations, especially for those who do not know the original Italian. If I have quoted the words "*Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse*" once, I have quoted them a hundred times, always with an excellent effect and often giving the impression that I am an Italian scholar, which I am not. But surely it is not usual to abstain from a quotation because to use it would give a false impression? I am perfectly certain, for instance, that there are plenty of Italians who quote *Hamlet*, but know no more of English than the words they quote, so I dare say that brings us right in the end.

Then there is the quotation about "a very parfitt gentil knight," or words to that effect. At the moment of writing it down I felt that my version was so correct that I would go to the scaffold for it; but at this very instant a doubt insinuates itself. Is "parfitt" with two "t's" the right spelling?

It is related somewhere that TENNYSON and EDWARD FITZGERALD once conspired together to see which of them could write the most Wordsworthian line, and that the result was:—

"A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman."

But there was no need for TENNYSON to go beyond his own works in search of such an effect. He had already done the thing; and this was his effort, which occurs in *The May Queen*:—

"And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace."

This sounds as if it could not be defeated or matched, but matched it certainly was in *Enoch Arden*. After describing *Enoch Arden's* death and the manner in which he "roll'd his eyes" upon *Miriam*, the bard informs us:—

"So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

But I feel that I have strayed beyond my purpose, which was to claim a certain mitigated accuracy in quotation for those who suffer from advancing years.

"——, chambermaid at the —— Hotel, ——, was charged yesterday with stealing two diamond rings and a diamond and sapphire brooch worth £80."—*Daily Paper.*

Yet Mr. CHAMBERLAIN refuses to impose a Luxury Tax.

From a list of the German Peace-delegates:—

"Baron von Lersner, chief of the preliminary mission and ex-secretary of the German Embassy in Washington. He was also formerly attached to the German Embassy in Wales."—*Belfast News Letter.*

This sounds like another injustice to Ireland.



Scientific Uncle. "DO YOU KNOW, CHILDREN, THAT AT ONE TIME, LONG AGO, WE USED TO HAVE FIVE TOES ON EACH HAND, AND LIVE IN TREES?"

Niece. "WE WON'T TELL ANYBODY, UNCLE."

THE ANNIVERSARY.

THE 23rd. To-day, my son,
Two turgid years ago,
Your father battled with the Hun
At five A.M. or so;
This was the day (if I exclude
A year of painful servitude
Under the Ministry of Food)
I struck my final blow.

Ah, what a night! The cannon roared;
There was no food to spare;
And first it froze and then it poured;
Were we dismayed? We were.
Three hundred yards we went or more,
And, when we reached, through seas of gore,
The village we were fighting for,
The Germans were not there.

But miles behind a 9·2
Blew up a ration dump;
Far, far and wide the tinned food flew
From that tremendous crump:
And one immense and sharp-toothed tin
Came whistling down, to my chagrin,
And caught me smartly on the shin—
By Jove, it made me jump.

A hideous wound. The blood that flowed!
It was a job to dress;
I hobbled bravely down the road
And reached a C.C.S.;
Nor was I so obsessed with gloom
At leaving thus the field of doom
As one might easily assume
From stories in the Press.

Though other soldiers as they fell—
Or so the papers say—
Cried, "GEORGE for England! Give 'em hell!"
(It was ST. GEORGE'S Day),
Inspiring as a Saint can be,
I should not readily agree
That anyone detected me
Behaving in that way.

Such is the tale. And, year by year,
I shall no doubt relate
For your fatigued but filial ear
The history of this date;
Yet, though I do not now enhance
The crude events of that advance,
There is a wild fantastic chance
That they will grow more great.

So be you certain while you may
Of what in fact occurred,
And if I have the face to say
On some far 23rd
That on this day the war was won,
That I despatched a single Hun,
Or even caught a glimpse of one—
Don't you believe a word. A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Miss —— looked sweetly pretty in an emerald-green satin (very short) skirt, white blouse, and emerald handkerchief tied over her head—an Irish Colleen, and a bonie one too!"—*Colonial Paper.*

"According to a Vienna message, the Government has introduced a Bill dealing with the former reigning Mouse of Austria."
Provincial Paper.

Alas, poor KARL! *Ridiculus mus.*

"Wanted one hour daily from ten to eleven morning at convenience an English Talking Family for practice of talking. Remuneration twenty rupees per mensem."—*Times of India.*

We know one or two "talking families" that we should be glad to export.

"In finding the defendant £3, Mr. Price told the defendant that he would get into serious trouble if he persisted in his conduct."
Evening Paper.

And he may not meet such a generous magistrate next time.

"Englishman, well educated, desires afternoon engagement; experienced in the care of children; good needlewoman; or would assist light housework."—*Canadian Paper.*

We hope we shall hear no further complaints from Canada that Englishmen are not adaptable.

COMMUNICATIONS.

I WAS sitting in the Club, comfortably concealed by sheets of a well-known journal, when two voices, somewhere over the parados of the deep arm-chair, broke in upon my semi-consciousness.

". . . Then poor old Tubby, who hasn't recovered from his 1918 dose of shell-shock, got a go of claustrophobia and felt he simply had to get out of the train."

The speaker paused and I heard the clink of glass.

"Well?" said the other voice.

"So, before we could flatten him out, he skipped up and pulled the communicator thing and stopped the train; consequently we ran into Town five minutes behind time. There was the deuce of a buzz about it."

"What 's five minutes in this blissful land of lotus-eaters? Why, I 've known the Calais-Wipers express lose itself for half-a-day without a murmur from anyone, unless the Brigadier had run out of bottled Bass."

"But, my dear fellow," the first voice expostulated, "this was the great West of England non-stop Swallowtail; runs into Town three minutes ahead of time every trip. Habitués of the line often turn an honest penny by laying odds on its punctuality with people who are strangers to the reputation of this flier."

"A pretty safe thing to bet on, eh?" said the other voice. Again there was the faint clink of glass and then the voices drifted into other topics, to which, having re-enveloped myself in my paper, I became oblivious.

A few days later I was called away from London, with Mr. Westaby Jones, to consult in a matter of business. Mr. Westaby Jones is a member of the Stock Exchange and, amongst other trivial failings, he possesses one which is not altogether unknown in his profession. He cannot resist a small wager. On several occasions he has gambled with me and shown himself to be a gentleman of considerable acumen.

Our business was finished and we were on the way back to Town by the great West of England non-stop Swallowtail. We had lunched well and discussed everything there was to discuss. It was a moment for rest. I unfolded my paper and proceeded to envelop myself in the usual way.

I seemed to hear the chink of glasses . . . a voice murmured, "A pretty safe thing to bet on."

Then in a dreamy sort of manner I realised that Fate had delivered Westaby Jones into my hands. When we were within twenty miles of London I opened the campaign. I grossly abused the line on which we were travelling and suggested that anybody could make a fortune by assuming that its best train would roll in well after the scheduled time.

Westaby Jones, having privily ascertained that the engine-driver had a minute or so in hand, immediately pinned me down to what he thought (but wisely did not say) were the wild inaccuracies of an imbecile. He did it to the extent of twenty-five pounds, and I sat back with the comfortable feeling of a man who will shortly have a small legacy to expend. At the moment which I had calculated to be most auspicious I suddenly threw off the semblance of boredom, rose up, lurched across the carriage and pulled the communication cord. (For the benefit of those who have not done this I may say that the cord comes away pleasantly in the hand and, at the same time, gives one a piquant feeling of unofficial responsibility.) Westaby Jones was, for a stock-broker, obviously astonished.

"What on earth are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"Sit down," I said; "this is my improved exerciser."

"But you 'll stop the train," he shouted.

"Never mind," I replied; "what 's a fine of five pounds compared to physical fitness? Besides," I added significantly, "it may be a good investment after all."

For perhaps twenty seconds there was the silent tension of expectation in the air and then I realised with a shock that the train did not show any signs of slackening speed. It was, if anything, going faster. I snatched frantically at the cord and pulled about half-a-furlong into the carriage. We flashed past Ealing like a rocket, and I desperately drew in coils and coils of the communicator until I and Westaby Jones resembled the Laocoon. It was no good. Smoothly and irresistibly we glided into the terminus and drew up at the platform three minutes ahead of time.

I have paid Westaby Jones, who was unmannerly enough to look pleased. I have also corresponded with the railway company, claiming damages on the grounds of culpable negligence. Unfortunately they require more evidence than I am prepared to supply of the reasonable urgency of my action.

From a theatre programme:—

"The name of the actual and responsible Manager of the premises must be printed at least once during every performance to ensure its being in proper order."

So that explains the noise going on behind the scenes.

NATURE NOTES.

THE Cuckoo has arrived and will sing as announced.

* * *

One of the results of the arrival of the Cuckoo is the prevalence of notices, for those that have eyes to see, drawing attention to the ineligible character of nests. These take a variety of forms—such as "All the discomforts of home," "Beware of mumps," "We have lost our worm cards," "Serious lining-shortage"—but the purpose of each is to discourage the Cuckoo from depositing an egg where it is not wanted.

* * *

From all parts of the country information reaches us as to the odd nesting-places of wrens and robins. A curious feature is the number of cases where letter-boxes have been chosen, thus preventing the delivery of letters, and in consequence explaining why so many letters have not been answered. Even the biggest dilatory correspondent is not ashamed to take advantage of the smallest bird.

* * *

The difficulty of obtaining muzzles is very general and many dog-owners have been hard put to it to comply with the regulation. From these, however, must be excepted those who possess wire-haired terriers, from whose coats an admirable muzzle can be extracted in a few minutes.

* * *

The statement of a telephone operator, that "everything gives way to trunks," is said to have caused great satisfaction in the elephant house at the Zoo.

PLEASE.

PLEASE be careful where you tread,
The fairies are about;
Last night, when I had gone to bed,
I heard them creeping out.
And wouldn't it be a dreadful thing
To do a fairy harm?
To crush a little delicate wing
Or bruise a tiny arm?
They 're all about the place, I know,
So do be careful where you go.

Please be careful what you say,
They 're often very near,
And though they turn their heads away
They cannot help but hear.
And think how terribly you would mind
If, even for a joke,
You said a thing that seemed unkind
To the dear little fairy folk.
I 'm sure they 're simply everywhere,
So *promise* me that you 'll take care.

R. F.



Harold (after a violent display of affection). "'TISN'T 'COS I LOVE YOU—IT'S 'COS YOU SMELL SO NICE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE Great Man is, I suppose, among the most difficult themes to treat convincingly in fiction. To name but one handicap, the author has in such cases to postulate at least some degree of acquaintance on the part of the reader with his celebrated subject. "Everyone is now familiar," he will observe, "with the sensational triumph achieved by the work of X——;" whereat the reader, uneasily conscious of never having heard of him, inclines to condemn the whole business beforehand as an impossible fable. I fancy Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM felt something of this difficulty with regard to the protagonist of his quaintly-called *The Moon and Sixpence* (HEINEMANN), since, for all his sly pretence of quoting imaginary authorities, we have really only his unsupported word for the superlative genius of *Charles Strickland*, the stockbroker who abandoned respectable London to become a Post-impressionist master, a vagabond and ultimately a Pacific Islander. The more credit then to Mr. MAUGHAM that he does quite definitely make us accept the fellow at his valuation. He owes this, perhaps, to the unsparing realism of the portrait. Heartless, utterly egotistical, without conscience or scruple or a single redeeming feature beyond the one consuming purpose of his art, *Strickland* is alive as few figures in recent fiction have been; a genuinely great though repellent personality—a man whom it would have been at once an event to have met and a pleasure to have kicked. Mr. MAUGHAM has certainly done nothing better than this book about him; the drily sardonic humour of his method makes the picture not only credible but compelling. I liked especially the characteristic touch that shows *Strickland* escaping, not so much from the dull routine of stockbroking (genius has done that often enough in stories before now) as from the pseudo-artistic atmosphere of a flat in Westminster and a wife who collected blue china and mild celebrities. *Mrs. Strickland* indeed is among the best of the slighter characters in a tale with a singularly small cast; though it is, of course, by the central figure that it stands or falls. My own verdict is an unhesitating *stet*.

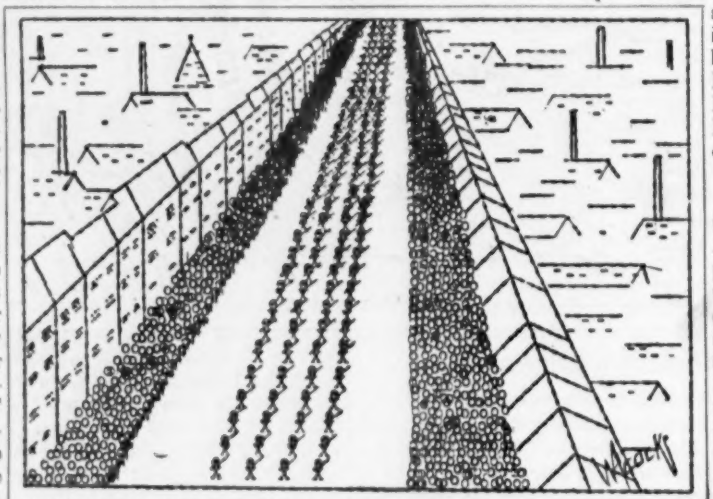
If there be any who still cherish a pleasant memory of the Bonnie Prince CHARLIE of the Jacobite legend, Miss MARJORIE BOWEN'S *Mr. Misfortunate* (COLLINS) will dispose of it. She gives us a study of the YOUNG PRETENDER in the decade following Culloden. Figures such as LOCHIEL, KEITH, GORING, the dour KELLY, HENRY STUART, LOUIS XV., with sundry courtiers and mistresses, move across the film. I should say the author's sympathy is with her main subject, but her conscience is too much for her. I find myself increasingly exercised over this conscience of Miss BOWEN'S. She seems to me to be deliberately committing herself to what I can only describe as a staccato method. This was notably the case with *The Burning Glass*, her last novel. Her narratives no longer seem to flow. She will give you catalogues of furniture and raiment, with short scenes interspersed, for all the world as if she were transcribing from carefully taken notes. Quite probably she is, and I am being authentically instructed and should be duly grateful, but I find myself longing for the exuberance of her earlier method. I feel quite sure this competent author can find a way of respecting historical truth without killing the full-blooded flavour of romance.

There is a smack of the Early Besantine about the earnest

scion of a noble house who decides to share the lives and lot of common and unwashed men with an eye to the imminent appearance of the True Spirit of Democracy in our midst. Such a one is the hero of Miss MAUD DIVER'S latest novel, *Strange Roads* (CONSTABLE); but it is only fair to say that *Derek Blunt* (*né* Blount), second son of the *Earl of Avonleigh*, is no prig, but, on the contrary, a very pleasant fellow. For a protagonist he obtrudes himself only moderately in a rather discursive story which involves a number of other people who do nothing in particular over a good many chapters. We are halfway through before *Derek* takes the plunge, and then we find him, not in the slums of some industrial quarter, but in Western Canada, where class distinctions are founded less on soap than on simoleons. At the end of the volume the War has "bruk out," and our hero, apart from having led a healthy outdoor life and chivalrously married and been left a widower by a pathetic child with consumption and no morals, is just about where he started. I say "at the end of the volume," for there I find a publisher's note to the effect that in consequence of the paper shortage the further adventures of our hero have been postponed to a subsequent volume. It is to be entitled *The Strong Hours*, and will doubtless provide a satisfactory *raison d'être* for all the other people who did nothing in particular in Vol. I.

If you had numbered *Elizabeth*, the heroine of *A Maiden in Malaya* (MELROSE), among your friends, I can fancy your calling upon her to "hear about her adventures in the East." I can see her delightedly telling you of the voyage, of the people she met on board (including the charming young man upon whom you would already have congratulated her), of how he and she bought curios at Port Said, of her arrival, of her sister's children and their quaint sayings, of Singapore and its sights, of Malaya and how she was taken to see the tapping on a rubber plantation—here I picture a gleam of revived interest, possibly financial in origin, appearing in your face—of the club, of dinner parties and a thousand other details, all highly entertaining to herself and involving a sufficiency of native words to impress the stay-at-home. And perhaps, just as you were considering your chance of an escape before tea, she would continue "and now I must tell you all about the dreadful time I had in the rising!" which she would then vivaciously proceed to do; and not only that, but all about the dreadful time (the same dreadful time) that all her friends had in the same rising, chapters of it, so that in the end it might be six o'clock or later before you got away. I hope this is not an unfair *résumé* of the impression produced upon me by Miss ISOBEL MOUNTAIN'S prattling pages. To sum up, if you have an insatiable curiosity for the small talk of other people's travel, *A Maiden in Malaya* may not prove too much for it. If otherwise, otherwise.

I wish Col. JOHN BUCHAN could have been jogging Mrs. A. C. INCHBOLD'S elbow while she was writing *Love and the Crescent* (HUTCHINSON). All the essential people in his *Greenmantle*, which deals, towards the end at any rate, with just about the same scenes and circumstances as her story, are so confoundedly efficient, have so undeniably learnt the trick of making the most of their dashing opportunities. In Mrs. INCHBOLD'S book the trouble is that with much greater advantages in the way of local knowledge and with all manner of excitement, founded on fact, going a-begging, nothing really thrilling or convincing ever quite materialises. The heroine, Armenian and beautiful, is as ineffective as the hero, who is French and heroic, both of them displaying the same unfortunate tendency to be carried off captive by the other side and to indulge in small talk when they should be most splendid. And the majority of the other figures follow suit. On the face of it the volume is stuffed with all the material of melodrama; but somehow the authoress seems to strive after effects that don't come naturally to her. What does come naturally to her is seen in a background sketch of the unhappy countries of Asia Minor in the hands of the Turk and the Hun, which is so much the abler part of the book that one would almost rather the too intrusive narrative were brushed aside entirely. Personally, at any rate, I think I should prefer Mrs. INCHBOLD in essay or historical form.



A MARCH-PAST AS PORTRAYED BY OUR TYPIST ON HER MACHINE.

Madame ALBANESI, in *Tony's Wife* (HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM), has provided her admirers with a goodly collection of sound Albanesians, but she has also given them a villain in whom, I cannot help thinking, they will find themselves hard-pressed to believe. *Richard Savile* was deprived of a great inheritance by *Tony's* birth, and as his guardian spent long years in nourishing revenge. He was not, we know, the first guardian to play this game, but that he could completely deceive so many people for such a long time seems to prove him far cleverer than appears from any actual evidence furnished. If, however, this portrait is not in the artist's best manner, I can praise without reserve the picture of *Lady Féo*, a little Society butterfly, very frivolous on the surface, but concealing a lot of nice intuition and sympathy, and I welcome her as a set-off to the silly caricatures we commonly get of the class to which she belonged. Let me add that in the telling of this tale Madame ALBANESI retains her quiet and individual charm.

A Curious Romanian Custom.

"The two white doves which were perched in the wedding carriage excited much interest. They were given, following the pretty Roumanian cuckoo, to the bride and bridegroom by the people of Roumania to symbolise the happiness and peace which are hoped to the newly-married couple."—*North Mail.*

"A ROMANTIC COURTSHIP IN TURKEY.

Miss —— visited Colonel —— when boat, money, a hiding-place in Constantinople last summer suffering from smallpox."—*Provincial Paper.*

There seem here to be all the elements of romance, but the story suffers from overmuch compression. We shall wait to see it on the film.

CHARIVARIA.

"Where Stands Germany To-day?" asks a headline. She doesn't. At least Count BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU kept his seat while addressing the Peace Conference. This discourtesy however need not be taken too seriously. It is pointed out that by the time Germany has complied with the Peace terms she may not be able to sit down.

***

The Soviet Government has adopted a new calendar, in which the year will commence on October 25th. We ourselves have always associated the first day of January with some of the most repugnant features of capitalism.

***

A resident of Balham who was last week bitten by a member of a Jazz band is now wondering whether he ought to submit to the PASTEUR treatment or just allow the thing to run its own course.

***

Several of our migratory birds have not yet returned to these shores. It is supposed that the spirit of competition has been aroused in them by the repeated rumours of a Trans-Atlantic flight and that they have started to race on foot across Europe.

***

"Where is all the Cheese?" asks an *Evening News'* headline. A correspondent has suggested that it might be nesting-time.

***

Wallasey's Corporation has decided to exclude boys under sixteen from the municipal golf course. No child, the Mayor explains, should be allowed to witness its father's shame.

***

"Steps should be taken to make the clergy presentable and attractive," says the Vicar of St. Jude's, Hampstead. A little baby ribbon insertion, it is suggested, would give a certain dash to the carpet slippers without impairing their essential dignity.

***

The Ebbw Vale cat that is suspected of having rabies is still under observation. The belief is gaining ground, however, that she was merely trying to purr in Welsh.

***

North of England gas managers have passed a resolution urging the appointment of a Director-General of Light, Heat and Power. But surely the functions of such an office are already performed by Mr. SPEAKER.

***

Swallows, says a contemporary, have been seen flying over the Serpentine. Most of the snap was taken out of the performance by the fact that none of them delivered *The Daily Mail*.

***

A fine specimen of the rare white female dolphin, a very infrequent visitor to our shores, has been killed off Yarmouth. We'll learn white female dolphins to visit us!

***

The National Historical Society have cabled to Mr. WILSON that they are supporting Italy's claim to Fiume. It is only fair to point out that Mr. Smith of Norwood has not yet reached a decision on the point.

***

A Sinn Fein M.P. has been recaptured at Finglas, co. Dublin. It would be interesting to know why.

***

The Board of Agriculture are of the opinion that rabies might be spread by rats. In view of this there is some talk of calling upon householders to muzzle their rats.

***

According to a Sunday paper a husband recently stated that a former lodger ran away with his wife. She was a German, and nobody can understand why they ran.



PROTECT OUR PROTECTORS.

BARBED WIRE-MESH OVERALLS DESIGNED TO PREVENT THE POLICE FROM STRIKING AS A PROTEST AGAINST HAVING TO INTERN UNMUZZLED DOGS.

An anarchist arrested in Holland with a bomb in his possession explained that it was for the ex-Kaiser. We have since been informed that the retired monarch denies that he ever placed such an order with the gentleman.

***

A well-known golf club has recently engaged a totally deaf caddy. The idea is to induce more clergymen to join the club.

***

As no joke about the Isle of Wight Railway has appeared in any comic paper for at least a month, it is supposed that either a new engine has been bought or that the old one has been thoroughly overhauled.

***

A picture post-card sent off in 1910 has just arrived at its destination. It is presumed that one of the sorters who originally handled it is breaking up his collection.

***

It will take ten years, says a Post Office official, to replace the present telephone system with automatic exchanges. Persons who have already registered calls are urged not to make too much of this slight additional delay.

***

Every one, says the Secretary of the National Federation of Fish Friers, wants the trade to be a respectable one. On the other hand it is just that smack which it has of Oriental debauchery that makes it appeal so strongly to the idle rich.

***

Salmon taken from some parts of the Tyne are alleged to smell of petrol and taste like tar. Otherwise they are quite all right.

***

An American doctor states that British people sleep too much. No blame, however, attaches to America. After all, she invented the gramophone.

***

"The end of the dog," says a contemporary, "is in sight." Then it can't be a dachshund.

"Unionist Agent wanted . . . Liberal salary offered."—*Times*.

Just the job for a Coalitionist.

"One must, however, remember that the Turk—and hurl upon him what execrations you may—is still the ɹɐǝN ǝɥʇ ɟo uɐɯǝlǝuǝ⅁ East."—*Weekly Paper*.

He may be the "gentleman of the Near East," but that has not saved him from being turned down.

THE COUNTER-ORDER OF THE BATH.

[A Standing Committee of the House of Commons has refused to vote £3,800 for a lift and a second bathroom in the proposed official residence of the Lord Chancellor within the precincts of the House of Lords. In a letter to Sir Alfred Mond Lord Birkenhead wrote: "I am sure both yourself and the Committee will understand that my object in writing is to make it plain that I never asked anyone to provide me with a residence, and that I am both able and willing, in a house of my own, to provide my family and myself with such bath-room and other accommodation as may be reasonably necessary."]

I did not ask for it; I never yearned
Within the Royal Court to board and bed;
Like all the other honours I have earned,
I had this greatness thrust upon my head;
But if the Precincts are to be my lair
Then for my comfort Ministers must cater;
I want a second bath inserted there,
Also an elevator.

Daily fatigued by those official cares
Which my exalted dignity assumes,
I could not ask my feet to climb the stairs
Which link that mansion's three-and-thirty rooms;
And, if the Law must have so clean a fame
That none can point to where a speck of dust is,
A single bathroom cannot meet the claim
Of equitable Justice.

My wants are modest, you will please remark;
I crave no vintage of the Champagne zone,
No stalléd chargers neighing for the Park,
No 9·5 cigars (I have my own);
I do not ask, who am the flower of thrift,
For Orient rugs or "Persian apparatus";
Nothing is lacking save a bath and lift
To fill my soul's hiatus.

And, should my plea for reasonable perks
(Barely four thousand pounds) be flatly quashed;
Should kind Sir Alf, Commissioner of Works,
Be forced to leave me liftless and half-washed;
Then for these homely needs of which I speak,
Content with my old pittance from the nation,
In Grosvenor Square (or Berkeley) I will seek
Private accommodation. O. S.

BACK TO THE CAM.

College head-porters as a class assuredly rank amongst the dignified things of the earth. One may admire the martial splendour of a Brigadier-General, and it is not to be denied that Rear-Admirals have a certain something about them which excites both awe and delight, but they are never quite the same thing as a college head-porter. There may be weak spots in the profession, and indeed in one or two of the less self-respecting colleges the head-porters scarcely rise above the level of the Dons; but these are distinctly exceptional. As a class they stand, as I said, amongst the dignified things of life.

Parsons is our head-porter, and perhaps he is the sublimest of them all. Freshmen raise their squares to him, and Oriental students can rarely bring themselves to enter the porter's lodge during their first term without previously removing their shoes. Few except fourth-year men have the temerity to address him as "Parsons" to his face; it seems such an awful thing to do, like keeping a chapel in bedroom slippers or walking arm-in-arm with a Blue. You feel awkward about it.

In order to give you a shadowy idea of Parsons' majesty I must hark back for a moment to a certain day in November, 1914, when Biffin and I, after a brief dalliance with the C.U.O.T.C., left Cambridge to join our regiments. It was pouring with rain, but we were elated in spirit; we had our commissions; things were going to happen; we felt almost in case to jostle a constable. As we passed out through the porter's lodge Parsons sat at his table, imperturbable and austere, his eagle eyes flashing from beneath his bushy brows and his venerable beard sweeping his breast. At that moment Biffin, overwrought with excitement, forgot himself.

"Cheerio, Parsons, old cracker," he shouted wildly; "how 's the weather suit your whiskers?"

Then, realising the enormity of his act, he turned suddenly pale, dashed out into the road and dived panic-stricken into the waiting taxi. We made good our escape.

* * * * * * *

Those seven stars represent the War. I take a childlike pleasure in dismissing Armageddon in this brusque fashion. If you have had anything at all to do with it you will understand.

Having been demobilised at a relatively early date, out of respect for our pivotal intellects, Biffin and I were bound for Cambridge, to take up the threads of learning where Wilhelm had snapped them some years previously. Both of us have changed a little. Biffin has been burnt brown by the suns of Egypt, while I wear a small souvenir of Flanders on my upper lip.

"I wonder if Parsons will remember us," said Biffin as the train thundered into the station.

"Of course he will," I replied. "Parsons never forgets anything."

"I doubt it," said Biffin.

As our taxi drew up before the portals of Alma Mater the first person we saw, standing on the steps of the porter's lodge, was Parsons. He was as Olympian as ever. As soon as you saw him you felt that, though they might abolish compulsory Greek or introduce a Finance Tripos, they would never be able to subdue the ancient spirit of the University. A single glimpse of Parsons, standing erect in all his traditional glory, showed up people like Mr. H. G. Wells in their true perspective in a moment. It did one good.

We approached him. "Good afternoon, Parsons," we said, with a brave attempt at *sang-froid*.

Parsons regarded us. "Good afternoon, Mr. Jones," he said to me. Then his eyes rested on Biffin. "Good afternoon, Sir," he said.

Biffin nudged me, "He 's forgotten me," he whispered. Parsons continued to subject him to an implacable scrutiny. At length he spoke again. "As to your question, Mr. Biffin, which I have had no earlier opportunity of answering, I may say that what you were pleased to allude to as my whiskers—a colloquialism I do not myself employ—are entirely impervious to and unaffected by any climatic variations whatsoever. Your rooms, Sir, are on Staircase B."

True Hospitality.

"Lecture by Rev. W.——. 'The Dragon, The Beast and The False Prophet.' All welcome."—*Scotsman.*

"Scotch reels, corner dances, and waltzes were favourites at the Masons' ball on Tuesday evening. Dancers fought shy of the fog-trot which has proved so popular at other dances."—*Scots Paper.*

Perhaps they were afraid of missing their steps in the dark.

"Detroit to-day completed its first year as the world's largest 'dry' city. The city has prospered during the past year both financially and industrially. Murders, suicides, embezzlements, assaults, robberies and drunkenness were reduced by half."—*Daily Mail.*

The record of drunkenness seems still rather high for a teetotal city.



A CAUTIOUS DICTATOR.

PRESIDENT WILSON (*dictating a message to the American Nation*). "AT LAST WE MAY FAIRLY SAY THAT THE DOVE OF PEACE HAS SIGHTED DRY LAND." (*Pauses*). "ONE MOMENT—I'M NOT QUITE SURE THEY'LL LIKE THAT WORD 'DRY.'"

[The New York *World* asserts that President WILSON has promised to set aside the Prohibition Law if he finds that popular opinion is opposed to it.]



MR. WILL JONES, M.C., D.C.M., AND MR. RONALD MONTMORENCY (TOTAL EXEMPTION 1917—WORK OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE) AS THEY APPEAR IN THE LEADING PARTS OF THE MELODRAMA "IN HIS COUNTRY'S NEED."
Reading from left to right: MR. MONTMORENCY, MR. JONES.

SAFETY FIRST.

THE fact being now established to the satisfaction of the authorities that the public is composed almost exclusively of drivelling idiots, a campaign has been instituted for adding to the decorations of London by placarding the walls with hints on how to avoid various violent deaths.

We are surrounded now by blood-curdling photographs of people being run over by omnibuses or dribbled along the street by horses attached to brewers' drays, these illustrations being accompanied by explanatory notes as to the inevitable result of crossing roads with your eyes shut or your fingers in your ears and endeavouring to alight from moving omnibuses by means of the back somersault or the swallow dive. We are also implored to make quite sure, before alighting from a train, that it is really at a station.

As this admirable propaganda is only in its infancy, I submit the following additions to its collection of horrors, which may perhaps inspire others even cleverer than myself to evolve new methods of protecting the public from themselves.

TUBES.

A picture of a widow wringing her hands with grief, and under it this pungent hint: "This is the widow of a man who tried to light his cigarette on the 'live rail.'"

A picture of a man who has been cut in half, with, say, a crisp little couplet:—

"Here are two portions of Benjamin Yates
Who scorned the request to 'stand clear of the gates.'"

A photograph of the interior of a hospital ward full of patients, with the following: "Interior of a ward in the Bakerdilly Hospital, exclusively for patients who stepped off the moving staircase with the wrong foot."

TRAINS.

A picture of a stately building standing in its own grounds with the description: "The N.S.E. & W. Railway Orphanage for children whose parents crossed the line by the track instead of the footbridge."

A picture of a decapitated body with the poignant comment:—

"Be warned by the ending
Of Ferdinand Goschen
Who leaned out of window
While the train was in motion."

And perhaps a few general hints such as:—

(1) In stepping off an omnibus always alight feet first.

(2) In crossing crowded thoroughfares, proceed through the traffic, not under it.

(3) Before stepping from the pavement make quite sure that there is a road there, etc., etc.

Imagination, colour—that's all that's wanted, and if this propaganda is carried far enough the safety of the public will be assured, for either they really will try not to be killed while travelling or walking in the streets, or they will stay indoors altogether.

A Disciplinarian.

"SCHOOLMISTRESS'S RESIGNATION.
Miss —— will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has left her mark on those who have passed through her hands."
Provincial Paper.

"Closing scores in the professional golf match were Newman 14,835; Inman 13,343."
Provincial Paper.

This high scoring was due, we understand, to the large number of losing hazards which had to be negotiated.

"Aerial fights to and from towns on the coast are to be a feature of Hythe's holiday season."—*Belfast Weekly News.*

We are all in favour of popularising aviation, but we think this is overdoing it.



Director of old-established firm. "I HOPE YOU DON'T SMOKE?"
The new "Boy." "NO—GIVEN IT UP. FIND IT 'PUFFS' ME FOR JAZZIN'."

SPRING CLEANING.

THE hailstorm stopped; a watery sun came out,
And late that night I clearly saw the moon;
The lilac did not actually sprout,
But looked as if it ought to do in June.
I did not say, "My love, it is the Spring;"
I rubbed my chilblains in a cheerful way
And asked if there was some warm woollen thing
My wife had bought me for the first of May;
And, just to keep the ancient customs green,
We said we 'd give the poor old house a clean.

Good Mr. Ware came down with all his men,
And filled the house with lovely oily pails,
And went away to lunch at half-past ten,
And came again at tea-time with some nails,
And laid a ladder on the daffodil,
And opened all the windows they could see,
And glowered fiercely from the window-sill
On me and Mrs. Tompkinson at tea,
And set large quantities of booby-traps
And then went home—a little tired, perhaps.

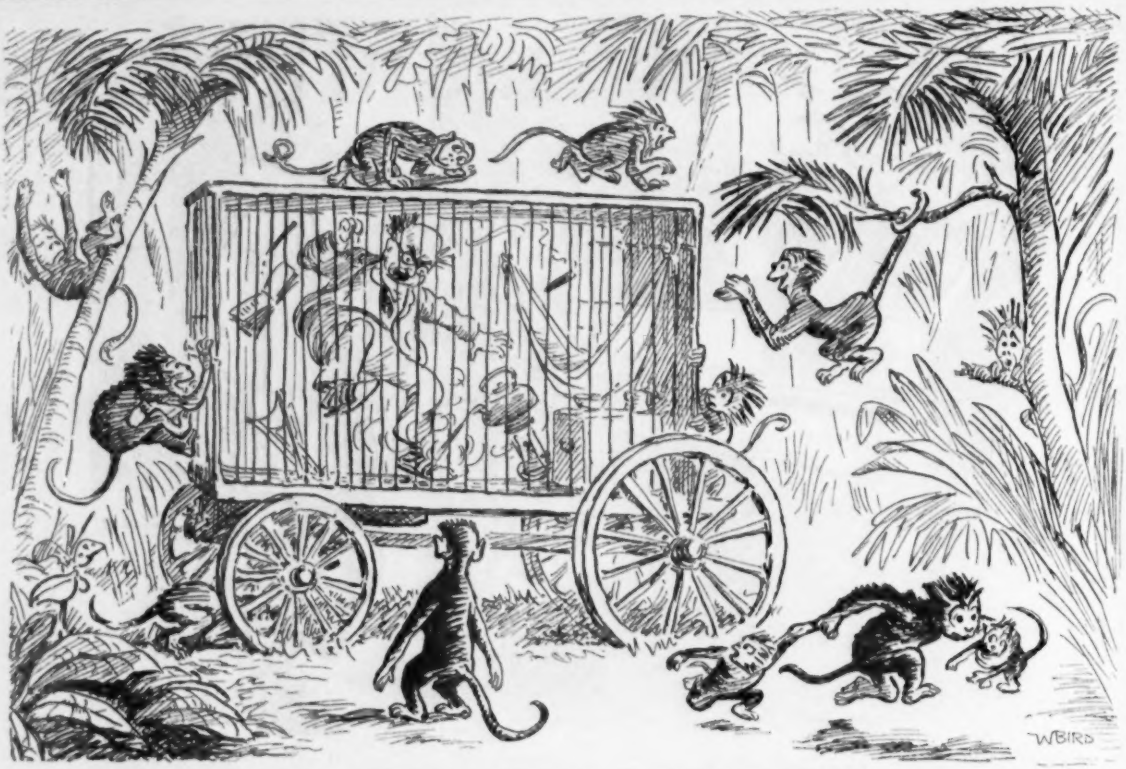
They left their paint-pots strewn about the stair,
And switched the lights off—but I knew the game;
They took the geyser—none could tell me where;
It was impossible to wash my frame.
The painted windows would not shut again,
But gaped for ever at the Eastern skies;
The house was full of icicles and rain;
The bedrooms smelled of turpentine and size;
And if there be a more unpleasant smell
I have no doubt that that was there as well.

My wife went out and left me all alone,
While more men came and clamoured at the door
To strip the house of everything I own,
The curtains and the carpets from the floor,
The kitchen range, the cushions and the stove,
And ask me things that husbands never know,
"Is this 'ere paint the proper shade of mauve?"
Or "Where is it this lino has to go?"
I slunk into the cellar with the cat,
This being where the men had put my hat.

I cowered in the smoking-room, unmanned;
The days dragged by and still the men were here.
And then I said, "I too will take a hand,"
And borrowed lots of decorating gear.
I painted the conservatory blue;
I painted all the rabbit-hutches red;
I painted chairs in every kind of hue,
A summer-house, a table and a shed;
And all of it was very much more fair
Than any of the work of Mr. Ware.

But all his men were stung with sudden pique
And worked as never a worker worked before;
They decorated madly for a week
And then the last one tottered from the door,
And I was left, still working day and night,
For I have found a way of keeping warm,
And putting paint on everything in sight
Is surely Art's most satisfying form;
I know no joy so simple and so true
As painting the conservatory blue.

A. P. H.



THE PROFESSOR, IN HIS CAGE, INTENDED TO STUDY THE LANGUAGE OF MONKEYS. BUT, WHEN THE KETTLE UPSET, THE MONKEYS HAD AN OPPORTUNITY OF STUDYING THE LANGUAGE OF PROFESSORS.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

It is interesting, though ill-mannered, to watch other people at a railway bookstall and guess their choice of literature from their outward appearance.

Had you pursued this diversion, however, in the case of Mr. Harringay Jones as he stood before the bookstall at Paddington, you would, I fear, have been far out in your conjecture. For Mr. Jones, who had the indeterminate baldheadedness of the bank cashier and might have been anything from thirty-five to sixty, did not purchase a volume of essays or a political autobiography, but selected a flaming one-and-sixpenny narrative of spy hunts and secret service intrigue.

Still, how could you have guessed that Mr. Jones's placid countenance and rotund frame concealed an imagination that was almost boyish in its unsatisfied craving for adventure? Humdrum year had succeeded humdrum year, yet he had never despaired. Some day would come that great moment when the limelight of the world's wonder would centre on him, and he would hold the stage alone.

But till its arrival he consoled himself with literature and found vicarious enjoyment in the deeds of others. As long as his imagination could grow lean in its search for treasure amid Alaskan snows, he recked not if reality added an inch or two to his circumference. While he could solve, in fancy, problems that had baffled the acutest investigators, what matter if his tie-pin got mislaid?

And then came war to deposit romance and adventure upon our doorsteps. Mr. Jones was agog with excitement.

Espionage, treachery in high places, the hidden hand—Mr. Jones read about them all and shuddered with unholy joy. Perhaps he, an obscure cashier—who could tell? Stranger things had happened.

Meanwhile he devoured all the spy literature he could find, for, as he once remarked to himself, in dealing with such gentry you have to mind your P's and Queux. It was his only joke.

His literary choice dictated by such considerations, Mr. Jones picked his way delicately across the platforms till he reached his compartment, into the corner of which he stretched himself luxuriously and prepared to enjoy his book.

Just before the train started a lady entered carrying a baby and—greatly to Mr. Jones's annoyance—took the corner seat opposite him. Being a confirmed bachelor, he had a horror of all babies, but this child in particular struck him with disfavour; seldom, he thought, had he seen such a peevish discontented expression on any human face.

Close on the lady's heels followed a withered old man of the traditional professorial type, who seated himself at the other end of the compartment.

Mr. Jones buried himself in his book. For once, however, the narrative failed to entertain him. Beautiful spies lavished their witchery in vain; the sagacity of the hero left him cold.

Suddenly an atmosphere of unrest and agitation conveyed itself to him. The train was slowing down in the darkness; the lady opposite was leaning forward, her face pale, her whole attitude tense with excitement. The train stopped; outside someone was walking along the metals; there came the sound of a guttural remark.

The lady put her hand to her heart and, turning to the elderly gentleman, gasped, "Doctor, that was his voice. They have tracked us."

The old man rose quietly and, opening the far door, stood waiting.

"But the child?" she cried with a sob.

"He must be left behind, Madame. There is less danger thus."

"But what am I to do?" She turned to Mr. Jones, looked at him steadily and fixedly, and then, as if satisfied with what she read in him, exclaimed, "You have a good heart. You must keep him. Do not let them have him; too much depends upon it."

And before the astonished cashier had time to protest his fellow-travellers had gone and he was alone with the child.

But not for long. Just as the train commenced to move again three men entered the compartment; two appeared to be servants, but the third was a young man of distinguished appearance, the most conspicuous items of whose attire were a dark Homburg hat and a long cape of Continental cut.

Mr. Jones's heart missed a beat.

Throwing a searching glance around the compartment the stranger rapped out, "There has been a lady in here?"

"No," replied Mr. Jones, on general principles.

For answer the stranger picked a cambric handkerchief off the floor.

"That's mine," said Mr. Jones hastily.

"Perhaps," was the sneering reply, "you will tell me also that the child is yours."

"Certainly," said Mr. Jones, ruffled by his cross-examination; "it always has been."

The stranger snorted contemptuously. "You are good at explanations. Perhaps you can explain this."

Mr. Jones looked down at the baby's coat. To his amazement he beheld a crown and monogram embroidered on it.

"That," he replied, taking refuge in fatuity, "is the laundry mark."

"Come, come, enough of this fooling. Give me the child."

Mr. Jones took no notice.

"Give me the child, I say."

Mr. Jones paled but did not move.

"Very good, then." The stranger turned to his attendants. "Rupert, Rudolph," he said.

Two revolver barrels flashed out.

Mr. Jones stood up hastily, the child clutched tightly in his arms. "What do you mean by threatening me like this? What right have you to the child? I never heard of such a thing; I shall inform the police."

"Porkhound," yelled the stranger, "do you defy me? me, Count Achtung von Eisenbahn? Give me the babe. I must have him. I will have him. He is ours—our Prince Fritz, the last of the Hohenzollerns."

The great moment had come. Jones's face lit up. Death—a hero's death—might claim him, but he would make democracy safe for the world.

"Last of the Hohenzollerns!" he shouted; "then, by Jove, this is going to be the last of *him*." And with a yell of triumph he hurled the infant out into the night.

From the child in its trajectory came a long ear-splitting shriek, followed by a gentle wailing.

Mr. Jones sat up and blinked his eyes. The professorial gentleman was still in the far corner; the lady was still opposite him; the child was wailing softly.

The lady smiled. "I'm afraid baby has broken your nap. A passing express frightened him."

"Not at all," murmured Mr. Jones incoherently, searching for his novel, the one solace left amid the ruin of his dreams.

"Pardon me," said the lady, "but if you are looking for your book you threw it out of the window just before you woke up."

Mr. Jones sank back resignedly. His glory had gone, his book had gone.

Once again he settled himself in his corner to sleep—perchance to dream.



"JACKY, DEAR, YOUR HANDS ARE FRIGHTFULLY DIRTY."

"NOT 'FRIGHTFULLY,' MUMMY. A LOT OF THAT'S SHADING."

Strange Behaviour of the German Envoys.

"Five minutes later the German plenipotentiaries reappeared, dived into Allied representatives, emerged, jumped into their car and drove off."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

CHANT ROYAL OF CRICKET.

WHEN earth awakes as from some dreadful night
And doffs her melancholy mourning state,
When May buds burst in blossom and requite
Our weary eyes for Winter's tedious wait,
Then the pale bard takes down his dusty lyre
And strikes the thing with more than usual fire.
Myself, compacted of an earthier clay,
I oil my bats and greasy homage pay
To Cricket, who, with emblems of his court,
Stumps, pads, bails, gloves, begins his Summer sway.
Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

As yet no shadows blur the magic light,
The glamour that surrounds the opening date.
Illusions yet undashed my soul excite
And of success in luring whispers prate.
I see myself in form; my thoughts aspire
To reach the giddy summit of desire.
Lovers and such may sing a roundelay,
Whate'er that be, to greet returning May;
For me, not much—the season 's all too short;
I hear the mower hum and scent the fray.
Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

A picture stands before my dazzled sight,
Wherein the hero, ruthlessly elate,
Defies all bowlers' concentrated spite.
That hero is myself, I need not state.
'Tis sweet to see their captain's growing ire
And his relief when I at last retire;
'Tis sweet to run pavilionwards and say,
"Yes, somehow I *was* seeing them to-day"—
Thus modesty demands that I retort
To murmured compliments upon my play.
Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

The truth's resemblance is, I own, but slight
To these proud visions which my soul inflate.
This is the sort of thing: In abject fright
I totter down the steps and through the gate;
Somehow I reach the pitch and bleat, "Umpire,
Is that one leg?" What boots it to inquire?
The impatient bowler takes one grim survey,
Speeds to the crease and whirls—a lightning ray?
No, a fast yorker. Bang! the stumps cavort.
Chastened, but not surprised, I go my way.
Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

Lord of the Game, for whom these lines I write,
Fulfil my present hope, watch o'er my fate;
Defend me from the swerver's puzzling flight;
Let me not be run out, at any rate.
As one who 's been for years a constant trier,
Reward me with an average slightly higher;
Let it be double figures. This I pray,
Humblest of boons, before my hair grows grey
And Time's flight bids me in the last resort
Try golf, or otherwise your cause betray.
Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

King, what though Age's summons I obey,
Resigned to dull rheumatics and decay,
Still on one text my hearers I 'll exhort,
As long as hearers within range will stay:
"Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport."

"Royal Horse Guards.—Captain (acting Marquis) W. B. Marquis of Northampton resigns his commission."—*Provincial Paper.*

But retains, we trust, his acting rank.

SPRING MODES AT MURMANSK.

WE, the enthusiasts of the Relief Force who sailed from England with the fine phrases of the Evening Press ringing in our ears have arrived at Murmansk, only to be disappointed and disillusioned. It is not that the expedition looks less attractive than it did, or that our leaders fail to inspire us with confidence. It is because the gilt has disappeared from the sartorial gingerbread of our adventure.

Why did we leap forward to volunteer before we were wanted and continue to leap till, for very boredom, they sent us embarcation orders and a free warrant? Was it simply to escape an English Spring? Was it not rather that we might win our furs—might wear the romantic outfit which we were led to believe was *de rigueur* in the most exclusive circle, namely, the Arctic? What was the first remark of our female relatives when we showed them the War Office telegram? Was it not, "Of course you must be photographed in your furs and things?"

No wonder, after the monotony of khaki, if we looked forward to the glory and distinction of fur-lined caps and coats, Shackleton boots, huge snow-goggles and enormous gloves turning hands to savage paws.

And now what spectacle greets us at Murmansk, with everybody's camera cleared for action? What is the example set by those to whom we naturally look for light and leading? Behold the General and his Staff coming on board in the snow-reflected sunshine flashing with the gold and scarlet trimmings of Whitehall. And what of the old residents, our comrades? They are playing football in shorts and sweaters.

The genial R.T.O. cheered us up a little and kept the more resolute of our Arctic heroes in countenance by sporting a magnificent and irresistible fur head-dress; but an R.T.O. can do what would be regarded as nerve in you and me; and, moreover, here is the A.P.M. in the familiar flat cap, encircled with the traditional colour of authority.

Even the nice little Laplander and his lady, driving in to do shopping, drawn on a sleigh by a nicely-matched trio of reindeer, was sitting on more furs than he or Mrs. L. were wearing; while even the naked team seemed to feel the heat oppressive.

I suppose we have come too late in the year for the romance of skins and ski, and must condescend to the familiar gum-boot until the mosquito season opens and a man may design some becoming effect in muslin.

Of course there is still plenty of snow to be photographed against in the full splendour of a Hyperborean disguise; but is it worth while to unpack one's valise for that? And anyhow would not the atmosphere of the picture be marred, the pose of the explorer be rendered unnatural by his consciousness of insincerity and his fear of imminent suffocation?

So the Photographic Press of England must bear their loss as best they may.

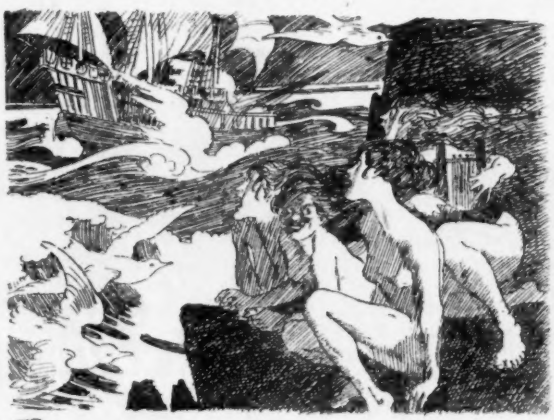
"Dear Sir,—Mr. Gould has authorised this committee to hereby and of this date relinquish the title of world's open champion at tennis. He feels it is inexpedient for him to defend his title."—*Field.*

It is understood that he is afraid that the strain might make him split another infinitive.

"Mr. Siddons Kemble, a young Bensonian actor, who plays the part of 'A Poet' in 'Cyrano,' is the great-great-grandson of the actress Sarah Siddons and her equally famous brothers, John Phillip Kemble, Charles Kemble and Henry Stephen Kemble."—*Evening News.*

There must have been a remarkable amount of close intermarriage in the KEMBLE family.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



64

Ulysses (disillusioned). "FULL SPEED AHEAD!"



164

Sir William Bull (to Mr. Hacker). "I WARN YOU THAT IF THIS ASH FALLS IT MAY THROW ME OFF MY BALANCE."



564

"PULVIS ET UMBRA.
Excited Spectator. "TWO TO ONE ON UMBRA."



659

Disgusted Artist. "WHAT 'S THE GOOD OF MY TRYING TO PAINT HER WHEN SHE KEEPS ON FALLING ASLEEP?"



232

"OH, DO HURRY UP AND FINISH! I'M GROWING OUT OF MY CLOTHES."



285

The Donkey. "LET THEM FACE THE CAMERA IF THEY LIKE. FOR MY PART, I'M AT MY BEST IN PROFILE."



18

The Right Hon. Mr. Justice Darling. "NO, THIS IS *NOT* A JOKE!"



Cynical Taxi-driver. "HERE!—HI!—ME LORD! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE—YOU'VE GIVE ME TUPPENCE TOO MUCH!"

THE COOK.

(*With acknowledgments to* TENNYSON *and* CALVERLEY.)

URGED by the Government, with loyal step
I to the Labour Bureau made my way
To find a cook; and there beheld a queen,
Tall, fair, arrayed in feathers and in fur
And all things beautiful. Whom when I saw,
"Madam," said I, "they tell me, who should know,
That you have skill of Mrs. Beeton's art.
If that be so——" She nodded "Yes," and I
Assumed a courage, though I had it not,
And spoke again: "Then tell me, if you will,
Of your experience and past career.
Whence come you?" And the cook —why not?—replied:

"I come from haunts of bomb and shell,
I've toyed with lathes and gauges,
I've sparkled out a sudden swell
With quite unheard-of wages.

"By thirty shops I've paused to buy
Silk stockings, skirts and undies,
In fifty stores I've sat to try
Smart tango boots for Sundays.

"Down Bond Street gaily would I float,
Buy chairs, pianos, tables,
With here and there a sealskin coat,
And here and there some sables.

"I'd slip, I'd slide, I'd jazz, I'd glide,
I'd fox-trot, one- and two-step,
And show with pardonable pride
My skill at every new step.

"I'd dance until my soles were raw,
When, tired of dissipation,
I'd lie in bed whole weeks and draw
My out-of-work donation.

"And when that palled I'd rise to see
What fortunes cooks are earning,
And how the ladies long for me
With dumb pathetic yearning.

"I flit about, I skip, I roam
Through houses past the telling,
Through many a stately ducal home,
And many a Mayfair dwelling.

"I chatter in the servants' hall,
I make a sudden sally,
And with the parlourmaid I brawl
Or bicker with the valet.

"I murmur under moon and stars
With blue and khaki lovers,
I linger in resplendent bars
With golden taxi shuvvers.

"But out again I come and know
That Fate will fail me never,
For wars may come and wars may go,
But cooks go on for ever."

"SUN ECLIPSE IN MAY.
WIRELESS OPERATORS' HELP ASKED."
Daily Paper.

We ought all to put our shoulders to the wheel and make this Victory Eclipse a big thing.

"All the Lumpkins are clever and some of them are brilliant . . . The head of the family, Lord Durham, is an exceptionally ready and witty man."—*The Globe.*

Readers of GOLDSMITH may suggest that *Anthony Lumpkin, Esq.*, was not a brilliant Lumpkin; but it may well be that he was only distantly connected with that branch of the family from which Lord DURHAM traces his descent. In this connection a correspondent suggests the following train of thought: Lambton—Lambkin—Lump(ofcoal)kin.

"We stand at the noon of the greatest day the world has seen, with all the hideous darkness of the night behind and all the glory of the dawn before."
Mr. ARTHUR MEE in "Lloyd's News."

It looks as if the dawn would be a day late.



GERMANY DRAWS THE PEN.

"IT'S NOT EXACTLY A SABRE, BUT I DARESAY I CAN CONTRIVE TO KEEP IT RATTLING FOR A BIT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 5th.—Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES is the maid-of-all-work of the Ministry. Deputising for the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE he had an opportunity of displaying an encyclopædic knowledge which fully justified his position as President-elect of a Canadian University. Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS probably thought he had floored him with a poser on "gas-scrubbing," but Sir AUCKLAND knew all about it.

He is discreet as he is erudite. An inquiry about meat-imports elicited plenty of information about "ewe-mutton" and "wether-mutton," but not a word about the Manchurian and other exotic beef recently foisted upon London consumers.

Mr. REMER is one of the most attractive and enterprising of the new Members. But I am afraid, despite his cheery appearance, that he is a bit of a pessimist. With Peace believed to be so near, it was distinctly depressing to find him calling attention to the danger of a deficiency of pit-props "in any future war," and refusing to be put off with the usual official answer, "in view of the urgency of the question."

There are few topics which excite more general interest in the House than the shortage of whisky. When, in reply to a complaint by Colonel THORNE that a firm of Scotch distillers had refused to furnish their customers with adequate supplies, Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS remarked that he would like to be supplied with "specific cases," he was, no doubt unconsciously, expressing an almost universal desire.

Before the War, as we learned from Mr. ILLINGWORTH, Government offices used to send on the average about forty thousand telegrams a month. At the end of it the number had risen to close on a million. Much of the increase is due, no doubt, to zeal for the rapid despatch of public business, but some, one fears, to the natural tendency of dug-outs (even in Whitehall) to protect themselves with wire-entanglements.

If one were to believe all that the Scottish Members said about their own country in the debate upon the Housing (Scotland) Bill Dr. JOHNSON's gibes would be abundantly justified. Half the population, according to Sir DONALD MACLEAN, are living in such overcrowded conditions that the wonder is that any of the children survive to man's estate, and still more that they retain sufficient energy to run most of the British Empire. But in the circumstances a certain amount of exaggeration may be forgiven. When it is a case of touching the Imperial Exchequer for local advantage the Scot is no whit behind the Irishman in "making the poor face."

Tuesday, May 6th.—The Scottish peers are no less impressed with the miserable condition of their country, Lord FORTEVIOT declared that in the Western Hebrides the housing accommodation was no better than the caves of primitive man. Yet these cave-dwellers furnished some of the stoutest recruits to the British army. Perhaps it was their early experience that made them so much at home in the trenches.

Their lordships gave a Second Reading to the Solicitors' Bill, designed to enable the Incorporated Law Society to punish as well as try offending attorneys, instead of leaving their sentences to be determined by a Divisional Court. The LORD CHANCELLOR and



Mr. G. H. Roberts. "I COME TO BURY FOOD CONTROL—ALSO TO PRAISE IT."

Lord BUCKMASTER were of one mind in thinking that the measure would be enthusiastically welcomed by the lower branch of their profession—presumably on the principle of "Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know."

The issue of an official pamphlet on "The Classics in British Education" aroused the wrath of Colonel YATE, who contemptuously asked what "suchlike subjects" had to do with reconstruction. Before the Minister could answer, Sir JOHN REES, fearing lest all Anglo-Indians should be thought to hold the same cultural standard, jumped to his feet to declare that he had read the pamphlet and found it admirable.

Of all the new Departments instituted during the War the Food Ministry has best justified its existence. Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS's account of its activities was very well received, and many regrets were expressed that he should have come to bury CÆSAR as well as to praise him. Mr. CLYNES, to whom and the late Lord RHONDDA much of the Ministry's success was due, was particularly insistent on the need of some permanent Government control, to counter the machinations of the food-trusts.

The chief criticisms of the Ministry related to its milk-policy, and these were appropriately dealt with by Mr. MCCURDY.

Wednesday, May 7th.—In Downing Street apparently Mesopotamia is not regarded as a "blessed word," for when Colonel WEDGWOOD asked whether that country, after its future status had been decided, would be taken out of the hands of the Foreign Office Mr. CECIL HARMSWORTH fervently replied, "I hope so!"

I wonder whether Sir DAVID BEATTY, now enjoying a well-earned holiday on the Riviera, is as grateful as he ought to be to Commander BELLAIRS for trying to get him back into harness. He has been promised both by Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. LONG the reversion of Sir ROSSLYN WEMYSS' post as First Sea Lord as soon as it is vacant. But no immediate change is contemplated. Meantime it is pleasant to learn from Mr. LONG that the late C.-in-C. of the Grand Fleet "has been consulted on Naval policy since the Armistice." So he is not yet quite forgotten.

A new form of wireless telegraphy has been invented by the Post Office officials. When really urgent messages are handed in for transmission to Paris they despatch them by passenger train; they find this method much quicker than cabling.

An attempt by Sir DONALD MACLEAN to draw attention to the recent exploits of the LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND in the field of Journalism was severely suppressed by the SPEAKER, who perhaps thinks that the less said about them the better. It seems a pity that the Press Censor should have been demobilised just when his famous blue pencil might have been really useful.

Recognising that in the present temper of the House a frontal attack upon Imperial Preference was a forlorn hope the Free Traders sought to destroy it by an enfilading fire. But their ingenious attempt, in the alleged interest of the consumer, to extend to China tea the same reduction as to the product of India and Ceylon was easily defeated. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN means to have no Chinks in his armour.

Thursday, May 8th.—When the Ministry of Health Bill was in the Commons some objection was raised to the multiplicity of powers conferred upon it. But if certain noble lords could have their way the measure would become a veritable octopus, stretching

its absorptive tentacles over all the Departments of State. It would take over the inspectorship of factories from the Home Office, the control of quack medicines from the Privy Council and the relief of the poor from the Local Government Board. Fortunately for Dr. ADDISON the Government refused to throw these further burdens upon him. After all, DISRAELI'S famous phrase, "*Sanitas sanitatum omnia sanitas*," must not be translated too literally.

Members were all agog to hear what the Government might have to say about the Peace-terms announced this morning. Mr. BOTTOMLEY challenged the adequacy of the financial provisions, but the HOME SECRETARY evidently felt unequal to a controversy with so great an expert in money-matters, and requested him to wait for his "big brother," Mr. BONAR LAW.

A proposal by Mr. SYDNEY ARNOLD to raise the limit of exemption from income-tax from £130 to £250 was strongly backed by the Labour Party. In resisting it the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER pointed out that the Labour Party had opposed indirect taxation and now they were opposing direct taxation. In what form did they consider that working-men should contribute to the expenses of their country? No answer to this blunt question was forthcoming.

THE CHILDREN'S BELLS.

[The Bells of St. Clement's, which have been too much out of order to ring for many years, are now being restored. It is hoped they will be ready to ring the Peace in.]

WHERE are your oranges?
Where are your lemons?
What, are you silent now,
Bells of St. Clement's?
You, of all bells that rang
Once in old London,
You, of all bells that sang,
Utterly undone?
You whom the children know
Ere they know letters,
Making Big Ben himself
Call you his betters?
Where aré your lovely tones,
Fruitful and mellow,
Full-flavoured orange-gold,
Clear lemon-yellow?
Ring again, sing again,
Bells of St. Clement's!
Call as you swing again,
"Oranges! Lemons!"
Fatherless children
Are listening near you;
Sing for the children—
The fathers will hear you.

MUSICAL RECONSTRUCTION.

(By our Special Reporter, who is also busy with the Coal Commission.)

AT the meeting of the Musical Reconstruction Commission last Saturday the President, Mr. Justice Bland, announced the resignation of Mr. Patrick Horan, an Irish choirmaster, owing to the results of his adjudicating between the competing Sinn Fein brass bands at a "Feis," or festival, held at Athlone on Easter Monday. Mr. Justice Bland said that he felt sure he was interpreting the feelings of all the members of the Commission in uniting to express regret at Mr. Horan's resignation and hope for his speedy recovery from his injuries. Continuing, the President said he had received a letter from the Minister of Music, informing him that Sir Hercules Plunkett, K.B.E., Chairman of the Amalgamated Society of Mandolin, Balalaika and Banjo-makers, had been invited to fill the vacant place.

Mr. Tony Holo, Scriabin Fellow of Syndicalist Economics at Caius College, Cambridge, then presented a memorandum on the Guild Control of Composers on the basis of a forty-hour week, with equal opportunity for performance, the economic use of orchestral resources and the preferential treatment of Russian folk-tunes as thematic material. All members of the Guild should receive the same salary free of income tax; all performances should be free, and applause or encores prohibited as likely to lead to the rupture of artistic solidarity. The profits from the sale of programmes should go into the National Exchequer, but should be earmarked for a Pension Fund for the relief of composers on their compulsory retirement at the age of sixty.

Examined by Sir Leonardo Spaghetti Coyne, Mr. Holo said that he was not aware that the mortality among monkeys employed in the piano-organ industry during the late War was excessive. But he agreed that the fearlessness shown by the monkeys at the Zoo in the course of air-raids deserved a special decoration.

Mr. William Susie, who next occupied the chair, was examined by Mr. Moody MacTear on the question of the nationalisation of Royalty Ballads.

Mr. MacTear, quoting an estimate by a Fellow of the Thermæro-statistical Society, that the ballad composers of the country could produce one hundred and ninety thousand million ballads in five hundred and eighty years, asked the witness whether it would be legitimate that a royalty charge should be made on every ballad produced during that period for the benefit of certain individuals of future generations. Mr. Susie replied that the State had recognised the right of royalties and therefore he saw no good reason for discontinuing the charge.

Mr. Gladney Jebb. Are you aware that there have been more cases of influenza amongst people who have attended Royalty Ballad concerts in 1918 than amongst all the troops who served on the Palestine Front since 1916? Mr. Susie challenged Mr. Jebb to produce his statistics, and it was arranged, at the suggestion of the President, that Mr. Jebb should be given facilities to proceed to Jericho and collect them.

After the luncheon interval Mr. Cyril Blunt read a report, which he had prepared at the request of the Commission, on the Nationalisation of the Folk-song Industry. He said that it was a scandalous paradox that this natural and obvious reform had hitherto been successfully resisted by unscrupulous individualistic action. Folk-tunes were the product of and belonged to the



FROM FIELD-MARSHAL TO JOURNALIST.
LORD FRENCH'S PROMOTION.



Waiter (a demobilised Sergeant—as Staff officer enters). "ROOM—'SHUN!"

People, but they had been seized, exploited and perverted by composers, who should be forced to refund the profits they had derived from their robbery. The conservation of our national musical resources should be jealously guarded, and the collection, notation and harmonisation of these tunes carried on under rigorous State supervision. At the same time the State might issue licences for the symphonic use of folk-tunes, the profits from the sale of these licences to be devoted to the maintenance of village festivals, at which only genuine folk-music should be performed by the oldest inhabitants.

Asked by Sir Mark Holloway what he meant by genuine folk-music, Mr. Blunt said, "Tunes of which it is impossible to assign the authorship to a known composer."

Mr. Kilcrankie Fox, who was the next witness, was subjected to a very searching examination by Mr. Moody MacTear, Mr. Gladney Jebb and Sir Leonardo Spaghetti Coyne.

Mr. Moody MacTear. Are you aware that brass instrument players are habitually sweated in orchestras and bands?—It depends on what you mean. I certainly admit that their activities often conduce to profuse perspiration.

Mr. Moody MacTear. Have you ever played the trombone yourself?—No, nor the lyre either.

Mr. Gladney Jebb. Are you prepared to deny that the strain on the nerves of players in Jazz-bands, especially drums, is greater than that endured by soldiers in the front-line trenches during an intense bombardment?—As a rule I am prepared to deny at sight any statement for which you are responsible, but I concede you the big drum.

Sir Leonardo Spaghetti Coyne. Are you aware that, owing to profiteering in the cloth trade, organ-grinders have been unable to provide their Simian assistants with proper habiliments during the recent inclement weather?—"Apes are apes though clothed in scarlet"—or broadcloth. I have not noticed any shabbiness of late in the garb of those with whom I am acquainted.

The Commission broke up at a late hour. At the next meeting evidence will be taken on the subject of the housing of musical seals and the alleged profiteering of dealers in burnt cork at the expense of players in Jazz-bands.

"FOR SALE,
STANDARD BABY.
Lately overhauled."
Cape Times.

Inhuman, we call it.

THE CONQUERING CELT.

[Mr. ROBERT O'LOUGHRAN, writing in *The Times* of May 2nd, observes, "The Celt is tattooed in his cradle with this historic belief in his race—a free Ireland."]

THE Sassenach, stodgy and prosy,
Lacks any distinguishing mark;
The Semite has merely been nosey
Right back to the days of the Ark;
The Teuton proclaims himself *edel*
And points to his family tree;
But the Celt is tattooed in his cradle
With "Erin the Free."

Some races inherit a stigma,
And some find a spur in their past,
But Ireland's ancestral enigma
Has now been unravelled at last;
For the Celt, the original Gaidel,
Apart from his proud pedigree,
Is always tattooed in his cradle
With "Erin the Free."

The actual process of branding
I dare not attempt to describe;
Some themes are too high and outstanding
For bards of the doggerel tribe;
But patriot minstrels will ladle
Out lauds on the parents who see
That the Celt is tattooed in his cradle
With "Erin the Free."

AT THE PLAY.

"JUDITH."

THAT Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT was actuated by the very highest motives when he set out to edit the Apocryphal Scriptures for stage purposes, nobody would dream of doubting. It is the more unfortunate that by making the rest of the play very dull he should have thrown into relief certain features in the story of *Judith* which the original author had preferred to treat with a commendable reticence.

It will be recalled that in the ancient version *Holofernes* made a feast for *Judith* "and drank much more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born;" that he then lay down on his bed in a state of stupor, and that *Judith*, taking advantage of his torpid condition, "approached" and cut off his head at her leisure with his own "fauchion." The decency of this arrangement is easily apparent; it obviated the necessity for wanton allurements on the part of *Judith* and amorous advances on the side of the Commander-in-Chief. Incidentally it is more reasonable to assume that so virile a warrior would yield to nothing short of intoxication than that he would be persuaded, while still remaining sober, to take a brief rest (on the ground of temporary indisposition) and so go like a lamb to the slaughter, as he does in the play.

To do Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY justice, she went through a scene embarrassing alike to actors and audience with as much dignity and aloofness as the situation admitted. In a previous scene there had been one rather gratuitous posture which we might perhaps have been spared; but, for the rest, from the moment when she first entered, a noble figure in her robes of widowhood, veiling all but the oval of her face, pale and passionless, she played with a fine restraint, giving us confidence in her reserve of strength and never once allowing her high purpose to be forgotten.

It was not her fault if, in the night scene, amid a generous exposure of physical facts, we missed the less palpable atmosphere of impending doom. Certainly the *Holofernes* of Mr. CLAUDE KING never for a moment suggested it. I admit that I had not hitherto seen an Assyrian officer making love on the edge of his grave and so had no exact precedent to go by, but this officer, with his face far too well groomed for the conclusion of a heavy banquet, and those rather anæmic and perfunctory gestures of endearment, which had nothing to do with the sombre forces of elemental passion, gave no hint of the sinister workings of Fate.

This lack of atmosphere pervaded G.H.Q. Apart from Miss MCCARTHY, Mr. THESIGER, whose performance as *Bagoas* must have astonished those who only knew him on the stage as a frivolous *flâneur*, was the sole character who conveyed any sense of the general uncanniness of things.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S own novelties—the very rapid fraternization of *Judith's* little Cockney maid with the enemy; her own inexplicable love-at-first-sight for an Ammonite pervert; the laborious pretentiousness of *Ozias*, the Governor of Bethulia; the tedious garrulity of the oldest inhabitant, and the topical reference, in the manner of



MANUAL EXERCISE.

Bagoas (MR. THESIGER). "CANST DO THIS WITH THY HANDS, WOMAN?"

Judith (MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY). "NAY, MIGHTINESS, THY SLAVE CAN DO NO BETTER THAN THIS POOR TRICK."

pantomime, to the War of 1914-1918 A.D.—these offered no great improvement on the original narrative. On the other hand his neglect to show us the head of *Holofernes*, which constitutes so dramatic a property in the Book of Judith, was a noticeable omission. But perhaps he was well-advised to leave it out, for I thought I detected the significant presence of Mr. BILLING in the stalls.

I ought perhaps to add that there was a *Messenger* whose refinement of speech greatly struck me. He said that he came from Jerusalem, but he sounded as if he came from Balliol.

O. S.

"A party of police have been stationed in and around the premises, and to-day their number were augmented by a party of Scottish Horse Marines."—*Cork Paper.*

We are glad to see this historic unit bobbing up again.

C.K.S. AND U.S.A.

THE news that our own and only C. K. S.—the "Great Clem of Literature," and the "Wee Cham of Literature," as he is alternatively and affectionately known to the members of the Johnson Club—was on his way to America aroused the liveliest excitement among our fellow-war-winners, and preparations on a grand scale were made for his reception. The statue of Liberty was transformed to resemble Mnemosyne (pronounced more or less to rhyme with limousine), the mother of the Muses, and a bodyguard of poets, novelists, writers, journalists and brainy boys generally was drawn up on the quay.

As soon as the new Columbus was through the Customs these formed a procession and escorted him to his hotel, where a private suite had been engaged, with hot and cold ink laid on.

At a banquet given by the Highbrow Club in the evening the illustrious visitor was the principal guest. As a pretty compliment the floral decorations were all of shamrock, and everything in the menu was Spherical, or nearly so, beginning with radishes and passing on to rissoles, dumplings, potatoes and globe artichokes, plum pudding and tapioca. Humorous allusions to the Eastern and Western Clemi-spheres were of constant occurrence.

In response to the toast of "Literature, Ancient and Modern," coupled with the name of its most vigilant champion, Mr. SHORTER said that he was indeed happy to be on soil hallowed by association with so many writers of merit. To name them would be invidious, but he might say that he had enjoyed the pleasure of intimate correspondence with a large number of them, all of whom had testified to the value which they set upon his friendship. Although he looked upon himself as the least of men (cries of "No, no"), yet he should always be proud to remember that some of his criticisms had not fallen on stony ground. (Loud cheers.) He had in his pocket friendly letters from men whose eminence would electrify his hearers. (Sensation.) He would not read them (moans of despair) because that would be to break the seal of secrecy. (Loud cheers and singing "For he's a jolly Shortfellow.")

Mr. SHORTER'S main purpose is to meet the best American minds in friendly intercourse and thus to promote Britannico-Columbian amity and an even freer interchange of ideas than the theatre now ensures. To this end he has visited or will visit every place of importance, including the Bowery, China Town, Uncle Tom's Cabin, the Yosemite Valley, Niagara,

Tuxedo, Chicago, the Waldorf-Astoria, Bunker's Hill, Milwaukee, Chautauqua, the Clover Club, Greenwich Village and Troy.

Mr. SHORTER'S visit to America is otherwise a purely private one. More Irish than the Irish though he is known to be, he has for the moment sheathed his shillelagh. None the less, the condition of Ireland being so critical, he hopes to address a few meetings on the aspirations of his adopted country.

Although the tour is of this private character, Mr. SHORTER is not unprepared to record his opinions as they occur to him or to continue to nourish his mind on the latest productions of the human intellect. His travelling entourage comprises a brace of highly-trained typists, a librarian, the Keeper of the Paper-knife and a faithful stenographer known as "Boswell," who is pledged to miss none of the Master's *dicta*. During the voyage Mr. SHORTER had the services of a special Marconi operator, so that he might receive half-hourly bulletins as to the state of the publishing world, contents of the literary papers, deaths of editors and fellow-critics, new knighthoods and so forth. The Atlantic, on the whole, did not displease him.

Details of the tour which have already reached home indicate that its success is profound.

At Boston Mr. SHORTER, although his visit was brief, found time to deliver his famous *causerie*, "Men of Letters Whom I have Influenced," with special reference to GEORGE MEREDITH.

At Waterbury (which there is some possibility of renaming Shorterbury) the great critic was made the recipient of an address of welcome and a watch.

At Pittsburg the freedom of the Carnegie Libraries all over the world was conferred upon him by the famous iron-master.

At Haworth (Minn.) Mr. SHORTER presented the postmaster with an autographed copy of his *magnum opus* on the BRONTËS.

At Salt Lake City he enchanted the Mormon Elders by anecdotes of THACKERAY'S relations with their namesake, the London publisher.

At Peoria (Ill.) he kept his audience in roars by recounting the good sayings of his critical *confrère*, Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL.

At Philadelphia a very old man, who claimed to be a younger brother of *Mr. Rochester* (in *Jane Eyre*), publicly embraced the illustrious visitor and borrowed two dollars.

The rumour that Mr. SHORTER is to be appointed as our Ambassador in Washington must not be too lightly dismissed. America often sends us a man of letters—LOWELL, for example, and HAY. Why should we not return the compliment? It would be a better appointment than many that could be named.

The fact cannot be concealed that at home the absence of Mr. SHORTER in America is seriously felt. Fleet Street wears a bereaved air and Dublin is conscious of a poignant loss. As for our authors, they are in a state of dismay; some, it is true, like mice when the cat is away, are taking liberties, but most are paralysed by the knowledge that the watchful eye is not there, the hand, so instant to blame or praise, is resting. Even publishers, normally an insensitive race, are shaken, and books that were to have been issued have been held back. For what is the use of bringing out new books if C. K. S. is not here to pass definitive comments upon them before their ink is dry?

England's loss is, however, America's gain. A new cocktail has been named after him.



WITHIN THE LAW?

The Peace Treaty.

What really impressed the Germans most of all with the power of the Big Four was the third clause of Section 3, as given in the Press:—

"LEFT BANK OF THE RHINE.

. . . Germany must not maintain or construct any fortifications less than fifty kilomètres to the East of the Rhine."

Even WILHELM himself never succeeded in reversing the course of this famous river.

"The fifth issue of The Indian Year Book is issued a little later than the earlier editions. For this the Editor would ask immunity."

Preface to "The Indian Year Book."

Granted. Mr. Punch invariably adopts the same order of procedure in regard to his own publications.

MORE ALLEVIATIONS.

THE late JAMES PAYN, who, as is well known, waged a merciless war against sham admiration in literature, happened one day to hear me quote that tremendous fellow, SIBRANDUS SCHAFNABURGENSIS. The particular lines I mean are those in which he says:—

"Then I went indoors, brought out a loaf,
Half a cheese and a bottle of Chablis;
Lay on the grass and forgot the oaf
Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais."

Mr. PAYN remarked sharply:—

"It would cost him some trouble to find one. I've never found a jolly chapter of RABELAIS in my life, and what's more I mean to say so some day and watch the faces."

Well, Mr. PAYN believed in stating his own views truthfully. No doubt the necessity of finding a rhyme for "Chablis" had something to do with the appearance of RABELAIS' name at the end of that line. But *that* cannot have been the reason why POPE, being under no compulsion of rhyme, brought RABELAIS into his lines:—

"O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair."

I don't much care whether I have quoted correctly or not. I suggested last week in these columns that one might be allowed, as a compensation for advancing years, to use one's quotations without fastidious regard for their accuracy. On consideration I don't see why this liberty should not be even further extended. I can see ("in my mind's eye, Horatio") whole masterpieces coming within its scope and yielding with a sufficiently bad grace to a courageous candour like JAMES PAYN'S. Why should *Don Quixote*, for instance, tyrannise over us? He has had a good innings, in the course of which, it is only fair to acknowledge, he has been enormously helped by his henchman, *Sancho Panza*, a fellow of infinite wit, no doubt. There are however readers who set up these two as idols and would compel us to kneel to them, especially when *Sancho* receives the appointment of Governor of Barataria. I acknowledge I am a constant devotee of *Don Quixote* and his *Sancho*, but it is conceivable that there are people who have no liking for them. Let such, if they are old enough, proclaim it, as JAMES PAYN did his opinion about RABELAIS' fun.

I should like to bring certain long poems of universal renown within the scope of my principle. What about *Paradise Lost?* Did any woman, except perhaps GEORGE ELIOT, ever read it throughout unless under scholastic compulsion? I doubt it; her sense of humour would not allow her to. Take, for instance, the following lines, describing the simple amusements of our first parents:—

"About them frisking played
All beasts of the earth since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis."

Now, if anybody does not like MILTON'S fun, why, in the name of a "lithe proboscis," should he not say so—in his mature middle-age?

"There is a shamelessness among many in both high and low life that calls for vehement protest. The question with many seems to be how near they can come to the verge of decency without falling over."—*Ashore and Afloat.*

We have noticed a few who have had quite a narrow escape.

WAY OUT.

(Thoughts on leaving the Crystal Palace.)

A BRIGADIER or two beside the portal
To cry to me with anguish half disguised,
"Hail and farewell, O brother! pomp is mortal"—
Something, I fancied, something of this sort 'll
Happen to me when I 'm demobilised.

That was an error. Not a drum was sounded;
No personage, no panoply, no pep;
Only a single private who expounded
My pathway out, and I went forth dumbfounded;
Merely remembering to mind the step.

Nothing spectacular and nothing solemn;
No company of men that I might drill,
And either tick 'em off or else extol 'em
And give 'em "Facing left, advance in column,"
And leave 'em marching, marching onwards till

They butted into something. Never a blooming
Ultimate kit-inspection as I passed,
Nor sound of Sergeant-majors' voices booming,
Nor weary stance while *aides-de-camp* were fuming,
Not even a practice fire-drill at the last.

And that 's the end. To-morrow I 'll awaken
To meet a world of doubtfulness and gloom,
By orders and by Adjutants forsaken,
And none to tell what action should be taken,
If any, through what channels, and by whom.

But dreams remain amidst the new disaster:
There shall be visions when the firelight burns—
Squads of recruits for ever doubling faster,
Fresh clothing-issues from the Quartermaster
And audit boards and absentee returns.

I shall forget awhile civilian fashions
And watch the P.T. merchants on the square,
And polish tins and soothe the Colonel's passions,
And mount the guard and go and see the rations
And bid departed days be "as you were."

And souvenirs! I know there are a number
Who stuff their homes with memories of dread;
The ancient hat-stand in the hall encumber
With *Pickelhaubes* and delight to slumber
With heaps of nasty nose-caps round their bed.

Not I, the bard. When delicately suited
I move again amid the *mufti* swarms,
Since trophies from the Front may be disputed,
I 'll flaunt the only spoils that I have looted,
My little library of Army forms. EVOE.

"Rantzau's Insolent Act."

Under this heading *The Daily Mail* states that before entering the Trianon Palace Hotel to meet the Allies, Count BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU took "a last deliberate puff at his cigarette," and "dropped it on the steps, in the middle of a group of Allied officials." We understand that our contemporary feels that it would have been more in keeping with Germany's political and economic position had the Count humbly extinguished the cigarette and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket for future use.

"Spitable offices will be placed at the disposal of the German Peace delegates."—*Evening Paper.*

It is the truest hospitality to make provision for your guests' peculiarities.



First Reveller. "I SAY, WHAT STUNT IS THIS? A BIRTHDAY OR SOMETHING?"
Second ditto. "DUNNO; FANCY IT'S SOMEBODY'S RAG."
First ditto. "SHOULDN'T ONE SAY 'CHEERIO' TO THE BLIGHTER?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Chartered Adventurer (SKEFFINGTON) is what AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE rather pleasantly call their latest hero, *Terence O'Flaherty*, impecunious gentleman of fortune, lover and general exponent of the picturesque arts of romance. In a special sense indeed, since you have him not only adventuring for fame and fortune, but, as a by-product, turning his exploits into material for a worked-out early-Victorian novelist, whose "ghost" he had, in a more than usually impecunious moment, consented to become. I found this same unfortunate author, gravelled for lack of sensational matter, at once the most entertaining and original figure in the book, whose course is, to tell the truth, marked otherwise by no very conspicuous freshness. The particular adventure to which *O'Flaherty* and his companion, *Lord Marlowe*, are here devoted, is concerned with the intrigues of Madame la duchesse DE BERRI on behalf of her son, as *de jure* King of France, under the title of Charles X. They provide an environment singularly apt for such affairs; the "wild venture" and the abortive, forgotten rising in which it culminated give colour to a multitude of dashing exploits. In themselves, however, these follow what might be called common form, showing the two young men exposed to a sufficiency of danger and exhibiting that blend of folly and gallantry expected of their situation. As to the former quality, when, I wonder, will the heroes of romantic fiction learn that the "pretty youth," with flashing eyes contradicted by a manner of singular modesty, is really—well, what common folk could have known her for in the first glance? To sum up, I should call *The Chartered Adventurer* admirable for almost anyone else's writing, but just a little below the best Castilian standard.

The Pagan (METHUEN) certainly deserves to be called one of the uncommon stories. Whether it will be a popular success is of course a different matter. At least it confirms my previous suspicion, that Mr. CHARLES INGE is a novelist who takes his art seriously and is not afraid of originality. The moral of his tale, which perhaps hardly needs much enforcing to-day, is—don't be too much impressed with the idea of the superman, and especially don't try to go one better. That was the attempt that broke up the happy home where *John Witherson* had lived with his wife, his infant son and his mother and sister-in-law (too many; but that is beside the point). *John* had been a schoolmaster, old style, teaching in the ancient faiths, muscular Christianity, play-the-game, sportsmanship and the rest. But about half-way through the War the apparent invincibility of brutal force began to rattle *John's* nerves. It rattled them so much that he eventually sold his school, moved his household, including the in-laws, to Suburbia, and set up, in partnership with two others of like mind, as instructor of youth, after the jungle law of ruthless efficiency. Not content with this, he proposed also to turn the infant *Witherson* into a prospective superman by giving him toy-tigers and brief lectures on the rewards of frightfulness. Whereat the mother, finding her protests disregarded, dried

her eyes and set herself to fill the poor child's infrequent leisure with anti-toxin injections of the higher morality as conveyed in the poetry of TENNYSON. You now take my meaning when I speak of Mr. INGE as sufficiently single-minded to brave some danger of unintentional humour. Really my sketch has done less than justice to a story that will hold your interest, if only for the sincerity with which it is handled; for myself I was first impatient, then derisive, finally curious to know how it was going to end. I rather think this sounds like a victory for Mr. INGE.

It will add a new terror to the Peace if everybody who has done *A Year of Public Life* (CONSTABLE) in or about Whitehall is to make a book about it. Not that Mrs. C. S. PEEL does not deserve well of her country. She is evidently a capable person and hustled about the country for the Ministry of Food to some purpose before the days of compulsory rationing. Her general idea seems to be that simple folk are tremendously interested in the most trivial and indirect details of important folk. So she will tell you how Sir HENRY REW and Mr. ULICK WINTOUR were fond of tea (Sir HENRY liked a bun as well); how Mr. KENNEDY JONES once lent her his car; how Lord DEVONPORT, asked if biscuits were included in the voluntary cereal ration, said firmly, "Yes, they are"; how the chauffeur suddenly put on the brake and she bumped into "poor M. FAIDIDES"; how she "visited Bath twice and bought a guide-book," information from which she retails; how secretaries of Ministers came out to say that Ministers would see her in a few moments; and how, beyond and above all, the QUEEN, when she inspected Westminster Bridge kitchen, asked of a certain substance, "What 's that?" and Princess MARY at once replied, "Maize" (just like that). This kind of anecdote, by the way, which our long-suffering Royal Family has to endure in the Press might very well be made actionable under a new *lèse-majesté* law. There are better things than this in the book, but on balance I don't really think it establishes a fair case for existence. The most interesting thing in it is a detailed account of the canteen systems at the Renault and Citroën works near Paris.



Urchin (contemptuously). "HUH! YER MOTHER TAKES IN WASHIN'!"
Neighbour. "WELL, YER DIDN'T S'POSE SHE'D LEAVE IT HANGIN' AHT OVERNIGHT UNLESS YOUR FARVER WAS IN PRISON, DID YER?"

There is a great falling off in quality as between *The Pointing Man* and the anonymous authoress's latest effort, *The Man Who Tried Everything* (HUTCHINSON), a fact which may be partly accounted for by the brief time elapsing between its appearance and that of its immediate forerunner, *The Man from Trinidad*. Her new book is a war spy story—an exacting form of fiction in any event—and deals with German revolutionary machinations in the Orient. It fails because it moves too rapidly and covers far too much ground. The writer has neither the gift nor the general information necessary for this class of adventurous fiction. Her genius lies in her power of reproducing the atmosphere of crime and intrigue; but her Orient and her Orientals seem to have lost their hold on the reader's imagination. And I venture to remind her that it is fatal in this kind of story to replace known facts by unnecessary fiction; for example, to speak, as she does, of a German warship in the Indian Ocean as the *Blücher*, when all the world knows that that particular vessel was elsewhere. It will be easily understood that she gives us a hero who wins his heart's desire, and numerous plotters of various nationalities who are all safely foiled, the entire romance being conducted with a ladylike absence of the bloodshed that usually accompanies this class of fiction. That is its best recommendation.

The fact that *The Pearl* (BLACKWELL) is described in its sub-title as "A Story of School and Oxford Life," may perhaps somewhat mislead you. Let me therefore hasten to explain that the school is for girls, and the Oxford life is that enjoyed by wearers of whatever may be the modern substitute for skirts. Not too immediately modern indeed, as the events fall within the period of the South African war, a fact that will, of course, much increase their appeal for those whose Oxford memories belong to the same epoch. But it is naturally a book difficult for the male reviewer to appraise with exactitude. All I can say, being unconversant with the domestic politics of a ladies' college, is that I should imagine Miss WINIFRED TAYLOR to have given a remarkably true picture of existence therein; its mixture of academic ambition, sentiment, religious fervour and party spirit seems (as was to be expected) pretty much as we knew it in the masculine camp. The chief point of difference appears to be that Miss TAYLOR'S heroine, *Janet*, and her friends (all pleasantly individual) are naturally thrown a good deal more upon themselves than is the case with their more fortunate brothers. I have no doubt of the book's success. Girl-graduates, past, present and to come, will of course buy it; while in that other Oxford, now so happily re-awakening, I can fancy it being read with all the curiosity that naturally attaches to revelations of the unknown land.

From a report of the Cippenham inquiry:—

"Witness: 'Oh, I have a hide like a rhinoroceros.'"—*Evening Paper.*

This pachyderm is new to us.

CHARIVARIA.

"WE thought it was to be a *Peace* Conference," remarks the *Berliner Tageblatt* sadly. Instead of which it turned out to be another Diet of Worms.

* * *

"Wanted a Dock Examiner," says a technical paper advertisement. Now if they had only wanted a Duke examiner we have the very man in mind.

* * *

Several correspondents have written to *The Daily Express* asking whether it is not unlucky to be married on a Friday. Our own experience is that it doesn't make much difference which day it is.

* * *

We learn on good authority that an airman recently flew from Newfoundland to the English coast, but immediately returned as he considered that the weather was unfavourable for landing. As the whole affair appears to have been hushed up it is thought that he was of American nationality.

* * *

"A seasonable dish," says *Household Hints*, "is *crab au gratis*." We can only say that in our own experience it never seems to be in season at the smartest restaurants.

* * *

An American Army doctor has discovered that sea-sickness originates in the ears. This confirms the old theory that persons who sleep with both ears pressed against the pillow are never sea-sick.

* * *

Presents given prior to engagements, says Judge CLUER, are in the nature of bait and cannot be recovered. Once the angler is safely hooked a different situation arises.

* * *

"I am confident," writes "J. E. P." in *The Daily Mail*, "that nineteen out of twenty men do not know what they should do on being bitten by a mad dog." The common practice of trying to bite the dog back is admittedly inadequate.

* * *

The London County Council have decided not to remove the marks of damage done by aircraft to the base of Cleopatra's Needle. It seems that they have also had to refuse the request of some curio-hunters who asked if they might have the indentations as mementos.

* * *

Owing to the inflated price of silver, a contemporary points out, the shilling now contains only ten-pence half-penny worth of silver. More important however is the fact that, owing to the inflated cheek of dairymen, it only contains three pennyworth of milk.

* * *

"Singing," says Dr. HENRY COWARD, "is a valuable preventive against influenza." It is also known that certain streptococci have an intense dislike to the trombone.

* * *

The parishioners of All Saints' Church, South Acton, are invited by the clergy to say what they would like to be preached to about. The little boy who wrote that he would like a sermon on the proper way to feed white rats is still hopeful.

* * *

It appears that a Wallasey licensee, in order to satisfy his customers, sent a sample of Government ale to be analysed. We understand that the analyst reported that there was nothing in it.

* * *

"I don't go to the pictures," says Mr. H. G. WELLS. It is not clear whether the Academy or the cinema is meant, but it shows that the famous novelist is, after all, only human, like so many of us.

* * *

As a result of high prices, says *The Daily Express*, ladies may now be seen at Longchamps without stockings. We have noticed similar signs of the high price of ladies' dresses in this country.

* * *

Sir NEVILLE MACREADY'S statement that "burglars to-day often resort to violence" has caused much annoyance, and the famous police chief is to be asked to receive a deputation of London burglars to discuss the point.

* * *

Under no circumstances, says a medical leaflet, should flies be allowed in the house. If they knock at the front-door and then rush past you, send for a policeman.

* * *

A Streatham resident is offering a reward of ten shillings for the return of a "ginger" cat which has been lost. As the owner has shown no other traces of the effect of the hot weather the authorities have decided not to pursue the case.

* * *

Things are coming to a pretty pass in Ireland. Just because a man attempted to murder somebody in County Armagh the police have threatened to arrest him.

* * *

An ex-special constable, relating his experiences in a weekly magazine, mentions that he once found a perfectly good alarum-clock on the doorstep of a neighbour's house. Further investigation would, no doubt, have resulted in the discovery of the milk-jug on the bedroom mantelpiece.

* * *

"A young man should kiss a girl on either the left or the right cheek," says a writer on hygiene in a weekly paper. As the option of either cheek is given, many young men will no doubt hesitate between the two.

* * *

An evening paper reports that a live shell was found "laying" in an open field near Southend. This seems a sure sign that the nesting-season is now in full swing, and it seems a pity that we did not think of this method of shell-production during the War.

* * *

"No honest German," says Herr SCHEIDEMANN, "can possibly sign the Peace Treaty." The best plan, perhaps, would be to call for volunteers and take the risk as to qualification.

From a recent law-report:—

"I say 'Civis Britannicus Sam.'"
Evening Paper.

It is proposed, we understand, to adopt this as the motto of the Anglo-American Union.



Boxer (amidst a babel of advice). "LOOK 'EERE—CHUCK IT! I GOT DEMOBILISED AS A *ONE-MAN* BUSINESS."

BREST—BUCHAREST—VERSAILLES.

Oh, those were palmy days at Brest!
You had no sort of scruples then;
You knelt at ease on Russia's chest,
Dipped in her blood your iron pen,
Dictated terms the most abhorrent
And made her sign her own death-warrant.

At Bucharest 'twas much the same:
You had Roumania under heel;
No pity here nor generous shame,
But just the argument of steel,
The logic of the butcher's knife—
And so she signed away her life.

These object-lessons learnt by rote,
As once we learnt your poison-gas,
Your pupils now are shocked to note
How Teuton wits, a little crass,
Mistake for rude assault and battery
Our imitation's feeble flattery.

We could not copy, line for line,
The perfect models made by you;
Yet the ideals they enshrine
We dimly strove to keep in view,
Trying to draft, with broad effect,
The kind of Peace that you 'd expect.

Our efforts miss the cultured touch
By which we saw your own inspired;
They leave—beside the model—much,
Oh very much to be desired;
We've no excuse except to say
We were not built the German way.

But why these wails and tears and whines?
I must assume that they are bluff,
That, as compared with your designs,
You find our terms are easy stuff,
And, with your tongue against your cheek,
You 'll sign the lot within a week.

O. S.

THE BEETLE OF BUDA-PESTH.

An Unrecorded Episode of the Great War.

The War being now practically at an end and Austria-Hungary irrevocably broken up, I am able to recount an adventure, in which I was involved, that occurred at Buda-Pesth in the second week of August, 1914.

Seated at a café on the famous Franz-Josef Quai, I was sipping coffee, after an excellent lunch, with Frederick, whose surname I will not mention in case I get into trouble for relating the incident before Peace is actually signed. The sun shone joyously down upon the kaleidoscope of gaily dressed people promenading by the cool waters of the Danube, and we sat engrossed—I in the charm of the scene, and Frederick in that of individual beauties who passed to and fro.

Suddenly I noticed that he was staring intently upon the ground a few yards in front of him. I asked him what was the matter.

"Perceive," he replied in a very serious tone, "a small beetle of the order of Coleoptera making its way across the pavement?"

"I do perceive it," I replied; "but what about it?"

"Does it not occur to you," he continued, "that it is a very remarkable thing that that beetle should have already travelled six feet across the most crowded promenade in Buda-Pesth without having been trodden on?"

Being used to Frederick I do not take him too seriously and made no reply, intending to brush the incident aside, but I found my gaze continually returning to Coleopteron, conscious of that peculiar fascination which attracts one to impending tragedy. It was evident that he had just left the café and was hurrying across the promenade to catch the little steamer which was due to leave in ten minutes for Ofen. It was also evident to any thinking individual that there must be some extraordinarily urgent reason for his wishing to catch the boat which justified him in taking the awful risks which he was incurring. The position was full of human interest and I became as intrigued as Frederick.

It seemed that Coleopteron was under some divine protection which enabled him to elude so large a crowd. One lady stepped right on him, but apparently, by a piece of brilliant footwork, he managed to get in the arch between the sole and the heel and so survive. Another promenader brushed him with his boot and knocked him over, but he doggedly continued on his way.

I was conscious of a greatly accelerated beating of my heart and noticed that Frederick was perspiring freely.

Half-way across the twenty-foot pavement Coleopteron was sniffed at by a dog and our hearts stopped beating, but again he was saved by the fact that the dog was on a chain and just hadn't time to eat him before he was dragged after his mistress.

I noticed now that Frederick's eyes were protruding from his head and that he was muttering to himself. I too felt the strain telling upon me. A shrill whistle from the little steamer warning passengers to hurry up was immediately responded to by Coleopteron, who increased his speed to the utmost, when suddenly Frederick's trembling hand caught mine.

"Look!" he said, and, following his gaze, I saw approaching twelve gendarmes. We did not speak; we did not need to invite each other's views; our minds had but a single thought—Coleopteron could not possibly escape twenty-four Hungarian Government boots.

On scurried our little friend and on came the gendarmes. I was conscious of a feeling of physical sickness, and Frederick groaned aloud. As the dreadful moment of contact approached we shut our eyes tight and each gripped the other's hand. How long we remained like this I cannot tell, for we were both afraid to look and see the tiny smudge on the pavement indicating a hero's end; but eventually, by mutual arrangement, we opened our eyes, and then we saw—not a smudge, but Coleopteron still advancing quite unconcerned. It was a miracle.

"I can't stand it any longer," cried Frederick, to the amazement of those sitting about us outside the café, "I shall go mad!" and, leaping up from his seat, he rushed across the promenade and, taking from his pocket a picture-postcard of some Hungarian beauty, he coaxed Coleopteron to walk on to it, then bore him triumphantly back and deposited him upon the leaf of a palm which overhung our table.

Shortly afterwards the little steamer whistled again and left the quay.

Frederick remained silent for some time as befits a man who has saved a life, and then arose to have a look at Coleopteron and doubtless to make himself better known to the little hero; but to his pained surprise Coleopteron was not to be found. All over that palm he searched in vain and on the floor; then suddenly he emitted a gurgling sound and I saw that he was in the grip of deep emotion. There was a look on his face I had never seen before, and I anxiously asked him what had happened. For some time he could not speak, but stood gazing vacantly into space. At last, with parched lips, he spoke.

"Look in the milk-jug!" he said, and sank into his chair.

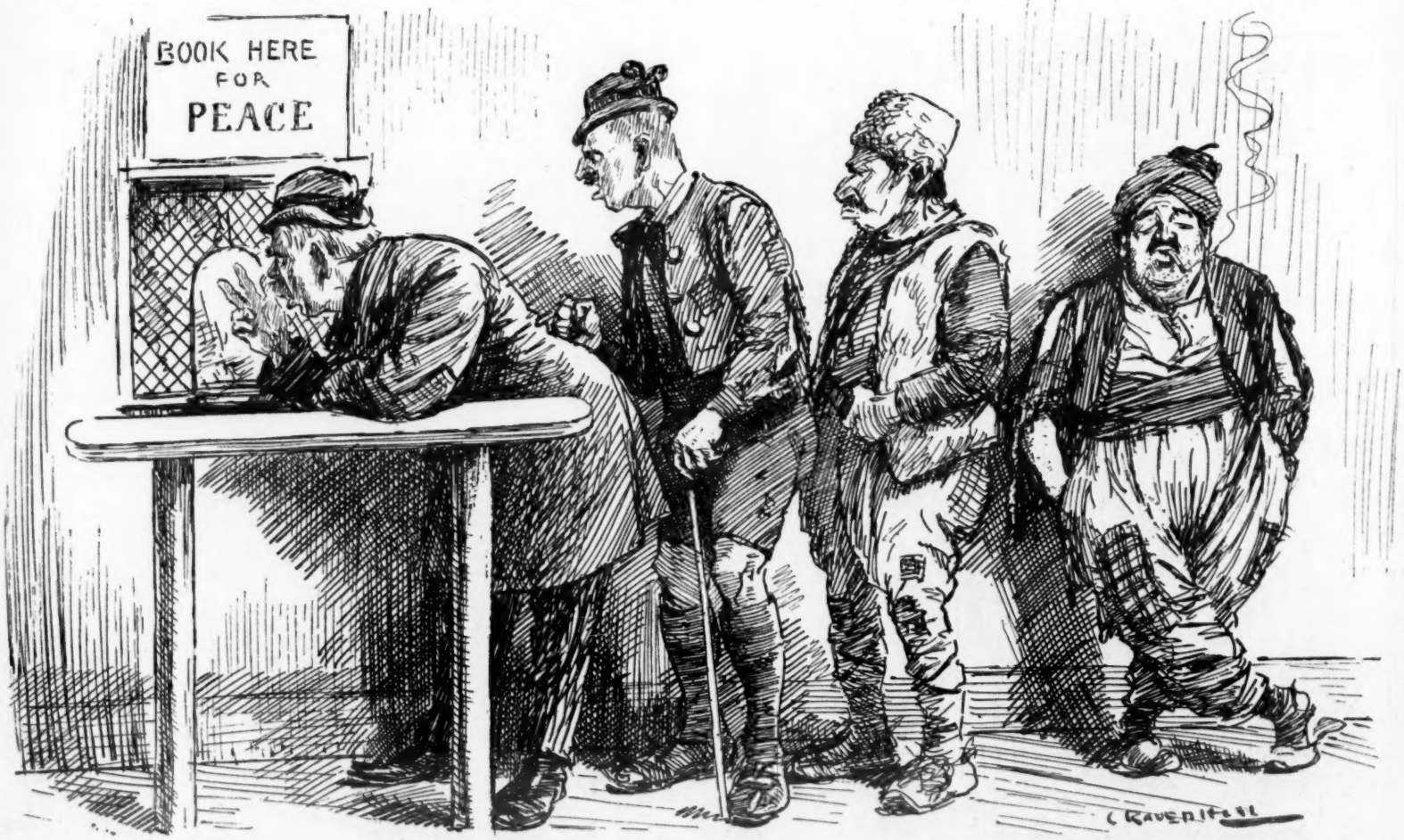
For a moment I thought that Frederick had been poisoned, and then I realised the truth, for there in the hot milk floated the corpse of Coleopteron.

"Why did he do it?" pleaded Frederick with a break in his voice.

"Because," I replied, "you hadn't the sense to realise that he was staking his all on catching that boat, and, instead of helping him, you brought him back to where he started from."

* * * * *

Early the next morning, at Frederick's desire, we left Buda-Pesth *en route* for the Swiss Frontier. It was impossible, if he was to retain his reason, to stay longer in a city that had for him such tragic associations.



THE PEACE QUEUE.

AUSTRIA (*to Germany*). "GET A MOVE ON!"
BULGARIA. "IT'S NO GOOD HAGGLING; WE'VE ALL GOT TO HAVE IT."
TURKEY. "WELL, I'M LAST, AND I DON'T CARE HOW LONG ANYBODY TAKES."



Temporary Officer (in department which they have forgotten to close down). "Dash it! I don't see why *we* shouldn't get unemployment pay."

A CAPITAL OUTLAY.

It was, in a sense, mutual. We had chickens; the chickens had us. On the other hand, they had the best of the bargain. We kept them; and they did not keep us.

My aunt insisted that we *must* keep chickens, and you know my aunt.

Pardon! You don't know my aunt. She is an elderly maiden lady who "keeps house" for me. She is eminently practical—theoretically speaking.

She insisted. "With eggs at eightpence it's a sin and a shame not to keep hens in war-time."

I urged that the food would cost a good many eightpences—in war-time.

Her reply was "Pshaw!" (She really does say "Pshaw"—and means it.) "Pshaw! they will live on kitchen scraps."

We consulted Nibletts. He has a local reputation as a chicken expert, mainly, I believe, because he's a butcher. He recommended a breed called Wild Oats (by which he meant, I discovered, Wyandottes).

"You take my tip, Sir," he said, "and buy Wild Oats. If you'll excuse the word—" (Nibletts is always apologising for some term he is about to use, which promises to be inexpressibly shocking to polite ears, and never is)—"they're clinkers."

We ordered a round dozen. We also bought a hen-house fitted with all modern conveniences. The total outlay represented a prince's ransom; but, as I pointed out to my aunt, we had a run for our money.

The hens, when they arrived, were not strictly "as per" advertisement. We bought them as laying pullets, and they didn't lay for quite a time—so far as we knew. Nibletts, however, declared that they were "what you might call in the pink," and surmised that the train journey had "put 'em off the lay, as you might say." If eating and fighting were evidences of their being "in the pink," those birds must have enjoyed exceptional health. They also slept well, I believe.

After about a month one enormous egg arrived—an egg that would not have disgraced a young ostrich. Its huge dimensions worried my aunt. She wondered if they were a symptom, and consulted Nibletts.

He put it down to the food. He said that kitchen scraps were "no good for laying pullets." "That egg, lady," he said, "is what us fanciers call—excuse me—" (I saw my aunt shudder in anticipation)—"a bloomer. You must give 'em a lot more meal."

We bought a big sack of meal—through the medium of Nibletts. If I remember rightly it cost rather more than the pullets.

Still no eggs. Then some of the hens went out of "the pink." For instance, one developed a chronic habit of running centripetally round a constantly diminishing circle, fainting on arriving at the geometrical centre. My distressed aunt called in Nibletts to prescribe. There was only one word for it—that awful word "staggers." There was only one cure for it—death. Should he wring its neck?

We feelingly withdrew, and he did it. He took the corpse away with him, so that he presumably had a use for it.

Soon a second pullet went down with a considerably swollen face. My aunt bathed it twice a day in a hot anti-septic, but to no purpose, except that the poor thing seemed much comforted by the fomentation. That hen was, Nibletts whispered to me, for fear

my aunt should overhear, "a waster." The only thing to do was to coop it up from the rest, or they 'd all go down with it—whatever it was.

We cooped it up till it died. Nibletts certified the cause of death as that unmentionable complaint, the pip.

Still no eggs, notwithstanding repeated appeals in the sacred name of *Macduff*. We did, however, find out what the trouble was.

The hens were eating the eggs!

Nibletts said—under his breath—that they were what was known as "blighters." He recommended (deprecating the term) a "stodger." A "stodger" proved to be an egg-shell stuffed with bread-crumbs, mustard and the strongest photographic ammonia.

My aunt said it would be cruel. It was certainly rough on me. Nibletts apologetically directed me to blow an egg—"a shop 'un 'd do." Accordingly, following his instructions, I injected or otherwise introduced the ingredients through a small aperture. It was the bread-crumbs that gave me most trouble; but it was the photographic ammonia that was "cruel." The mustard went in quite easily with a squirt.

I stopped the holes with paper stuck on with sealing-wax and put the *œuf farci* in the run. I waited to see what would happen. It happened at once. All ten hens went for that egg in a convergent attack, and all ten pecks got home simultaneously. The deputation then hurriedly withdrew, with loud protests, and spent the rest of the day wiping their beaks in the cool earth.

But they remained recalcitrant. They systematically cannibalized. A cackle from the layer brought all the rest to the spot; and I simply couldn't stay there all day to forestall the onslaught.

Nibletts suggested our getting a patent laying-box, furnished with (what he apologised to my aunt for calling) a false front. My aunt did not at first grasp the idea, but what Nibletts did in fact refer to was a contrivance that would admit one sitter only at a time, subsequent unauthorised entrance being cut off by an ingenious drop slide. Further elaborate construction also prevented the sitter herself from turning round to peck. She had to remain sitting till some human came and lifted her out.

Just one egg was laid in that patent box. The object of it was also patent—to the hens. Nothing would induce them to use it after that once.

Nibletts then recommended (if he might so describe it) a "tit-up." That was, so to speak, a conjuring-trick of a laying-box, which let the egg fall through a trap-door into a padded cell beneath. My aunt thought it unnatural and feared that it might be exhausting. Nevertheless we tried it, and extracted one solitary egg from the basement.

Then, being an engineer by profession, I conceived a mechanical means of giving those hens the scare of their lives if they persisted in their anti-social habits. I constructed a "spoof" egg of white enamelled metal, with hinges that opened when a catch was touched. Inside I compressed one of those jack-in-the-box snakes that spring out when free to do so.

It was quite effective—as a parlour-trick. Those hens pecked the catch loose, and that cockatrice fairly staggered them. It was to them a clear case of "nourishing a viper." But all was as before.

Nibletts then gave up the case as (what he might be excused for calling) a "fair corker." Should he wring their (pause) necks?

We thought it best so, and gave him a couple of "laying pullets" for his trouble. The other eight kept us going monotonously for about a month.

The house is still on offer. Houses are scarce just now.

I have sown my Wyandottes.

* * * * *

It was the income-tax man that suggested the title that I have given to my story. I disagreed with him *in toto*. But he persisted that it wasn't an "expense."



Ex-Soldier (to stout passenger). "MIGHT I SUGGEST, SIR, THAT EITHER YOU PASS FURTHER DOWN THE CAR OR TAKE A COURSE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING?"



Mr. Skivvington-Smyth (loudly). "COVENT GARDEN!" *Taximan (equally loudly).* "MARKET?"

THE NOMADS.

"THERE are no houses in the Town,"
Said Mr. Smith (of Smith and Brown);
I hardly like to put it down,
But that 's what he asserted;
So thereupon I went to Anne
And told her of my brilliant plan,
Which is, to purchase from a man
A furniture-removal van,
And have the thing converted.

Within that mobile villa gay
We shall not choose, though gipsies may,
Through country lanes and woods to stray,
Not likely. We shall enter
An up-to-date Bohemian lot,
And, if you read *The Daily Rot*,
You 'll find it has observed us (what?)
Proceeding at a smartish trot
Through London's throbbing centre.

And there will be some curious stirs,
Unless my fancy greatly errs,
At restaurants and theatres
When our distinctive turn-out
Lines up with all the others there,
And we look out with quite an air
And order the commissionaire
Kindly to put the little stair
That hangs behind the stern out.

And, when at nights our prancing team
(I have before me now a scheme
To use auxiliary steam)
Desires to seek its stable,
Why, John—I have not mentioned John;
He is the man who sits upon
The front of the Pantechnicon—
Will take them off. And when they 're gone,
And hush succeeds to Babel,

We 'll rest within our home complete
Wherever seems to us most sweet,
And none shall say that such a street
Or such a square is pleasant,
But we shall answer straightway, "Yes,
We used to live at that address;
Quite jolly. But we liked it less
Than opposite the Duke of S.
In Amaranthine Crescent."

But if in wandering to and fro
We chance to see—you never know—
One house that has "To LET" to show
And find report has tricked us,
And there *are* houses in the Town,
We 'll simply dump our chattels down
And challenge Smith (of Smith and Brown)
Or any landlord, bar the Crown,
To blooming well evict us.

EVOE.

"A visit was paid to Exeter, yesterday afternoon, by Lieut.-General Sir Henry Crichton Sclater, G.C.B., K.C.B., C.B."
Provincial Paper.

More fortunate than the LORD CHANCELLOR, the gallant General seems to have had three Baths allotted to him.

"The enemy is engaged vigorously in making his expected protest against the Peace Terms . . . To show the depth of his emotion he has declared a week of mourning. Theatres may remain open, but must stage plays appropriate to the occasion."

It is rumoured that the first play chosen was *Measure for Measure*.

"The War Office says there is no authority whatever for the statement that General Townshend would shortly be appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Tower Hamlets F.C."
Star.

Mr. Punch begs leave to say that this item of football news did not appear in his columns.

PROCRASTINATION.

A FEW mornings ago I found among my letters a tragic document—a bill. A first quick glance at it filled me with despair, because I was luxuriating in that Fools' Paradise produced by the illusion that one is all paid up. Of course one never is; there is always something that one forgets, and this must have been it; so that, instead of perfect freedom from liability, here I was apparently still owing no less a sum than £5 9*s*.

The figures looked familiar enough, although disconcerting, but I rubbed my eyes when I found that they were made up of two items that had never come my way; the first being one-and-a-half dozen essences, £3 15*s*., and the second, a dozen *poudre assortie*, £1 14*s*. It could not be for me. Essences and powders wholesale are not in my line, nor is my acquaintance so extensive among the Fair as these quantities would imply.

A moment later all my anxieties dispersed and tragedy turned to comedy when I realised that the bill was for the hairdresser with the same name as my own, who lives next door but one and gets so much of my correspondence.

I therefore put the bill on my desk, intending to take it into the shop when I went out; and forgot it.

The Russian Corps de Ballet at the Alhambra is an assemblage of charming and gifted people who are at last giving their admirers full measure. Now that they have a vast theatre of their own and perform three ballets every night the old frustrated feeling that used to tantalise us at the Opera and the Coliseum has vanished. But I have still a grievance, and that is that the programme is so rarely the programme that I myself would have arranged. In other words the three ballets that form it are seldom the Big Three that are nearest my heart. To be explicit, I want *Petroushka*, and instead I find myself not knowing where to look while *Scheherazade* unfolds its appalling freedoms; I want *Les Sylphides*, and instead am given *Les Papillons*, which is very lovely but not of an equal loveliness; and I want *Carnaval*, and instead am offered the perplexities of *The Fire Bird*. It happened, however, that one night recently the perfect programme was given—*Carnaval*, *Les Sylphides* and *Petroushka;* but there was not a seat in the house, and I therefore had to stand in great discomfort, so that half the joy evaporated.

"Meanwhile" (I seem to hear you say) "what of the hairdresser who has the same name as yourself and plies his trade next door but one? This story—which so far is a poor enough thing—was surely to have been about him." (So I seem to hear you say.)

Patience! It is about him, but it is also about the evils of procrastination. In short, it is a kind of tract.

On the morning after my disappointing evening at the Alhambra, while moving some papers on my desk, I brought to light the bill for the powder and the essences. "Good Heavens!" I murmured, "the poor fellow will be distracted not to have this;" and I took it in to him straightway.

I apologised for the delay.

"There is no hurry," he replied. "Accounts can wait; but I hope," he added, taking an envelope from a drawer, "that this letter for you is equally unimportant. It came, I'm afraid, four days ago, and I was always meaning to bring it in, but forgot."

Unimportant! It was merely an invitation from the most adorable woman in London to share her box at the Russian Ballet on the previous night, to see what she knew was my most desired performance, *Carnaval*, *Les Sylphides* and *Petroushka*.

Either the hairdresser or I must move.

Or we must both take a course of memory training. I believe there is some system on the market.



"WE DON'T YET REALISE, MY BOY, ALL THE VAST CHANGES THIS WAR WILL MAKE."
"NO, SIR. BUT ISN'T IT RATHER A LOT OF BLITHER ABOUT BRIGHTER CRICKET?"

"Wanted, five unfurnished Rooms and bath (1 large for music studio)."—*Local Paper.*
We are glad to note the spread of the healthful habit of singing in the bath.

THE PERILS OF REVIEWING.

A most unfortunate thing has happened to a friend of mine called —— to a friend of —— to a friend of ——. Well, I suppose the truth will have to come out. It happened to me. Only don't tell anybody.

I reviewed a book the other day. It is not often I do this, because before one can review a book one has to, or is supposed to, read it, which wastes a good deal of time. Even that isn't an end of the trouble. The article which follows is not really one's own, for the wretched fellow who wrote the book is always trying to push his way in with his views on matrimony, or the Sussex downs, or whatever his ridiculous subject is. He expects one to say, "Mr. Blank's treatment of *Hilda's* relations with her husband is masterly," whereas what one wants to say is, "Putting Mr. Blank's book on one side we may consider the larger question, whether ——" and so consider it (alone) to the end of the column.

Well, I reviewed Mr. Blank's book, *Rotundity*. As I expected, the first draft had to be re-headed "A Corner of Old London," and used elsewhere; Mr. Blank didn't get into it at all. I kept promising myself a sentence: "Take *Rotundity*, for instance, the new novel by William Blank, which, etc.," but before I was ready for it the article was finished. In my second draft, realizing the dangers of delay, I began at once, "This remarkable novel," and continued so for a couple of sentences. But on reading it through afterwards I saw at once that the first two sentences were out of place in an article that obviously ought to be called "The Last Swallow;" so I cut them out, sent "The Last Swallow: A Reverie" to another Editor, and began again. The third time I was successful.

Of course in my review I said all the usual things. I said that Mr. Blank's attitude to life was "subjective rather than objective" . . . and a little lower down that it was "objective rather than subjective." I pointed out that in his treatment of the major theme he was a neo-romanticist, but I suggested that, on the other hand, he had nothing to learn from the Russians—or the Russians had nothing to learn from him; I forget which. And finally I said (and this is the cause of the whole trouble) that Antoine Vaurelle's world-famous classic—and I looked it up in the Encyclopædia—world-renowned classic, *Je Comprends Tout*, had been not without its influence on Mr. Blank. It was a good review, and the editor was pleased about it.

A few days later Mr. Blank wrote to say that, curiously enough, he had never read *Je Comprends Tout*. It didn't seem to me very curious, because I had never read it either, but I thought it rather odd of him to confess as much to a stranger. The only book of Vaurelle's which I had read was *Consolatrice*, in an English translation. However, one doesn't say these things in a review.

Now I have a French friend, Henri, one of those annoying Frenchmen who talks English much better than I do, and Henri, for some extraordinary reason, had seen my review. He has to live in London now, but his heart is in Paris; and I imagine that every word of his beloved language which appears, however casually, in an English paper mysteriously catches his eye and brings the scent and sounds of the *boulevards* to him across the coffee-cups. So the next time I met him he shook me warmly by the hand, and told me how glad he was that I was an admirer of Antoine Vaurelle's novels.

"Who isn't?" I said with a shrug, and, to get the conversation on to safer ground, I added hastily that in some ways I almost liked *Consolatrice* best.

He shook my hand again. So did he. A great book.

"But of course," he said, "one must read it in the original French. It is the book of all others which loses by translation."

"Of course," I agreed. Really, I don't see what else I could have done.

"Do you remember that wonderful phrase——" and he rattled it off. "Magnificent, is it not?"

"Magnificent," I said, remembering an appointment instead. "Well, I must be getting on. Good-bye." And, as I walked off, I patted my forehead with my handkerchief and wondered why the day had grown so warm suddenly.

However the next day was even warmer. Henri came to see me with a book under his arm. We all have one special book of our own which we recommend to our acquaintances, regarding the love of it as perhaps the best passport to our friendship. This was Henri's. He was about to test me. I had read and admired his favourite Vaurelles—in the original French. Would I love his daring Laforgue? My reputation as a man, as a writer, as a critic, depended on it. He handed me the book—in French.

"It is all there," he said reverently, as he gave it to me. "All your English masters, they all come from him. Perhaps, most of all your—— But you shall tell me when you have read it. You shall tell me whom most you seem to see there. Your Meredith? Your Shaw? Your—— But you shall tell me."

"I will tell you," I said faintly.

And I've got to tell him.

Don't think that I shall have any difficulty in reading the book. Glancing through it just now I came across this:—

"'*Kate, avez-vous soupé avant le spectacle?*'

'*Non, je n'avais guère le cœur à manger.*'"

Well, that's easy enough. But I doubt if it is one of the most characteristic passages. It doesn't give you a clue to Laforgue's manner, any more than "'Must I sit here, mother?' 'Yes, without a doubt you must,'" tells you all that you want to know about Meredith. There's more in it than that.

And I've got to tell him.

But fancy holding forth on an author's style after reading him laboriously with a dictionary!

However, I must do my best; and in my more hopeful moments I see the conversation going like this:—

"Well?"

"Oh, wonderful." (*With emotion*) "Really wonderful."

"You see them all there?"

"Yes, yes. It's really—wonderful. Meredith—I mean—well, it's simply—(*after a pause*) wonderful."

"You see Meredith there most?"

"Y-yes. Sometimes. And then sometimes I—I don't" (*with truth*). "It's difficult to say. Sometimes I—er—Shaw—er—well, it's——" (*with a gesture somewhat Gallic*) "How can I put it?"

"Not Thackeray at all?" he says, watching me eagerly.

I decide to risk it.

"Oh, but of course! I mean—Thackeray! When I said Meredith I was thinking of the *others*. But Thackeray—I mean Thackeray *is*—er——" (*I've forgotten his name for the moment and go on hastily*) I mean—er—Thackeray, obviously."

He shakes me by the hand. I am his friend.

But this conversation only takes place in my more hopeful moments. In my less hopeful ones I see myself going into the country for quite a long time.

A. A. M.

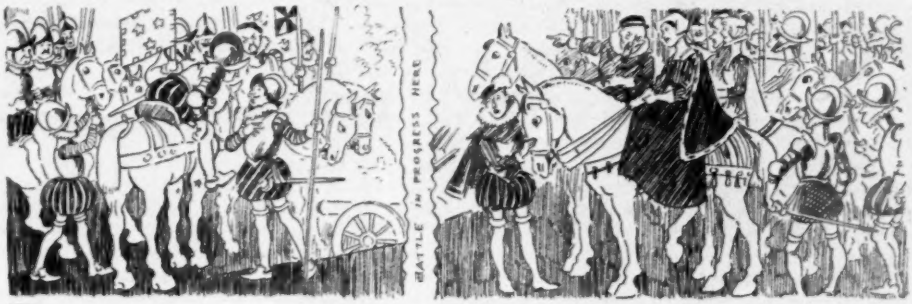
Another Impending Apology.

"The book contains a portrait of the author and several other quaint illustrations."
Daily Paper.

"Miss Leitch played delightful golf up to the hole, but when once she had arrived there the result was almost ludicrous, as she could not hit the ball truly with her puttee."
Evening Paper.

Personally we have always found this an ineffective weapon.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



135

IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANGSIDE.

The Despatch-Bearer. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THE QUEEN IS HERE. YOU ARE REQUESTED TO MAKE AS LITTLE NOISE AS POSSIBLE, AND, ABOVE ALL, *NO BLOODSHED.*"

Bothwell (to Mary, Queen of Scots). "IF YOU WOULD DEIGN TO TURN YOUR HEAD A LITTLE, DEAR MADAM, YOU WILL FIND THAT THE BATTLE IS OVER HERE."



603

The Cheshire Cat. "I NEVER GET TIRED OF THIS STORY ABOUT DICK WHITTINGTON."



248

The Profiteer's Wife (sadly). "POOR WILLIAM HASN'T BEEN HIMSELF SINCE ARMISTICE DAY."



335

The Man (listening to the lark and quoting the poet). "UP WITH ME, UP WITH ME INTO THE CLOUDS."

The Lady. "OH, JOHN, LET US STAY HERE. I DON'T FEEL IN AN AVIATING MOOD TO-DAY."



390

The Spoilt Beauty. "WHAT ROTTEN LUCK! I SIMPLY *DAREN'T* GO JAZZING WITH THIS BLACK EYE!"



303

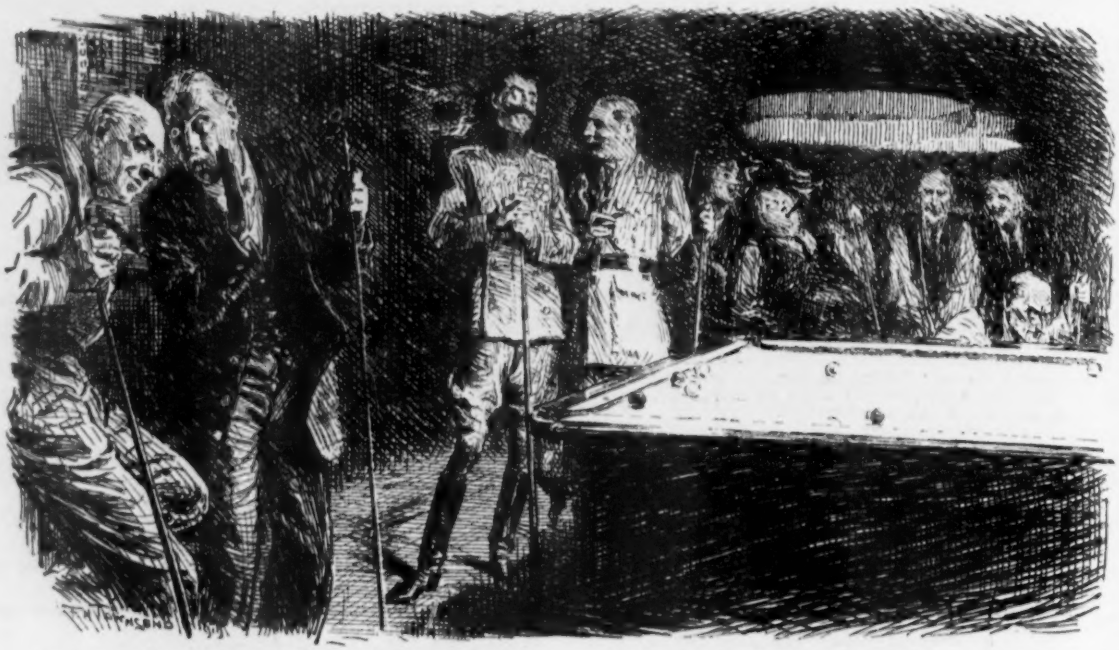
MISS WINNIE WENDOVER SELECTS HER COSTUMES FOR THE NEW REVUE. THE CHARMING AND TYPICALLY ENGLISH ACTRESS IN HER DELIGHTFUL TURKISH BUNGALOW NEAR STAINES.



321

"THE SCRAP OF PAPER."

Both (mentally). "WHAT A FINE DRAMATIC SUBJECT THIS WOULD MAKE FOR AN ACADEMY PICTURE!"



Billiard-marker (awed by rank of visitor—a foreign prince who has joined in a game of pool). "SHOULD I CALL 'IM 'YER ROYAL 'IGHNESS,' SIR, OR 'SPOT YALLER'?"

THE HAIRIES.

We have carried our lancers, hussars and dragoons
  And tugged in the batteries, columns and trains,
On *pavé* that smoked under white summer noons
  And tracks that washed out under black winter rains.

We 've shivered in standings hock-deep in the mud,
  With matted tails turned to the drift of the sleet;
We 've seen the bombs flash and been spattered with blood
  Of mates as they rolled, belly-ripped, at our feet.

We 've dragged ammunition up shell-smitten tracks,
  Round bottomless craters, through stump-littered woods;
When the waggons broke down took the load on our backs
  And somehow or other delivered the goods.

But the dread roads, the red roads will know us no more;
  Oh, it 's England, chum, England for you and for me!
The countryfolk wave us as westward we pour
  Down the jolly white highways that lead to the sea.

There 's a mist of frail blossom adrift in the trees,
  The Spring song of birds sets the orchards a-thrill;
And now on our brows blows the salt Channel breeze,
  The busy port hums in the lap of the hill.

So warp out your transports and bear us away
  From the Yser and Somme, from the Ancre and the Aisne,
From fire-blackened deserts of shell-pitted clay,
  And give us our Chilterns and Cotswolds again.

Oh, show us old England all silver and gold,
  With the flame o' the gorse and the flower o' the thorn;
We long for lush meadow-lands where we were foaled
  And boast of great runs with the Belvoir and Quorn.

The pack-pony dreams of a primrosy combe,
  A leisurely life in a governess-cart,
Plum-cake and a bottle-nosed gardener-groom;
  The Clyde has a Wensleydale farm in his heart.

We whinny and frolic, light-headed with bliss,
  Forgetting leg-weariness, terror and scars;
Ye ladies of England, oh, blow a soft kiss
  To the hairy old horses come home from the wars.

PATLANDER.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow," said the brave young subaltern, "if my Company Commander curses my men for having long hair, I 'll whip off his own hat and show him to be three weeks overdue at the barber's.

"To-morrow, if the Adjutant finds fault with my salute, I 'll give him a faithful imitation of his own ridiculous ear-flip.

"To-morrow, if the Major strafes me for my handling of the platoon on the barrack-square, I 'll challenge him to detail 'presenting arms, by numbers.'

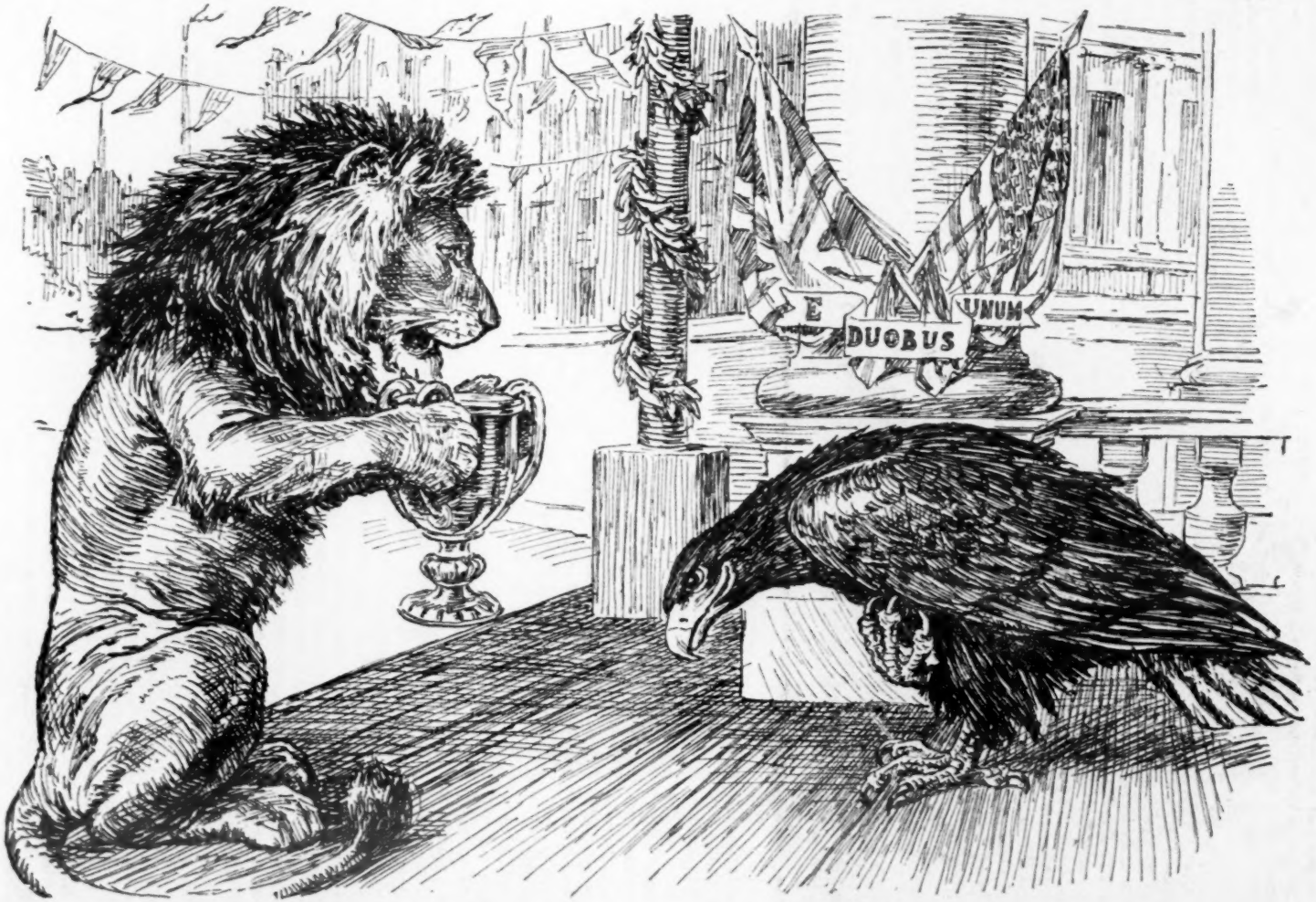
"To-morrow, if the Colonel checks my men for being slovenly turned out on parade, I 'll publicly point out to him that the buttons of his own pockets are undone and that the ends of his bootlaces are hanging out.

"To-morrow, if the General curses a man for rubbing his nose while at attention, I 'll openly suggest to him that it is not smart and soldierlike to slouch along with one hand in your pocket while inspecting the ranks.

"To-morrow, if I get the chance, I 'll do all these things. I have put off doing them far too long."

So spake the brave young subaltern, knowing full well that he is to be demobbed to-day.

"A Tooting hen is laying two eggs a day."—*Evening Paper.*
Then it seems to us that she is quite justified in tooting.



THE LOVING CUP: A PARTING TOAST.

British Lion (*to American Eagle*). "HERE'S LUCK TO YOU. YOU BROUGHT IT TO ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 12th.—Lord FRENCH's newspaper revelations were brought to the notice of Mr. CHURCHILL, who adduced the cases of the late Lords WOLSELEY and ROBERTS as evidence that Field-marshals, when unemployed, have always been allowed considerable freedom of criticism. The fact that Lord FRENCH is Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and (nominal) Commander-in-Chief of the considerable army employed in that country makes no difference; but ordinary serving officers are still subject to the Regulations and will take FRENCH leave at their peril.

In the course of a further discussion on milk-prices, about which the West Country is still up in arms, Mr. MCCURDY dropped the remark that it was impossible to control cream, owing, no doubt, to its notorious insurrectionary tendencies; and Colonel WEIGALL removed a load of suspicion from some of our minds by the emphatic declaration that "a cow was not a pump, of which the supply could be turned off or on as one liked."

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was not very hopeful about the removal of the buildings which disfigure the Parks. The most he could say was that he was doing his best to get the camouflage school out of Kensington Gardens, and let nature have a chance.

Tuesday, May 13th.—The Lords defeated the Government by inserting in the Ministry of Health Bill a provision that the new Minister should have only one Parliamentary Secretary. In vain Lord SANDHURST protested that the amendment would tie the PRIME MINISTER's hands. Lord MIDLETON was delighted to think that it would. Lord CREWE declared that the creation of minor Ministers was becoming a disease (possibly the Ministry of Health will include it among "notifiable" epidemics?). Lord BLEDISLOE quoted the old tag about big fleas and little fleas. But after all there must be some check to the inveterate tendency to somnolence in the public offices.

When the Ways and Communications Bill was before the Commons the Minister-Designate buttressed his case with the alarming statement that there would be a deficit of one hundred millions this year on the working of the railways. Members were therefore surprised to find in the Budget that only sixty millions was provided to meet it. Even in these days a discrepancy of forty millions does not pass entirely unnoticed. When taxed with it, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said he thought it was due to Government traffic not having been allowed for in the original calculation, but advised his questioner to ask Sir ERIC GEDDES to explain. For some reason—can it be the formidable appearance of the GEDDES chin?—Sir JOSEPH WALTON did not seem greatly pleased at the prospect.

Like many another Chief Secretary before him, Mr. IAN MACPHERSON, who reappeared in the House after a long absence in Ireland, had to figure with a scourge in one hand and an olive-branch in the other. At Question-time he was the stern upholder of law and order, obliged within the last few days to suspend a seditious newspaper and to surround the Dublin Mansion House with soldiers. A few moments later he was moving the Second Reading of a most generous Housing Bill, under which Irish Corporations will be enabled to build thousands of dwellings largely at the expense of the general taxpayer.



FAILING TO DIFFER.
SIR EDWARD CARSON AND MR. DEVLIN.

In his warm welcome to the measure Sir EDWARD CARSON revealed a side of his character not often seen, except by his personal friends. He was so sympathetic to the needs of the Irish working-classes, so eloquent upon the benefits to health, sobriety and contentment that good houses would secure, and so insistent upon the necessity of making the new dwellings beautiful as well as useful, that Mr. DEVLIN could do little more than say "ditto to Mr. BURKE."

Wednesday, May 16th.—Those persons, at home and abroad, who persist in regarding the British as univeral land-grabbers will please note that Spitsbergen, despite the undoubted fact that an Englishman landed there three centuries ago, leaves us cold. Although no direct response was made to Mr. ASHLEY's suggestion that the future of the island should be referred to the Coal Commission, it is widely felt that if Mr. SMILLIE and Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY would volunteer to explore its possibilities they would be doing the country signal service.

The drawbacks of having the Leadership of the Opposition in commission were further exemplified when Sir DONALD MACLEAN in his most impressive manner asked for a day to discuss Lord FRENCH's communications to the Press. Mr. BONAR LAW inquired if he desired to move a Vote of Censure in his capacity as Leader of the Opposition. "No, no," shouted the supporters of the rival claimants, Mr. ADAMSON and Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT. Whereupon Sir DONALD altered his tone and mildly observed that he only wanted to clear up a constitutional point.

The debate on Mr. HARTSHORN's motion regarding the state of Ireland was unique of its kind in that not a single Member representing an Irish constituency took the floor; but in spite of that it produced more heat than light. Both the mover and the seconder (Mr. SEXTON) were rich in denunciation of the present Government of Ireland, but poverty-stricken in suggestions for its improvement. Lord HENRY BENTINCK seized the opportunity to make final recantation of his Unionist principles, but in default of more practical proposals was reduced to imploring the people of Ulster "to show some spirit of compromise;" and Lord HUGH CECIL in a despairing moment declared that he would sooner see three-fourths of Ireland independent than the whole of it presented with a form of Home Rule which no Irishman desired. After that one appreciated Sir KEITH FRASER's remark, that during four years' soldiering in Ireland he had only met one man who understood the Irish Question, and he was an Englishman who had only been there a week!

Thursday, May 15th.—The intelligent

foreigner who should try to disentangle the causes of Egyptian unrest from the speeches delivered in both Houses this afternoon will be rather puzzled. From Captain WEDGWOOD BENN in the Commons he would learn that it was due to the ineptitude of the British Administration, the ill-treatment of the natives by the Army of Occupation, and in particular the unsympathetic attitude adopted by Lord CURZON towards the Nationalist leaders, one of whom, according to Captain BENN, "held in Egypt a position comparable with that of Mr. Speaker here." Across the corridor at the very same moment Lord CURZON was asserting that Egypt was enjoying extraordinary material prosperity, that the British soldiery had shown wonderful restraint in very trying circumstances and that the Government had not the least desire to repress Egyptian individuality (when not too exuberant, of course) or deny to natives an ever-increasing share in the administration of their country. They would have been quite ready to listen to ZAGHLUL and his friends if they had not begun by demanding the complete disappearance of British rule. The intelligent foreigner will probably come to the conclusion that Egypt is very like Ireland—except that it has no Ulster.

General SEELY gave a fairly plausible explanation of the apparently wanton destruction of new aeroplanes that is going on at Farnborough and elsewhere. Owing to the rapid progress in aviation they were already obsolete for military purposes before they were delivered. They are quite unsuitable for civilian use, and are therefore being "reduced to produce"—a euphemism for "scrapped."

Mr. SHORTT was not in his place, but the interests of the Home Department did not suffer in the hands of the Under-Secretary. Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD rattles out his replies with the speed and accuracy of a machine-gun, and has a neat formula for dealing with "supplementaries": "All these further Questions are covered by my original answer."

"But in course of time sympathetic Americans and the other tribes will be searching the ruins of burned-out passions and agonies, armed with the rewritten Badaeker or its Allied equivalent."—*Manchester Guardian.*

The re-writing seems to have begun already.

MORE MUSICAL RECONSTRUCTION.

(By our Special Reporter, who is also busy with the Coal Commission.)

AT the three hundred and seventeenth sitting of the Musical Reconstruction Commission Mr. Justice Bland, the President, said he felt sure he would be voicing the feelings of all present in tendering his congratulations to Sir Leonardo Spaghetti Coyne on his elevation to the peerage as Viscount Vermicelli of Milan, and to Mr. Gladney Jebb on receiving the honour of K.P.O. (Knight of the Proletarian Order).

A memorandum on the economics of the Russian Ballet and the probable cost of its reorganisation on a Marxian basis was read by Mr. Ploffskin of the Garden City Gymnosophist Guild. By a scheme for a uniform salary for all dancers, compulsory vegetarian diet, and the exclusive use of the balalaika, Mr. Ploffskin was of opinion that a Bolshevist Ballet might be safely organised so as to satisfy the artistic aspirations of the proletariat and counteract the pernicious influences of the pseudo-Ethiopian style affected by the idle rich.



The Muzzled One. "TAKE MY TIP, YOUNG FELLER, AND HOP IT—QUICK. THERE 'S A COPPER COMING."

Examined by Sir Edwin Edgar, O.M., Mr. Ploffskin admitted that none of the famous Russian composers of recent years had associated themselves with the Revolutionary movement, and that the Russian Ballet had originally been an integral part of the Imperial Opera. But he had no doubt that on a proper proletarian basis it would function with a far more beneficent activity. He pointed out that there was a strong facial resemblance between TROTSKY and M. PADEREWSKI, and between LENIN and BEETHOVEN. In reply to a question from Mr. Moody MacTear, Mr. Ploffskin said that he had been down a coal-mine in Siberia.

Sir Mark Holloway, who next occupied the witness's chair, admitted, in reply to the questions of Sir Gladney Jebb, that, since his student days, he had seldom been engaged in manual labour on any instrument for more than two hours a day. It was not necessary for a conductor. But he knew of pianists who practised for six or even eight hours a day with impunity.

Sir Gladney Jebb. Do you not think that if all compositions were written in the key of C it would materially conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number?—The President has already deprecated the multiplication of hypothetical questions, which have reached a total of more than fifteen thousand.

Viscount Vermicelli. Do you think that the unrestrained performance of Jazz-music conduces to the moral betterment of the simian proletariat?—That seems to me to be a question which bears on the administration of the Unnecessary Noises Act.

Are you in favour of the establishment of a Ministry for the Control of Syncopation?—No; but I would cordially support a Bill for the Compulsory Segregation of Irresponsible Collectivists.

In reply to Mr. Moody MacTear, Sir Mark Holloway said that he had never been down a coal-mine, but that he had a few shares in a gold-mine, which had cost him five pounds a-piece, but had never borne any dividends and were now quoted at one-and-sixpence.

The next witness, Dame Frisca, the famous Californian singer, was subjected to a remarkably severe examination by Mr. Moody MacTear.

Mr. Moody MacTear. Do you consider that the assumption of the title *prima donna* is compatible with democratic principles?—I never assumed it; it was bestowed on me by the free suffrages of the musical world.

Mr. MacTear. Then you admit that you possess it. Are you prepared to submit proof of your title to the Commission?—Certainly; but it would probably mean bringing forty van-loads of press-cuttings and cause considerable congestion of traffic.

Mr. MacTear. Is it not the case that the *prima donna* has been condemned by the best musical critics as an obsolete anachronism, tending to perpetuate the abuses of the "star" system and to foster breaches of the Decalogue and to enhance the soloist at the expense of the chorus?—I believe that WAGNER

held the view expressed in the opening part of your question, but he was unable to get on without her, wrote a famous address to the Star of Eve, and gave the chorus practically nothing to do in many of his operas.

Mr. MacTear. Is it not the case that the operatic tenor has been pronounced on good authority to be not a man but a disease?—The authority was a German conductor, who was presumably speaking of German tenors.

Mr. MacTear. Have you ever been down a coal-mine?—No; but I was presented with a diamond brooch by the diggers of Kimberley.

BAKERLOONACY.

THIS is a song of the Tube—
Let us begin it
By cursing the furies who fight and who bite ev'ry night
To get in it;
The folk who see red and who tread on the dead
And climb over the slain,
And who step on your face in the race for a place
In the train.

The pack!
The wolves who attack,
Attempting to kill you until you
Fall flat on your back;
The tigers who tear at your hair and who swear
As they tread on your neck,
Leaving you battered, bespattered and shattered,
An absolute wreck.

From these sharks,
These mild-looking typists and clerks,
May Heaven defend you. They 'll rend you—up-end you
(I carry the marks),
This meek-looking, sleek-looking, weak-looking clique
With the Bolshevist brains
Inflamed at the thought that they ought to have caught
Much earlier trains.

Mourn
For the hat that is flat
And the collar of which you were shorn.
Shed a tear for the dear little ear that you had
And the bags which to rags have been torn.
Weep for the fellow who tried but who died at your side
As the tide swept along.
He was a victim. They tricked him and kicked him to death,
Though he 'd done them no wrong.

This is a Song of the Tube.
A ballad of sorrow,
A grey sort of lay of To-day and a greyer To-morrow;
A dismal, abysmal, chaotic, neurotic Creation
Of one who was done after running a mile
To the station.



Munitionaire. "I THINK I'LL MAKE A BID FOR THAT CHAP, MARIA, FOR A HALL-MAT AND STAIR-CARPET."

From a report of the Coal Commission:—

"The next witness was Lord Dynevor. He said he had 8,270 acres of coal land in Carmarthenshire. His interest in the estate came to the family through one of three collieresses."

Even Mr. SMILLIE would admit that that ought to constitute an absolute title.

More Impending Apologies.

From a bookseller's advertisement:

"NEW FICTION.

Reason and Belief—By Sir Oliver Lodge.
Man and the Universe—By Sir Oliver Lodge.
The Great Crusade—By Right Hon. D. Lloyd George."—*Canadian Paper.*

"It was essential for Great Britain that France should emerge from this war strong and able to defend herself. The recognition of this fact explains the change of British policy at Paris during the Wonference of Peace."—*The Times.*

We like the new title for the victors' conclave, but do not care so much for the unusual spelling of the French capital, though it may have been adopted in deference to American prejudices.

"DIAMOND-CUT-DIAMOND."

This is to warn all honest men to beware of No. 007 Field Company, R.E., known to its victims as "Chaucer's Gang," the most conscienceless crew of body-snatchers and common thieves in all the B.E.F.

I am myself no fastidious precisian, being in a Labour Company, but there are limits—or should be. My own particular grouch against them started at Ripilly-sur-Somme. They, being skilled Royal Engineers, were clearing undergrowth and putting up huts in Ripilly woods for a division due to arrive, and my scorned rabble were unloading the huts in sections from barges at Ripilly canal wharf and loading them on to lorries for transport to the woods. Chaucer and his Royal Engineers were living on the spot—Ardennes waving o'er them her green leaves and so forth—and we were in rest billets (loud roars of raucous laughter) in Ripilly village, the least sanitary spot in the whole war zone.

Chaucer wouldn't let us stay with him in the huts—said the Chief Engineer was very keen on men living next their work. But between Ripilly and the canal wharf was an ideal spot. The chalk downs sloped steeply to the river, and halfway down was a bit of a level plateau just the size for a couple of huts. South aspect; good fishing and bathing; a home from home. The woods hid it from view above and the roadside poplars from below. It was a truly desirable building site.

We had a hurdle-maker in our company, so I gave him a brace of light-duty men as apprentices and they built a little hut of wattle and daub. It had a nice rural appearance and was warm, but it leaked in wet weather, and the more I thought of Chaucer lying dry under his felt roofs the worse I felt about it. So I had a chat with my sergeant at the wharf, and the long and short of it was that two walls and one roof got delivered by mistake at the desirable building-site.

We worked late that night, and next day had thirty men in residence, with one end of the long hut partitioned off for Simmonds, my subaltern, and myself.

So far so good. I began to think about making another mistake and getting a second hut, but that evening Chaucer came sliding down over the steep turf, visibly annoyed.

"Where did you get this hut?"

"Found it."

"On Ripilly wharf?"

"Certainly not. I found it down there by the road and had it brought up here for safety. If a lorry had run over it in the dark——"

"Ah, cut it out," he said. "The hut is mine. I found two odd sections in the last barge-load. Any poacher who knew his job would burn the feathers when he cooked the bird. You needn't start to explain about your fool N.C.O., who made a mistake. I keep that sort of N.C.O. myself. *If* I get an official inquiry about this hut I shall send back official information."

"Right-o! Then come in and have a drink, and don't be official before you need."

That 's where I was wrong. I tried to enlist the blighter's sympathy. Showed him round camp, the view, the bathing—everything. When Simmonds came up from the river with a string of roach Chaucer admitted it was a truly *bon* billet.

Next day he called again with one of his subalterns, a creature called Gubson, who went down to the river to watch Simmonds fish. When he had gone Chaucer told me he had a spare hut.

"Not one of these divisional huts, but a thing we knocked up ourselves. We 've nearly finished our job here, and if it 's any use to you you can have it. But mind you, I know nothing about this other hut you 've got here. If you 're caught with that one your blood be on your own head."

"You 're a Christian," I told him, and, Gubson and Simmonds returning, the conference had a drink and adjourned.

Next day I found quite a squad of light-duty men, and sent 'em to dismantle and bring down Chaucer's hut. I admit they rather exceeded instructions, for they brought a lot of things that Chaucer had omitted to mention. However, they said he was there when they took them, so I supposed it was all right. Besides the hut they had two bell-tents, a big tarpaulin, some corrugated iron and expanded metal, some home-made chairs and tables, a water-tank and a field kitchen, with its wheels broken off—a noble lot of loot it was. They worked like beavers bringing it down and getting it in place, and when Chaucer drifted down again at the end of the week all my men were housed there as snug as you please. Finally Gubson presented the camp with a punt he had salved in Sailly village—and there we were, all the pleasures of the Riviera and none of the disreputable company.

We were so pleased with all they had done for us that we suggested they should stay the night and celebrate the occasion. Chaucer said he would be delighted, if we would send to his batman and tell him to bring down his razor and toothbrush. At midnight, when the batman arrived, Chaucer said it was time for bed. And could we give his man a shake-down, please? It was pretty dark, he said, and the fool might lose his way home.

That should have warned me. Chaucer wasn't the man to keep a batman who was a fool.

It must have been about 3 A.M. when I was waked by my man helping Chaucer dress.

"What 's the matter?"

"Your fellow says my man 's ill."

"What is it?"

"I dunno, Sir," my man said. "'E 's groanin' an' rollin' about an' keepin' all us others awake."

When I got to the men's hut I found Chaucer kneeling beside the sick man, who was holding his head and groaning. All the other men were sitting up and looking on. After a minute or two Chaucer got up and beckoned me outside.

"Look here," he said, "I don't want to scare you, but suppose that chap 's got anything infectious. Is there a doctor handy?

"Nowhere nearer than Sailly."

"Well, Gubson tells me they were expecting the M.O. at our camp to-day. He may have stayed the night. Can you send somebody up to see?"

I sent off an orderly at once, and in half-an-hour a young doctor arrived, and ordered all the other men out of the hut. Then he pulled a gaudy handkerchief out of his pocket, sprinkled it with some stuff out of a small phial, tied it over his mouth and only then began to fiddle about the sick man, feeling his pulse and sounding him.

Then he got up, readjusted his handkerchief-respirator and mumbled that it was cerebro-spinal-something. Spotted fever.

We all got out of that hut in double-quick time, believe me. The doctor was full of orders—half a hundred things to do at once. The man must be strictly isolated. All the contacts—every blessed man who had been in the hut with him—must be placed under supervision. The hut must be put out of bounds. And when he found half the men had gone under the tarpaulin shelter he put that out of bounds too.

We were a full hour trying to separate the contacts; but when the doctor found the cook getting breakfast ready and heard he had been in the sick man's hut he threw his hand in.

"I won't answer for a single one of you," he said; "the place is no better than a pest-house. Throw that breakfast away. It 's sheer poison. Clear out, all of you."

It was Chaucer started the panic. I saw him sneaking away up the slope,



LIFE'S DIFFICULTIES.

Mother. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING?"
Small daughter (tearfully). "OH, MUMS, I DO SO WANT TO GIVE THIS WORM TO MY HEN."
Mother. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU?"
Small daughter (with renewed wails). "C-COS I'M SO AFRAID THE WORM WON'T LIKE IT."

so I thought it better to make a move too. I didn't ask the doctor where we were to go; he'd have had us all sleeping out on the open grass for a week if I had. So the whole lot of us, half asleep, trekked back to Ripilly village and turned into our old billets again.

* * * * *

It was my Sergeant-Major who told me next day that Chaucer and his gang had taken possession of the Riviera—my Riviera. I went there at once, to find out what it all meant, but they had a sentry at the foot of the slope, who said the camp was infected and no one was allowed there; so I climbed the slopes and looked down from above. Chaucer was smoking outside my pet hut talking to a couple of his subalterns, and a string of men was lined up beside the field kitchen for tea. Close by, the batman, recovered from his illness, was putting a fishing-rod together, and one of the subalterns blew his nose on a gaudy handkerchief which I recognised at once.

I went straight back and told the Town Major of Ripilly that one of the new divisional huts was being occupied by the Sappers. It wasn't cricket, but it was all I could do.

"That's all right," he said. "Chaucer's acting as divisional R.E. He's entitled to one hut. He told me he had been arranging for you to erect it for him."

Our Pessimists.

"Applications are invited from properly qualified persons for the position of Medical Officer of Health. . . .

The appointment will be from the 1st July, 1919, for the duration of the War."
Advt. in Local Paper.

"Chicks, day old; ready Saturday."
Advt. in Local Paper.

It looks like a case of counting before they are hatched.

THE KEY TO FAIRYLAND.

THE trees have magic doorways
Down into Fairy-land,
Yet nobody, but only me,
Has time to understand
That if *we* knew the magic,
If *we* could work it too,
We could creep down to Fairy-town
And do as fairies do.

The keys are four-leaved clovers;
They're not so hard to get—
Just creep about and search them out,
And don't mind getting wet;
But oh! I wish the fairies
Weren't *quite* so secrety;
I've tried and tried, but *still* they hide
The key-holes for each key.

From Grave to Gay.

"The Burial Board resolved that tenders be obtained from the various bands in the district with a view to holding concerts in the Queen's Gardens during the summer months."

AT THE PLAY.

"CYRANO" MOVES TO DRURY LANE.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, having been translated to another place, has made way for *Cyrano* and his nose, which now finds more room to turn round in. I had not seen Mr. LORAINE on the more congested stage of the Garrick. Indeed the last time that I assisted at M. ROSTAND'S play was some twenty years ago in the South of France. It happened that there had recently been a vogue of Musketeer plays in England. Behind my seat was a British Baronet (a recent creation) for whom the French language had little or no meaning. The first and only sign of intelligence that he showed was well on in the performance, at the words, "*Qui est ce monsieur?*" "*C'est D'Artagnan.*" (*D'Artagnan* then disappears altogether).

"Another of these damned Musketeer plays," said the Bart.; "I'm off!" And he went.

I am not sure that, even in English, it would have been just the play for his taste; but that London has plenty of people who can appreciate it may be seen by the way in which Mr. LORAINE can hold the great auditorium under the spell of its romance. Without an effort he endears to us the defects of his hero's Quixotic qualities, and makes his very deformity contribute to the triumph of his heroic *panache*. Even such of the poet's prolixities as survive a very careful pruning of the text are made to seem essential to the self-expression of character.

Mr. LORAINE is happy in his book, for the clever rendering made by Miss GLADYS THOMAS and Miss MARY GUILLEMARD reproduces both the spirit and the letter of the poem. And from his cast he gets all the support that he needs. True, he needs very little. He fills the stage, and the other characters—notably the colourless *Christian de Neuvillette*—are little more than his foils. Miss STELLA CAMPBELL, as *Roxane*, failed, at times, to convey a sense of overwhelming passion either for the body of *Christian* or the soul which she imagined it to contain; but she was always a gracious figure and her voice was gentle. Perhaps Mr. LORAINE owed most to his scenic artists, Messrs. DULAC and JOHN BULL, who gave of their best. There was attraction too in the very names of Arras and Bapaume, as well as in the thought of the part that our *Cyrano* of to-day has played against a ruder foe than the Spaniard. And was I wrong in tracing a hint of other experiences gained at the front, when Mr. LORAINE nearly turned up his false nose at the mention of "military wit."

The part offers little scope for humour. *Cyrano*, with all his generous impulses, is too self-conscious for that. But in each of his moods and phases—bravado, sacrifice, acceptance of the inexorable pathos of things—Mr. LORAINE had got at the heart of the man. A very brave and inspiring performance. O. S.



"WHERE YOU BIN THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?"

"I'VE BIN AT ME UNION, CONSIDERIN' THIS 'ERE STRIKE."

"WELL—YOU CAN STAY DOWN THERE AN' CONSIDER THIS 'ERE LOCK-OUT."

How History is written.

From reports of Mr. ASQUITH'S speech at Newcastle:—

"He [Lord French] has taken an unusual, and I think an unfortunate, course (cheers), giving to the world at this stage what must be an *ex parte* narrative of what happened under his command."—*Times.*

"He has taken an unusual, and as I take it, an unfortunate course in giving to the world what must of necessity be an expert narrative of what happened under his command."

Daily Herald.

"BEAUTY IN HOUSE BUILDING.

LET US LOOK AS THOUGH WE HAD WON THE WAR."—*Daily Mirror.*

Who said we hadn't?

THE DAY.

AT last the great day has arrived; in less than half an hour I shall be at the church. Heavens! what excitement. And yet I suppose most girls have had to undergo the ordeal, if one may so describe it, at some period of their life.

The magic church is not far distant and from my room I can hear the merry pealing of the bells. In the garden the birds are singing as they have never sung before. Truly life is a beautiful poem on such a day as this.

But I have really little time to dwell on these things, for am I not the centre of creation itself, the hub around which the whole household revolves in one wild bewildering whirl of ecstasy? How can one think when one is surrounded by a triumphant mother, a couple of adoring and not envious sisters, a critical brother and a doting father?

But then why should I think? Why use my brain at all when all the thinking that needs to be thought is being thought for me? Goodness, how my poor head reels. If only I could sleep. Ah, yes, that is what I could almost wish for at this moment—sweet, soothing, refreshing sleep.

But it is not to be; the house is just a great tearing pandemonium of joy. Hark! What's that? A motor horn? Yes, yes, a taxi is at the gate. Now another has glided forward and waits expectantly for the central figure—myself.

"Well, darling," murmurs my father, "it's high time we were off. Wouldn't do to be late to-day, you know." And he laughs proudly.

Can I describe the journey to the church? I can, but I will spare you. Enough to say that I carry myself with dignity. Whether I do so in the vast solemn atmosphere of the church I am unable to say, though I will confess to a feeling almost of awe.

In deep silence we move down the aisle. The service begins. Can I repeat it? I fear not. But one passage there is which stands out prominently from the rest. It is in the form of a demand made by the clergyman. Looking steadily at my father, he exclaims:—

"*Name this child.*"

I am roused to a fresh interest, and with fast-beating heart I await my father's answer. It comes as a bombshell to my sensitive ears:—

"*Armisticia Beatty Zeebrugge!*"

And I believed that only Germans could wage war on helpless babes.



SPRING-TIME IN THE OFFICE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

BOOKS dealing with life at the Front have naturally somewhat slackened in volume of late. Perhaps this accounts for some part of my interest in *Pushed and the Return Push* (BLACKWOOD). But more must be put down to the lure of the subject, and most of all to the admirable way in which the writer, who chooses to be known as "QUEX," has dealt with it. Briefly, the book is a record of the two great sensational movements of 1918, and of the writer's experiences as an officer of an Artillery Brigade in the retreat forced upon the Fifth Army by the break through of the Germans on March 21st, and subsequently in the return push which broke the Hindenburg Line and ended the War. The publishers say that this is the only account yet written by a participator in these happenings; I hardly think that any will appear more vivid and moving. The amazing sequence of the events with which it deals gives to the book the thrill of arranged drama, in which disaster is balanced by the triumphant ending. However unskilfully told, such a history could hardly fail of its effect; by good fortune, however, it finds in "QUEX" a chronicler able to do it justice. Simply and without apparent effort he conveys the suspense of the days before the attack (a couple of chapters here are as breathlessly exciting as anything that I have yet read in the literature of the War), the long trial of the retreat, and finally the retaliation and the ever-quickening rush forward from victory to victory that makes last autumn seem like an age of miracles. It is essentially a soldier's story, at times technical, throughout filled with the unflurried all-in-the-day's-work philosophy that upheld our armies in every change of fortune. For many reasons a volume that should find its place in any collection of the smaller histories of the Great War.

Until I had very nearly reached the end of *The Cormorant* (MELROSE) I could not, though I tried, make up my mind as to which of three possible claimants was filling the title-rôle. When I did discover the "Cormorant's" identity with a fourth person quite unsuspected, I found myself just a little inclined to wonder whether perhaps the authoress had not had the mystification of her readers as her real aim when she chose her title, and merely introduced a pleasant American, who called people names with a sincerity few of us would dare to imitate, in order to justify her choice. But all the same I am not going to tell her secret here, for I feel that much will be added to the interest of a very pleasant book if readers will pause long enough at the end of chapter sixteen to try to "spot" the "Cormorant" and—as I hope and believe—guess wrong. Miss ANN (or ANNE, for her publishers seem to be in two minds about it) WEAVER has compounded her tale from the somewhat ordinary ingredients of a heroine, as aggressively red-haired as only red-haired heroines can be; a philandering but finally faithful hero; a worthless but charming married man, and a number of less important people, many of whom are well drawn, though I think that I have met that scheming and malicious French maid before. *The Cormorant's* lines are chiefly laid in country houses of the more delightful sort and the story is well told. When Miss WEAVER invents a more distinguished plot she should do something very good indeed.

Mr. HORACE BLEACKLEY'S *Anymoon* (LANE) is a reasonably diverting because superbly improbable account of England under the new Socialist Commonwealth, with *Joseph*

Anymoon, a highly popular Cockney plebeian, as President. Follows an era of feminist control and a Bolshevist revolution contrived by one *Cohen* (with the authentic properties, "Crimson Guards" and purple morality), and finally the Restoration through the loyalist Navy, the complacent *Anymoon* consoling himself with the reflection that if he was a failure as CROMWELL he can at least be a success as General MONK. Perhaps the wilder critics of the present order have no reason to complain if their impatient generalisations are marshalled, however disingenuously, against them. But the judicious folk of every school who are now trying to take their bearings may wonder if much is to be gained by putting up and knocking down such flimsy figures of straw. Mr. HAROLD COX contributes a rather too solemn preface, which labels this otherwise irresponsible novel as a serious tract. I rather think that the engaging spectacle of the biographer of WILKES and the editor of *The Edinburgh* (the author of *The New Republic* surely somewhere in the offing) crouching among the headstones with a candle in a hollow turnip will make a certain appeal to those with a sense of humour and proportion ... The others may like it even better.

Nothing could be more attractive than the central idea of *The Love Spinner* (METHUEN), which is to tell the war-time adventures of a little old lady—the good fairy of her circle—whose interest in the heart-affairs of her friends wins her this pleasant if slightly sentimental title. But, ungrateful as is the task of breaking so innocent a butterfly upon the wheel of criticism, I 'm afraid I must add that I think Miss CLARA TURNBULL has hardly carried out her purpose with sufficient discrimination. In plain fact she has allowed her sympathies to run away with her. Such a character as *Miss Jessie*, who goes about doing good, and producing incidentally the most benevolent reactions in confirmed misanthropes, demands to be handled with the nicest care if sentimentality is to be avoided. Let me put it that Miss TURNBULL has not always been entirely successful in this respect. Thus, despite some agreeable scenes, the book remains one for the unsophisticated, or for those whose appetite for fictional glucose is robust. There is not very much that can be called plot; what there is concerns itself with the fortunes of *Miss Jessie's* tenants, the chief objects of her ministrations. In the end an air-raid, of which the details are surely unusual, provides *Miss Jessie* with the opportunity for a deed of heroism that I am still trying to visualize (her nephew had thrown her down and was protecting her body with his own; but the heroine, seeing this, changed places with her defender "between the flash of the shell's impact and the explosion") and finishes, with an appropriately tearful death-scene, a tale that would have been improved by more restraint in the telling.

In *The Thunderbolt* (UNWIN) *Georgina Bonham*, at home and amongst her intimates, delighted in small-talk. It flowed in an unceasing stream, particularly when *Dr. Rayke*, her chief adviser and confidant, came to tea and ate his favourite currant-and-sultana cake. Everything, in fact, prepares you for one of the tamest of all tame novels, when suddenly the "Thunderbolt" of the title remembers its attributes and bursts from a clear sky. Thenceforward Mr. GEORGE COLMORE's book is of a particularly painful character. For the horrors which here accumulate on horror's head I find no adequate excuse, even though the villain of the story is a German.

Blanche Maddison, the heroine of *The Obstinate Lady* (HUTCHINSON), might without any excess of rudeness be called pig-headed. With her case in my mind let me advise women who have married disgusting men to seek whatever shelter the law may give them rather than adopt her persistently cold and aloof manner. I hardly wonder that her husband found her a little exasperating. We all know Mr. W. E. NORRIS as a novelist who can be trusted not only to tell an intriguing story, but also to construct it irreproachably. But here, I think, he has penalised himself with the materials he has chosen. However he sets bravely to work to wipe off his handicap, and very nearly succeeds. If I cannot credit him with complete success it is because the subsidiary tale of love which he gives us is really too anæmic. Yet I can conceive of people so fed up with the makers of blood-heat fiction that Mr. NORRIS's lukewarm method will afford them a pleasant change.



Bus Conductor. "ANYBODY WANT THE ALBERT 'ALL?"
Weary Househunter (absent-mindedly). "IT'S RATHER LARGE, BUT PERHAPS I MIGHT BE ALLOWED TO SUB-LET A PART."

However cleverly Mr. WILLIAM CAINE may treat his theme, *The Wife Who Came Alive* (JENKINS) is only another version of the antiquated mother-in-law business. *Doll Brackett* was a beautiful American girl, and if she had not been idiotically idolised by her mother and could have realised the difference between pounds and pence she might have made an excellent wife for *George March*, of Hampstead, portrait-painter. *Mrs. Brackett* was not actively hostile to this marriage, but after losing her fortune she began to disapprove of the economy which *March* preached and tried in vain to practise. Persuaded that her idol was no longer becomingly enshrined, she proceeded to make trouble between husband and wife, and they separated. Then followed a very lean time both for *Mrs. Brackett* and her daughter, until at last the former made such an outrageous proposal that *Doll* came to her senses. You will easily believe that this sort of subject offers no very favourable outlet for Mr. CAINE's particular gifts, but the confidential style in which he tells the story is distinctly engaging, and as a warning to foolish mothers-in-law it is something more than adequate.



"AUSTRIÆ EST IMPERARE ORBI UNIVERSO."

ONCE UPON A TIME. TO-DAY.

CHARIVARIA.

IT was the pig, says an eminent Danish economist, that lost Germany the War. His omission to specify which pig seems almost certain to provoke further recriminations among the German High Command.

* * *

After all, the War *may* have wakened a new spirit in the nation. Up to the time of writing no one has attempted to corner mint-sauce.

* * *

A movement, we hear, is on foot to give a public welcome to the cheeses on their return to our midst. It is thought that a march-past could easily be arranged.

* * *

Hackney will supply electricity to consumers at a special rate during the Peace celebrations. The present price of one-and-sixpence per kilowatt-and-soda practically inhibits anything like deep-seated festivity.

* * *

A Miners' Association in the North has decided not to establish a weekly newspaper. Pending other arrangements they will do a little light mining, but it must not be taken as a precedent.

* * *

At a meeting of Hassocks allotment-holders a speaker stated that he had seen rabbits jump a fence five feet high. Experts declare that this is at least three feet over proof.

* * *

As the outcome of suggestions by the Economy Committee at Eton Dr. ALINGTON has made certain restrictions in regard to various articles of dress, notably socks and mufflers. Henceforward only such socks as do not require muffling will be worn.

* * *

The cow that walked into the lending library at Walton Heath has since explained that it merely wanted to look up "Manchuria" in the encyclopædia.

* * *

It is said that the question of neutrality has caused most of the delay in the formation of the League of Nations. We certainly realise the difficulty in deciding how Norway and Switzerland could come to grips, in the event of a War between these two countries, without infringing the laws of neutrality.

* * *

"No harm to the moon will result from the eclipse of the sun on May 28th," states a writer in an evening paper. This is good news for those who have mining shares there.

* * *

There is a falling off in the tanning of kids in India, says *The Shoe and Leather Trades Record*. Smith minor talks of migrating to the Orient.

* * *

Government ale, says a trade paper, will shortly be on sale in some parts of Ireland. This certainly ought to be a lesson to them.

* * *

Two Parisians who had previously arranged to fight a duel have refused to meet. It is supposed that they have quarrelled.

* * *

As we go to press we are informed on good authority that the cat that developed rabies last week has now been successfully killed eight times, and it is expected that its final execution will have taken place by the time this appears in print.

* * *

We understand that the Tredegar Fire Brigade strike is settled. Patrons are asked to bear with the Brigade, who have promised to work off arrears of fires in strict rotation.

* * *

A Surrey Church magazine appeals for funds to renovate the church exits. For ourselves, if we were a parson, we shouldn't worry about getting people out of church so long as we got them in.

* * *

A Scottish Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution in favour of smaller One Pound Treasury Notes. If at the same time they could be made a bit cheaper the movement would be a popular one.

* * *

A taxi-driver who knocked down a pedestrian in Edgware Road and then drove off has been summoned. His defence is that he mistook the unfortunate man for an intending fare.

* * *

The Northumberland Miners' Council has passed a resolution calling on the Government to evacuate our troops from Russia, drop the Conscription Bill, remove the blockade and release conscientious objectors. Their silence on the subject of Dalmatia is being much commented on.

* * *

A report reaches us that Jazz is about to be made a notifiable disease.

A SPRING IDYLL.

If wound stripes were given to soldiers on becoming casualties to Cupid's archery barrage, Ronnie Morgan's sleeve would be stiff with gilt embroidery. The spring offensive claimed him as an early victim. When he became an extensive purchaser of drab segments of fossilized soap, bottles of sticky brilliantine with a chemical odour, and postcards worked with polychromatic silk, the billet began to make inquiries.

"It's that little mam'zelle at the shop in the Rue de la République," reported Jim Brown. "He spends all his pay and as much as he can borrow of mine to get excuses for speaking to her."

There was a period of regular visits and intense literary activity on the part of Ronnie, followed by the sudden disappearance of Mam'zelle and an endeavour by the disconsolate swain to liquidate his debts in kind.

"I owe you seven francs, Jim," said he. "If you give me another three francs and I give you two bottles of brilliantine and a cake of vanilla-flavoured soap we'll be straight."

"Not me!" said Jim firmly. "I've no wish to be a scented fly-paper. Have you frightened her away?"

"She's been *swept* away on a flood of my eloquence," said Ronnie sadly. "But in the wrong direction; and after I'd bought enough pomatum from her to grease the keel of a battleship, and enough soap to wash it all off again. Good soap it is too, me lad; lathers well if you soak it in hot water overnight."

"How did you come to lose her?" asked Jim, steering the conversation out of commercial channels.

"The loss is hers," said Ronnie; "I wore holes in my tunic leaning over the counter talking to her, and I made about as much progress as a Peace Conference. I got soap instead of sympathy and scent instead of sentiment. However, she must have got used to me, because one day she asked if I would translate an English letter she'd received into French.

"'Now's your chance to make good,' I thought, language being my strong suit; but I felt sick when I found it was a love-letter from a presumptuous blighter at Calais, who signed himself 'Your devoted Horace.' Still, to make another opportunity of talking to her, I offered to write it out in French. She sold me a block of letter-paper for the purpose, and I went home and wrote a lifelike translation.

"She gave me a dazzling smile and warm welcome when I took it in, but on the balance I didn't feel that I'd done myself much good. And next day I'm dashed if she didn't give me another letter to translate, this time signed 'Your loving Herbert.' Herbert, I discovered, was a sapper who'd been transferred to Boulogne and, judging by his hand, was better with a shovel than a pen. As an amateur in style I couldn't translate his drivel word for word. Like *Cyrano*, the artist in me rose supreme, and I manicured and curled his letter, painted and embroidered it, and nearly finished by signing 'Ronnie' instead of 'Herbert.'

"She was quite surprised when she read the translation.

"'*C'est gentil, n'est-ce-pas?*' said she, kissing it and stuffing it away in her belt. 'I did not think,' she went on in French, 'that the dear stupid 'Erbert had so much e'oquence.' I saw my error. I had made a probable of a horse that hadn't previously got an earthly. So, to adjust things, I refrigerated the next letter—which happened to be from 'Orace—to the temperature of codfish on an ice block. And the consequence was that Georgette sulked and would scarcely speak to me for three whole days.

"The situation, coldly reviewed, appeared to be like this. When 'Orace or 'Erbert pleased her I got a share of the sunshine, but when their love-making cooled her displeasure was visited on poor Ronnie. Any advances on my own part were countered with sales of soap, customers apparently being rarer than lovers. So I had to bide my time.

"But one day letters from 'Orace and 'Erbert arrived simultaneously, and were duly handed to the fourth party for necessary action. It occurred to me that when the time came for me to enter the race on my own behalf I need have little fear of 'Erbert as a rival, so I determined to cut 'Orace out of the running.

"I translated his letter first. I censored the tender parts, spun out the padding and served it up like cold-hash. Then I set to work on 'Erbert. I got the tremolo stop out and the soft pedal on and made a symphony of it. I made it a stream of trickling melody—blue skies, yellow sunshine and scent of roses, with Georgette perched like a sugar goddess on a silver cloud and 'Erbert trying to clamber up to her on a silk ladder. To read it would have made a Frenchman proud of his own language. Then, for dramatic effect, I took the letters, put them on the counter and walked out without a word. 'That,' thought I, 'will do 'Orace's business—and then for 'Erbert!'

"Next day, when I went to see the result, to my surprise I found that her place behind the counter was taken by that little red-haired Célestine.

"'Where's Georgette?' said I.

"'Ah, M'sieur, she has gone,' said Célestine. 'Figure to yourself, this 'Orace, who used to write with ardour and spirit, sent her yesterday a poor pitiful note. It made one's heart bleed to read it, such halting appeal, such inarticulate sentiment. "*Le pauvre garçon!*" cried Georgette, "his passion is so strong he cannot find words for it. He is stricken dumb with excess of feeling. I must be at his side to comfort him." And she has flown like the wind to Calais, that she may be affianced to him. But if M'sieur desires to buy the soap I know the kind you prefer.'

"So you see me," concluded Ronnie plaintively, "bankrupt in love and money. Three francs, Jim, and I'll chuck in a packet of post-cards."

SONGS OF SIMLA.

I.—The Bureaucrat.

Along a narrow mountain track
  Stalking supreme, alone,
Head upwards, hands behind his back,
  He swings his sixteen stone.

Quit of the tinsel and the glare
  That lit his forbears' lives,
His tweed-clad shoulders amply bear
  The burden that was Clive's.

A man of few and simple needs
  He smokes a briar—and yet
His rugged signature precedes
  The half an alphabet.

Across these green Elysian slopes
  The Secretariat gleams,
The playground of his youthful hopes,
  The workshop of his schemes.

He sees the misty depths below,
  Where plain and foothills meet,
And smiles a wistful smile to know
  The world is at his feet;

To know that England calls him back;
  To know that glory's path
Is leading to a *cul de sac*
  In Cheltenham or Bath;

To know that all he helped to found,
  The India of his prayers,
Has now become the tilting ground
  Of Mill-bred doctrinaires.

But his the inalienable years
  Of faith that stirred the blood,
Of zeal that won through toil and tears,
  And after him—the flood.

J. M. S.

Our Feminine Athletes.

"Wanted, Young Lady, vaults bar.—Apply personally, Mrs. ——, Oddfellows' Arms."
Provincial Paper.



THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "NO! I DON'T THINK IT QUITE SUITS MY AUSTERE TYPE OF BEAUTY."

[It is reported that the United States of America have declined to accept a mandate for Constantinople.]



PERFORMING LION AT MUSIC-HALL, HAVING GOT LOOSE, FINDS ITS WAY TO ROOM OCCUPIED BY CHARWOMAN.

Char. "NAH, THEN! I WON'T 'AVE THEM NASTY THINGS IN 'ERE. I CAN'T ABIDE 'EM."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

PEACE AND OTHER COMPLICATIONS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Already everyone 's got peace-strain and what state we shall all be in by the time it's actually signed I haven't the dimmest. People have their own ideas of how they mean to celebrate it, and when they find that other people have the same ideas and mean to do the same things at the same time there are alarums and excursions, and things are said, and quite several people who were dear friends during the War don't speak now owing to the peace!

Par exemple, marches and processions being so much in the air, I 'd planned a lovely Procession of Knitters; two enormous gilt knitting-needles to be carried by the leaders and a banner with "We Knitted our Way to Victory!" and myself on a triumphal car dressed in white silk-knitting. And then, just as everything was being arranged at our "Knitters' Peace Procession" committee meetings, I found that Beryl Clarges had *stolen my idea* and was arranging a "Crochet Peace Procession," with an immense gilt crochet-hook to be carried in front, and a banner with some nonsense about crochet on it, and herself on a triumphal car dressed in crochet!

I said exactly what I thought before I left off speaking to her.

Then, again, everyone wants to give a dance on peace night. I 'd settled to give a big affair with some perfectly new departures, and all the nicest people I wanted have said, "Sorry, dearest, but I 'm giving one myself that night." I 've no patience with the silliness and selfishness of everybody.

Talking of dances, one 's getting a bit *dégoûtée* of Jazz bands and steps. When *ces autres* get hold of anything it always begins to leave off being amusing. There 's really a new step, however, the Peace Leap, that hasn't yet been quite *usé* and spoilt by the outlying tribes. The origin of it was a little funny. Chippy Havilland was at one of Kickshaw's Jazz dinners one night, where people fly out of their seats to one-step and two-step between the courses and during the courses and all the time. Well, while Chippy was eating his fish the band struck up that catchy Jazz-stagger, "She 's corns on her toes," and Chippy, his mouth full of fish, jumped up and began to dance. *Of course* several fish-bones flew down his throat, and while he was choking he did such fearful and wonderful things that the whole room, not dreaming the poor dear was at his *dernier soupir*, broke out clapping and shouting and then imitated him, and by the time Chippy felt better he found himself famous and everybody doing the Peace Leap, which has completely cut out the Jazz-stagger, the Wolf's Prowl and everything else.

Oh, my dearest, who *do* you think are among the crowd of married people who 're going to celebrate peace by dissolving partnership? The Algy Mallowdenes! Our prize couple! The *flitchiest* of Dunmow Flitch pairs! The *turtlest* of turtle-doves! Whenever people spoke of marriage as played out other people always weighed in with, "Well, but look at the Algy Mallowdenes."

They married on war-bread and

Government cheese and kisses (unrationed). Seriously, though, *m'amie*, I believe they'd scarcely anything beyond his two thousand pounds a year as Permanent Irremovable Assistant Under-Secretary at the No-Use-Coming-Here Office. Certainly an "official residence" and a staff of servants were allowed 'em, but when poor Lallie asked to have a ball-room built, and Algy said he simply *must* have a billiard-room and smoke-room added, one of those fearful red-flag creatures got up in the House just as the money was going to be voted and made such an uproar that the matter was dropped.

And then, having heaps of spare time at the No-Use-Coming-Here Office, Algy began to write novels and found himself at once. You've read some of them, of course? Life with a big L, my dear. Every kind of world while you wait, the upper, the under, and the half. Lallie was very glad of the money that came rolling in, but I believe she said wistfully, "How does my gentle quiet Algy know so much about this, that and the other?" And her gentle quiet Algy made answer: "Intuition, dear; imagination; the novelist's temperament."

By-and-by, however, she began to hear of his being seen at the Umpty Club and Gaston's, chatting with Pearl Preston (one of those people, you know, Daphne, who're immensely talked about but never mentioned). And then a "certain liveliness" set in at the official residence of the Permanent Irremovable Assistant Under-Secretary.

"You silly little goosey!" said Algy; "don't you see that it's not as a man who admires her but as a novelist who's studying her that I talk to Pearl Preston? She's my next heroine. A heroine like that is a *sine quâ non* in a novel of the Modernist school."

But Lallie *couldn't* see the dif between a man and a novelist, and Algy *couldn't* write his best seller without studying its heroine, and so—and so—at last our poor prize couple are in that long list that an overworked judge complained of the other day. And if you ask for the moral I suppose it's "Don't try to study character where there isn't any."

This is emphatically a season for *arms*, my Daphne, which seems quite a good little idea for peace-time! Faces and figures don't count; it's the arm, the whole arm and nothing but the arm! There are all sorts of stunts for attracting attention to round white arms, and if one has the other kind one had better go and do a rest-cure. Your Blanche is beyond criticism in that respect, as you know, and the other night at the opera I'd a *succès fou* with a big black-enamel beetle, held in place by an invisible platinum chain, crawling on my upper arm.



Tube Habitué (homeward bound). "TWO STRAPS, 'AMMERSMITH."

Lady Manœuvrer is simply *ravie de joie* at the rage for arms, for her Daffodil, who's been a great worry to her (she's the only clever one, you know, all the others being pretty), has the best arms of the whole bunch. She's taken Madame Fallalerie's course, "The Fascination of the Arms," and is made to flourish hers about from morn to night, poor child, till she sometimes does a small weep from sheer exhaustion. The other day at Kempford Races, in a no-sleeved coatee with a black sticking-plaster racehorse in full gallop on her upper arm, she attracted plenty of attention and had two offers, I hear. Arms and the man, again!

A propos, Lady Manœuvrer told me yesterday she'd sent a thank-offering to one of the hospitals. "But how sweet of you!" I said. "For the restoration of Peace, I suppose?" "No, dearest," she whispered; "for the restoration of the London Season!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"LETTS TAKE RIGA."
Daily Mail.

Yes, and let's keep it.

MURMAN AMENITIES.

THIS was to have been an essay from an igloo, describing the awful privations of the writer and the primitive savagery of his surroundings on the Murman coast. It was to have wrung the sympathetic heart of the public and at the same time to have enthralled the student of barbaric life with its wealth of exotic detail. While embodying all the best-known newspaper *clichés* appropriated to these latitudes it was to have included others specially and laboriously prepared after a fascinating study of Arctic literature.

But circumstances have blighted its early inspiration, and the article it was to have been will never be written, the telling word-pictures designed on board the transport never executed.

Figure the disgust of five adventurers who, landing at the Murman base, sternly braced to encounter the last extremity of peril and of hardship, to sleep in the snow and dig one another out o' mornings, to give the weakest of their number the warmest icicle to suck, the longest candle to chew—found themselves billeted in a room which the landladies of home would delight to advertise! Its walls were hung with such pictures as give cheap lodgings half their horror; it was encumbered with countless frail chairs and "kiggly" tables, and upon every flat surface had settled a swarm of albums, framed photographs, china dogs, wax flowers, penholder-stands, and all the choicest by-products of civilization struggling towards culture. As we were not to be frozen by exposure or immediately attacked by Bolshies, we might reasonably have expected to be asphyxiated by the Russian stove; but even this consolation was denied us, since Madame, convinced that the English are mad in their love of fresh air, consented to leave it unlit.

When first we arrived, five large soldiers with five large kits, the aspect of the room filled us with terror. The fiercest frost or foe we could have faced, but the bravest man may quail before wax-flowers and fragile tables top-heavy with ornaments and knick-knacks, and all felt that to encounter such things within the Arctic Circle was an unfair test of our fortitude. Why had not the War Office or some newspaper correspondent warned us?

Madame, however, proved to have a sense of proportion or humour; or perhaps the collection was not her own. In any case she showed no reluctance to displace family photographs or china dogs, and rapidly had the room cleared for action; so that now, when we roll about the floor in friendly struggle, it is only someone's toilet tackle that crashes with its spidery table, instead of cherished artificial fauna and flora.

Thanks to our serviceable and becoming Arctic kit and the steady approach of the Spring thaw, heralded by the preparation of spare bridges to replace the existing ones, we can defy the eccentricities of the climate. Even the language begins to reveal what might be termed hand-holds; though possibly, when the natives echo our words of greeting, painfully acquired from text-books on Russian, they are simply imitating the sounds we make under the impression that they are learning a little English.

More difficult problems arise, however, regarding questions of military etiquette. Not King's Regulations, nor Military Law, nor any handbook devotes even a sub-paragraph to light and leading upon certain points which we have here to consider every day. For example, if a subaltern glissading on ski down the village street, maintaining his precarious balance by the aid of a "stick" in each hand, meets a General, also on ski and also a novice, what should happen? What *does* happen we know by demonstration: the subaltern brandishes both sticks round his head, slides forward five yards, smartly crosses the points of his ski and then, plunging forward, buries his head in the wayside drift, while the General Officer sits down and says what he thinks. But we do not know if these gestures of natural courtesy are such as our mentors would approve. No authority has set up for us any ideal in such matters. From official rules of deportment the British soldier knows how to salute when on foot or mounted on bicycle, horse, mule, camel, elephant, motor-lorry or yak, but no provision has been made for the case of an army scooting on ski. So here we are at large in the Arctic Circle, coping with new conditions by the light of nature, and paying such perilous "compliments" to senior officers as our innate courtesy and sense of balance suggest and permit.

Further, consider the question of dress. Even the gunners, who in the late war used to wear riding-breeches of their favourite colour, no matter what it was, the kind of footgear they most fancied, and any old variety of hat they thought becoming, are shocked by the fantastic kit that is countenanced in this latitude. It must be borne in mind that most of us are old campaigners and old nomads whose tailors have grown accustomed to build us appropriate gear for various climes. Fashions for fighting in France, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, have gained a hold upon our affections, to say nothing of those



Manager (introducing music-hall turn). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, KHAGOOLA WILL NOW PROCEED TO GIVE HIS ASTOUNDING CLAIRVOYANT, MEMORY AND SECOND SIGHT ACT, AND WILL ANSWER ANY QUESTION THAT ANY MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE MAY PUT TO HIM."

Voice from Gallery. "TELL US WHERE THERE 'S A 'OUSE TO LET."



SOCIAL DIFFICULTIES IN EARLY TIMES.

British Matron (whose husband has just had his weekly coat of woad, to visitor). "I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT MY HUSBAND CAN'T SEE YOU TILL HE'S DRY."

designs for civil breadwinning or moss-dodging in Central Africa, Bond Street, Kirkcaldy or Dawson City. The consequence is that here, pretty well out of A.P.M. range, sartorial individualism flourishes unchecked. Thus the eye is startled to behold a fur headdress as big as a busby, an ordinary service tunic, gaberdine breeches, shooting stockings and Shackleton boots, going about as component parts of one officer's make-up; or snow-goggles worn with flannel trousers, or sharp-toothed Boreas defied by a bare head and a chamois-leather jerkin; or the choice flowers of Savile Row associated with Canadian moccasins.

What idea will the North Russians retain of the outward appearance of the typical British officer? How will the little Lapps, befurred and smiling, who come sliding to market behind the trotting reindeer, report of us to the smaller Lapps at home? In any case I hope we shall found a legend of a well-meaning if peculiar and patchwork people.

"Gas Stoker wanted for 11 million works, used to gas engine and exhauster; 50s. per week of seven 12-hour shifts."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

In the circumstances the reference to "exhauster" seems superfluous.

NEW AIDS TO THE ANGRY.

THE readers of the Personal Column of *The Times* were lately refreshed by the following entry:—

"WOULD the person in the green Tyrolese hat note that though it may be a custom on his own course to pocket golf-balls on the fairway, it is not done elsewhere."

For long the Personal Column has been a vehicle for appeal and regret, for affection and grief, in addition to its other manifold uses; but as an instrument of admonishment it is fresh. The tragic thing is that up to the time of going to press the green Tyrolese hat has made no reply. Either it does not read *The Times* or it has been rendered speechless. We were longing for some first-class recriminations.

The new fashion is sure to spread. For example, any morning we are liable to find this:—

WOULD the lady (?) in the purple toque note that, though it may be the thing in her home to disregard the feelings of others, the abstraction of someone else's chair at a White Sale at Blankridge's is not the thing.

And again:—

THE female with a red parasol, who thought it her duty to struggle like a wild-cat for a place on a No. 11 bus, opposite the Stores, on Friday afternoon last at a quarter to three, may be interested in learning that the service is not run solely for her.

And a more intimate note still may be struck. Something like this may be looked for:—

WILL Lydia Lopokova take pity on an unhappy and neglected wife, whose husband has stated that he would resume dining at home only on condition that the table was laid as it is laid in *The Good-Humoured Ladies?*

BEFORE.

BEFORE I was a little girl I was a little bird,
I could not laugh, I could not dance, I could not speak a word;
But all about the woods I went and up into the sky—
And isn't it a pity I've forgotten how to fly?

I often came to visit you. I used to sit and sing
Upon our purple lilac bush that smells so sweet in Spring;
But when you thanked me for my song of course you never knew
I soon should be a little girl and come to live with you. R. F.

More Dillydallying.

"Arbitration is to be adopted first in disputes between members of the League, then meditation by the Council."—*Liverpool Paper.*

THE TREACHEROUS SON.

I CERTAINLY hoped when I took up my quarters in this quiet village that there would be no jarring note to disturb the idyllic peace of my surroundings. And yet I had not been long in this pleasant sitting-room, with its outlook on blossom-laden fruit-trees, creamy-spired chestnuts and wooded down, before I became aware that a pitiful and rather sordid little domestic drama was in progress within fifty yards from my open windows. I discovered a son in the act of encouraging his aged and apparently imbecile parent to gamble with a professional swindler! Not that I have actually seen them thus engaged. As a matter of fact I have merely heard a few short remarks—and those were all spoken by the son. But, as everyone knows, even a single sentence accidentally overheard by an observant stranger may give him a clearer insight into the unknown, and possibly unseen, speaker's character than could be gained from countless chapters of a modern analytical novel.

So these four sentences were quite enough for *me*. Perhaps I should mention here that the three personages in this drama are birds—which makes it all the more painful.

Like many of our British birds, the sole speaker occasionally drops into English, or I should never have understood what was going on. He may be a blackbird or thrush, but I doubt it, because I know all *their* remarks, while his are new to me. If A. A. M. heard them he would probably tell me they were those of a "Blackman's Warbler," and I should have believed him—once. Hardly now, after he has so airily exposed his title as an authority; but even as it is I should not dream of questioning his statement that "the egg of course is rather more speckled," because I can well believe that the egg this bird—whatever he is—came from was very badly speckled indeed.

It seems that, some time ago—I can't say when exactly, but it was before I came down here—this unnatural son introduced to the parental abode (which I think is either No. 5 or No. 6 in a row of young chestnuts abutting on the high road) a rook of more than dubious reputation, whom he persuaded his unsuspecting sire to put up for the night. And there the rook has been ever since. As I said, I have neither heard nor seen him, but I'm positive he 's *there*. I am unable to give the precise date on which he first led the conversation to the good old English game of "rigging the thimble"—that also was before I came. All I can state with certainty is that he interested his host in it so effectually that now the infatuated old fool is playing it all day long.

This is evident from his son's conversation; during the pause which invariably precedes it I should undoubtedly hear the father-bird (if he would only speak up—which he doesn't) quavering, "I'm not sure, my boy, I'm not *sure*, but I've a notion that, *this* time, he 's left the pea under the *middle* thimble—eh?"

On which the young scoundrel, knowing well that it is elsewhere, pipes out, "There it *is*, Fa-ther, there it *is*, Fa-ther!" with an unctuous humility shading into impatient contempt that is simply indescribable, being indeed too revolting for words.

Then, as the father still wavers, his son makes some observations which I cannot quite follow, but take to be on the fairness of the game as played with a sportsbird, and the certainty that the luck must turn sooner or later. After which he exhorts him—this time in plain English—to "be a bird." Whereupon the doting old parent decides that he *will* be a bird and back the middle thimble, and the next moment I hear the son exclaim, evidently referring to the rook, "No, 'e 's got it; no, 'e 's got it. Cheer up! Cheer up!" with a perfunctory concern that is but a poor disguise for indecent exultation. I am not suggesting, by the way, that birds are in the habit of dropping their "h's"—but *this* one does. There are times when he is so elated by his parent's defeat that he cannot repress an outburst of inarticulate devilry. And so the game goes on, minute after minute, hour after hour, every day from dawn to dusk. The amount of grains or grubs or whatever the stakes may be (and it is not likely that any rook would play for love), that that old idiot must have lost even since I have been here, is beyond all calculation. He has never once been allowed to spot the right thimble, but he *will* go on. As to the son's motive in permitting it, any bird of the world would tell you that, if you possess a senile parent who is bound to be rooked by somebody, it had better be by a person with whom you can come to a previous arrangement.

Now I come to think of it, though, I have not heard the unnatural offspring once since I sat down to write this. Can it have dawned at last upon his parent that this is one of those little games where the odds are a trifle too heavy in favour of the Table? Or can the son have sickened of his own villainy and washed his claws of his shady confederate? I don't know why, but I am almost beginning to hope . . . No; through the open window comes the well-known cry, "There it *is*, Fa-ther! There it *is*, Fa-ther! Be a bird! Be a *bird*! . . . No, 'e 's got it! No, 'e 's got it! Cheer up! Cheer up!" They are at it again! F. A.

A SHADY TENANT.

[From inquiries made by a *Daily Chronicle* representative it appears that the present demand for housing accommodation is such that people no longer draw the line at ghosts.]

THE problem at last is a thing of the past;
Doubts and fears, Geraldine, are at rest;
We can put up the banns and make definite plans,
For the love-birds will soon have a nest.
I've inspected, my sweet, the sequestered retreat
In which we are destined to dwell,
And on thinking things out I have not the least doubt
It will suit us exceedingly well.

There are drawbacks, I grant, but one nowadays can't
Have perfection, as you are aware,
And I'm sure you won't grouse when I state that the house
Is both damp and in need of repair.
I might add there 's a floor that shows traces of gore;
I discovered the latter to be
That of one Lady Jane, who was brutally slain
By her husband in Sixteen-Two-Three.

Years have passed since the time of that dastardly crime,
But the victim's intangible shade
Can be seen to this day, so the villagers say,
In diaphanous garments arrayed.
In the gloom of the room where she met with her doom
She 's appearing once nightly, it seems,
And the listener quails as lugubrious wails
Are succeeded by agonised screams.

But the trivial flaws I have mentioned need cause
No concern; I am certain that you
Will approve of my choice, Geraldine, and rejoice
In the thought that our haven 's in view.
In the likely event of your mother's descent
There 's the warmest of welcomes in store,
And a rug I 'll provide for her bedroom, to hide
That indelible stain on the floor.



A PAUSE BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION.



Small Bridesmaid (loudly, in middle of ceremony). "MUMMIE, ARE WE ALL GETTING MARRIED?"

THE NEW ARM.

(On perceiving William in mufti again and carrying one.)

WHAT is this implement of warfare, Bill?
What seed of fire within its entrails slumbers?
Does it unfold at all? Run through the drill,
Doing it first by numbers.

Not a grenade and not a parachute?
Some remnant rather of the ancient folly,
Some touch of times before the Big Dispute?
I have it now! A brolly.

Yes, and it opens outwards like a tent,
Guarding the sacred poll from skies injurious.
Up with it! Let us see your tops'ls bent.
How splendid! And how curious!

Do it again, Bill. I am better now;
Only at first, perhaps, I slightly trembled.
Press on the little clutch and show me how
The parts are reassembled.

To think men poked these things into the sky,
Fearing to face the storm's minutest particles,
Through four long hectic years, whilst you and I
Forgot there were such articles.

It brings the old times back to one again,
The grim-eyed crowd that faced the morning's dolours
Doing their very best to drip the rain
Down other people's collars;

The fond, fond pair beneath a single dome;
The fight to ride on Hammersmiths and Chelseas;
The rapture when you found on reaching home
Your gamp was someone else's.

O symbol of routine and office hours!
O emblem of the soft civilian status!
Shall I too deign to roof me from the showers
With such an apparatus?

Shall I consent to grasp within my hand
The sign of serfdom and to get the habit
Of marching like a mushroom down the Strand,
A mushroom on a rabbit?

Never. O hateful sight! And yet—and yet
I'm not so sure. This month has been a dry one;
June will most probably be beastly wet;
P'r'aps, after all, I'll buy one. EVOE.

East is East.

"The Girl Guides are doing well . . . Another guide was married this month to Corporal ——. We wish them all happiness."
Diocesan Magazine (India).

Corporal —— appears to be a specialist.

"There are persistent rumours of a plot to bring back the old régime and put either a Hohenzollern or a representative of some other Royal house on the Thorne of Germany."—*Canadian Paper.*

EX-KAISER (*loq.*): "No, thanks; I've had some."

"OXFORD FOR HOLIDAYS.—Most beautiful city in England. Good lodgings and boating. Two golf links and fishing."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We seem to remember, too, some mention of an educational establishment in connection with the place.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"There have been cases, we believe, in which the height of a person has increased after the person had reached mature age, but it has always been suspected that this was due to greater uprightness. A man who stoops always looks shorter than when he is standing quite upright. But no such explanation as this can be given for an apparent increase of the human head. If a head really requires a larger hat it must be because the head is larger."—*Provincial Paper.*



HONOUR SATISFIED.

GERMAN DELEGATE. "SIGN? I'D SOONER DIE! *(Aside)* AFTER WHICH PRELIMINARY REMARKS I WILL NOW SELECT A NIB."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 19th.—The coalminers lately received concessions in wages and hours that are going to cost the country twenty millions sterling in the present financial year. The first result of this boon (*teste* Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES) is that they are turning out less coal per man than ever, and that the unhappy consumer must look forward to a further reduction in his already meagre ration. It is rather hard upon Mr. SMILLIE, who daily dilates in the Coal Commission upon the hardships of the miner's life, that his clients should let him down like this.

For a thorough-going democrat commend me to Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY, the new Member for Central Hull, whose latest idea is that before British troops are sent to any new front the approval of the House of Commons should be obtained. I suspect that if, during his active-service days, some Member had proposed a similar restriction on the movements of the Fleet the comments of the gallant Commander himself would have been more pithy than Parliamentary.

The number of motor-cars at the disposal of the Air Ministry now stands at the apparently irreducible minimum of forty-two. Quite a number of the officials use train or bus, like ordinary folk; some have even been seen to walk; and there has been such a slump in "joy-riding" that when asked if ladies were now carried in the official chariots General SEELY was able to assure the House that that never happens; though I think he added under his breath—"well, hardly ever."

There was barely a quorum when Colonel LESLIE WILSON rose to introduce the estimates of the Shipping Controller. This was a pity, for he had a good story to tell of the mercantile marine, and told it very well. He was less successful on the subject of the "national shipyards," which have cost four millions of money and in two years have not succeeded in turning out a single completed ship. With the wisdom that comes after the event Sir CHARLES HENRY fulminated ferociously against the "superman" who had imposed this "disastrous scheme" upon the country.

This brought up the superman himself, Sir ERIC GEDDES, who in the most vigorous speech he has yet delivered in the House defended the scheme as being absolutely essential at the time it was initiated. It was a war-time expedient, which changing circumstances had rendered unnecessary: but if the War and the U-boat campaign had gone on it might have been the salvation of the country. After all you can't expect to have shipyards without making a few slips.



LADIES IN GOVERNMENT MOTOR-CARS.
General Seely. "WELL, HARDLY EVER."

Tuesday, May 20th.—The advance of woman continues. Very soon she will have her foot upon the first rung of the judicial ladder, and be able to write J.P. after her name, for the LORD CHANCELLOR, pointing out that in this matter the Government were bound to honour the pledges of the PRIME MINISTER, gracefully swallowed Lord BEAUCHAMP's Bill. He took occasion, however, to warn the prospective justicesses (if that is the right term) that, as the Commissions of the Peace were already fully manned, it might be some time before any large number of ladies could be added to the roll of those who, in the words of the Prayer-book, "indifferently administer justice."

Quite unintentionally, of course, Mr. BOTTOMLEY did the Government a real service in the Commons. Every day since his return from Paris Mr. BONAR LAW has been pestered with inquiries as to when, if ever, the House was to be allowed to discuss the Peace terms, and has evaded a direct answer with more or less ingenuity. This afternoon Mr. BOTTOMLEY, after hearing that the LEADER OF THE HOUSE had "nothing to add" to his previous replies, asked if he was right in supposing that, when the Treaty came up for ratification, the House must take it or leave it, and would have no power to amend it in any respect. Mr. LAW joyfully jumped at the chance of ending the daily catechism once for all. "That," he said, "exactly represents the position, and I do not see in what other way any Treaty could ever be arranged."

In anticipation of the debate on the Finance Bill Mr. SYDNEY ARNOLD sought an admission from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that the income-tax on small incomes was hardly worth retaining, owing to the cost of collection. Not at all, said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It costs six hundred thousand pounds and brings in eight million. Of course, he added, it costs more proportionately to collect small amounts than large. If the whole of the income-tax could be paid by one individual the cost of collection would be *nil*. One imagined the CHANCELLOR on the eve of the Budget wishing, *à la* NERO, that the whole of the British people had but one purse, into which he could dip as deeply and as often as he pleased.

The debate on the Finance Bill was largely devoted to the proposed "levy on capital," which a section of the "Wee Frees," who already display fissiparous tendencies, have borrowed from the Labourites. After their amendment was framed, however, Mr. ASQUITH spoke at Newcastle, and ostentatiously refused to say a word about the new nostrum. Sir DONALD MACLEAN, anxious to avoid displeasing either his old leader or his new supporters, contented himself with the suggestion that a Commission should be set up to consider the subject.



THE LONG PULL.
MR. ROBERTS RESPONDS TO HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.



Geordie (after intently watching conductor of Jazz band for some time). "AH 'VE HAD ENOUGH O' THIS. YON CHAP WI' STICK'S ONLY CODDIN'. HE'S NOT HIT ONE OF 'EM SINCE WE CAAME IN."

The CHANCELLOR had little difficulty in disposing of the amendment. He might, indeed, have contented himself with quoting the War Bond advertisements, which daily inform us that the patriotic investor "will receive the whole of his money back with a substantial premium."

The Preference proposals which Mr. ACLAND had described as bred "by Filial Piety out of the Board of Trade" received the unexpected aid of Sir ALFRED MOND, who disposed of his Cobdenite prejudices as easily as the conjurer swallows his gloves, and unblushingly asserted that the tiny Preference now proposed, far from being the advance-guard of Protection, was in reality a very strong movement towards Free Trade. Comforted by this authoritative declaration Coalition Liberals helped the Government to defeat the amendment by 317 to 72.

Wednesday, May 21st.—The Peers being as usual rather short of work at this period of the Session, the LORD CHANCELLOR introduced a Bill "to enable the Official Solicitor for the time being to exercise powers and duties conferred on the person holding the office of Official Solicitor."

The rumours that have lately appeared in the papers, to the effect that the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was contemplating revolutionary alterations at Hampton Court—in particular that he was going to transform the famous pond-garden into something quite different: a MOND-garden, in fact—are, it seems, grossly exaggerated. All that he has done is to appoint a Committee of experts to advise him what, if any, changes are desirable.

The resumed debate on the Finance Bill was enlivened by some personal details. By way of showing that even without a levy on capital the rich man bears his share of the burdens of the State, Sir EDWARD CARSON remarked that, when he receives a retainer, he immediately allows for the super-tax and enters it in his fee-book at only half the amount. He had had one that very morning. "Say it was five pounds"—and the House laughed loudly at such an absurd supposition.

Then we had Lord HUGH CECIL pointing his argument that the importance of the proposed Preference to the Dominions was political rather than economical by the remark that if he was going to be married—which he fervently hoped would not happen to him—he would expect his mythical bride to value his engagement-ring less for its pecuniary than its sentimental value.

A capital speech by Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, one of the few men in the House who talks finance as if he really understood it, wound up the debate, and procured the Finance Bill a second reading *nem. con.*

Thursday, May 22nd.—The Ministry of Health Bill came up for third reading in the Lords. An eleventh-hour attempt by the Government to provide the new Minister with an additional Under-Secretary was heavily defeated, Lord DOWNHAM being appropriately enough one of the Tellers for the Opposition.

The Commons heard some good news. Mr. RENDALL's pathetic story of an angling-party which, after walking five miles along a dusty road to its favourite hostelry, found it adorned with the now too frequent notice, "Closed—No Beer," brought a most sympathetic reply from Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS, who boldly confessed, "I am a believer in good beer myself," and later on announced that the Government had decided to increase the output from twenty million to twenty-six million standard barrels.



Farmer. "WELL, I BE MAIN GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK FROM THE WAR. I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL BE THINKING OF TAKING TO WORK NOW?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE original answer to the question at the head of these insignificant remarks was (correct me if I am wrong) nothing. "A rose," said *Juliet*, "by any other name would smell as sweet." But of course she was wrong. If a rose were handed to a visitor in the garden, with the words, "Do see how wonderful this onion is!" such a prejudice would be set up as fatally to impair its fragrance. There is, in fact, much in a name; and therefore the attempt of a correspondent of *The Daily Express* to find a generic nomenclature for domestic servants should be given very serious attention; the purpose being to meet "the objection felt by so many women servants to being either called by Christian or surname."

As a means of placating this very sensitive class the correspondent writes:—

"One nearly always calls a cook by the name of her calling. I therefore suggest that a name be adopted beginning with the first letter of the class. For example:—

Lady's-maid	Louise.
Parlourmaid	Palmer.
Housemaid	Hannah.
General	Gertrude.
Scullerymaid	Sarah."

Here we have materials for a sweeping innovation which might, if it spread, not only simplify life but reinforce the language. For why confine such terms to domestic servants? If all parlourmaids are to be called "Palmer," why not, for example, call all editors "Eddy" (very good Eddy, or very bad Eddy, according to taste)? And all London County Councillors, "Elsie"?

But let us look a little narrowly at the specimens given. "Palmer" for "parlourmaid" is good; but "Louise" does not reproduce the sound values of "lady's-maid." Some such word as "Lais" would be better, or why not "Lady-bird," which combines the desired similarity with the new euphemism "home-bird," invented to help transform domestic service to a privilege and pleasure? "Hannah" for "housemaid" is also wrong, although for "handmaid" it would be good. On the analogy of "Palmer," why not call all housemaids "How"? or even "House"? If American Colonels can be called HOUSE, why not English housemaids? For generals "Jenny" would be better than "Gertrude"; and for scullerymaids "Scully." "Scully" is quite a good name; there is a distinguished psychologist named SULLY, and there was an M.P. for Pontefract named GULLY. No scullery-maid need be offended.

It is odd how we call some persons by their profession or calling, and others not. We say "Doctor," but we do not address our gum-architect as "Dentist." We say "Carpenter," but we do not address a plumber as "Plumber." (Incidentally, all plumbers might be called Warner). We say "Gardener" and "Coachman," but we do not address an advocate as "Barrister." If we had a definite rule everything would be simple, but as we have not it is necessary to find several more names. I am not at all satisfied with *The Daily Express's* test. For example, what would a second parlour-maid be called? If three were kept they might be called Palm, Palmer and Palmist. A long vista of difficulties opens.

RUS IN URBE.

["Encouraged by the summer weather yesterday, a titled lady took her tea with some friends on the footway at Belsize Park Gardens, Hampstead. Unsympathetic passers-by, however, complained of the obstruction . . . and, following representation to the police by the public, the *al-fresco* tea-party was broken up."—*Daily News.*]

In spite of the innate conservatism of the police we are pleased to think that the seeds of a happy unconventionality, sown by this courageous lady of title, have already borne fruit.

On Thursday night, about ten o'clock, the attention of passers-by was drawn to a four-post bed, which was being trundled along the Strand by eight stalwart footmen. On it reposed the Duke of Sleepyacres. It appears that his Grace, on return from active service, found that the confined air of an ordinary bed-room engendered insomnia. He therefore conceived the idea of sleeping in the open-air and caused his bed to be placed in the centre of the Strand, opposite the entrance to the Savoy Hotel. The presence of the sleeping nobleman might have been unnoticed, had not Mr. SMILLIE chanced to pass the spot on his way from dining after a session of the Coal Commission. His eye was immediately caught by the ducal crest on the panels of the bed. Suspicious that this was a dastardly attempt on the part of a member of the landed classes to obtain sleeping-rights in a public thoroughfare, Mr. SMILLIE lodged a complaint with the police, and the Duke was removed to Bow Street.

Some mild interest has been displayed by the public in a camp which has been established by three subalterns in the roadway at the corner of Charing Cross and Northumberland Avenue. It is a small and quite inconspicuous affair, consisting merely of an army pattern bell-tent, a camp fire and a few deck chairs. Our representative recently visited the occupants to ascertain the reason for their presence. After hastily declining an offer of a glass of E.F.C. port, smuggled over from France, he inquired with polite interest whether his hosts contemplated a lengthy stay. They replied that they did. They were waiting for their demobilisation gratuities. The locality, they added, was a quiet one, where advancing old age could be met in comfortable meditation. Also the offices of Messrs. Cox, Box & Co., the Regimental Agents, were in convenient proximity, and the latest news of the gratuities could be obtained with a minimum of trouble. Up to the present the police have not interfered with them, apparently taking them for workmen employed in repairing the roadway.

AT THE PLAY.

"KISSING TIME."

For an infrequent worshipper at the shrine of Musical Comedy the atmosphere of a first night at a new, or renascent, theatre is perhaps rather too heady. There are so many potent vintages set on the board; so many connoisseurs who will offer to tell you beforehand of the merits of their favourite brands.

I confess, to my shame, that when an actor with whose gifts I am unfamiliar is received on his entrance with a storm of applause, I am not prejudiced, as I ought to be, in his favour. On the contrary I follow his performance the more judicially, and if I cannot find



THE OLD GAIETY IN A NEW HOME.
MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AND MR. LESLIE HENSON AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE.

that it corresponds to his apparent reputation I am apt (wrongly again) to conclude that the fault lies with him and not with myself.

But in the case of *Kissing Time*, after a rather dull First Act, during which I kept telling myself that I was not suffering from senile decay, I had to admit that the gods were in a great measure justified of their elect. For one thing the authors, taking a bold and original line (from the French), had produced a coherent plot; and both dialogue and lyrics were above what I understand to be the average in this kind. One expects, of course, a little Cockney licence —"pyjamas" rhymed with "Palmer's," and so on—and a certain amount of popular banality, as in the song, "Some Day" (rapturously approved); but there were excellent verses on the text, "A woman has no mercy on a man," and, I doubt not, much other good stuff which I missed because Mr. IVAN CARYLL, who conducted (and was probably thinking more of his own pleasant music than somebody else's words), did not make enough allowance for my slowness in the up-take of patter.

Mr. LESLIE HENSON was funny, and should be funnier still when the book has been cut down by about an hour and space allowed him for private developments. Miss PHYLLIS DARE was graceful and confident. One easily understood her popularity; but Miss YVONNE ARNAUD, who was a little slow for the general pace, must, I think, be more of an acquired taste.

Mr. TOM WALLS (very svelte in his French uniform) did sound work, and so did Mr. GEORGE BARRETT, a humourist by gift of nature. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, who with Mr. LAURILLARD has made out of the old Middlesex a most attractive and spacious "Winter Garden," brought with him the traditions of the Gaiety, and had a warm personal welcome. I could bear him to be funnier than he was; but as I'm sure that he's clever enough to be anything he likes I can only assume that he wasn't really trying.

I join everybody in wishing him good cheer in this "garden" of his, where, if the auguries fulfil themselves, he is not likely, even in the dog-days, to have to endure "the winter of our discontent."

O. S.

THE LAND OF MY DREAMS

I KNOW a spot where balmy air and still
Enfolds the placid dweller hour by hour
As, all unhampered in his tranquil bower,
He stretches idle limbs at ease until
The blessed peace about him calms his will
And hidden thoughts, expanding into flower,
Amaze him with their beauty, and the sour
Sharp voice of Care, that sounds far off and shrill,
Moves him to gentle mirth that men can be
So strangely foolish as to heed her call,
Regardless of their true felicity. . . .
Avoid the place, ye bores. Aroint ye all!
Afflict not one to this dear haven fled,
My private earthly paradise—my BED.

"Quarrymen (experienced) Wanted, wages 1*s.* 5½*d.* per hour; constant employment for good men. No bankers need apply."
Country Paper.

Why this marked discrimination against bankers? We have known several who were most respectable.

THE RENAISSANCE.

THE unexampled rapidity with which, owing to the opportunities of war-time, men in all walks of life have reached the top of the tree in early manhood is leading on to strange but inevitable results. Unable to rise any higher they are already contemplating the heroic course of justifying their eminence by starting afresh at the bottom of the ladder.

The crucial and classical example is, of course, furnished by our Boy Chancellor. It is an open secret that, with that sagacious foresight which has always characterised him, Lord BIRKENHEAD recognises the impermanency of his exalted position and is resolved when and if he leaves the Woolsack to resume practice as a Junior. It is further rumoured that some of our judges intend to follow his august example. The atmosphere of the Bench is not always exhilarating, and the salary is fixed. But a self-effacing altruism doubtless also enters into their motives.

The impending exodus from Whitehall is another factor in the situation. Scores of demobilised "Ministerial angels" will soon be released, and are meditating fresh outlets for their benevolent energies. Many of them are young and some beautiful. The romance of commerce and of the stage will prove a potent lure. Never has the demand for an elegant deportment and urbane manners in our great shops and stores been more clamant; never has the standard been higher. Our ex-officials may have to stoop, but it will be to conquer. We can confidently look forward to the day when no shop will be without its DEMOSTHENES, ALCIBIADES or its CICERO. Opportunities for employment on the stage are likely to be multiplied by the alleged intention of several actor-managers to enter Parliament, while others, nobly anxious to satisfy the claims of youth, have expressed their resolve only to appear henceforth in such subsidiary parts as dead bodies and outside shouts.

In the domain of letters some startling developments are also threatened on similar lines. Mr. WELLS, always remarkable for his refusal to commit himself to any finality in the formulation of his opinions, has, it is said, decided to devote his talents in future exclusively to the composition of educational works in words of one syllable, and where possible of three letters. He is also contemplating a revised and simplified edition of his novels, beginning with *Mr. Brit Sees It Thro'*. Mr. SHAW'S fresh start will be the greatest surprise of all. He intends to go to Eton and Oxford, and, as a don, to combat the tide of Socialism at our older Universities. Mr. BELLOC, it is reported, has re-enlisted in the French Artillery, and Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has accepted a commission in the Dutch mercantile marine.

The future of Mr. ASQUITH has given rise to a good deal of speculation in the Press, but we are in a position to state that he does not intend to re-enter politics or to resume his practice at the Bar, but has resolved to return to his first love — journalism. Sport is the only department in which the ornate and orotund style of which Mr. ASQUITH is a master is still in vogue, and the description of classic events in classical diction will furnish him with a congenial opening for the exercise of his great literary talent.

The rumour that Mr. BALFOUR, on his retirement from the post of Foreign Secretary, will take up the arduous duties of caddie-master at St. Andrew's is not yet fully confirmed. Meanwhile he is known to be considering the alternative offer of the secretaryship to the Handel Society. In this context it is interesting to hear that, according to a Rotterdam agency, Sir EDWARD ELGAR has just completed a series of pieces for the mouth-organ, dedicated to Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, which will, it is hoped, be shortly heard in the luncheon interval at the Coal Commission.



"EXCUSE ME, OFFICER, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN ANY PICKPOCKETS ABOUT HERE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF MARKED 'SUSAN'?"

A SPORTING CHANCE.

Dear Alec,—Jolly glad to hear you're coming home. I beat you after all, though. I suppose I was looking particularly pivotal when I saw the D.O., because he let me through at once.

Will you go back to the Governor's office?

Yours ever, Garry Norton.

Dear Garry,—Haven't the faintest; but before settling down I'm going to have a week or two, either sailing or fishing, so as to try to shed the army feeling, and I think you'd better come with me. I've saved no end of shekels, and I'm going to give old Cox a run for his money (the bit that's mine, I mean, that he's been keeping for me).

If you can find a likely craft, mop her up for me, old bean, and we'll have a hairy time somewhere on the S.W. coast.

Yours in haste, Alec Ridley.

Dear Alec,—I wish you'd be less vague. What sort of a boat do you want—schooner, yawl, cutter or spoon-bill? A half-decker, or the full five quires to the ream? Give me definite instructions and I'll do my best to carry them out. I'm afraid I can't get off, so you'll have to take someone else, or incarnadine the seas by yourself. Yours as ever, Garry.

Dear Garry,—Sorry to hear you can't come. Any kind of a boat that will go without bouncing too high will do, and if it has a rudder, a couple of starboard tacks, bath and butler's pantry so much the better. I mean to wash out the memory of those nine months at Basra last year with the flies. Yours, Alec.

Dear Alec,—What you want, my lad, is a houseboat, and I doubt whether you'll get one during this shortage of residential property.

I should try fishing if I were you. In fact I have taken a bit of water for you in Chamshire. I haven't seen it, but am told it's very all right and only twenty pounds till the 10th of June.

Yours ever, Garry Norton.

Dear Garry,—This is a top-hole place. To have got this water for so little you're absolutely the Senior Wangler.

You might send me some mayflies, o'd dear; about half a pint I shall want, judging from the infernal number of bushes on the river banks here. Mr. Mills's bombs have put me right off my cast and I can't do the old Shimmy shake either somehow. I can hear the click of croquet balls in the Vicarage garden as I write, so the hooping season has begun.

There's one other chap staying in the pub. Talks and dresses like a War profiteer. Seems to be doing nothing but loafing about at present.

Yours ever, Alec.

Postcard.

Have ordered the mayflies and will send them soon as poss. G. N.

Dear Garry,—Thanks for yours. Not so anxious about mayflies now, but should be glad if you would send me a pound or two of the best chocolates.

Having good sport.

In haste for post,

Yours, Alec.

Dear Alec,—I enclose a couple of pounds of extra special chocolates, but didn't know they were included in the Angler's Pharmacopœia.

Glad you are having good sport and justifying my choice of water.

Yours as usual, Garry.

Dear Garry,—Thanks for chocs. The Vicar called the other day, and I have caught several cups of tea on the recoil at the Vicarage since. Miss Stevenson, his ewe-lamb, is A1, and we have had some splendid sport together. We caught eleven beauties yesterday; one was over 19½ inches.

Post just going out.

Yours in haste, Alec.

P.S.—Another couple of pounds of chocs would be useful.

Dear Alec,—Awfully glad to hear the fishing is so good. I shall expect a brace of good long trout for breakfast one of these days.

Yours, Garry.

Dear Garry,—Who said anything about fish? I sub-let the water (at a profit) to the War-profiteer three days after arriving.

Miss Stevenson, with a brace of bouncing terriers, is outside whistling for me, so I must put the lid on.

Yours, Alec.

Dear Alec,—What's the idea? You say you let the fishing a fortnight ago; but last Wednesday you wrote about catching eleven beauties, one over nineteen and a half inches long. Some trout—what? But why the terriers?

Yours in darkness,

Garry Norton.

Postcard.

Rats. Alec.

"When Greek Joins Greek."

"The Red Cross announces that the repatriation of Greeks forcibly removed from their homes in Eastern Macedonia has been virtually completed despite Bulgarian opposition. The reports says the Greek Red Cross rendered invaluable aid in looting imprisoned Greeks hidden remotely."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

THE NAVY AT CAMBRIDGE.

When first I joined the R.N.V.
And ventured out upon the sea,
The war-tried Subs. R.N. and Looties
Who guided me about my duties
Were wont to wink and chuckle if
I found the going rather stiff;
And when, upon the Nor'-East Rough,
My legs proved scarcely firm enough
To keep me yare and head-to-wind
The very nicest of them grinned.

Now times are changed, and here I am
Once more beside the brimming Cam,
Where lo, those selfsame Loots and Subs
Whirl madly by in punts and tubs,
Which they propel by strength of will
And muscle rather more than skill.
For (if one may be fairly frank)
They barge across from bank to bank,
With zig-zag motions, in and out,
As though torpedoes were about;
Whilst I with all an expert's ease
Glide by as gaily as you please,
Or calmly, 'mid the rout of punts,
Perform accomplished super-stunts.

But do not think I jibe or jeer
However strangely they career.
In soothing accents, sweet as spice,
I offer them my best advice,
Or deftly show them how to plant a
Propulsive pole in oozy Granta,
Observing, "If you only knew it
This is the proper way to do it;"
Till soon each watching Looty's face
Grows full of wonder at my grace,
And daring Subs in frail Rob Roys
Attempt to imitate my poise.

O war-tried Loots and Subs. R.N.,
Thus by the Cam we meet again;
And, as in wilder sterner days,
We shared the ocean's dreary ways
In fellowship of single aim,
I never doubt we'll do the same
By sunny Cam in happier times;
And therefore, if through these my rhymes
Some gentle banter slyly flits,
Forgive me, Sirs—and call it quits.

From a club journal:—

"Members will look forward to the River Trip this year as a change from a Trip to the River."

This constant craving for variety is one of the most unhealthy symptoms of the times in which we live.

From a report of the debate on the National Shipyards:—

"'The Mercantile Marine was our weakest front. If the sinking increased our unbiblical cord would be cut' (a graphic phrase this)."
Provincial Paper.

Graphic, perhaps, but hardly stenographic.



Poacher (to gamekeeper who has been chasing him for twenty minutes). "NOW, SONNY, IF YOU'VE 'AD A GOOD REST WE'LL SET OFF AGAIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. E. F. BENSON, seizing occasion as it flies, has given us, in *Across the Stream* (MURRAY), a story on the very topical subject of spiritualism and communication with the dead. As a practised novelist, with a touch so sure that it can hardly fail to adorn, he has made a tale that is interesting throughout and here and there aspires to real beauty of feeling; though not all the writer's skill can disguise a certain want of unity in the natural and supernatural divisions of his theme. The early part of the book, which tells of the boyhood of *Archie* and the attempts of his dead brother *Martin* to "get through" to him, are admirably done. As always in these studies of happy and guarded childhood, Mr. BENSON is at his best, sympathetic, tender, altogether winning. There was lung trouble in *Archie's* record—*Martin* indeed had died of it (sometimes I wonder whether any of Mr. BENSON'S protagonists can ever be wholly robust), and there is a genuine thrill in the scene at the Swiss sanatorium, where the dead and living boys touch hands over the little *cache* of childish treasure buried by the former beneath a pine-tree in the garden. Later, when *Archie* had recovered from his disease and grown to suitor's estate, I could not but feel, despite the sardonically observed figure of *Helena*, the detestable girl who nearly ruins him, that the whole affair had become conventional, and by so much lost interest for its creator. Apart, however, from the bogie chapters of Possession (which I shall not further indicate) the most moving scenes in this latter part are those between *Archie* and his father. I have seldom known a horrible situation handled with more delicate art; it is for this, rather than for its slightly unconvincing devilments, that I would give the book an honourable place in the ranks of Bensonian romance.

I quite agree with Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, whose *Mr. Sterling Sticks it Out* (HEADLEY) is a generous attempt to put into the form of a story the case of the conscientious objector of the finest type, that, when we are able to think about this matter calmly, we shall have considerable misgivings at least about details in our treatment of this difficult problem. I also agree that the officials of the Press Bureau don't come at all well out of the correspondence which he prints in his preface, and, further, that the Government ought to have had the courage to alter the law allowing absolute exemption rather than stretch it beyond the breaking point. But I emphatically dispute his assumption that the matter was a simple one. It was not the saintly, single-minded and sweet-natured C.O.'s of *Christopher Sterling's* type that made the chief difficulty. There were few of this literal interpretation and heroic texture. The real difficulty was created by men of a very different character and in much greater numbers, sincere in varying degrees, but deliberately, passionately and unscrupulously obstructive, bent on baulking the national will and making anything like reasonable treatment of them impossible. It would require saints, not men, to deal without occasional lapses from strict equity with such infuriating folk. Mr. BEGBIE'S book is unfair in its emphasis, but it is not

fanatical or subversive, and I can see no decent reason why it should have been banned. I certainly commend it to the majority-minded as a wholesome corrective.

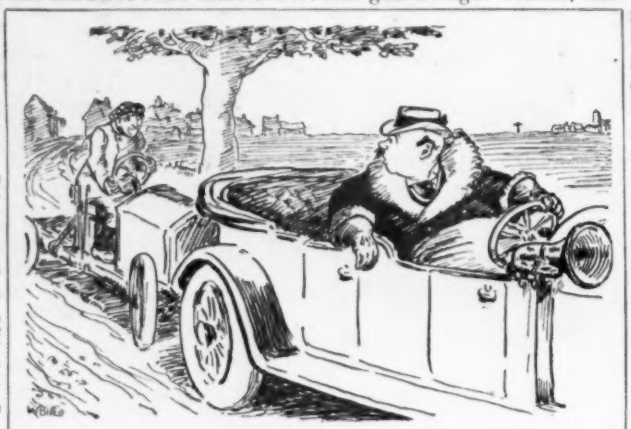
That the reviewer should finish his study of the assembled biographies of twenty-four fallen heroes of this War with a feeling of disappointment and some annoyance argues a fault in the biographer or in the reviewer. I invite the reader to be the judge between us, for *The New Elizabethans* (LANE) must certainly be read, if only to understand clearly that there is no fault in the heroes, at any rate. Mr. E. B. OSBORN describes them as "these golden lads . . . who first conquered their easier selves and secondly led the ancestral generations into a joyous captivity" (whatever that may mean), and maintains, against the father of one of them apparently, that he is apt in the title he has given to them and to their countless peers. I agree with the father and think they deserve a new name of their own; such men as the GRENFELL brothers, HUGH and JOHN CHARLTON and DONALD HANKEY did more than maintain a tradition. There is about DIXON SCOTT, "the Joyous Critic," something, I think, which will be recognised as marking a production and a surprise of our own generation—the "ink-slinger" who, when it came to the point, was found equally reckless and brave in slinging more dangerous matter. Again, I feel that there is needed a clearer motive than is apparent to warrant "a selection of the lives of young men who have fallen in the great war." Selections in this instance are more odious than comparisons; there should be one book for one hero. Thirdly, I disapprove the dedication to the Americans; and, lastly, I found in the author's prose a certain affectation that is unworthy of the subject-matter. An instance is the reference to HARRY BUTTERS' "joyous" quotation of the quatrain:—

> Every day that passes
> Filling out the year
> Leaves the wicked Kaiser
> Harder up for beer.

I like the quatrain, of course; who, knowing the "Incorrigibles," doesn't? But I did not like that reiterated word "joyous."

I should certainly have supposed that recent history had discounted popular interest in the monarchies of make-believe; in other words, that when real sovereigns have been behaving in so sensational a manner one might expect a slump in counterfeits. But it appears that Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON is by no means of this opinion. His latest story, *The Pester Finger* (SKEFFINGTON), shows him as Puritanian as ever. As usual we find that distressful country, here called *Varavia*, in the throes of dynastic upheaval, which centres, in a manner also not without precedent, in the figure of a young and beautiful Princess. This lady, the last of her race, had been adopted as ward—on, I thought, insufficient introduction—by the hero, *Sir Francis Vyse*. The situation was further complicated by the fact that in his youth he had been the officer of the guard who ought to have prevented the murder of *Sonia's* august parents, and didn't. Quite early I gave up counting how many times *Sir Francis* and his fair ward were set upon, submerged, imprisoned and generally knocked about. You never saw so convulsed a courtship; for I will no longer conceal the fact that, when he was not more strenuously engaged, he soon began to regard *Sonia* with a softening eye. And as *Sonia* herself was growing up to womanhood, or, in Mr. WATSON'S elegant phrase, "muliebrity claimed her definitely"—well, he is an enviable reader for whom the last page will hold any considerable surprise.

"ETIENNE," in an introductory note to *A Naval Lieutenant, 1914-1918* (METHUEN), gives an excellent reason for wishing to record his impressions of the "sea affair." He was in *H.M.S. Southampton* during the earlier part of the War, and "on all the four principal occasions when considerable German forces were encountered in the North Sea, her guns were in action." Very naturally he desired to do honour to this gallant light cruiser, and I admire prodigiously the modest way in which he has done it. "ETIENNE" is not a stylist; a professor of syntax might conceivably be distressed by his confusion of prepositions; but apart from this detail all is plain sailing—and fighting. I have read no more thrilling account of the Battle of Jutland than is to be found here. The author does it so well because he tells his story with great simplicity and without what I believe he would call "windiness." Best of all, he has a nice sense of humour, and would even, I believe, have discovered the funny side of Scapa, if there had been one. "ETIENNE," whose short stories of naval life were amusing, makes a distinct advance in this new work.



BORROWED THUNDER.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY HANGING ON BEHIND ME LIKE THAT?"

"I'VE BROKEN MY HORN, OLD TOFF, AND I THOUGHT YOU COULD TOOT FOR TWO."

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

GOLF IN SPRINGTIME.

MERRY little baa-lambs sporting on the grass,
Playing ring-a-roses, dancing as you pass,
Crying,
"Jones has topped his brassie shot! What a way to play!
Now then, all together, boys—Me-e-eh!"

Pretty little woollies, white as driven snow,
Following your mothers, skipping as you go,
Crying,
"Jones is in the bunker! What a lot he has to say!
Give it all together, boys—Me-e-e-eh!"

Harbingers of Springtime! innocently fair,
Frisking on the greensward, leaping in the air,
Crying,
"Jones is in the whins again! He 's off his drive to-day;
Once more let him have it, boys—Me-e-e-e-eh!"

Silly little baa-lambs! If you only knew,
One day you 'll be fatter and I 'll have the laugh on you,
Crying,
"Every time I foozled they bleated with delight.
Now they 're lamb-and-mint-sauce. Serves the beggars right!"

ALGOL.

CHARIVARIA.

"Germany will sign," says an evening contemporary, "because the Allies hold all the trumps." They also hold all the Manchurian beef, and are prepared, should the occasion arise, to export it mercilessly.

* * *

A Carmarthen man has been fined 12*s.* 6*d.* for shooting an owl in mistake for a pigeon. Defendant pleaded that in omitting to sound its hooter the owl was guilty of contributory negligence.

* * *

M. LANDRU, the Parisian Bluebeard (alleged), is said to be very morose and ill. It is felt that something or other must be worrying him.

* * *

Latest information points to the fact that Jazz has spread to the Hebrides, where two suspected cases are under observation.

* * *

"Jumpers are to be very fashionable at the seaside this year," says a fashion paper; and yet lodging-house keepers will keep on assuring us that their bed-linen is scrupulously clean.

* * *

There are still twenty-three wars in progress, declares a Sunday contemporary. The belief is rapidly gaining ground that several of them are being allowed to continue merely to spite Colonel WEDGWOOD.

* * *

Cricket, we are constantly told, must be brightened. Why not allow spectators to assault the umpires, just as if they were football referees?

* * *

So many people have expressed their intention to swim the Channel this year that there is talk of abandoning the tunnel scheme as likely to prove unprofitable.

* * *

After knocking a man down with an iron bar at Shoreditch, and being asked by the victim why he did it, the assailant again knocked him down. Really this is carrying things too far. After all, politeness costs nothing.

* * *

It appears that the Burglars' Trade Union, not to be outdone, are about to put in a demand for shorter sentences.

* * *

"Single women," says a scientific journal, "live on an average ten years longer than married women." After reading this statement, an Irishman has issued a warning against the habit of marrying single women.

* * *

Grimsby is to have a flag day for the local hospitals. It is not known who first gave them the idea of a flag day.

* * *

"The only cure for the caterpillar now destroying young oaks in Devon," says a morning paper, "is to remove the pest at once." The idea of removing the trees does not seem to have occurred to our contemporary.

* * *

Coins said to have been deposited on the Dinas Mountain, South Wales, over seven hundred years ago have just been found. This speaks well for the honesty of local residents.

* * *

The EX-KAISER has intimated to a newspaper man that he is prepared to abide by the decisions of the Peace Conference. This confirms recent indications that WILHELM is developing a sense of humour.

* * *

"Last week," says *The Evening News*, "Venus was only 100,000,000 miles away." We are ashamed to confess that we had not noticed this.

* * *

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," quotes a weekly paper. We only hope this is true, for it is impossible to afford both.

* * *

"It is wonderful that there are not more accidents," remarked a Coroner last week. But surely there are.

* * *

The extraordinary report that a domestic servant has been seen at Purley is now explained. It was merely a resident going to a fancy-dress dance.

* * *

A medical paper states that if a man was bitten by a rabid cow he would probably go mad and start grazing in the nearest meadow. Hence the name of the "Pasteur" treatment.

* * *

A dentist in a suburb that shall be nameless has a case of samples attached to the outside of his front door, with an inscription inviting people to choose a set of teeth before entering. Surely it is bad manners for anyone to pick his teeth in public.

* * *

Some distinguished players have declared in favour of larger holes for golf. Our own feeling, however, is that if there is to be any change in the hole it would be better to correct its absurd habit of slipping to one side just as the ball is dropping in.

* * *

There is said to be a craze among girls for entering Government offices. The mania, an overworked official informs us, comes on at 10.15 A.M. and lasts about four hours.



Father. "YES, TOMMY, WHATEVER YOU ATTEMPT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO LEARN, AND THAT IS BY BEGINNING AT THE VERY BOTTOM."

Tommy. "WHAT ABOUT SWIMMING?"

"Many of the suburbs and outlying districts of London are experiencing something like a plague of tiny stinging flies similar to, but even more veracious than, the familiar 'midge.' The plague is not confined to low-lying districts."—*Daily Paper.*

The very last place in which we should expect to find anything "veracious."

From a Paris letter:—

"The Majestic and the Astoria, and the other innumerable hotels which house the Allied delegations, are full of the white faces of tired secretaries, whose principles have departed, or, still worse, returned."

Evening Paper.

We protest against this reflection on the morals of our delegation.

TO PEACE, ON HER CELEBRATIONS.

"TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind"
(As Colonel LOVELACE said) if I
From festal scenes for you designed
To solitude propose to fly;
If, when the strident trumpets blare
From Hampstead Heath to Clapham Junction,
And bunting fills the ardent air,
I don't assist at that brave function.

It does not follow, let me say,
That I am loath to give you cheer;
No, in my unobtrusive way
I hold you very, very dear;
I may not join the loud parade
Nor share the crowd's ecstatic tooting,
Yet in your honour I have paid
Twelve guineas for a summer suiting.

Think not I sniff at common joys
Or that my loyal heart condemns
A nation's soul expressed in noise
And pageants barging down the Thames;
Only, while others dance and pant
To hymns that carry half a mile hence,
I never was a Corybant,
But do my worship best in silence.

So on your *festa* I shall be
Away in some sequestered nook,
Some open shrine beside the sea
Where Nature smiles with just your look;
And lie and let my thoughts go off
To where you come from—which is Heaven,
And play a quiet round of golf
And go to bed about eleven. O. S.

THE RULING PASSION.

"Norman is coming to the dance," said my wife.

"He would prefer to be shot," I answered.

"You are coming too, and I want you to look after him."

"I also would prefer to stop one."

"It will do him all the good in the world. He wants bringing out."

When Norman is alone with me he is natural and even interesting at times, but in company he is shy and self-conscious and a burden to himself and his neighbours. He is a young dentist with a large practice, and is already a well-known authority on Japanese methods of extraction. Using only his thumb and forefinger he can remove long-established teeth with so much ease and grace and such a quantity of *sangfroid* that it is a pleasure to watch him at his work. But to a social gathering he comes limp and infirm of purpose; he feels constrained to utter futile remarks with undue emphasis trailing into incoherence; he is dreadful to behold.

I did not see him until the end of the second dance. He was in the ante-room and presented a good example of protective colouring. He was standing with his back to a dark screen, and his pale face and light hair were indistinguishable against a background of flowers worked in gold thread. His attitude as he tightly grasped his programme behind him was that of a wounded dove at bay.

I signalled to him, but, although I was only a few feet away, he could not see me. He had apparently also lost all power of movement. I took him by the arm and led him to the buffet, and, although he never takes alcohol, I felt justified in forcing some brandy between his lips. This revived him a little, and he said in a well-modulated voice:

"The surface of the floor is excellent. It is rather warm and oppressive (or cold and chilly). I adore dancing; it both exercises the body and refreshes the mind; but unfortunately I have not had many opportunities of indulging in the art."

I gave him some more brandy.

A little later he recognised me and smiled. I examined his programme and found that he was engaged for the next dance to a girl who could talk to anyone on any subject; I could see my wife's hand in the arrangement. I explained the situation, piloted him to his partner and stayed with them a while. She made several openings for him in the conversation, which he immediately sealed up with monosyllables, and when she allowed her fan to slip to the floor he stepped on it. She suggested that they should take the air on the balcony, and as I left them he pulled himself together and began to tell her, in a well-modulated voice, that the surface of the floor was excellent.

Later I saw him with the same partner still on the balcony. They were both pale and silent and had apparently never moved. They seemed to be exercising an unconscious fascination on one another. My courage failed me and I went elsewhere.

Some time after I happened to be at the buffet when Norman staggered in and ordered a large brandy-and-soda. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead and he was as white as death.

"What has happened?" I asked as soon as I could attract his attention.

"It is horrible—horrible!" he gasped.

"Tell me what has happened," I commanded, grasping his shoulder.

"What has happened!" he repeated, with a hollow laugh. "I am undone. My career is at an end. I am a broken man."

"What have you done?"

"I couldn't help it," he sobbed. "We sat there for an age, an eternity, unable to speak, unable to move, unable to act. At length my nerve gave way and I—I 've pulled all her teeth out."

THE UNEMPLOYMENT SCANDAL.

[The evening papers have lately published some striking incidents regarding the struggle for existence that is undergone by certain gentlemen who are in receipt of the Unemployment Allowance.]

"WE are longing for work," said a young man who, after suffering the horrors of war for nearly four years in the Ministry of Superfluous Hotels and Hutments, has just been evacuated. "We have prepared a list of billets that we are ready to take up at a moment's notice."

From this list I select a few of the more likely situations:—

1. Hot-cross-bun maker to the Jewish colony at Whitechapel.
2. "Double-blank" man at a factory for putting spots on dominoes.
3. Muzzle-maker to the Master of the King's Buckhounds.
4. King of Albania.
5. Judge of the Bigamy Court at Salt Lake City.
6. Military Attaché to the Colonial Secretary to the German Government.
7. Deputy-Assistant Torpedo-Lieutenant to the Swiss Navy.
8. Press Censor to distinguished Field-Marshals, Admirals, etc.
9. Manufacturer of flannel petticoats to the Hippodrome Beauty Chorus.
10. Billiard-marker on a submarine.



THE INTERNATIONAL STAKES.

THE HORSE. "WELL, THIS DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH CHANCE."



Model. "I BOUGHT A PICTURE O' YOURS THE OTHER DAY, SIR." *Artist.* "REALLY! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"
Model. "GOT IT AT A LITTLE PAWNSHOP—'ALF-A-CROWN I GIVE FOR IT." (*Artist emits a sardonic laugh.*) "WHY, I 'AVEN'T BIN 'AD, 'AVE I, SIR?"

PUMPENHEIM.

WHEN Adolf Hans Pumpenheim, farmer, was brought up for trial as a civil offender it is not too much to say that a shudder passed through the members of the Summary Court, which consisted of Major Blenkin and myself. This emotion was due not so much to the unprepossessing appearance of the prisoner as to the enormity of his offence.

He was charged upon two different counts: firstly, with being in illegal possession of two tins of corned beef and one cake of soap, the property of the British Government; secondly, with having offered a bribe of fifty marks to Second-Lieutenant Robinson in order to escape arrest.

The charge was translated to the prisoner by an interpreter, who in his turn appeared to feel the gravity of the occasion. He alluded with bated breath to the topic of corned beef; he slid, so to speak, over the soap; only in the mention of the fifty marks did his voice ring out confidently, as though righteous indignation had overcome the baser sentiment of pity. Pumpenheim listened in silence. When invited to plead Guilty or Not Guilty he made no reply.

Judges are only human. I cannot state that his innocence was presumed.

The evidence was brief. A corporal of foot police, after examining the articles produced in court, pronounced them to be indubitably two tins of corned beef and a cake of soap, and further declared that he had found them in the prisoner's house, no troops being at that time billeted upon him. Second-Lieutenant Robinson deposed that upon his arrival the prisoner had thrust a fifty-mark note into his hand, accompanying the action with gestures and grimaces suggestive of bribery.

Here we all looked at Pumpenheim. His features afforded no sign of intelligence or even of interest. For his particular benefit the evidence was translated. He was further invited to question the witnesses or to call testimony on his own behalf. To these offers he responded with a shrug indicating that he waived all rights.

The court was therefore cleared, and Major Blenkin and I proceeded to consider our verdict, with no other company than the dozen empty stools which had faced us during the trial, and which represented the inalienable right of the civil population to attend the court if they pleased. Custom forbids me to divulge the finding or the sentence. It will suffice to say that justice was tempered with mercy. We were about to readmit the prisoner, his escort and the imaginary public when my partner in the suppression of crime was struck by an idea.

"Look here," asked Major Blenkin, "what about the moral aspect?"

I hesitate to argue with Blenkin about moral questions, on which he speaks with authority. I therefore awaited his next remark.

"The moral aspect," Blenkin went on, "is most important. I intend to impress this fellow. I shall tell him that if he had been a French peasant and had offered a bribe to a German officer he would have been put against a wall and shot. Do you agree?"

I considered the proposition.

"No," I said, "I don't."

Blenkin threw me a suspicious glance.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Too many assumptions," I said.

Blenkin bridled indignantly. It was on the tip of his tongue to charge me with being a pro-German. He controlled himself and rang a bell. "I shall hold to my own opinion," he remarked with some asperity.

The prisoner, his escort and the interpreter were marched in. Adolf Hans Pumpenheim created the customary diversion by turning to the right on the command, "Left turn," and the sergeant-major made the customary comments, undeterred by the prisoner's ignorance of English. The imaginary public filed in and occupied the vacant stools.

When this bustle had subsided, the finding and the sentence were read by Blenkin and duly translated by the interpreter. Pumpenheim was quite impassive, and maintained his composure throughout the small financial transaction which followed. He counted out his notes with an air of fatalism. Having obtained a receipt for the fine he made us a little bow and turned to leave the court.

"One moment," said Major Blenkin.

"*Einen Augenblick*," echoed the interpreter. Pumpenheim faced about and stood to attention.

Blenkin cleared his throat. "I will not dwell upon the moral aspect of your case," he said. The prisoner's features expressed neither relief nor surprise, but polite inquiry. Blenkin, slightly ruffled, enlarged upon the heinous nature of the crime and the leniency of the sentence. Finally he produced his masterpiece of comparison—the French peasant, the German officer, the attempted bribe, the execution. When the last grim lines of the imaginary history had been translated for him, Pumpenheim felt some observation on his part to be called for.

"So-o?" he said, "so-o?"

But I heard incredulity in his voice. Blenkin read it in his face. The prisoner did not believe a word of the tale. He was indifferent to the homily.

Blenkin, defeated, leaned back in his chair. "I give it up," he said. "You have a try at him."

I looked at Pumpenheim. His narrow eyes turned to me.

"If you had offered the money to a German officer," I said, and the interpreter repeated the words—"if you had offered the money to a German officer he—might—have—taken—it."

Slowly a look of comprehension crossed the face of Adolf Hans Pumpenheim. It was like sunrise upon his grey and stubbly countenance, where three days' growth of beard had thriven in the soil of the guard-room. He was not altogether happy, for he had been found guilty and had paid a fine. But in the course of this ceremony, which appeared to him mystical and obscure, he had encountered one familiar idea, one thought within his power of understanding. Rectitude was a stranger to him, but corruption an old friend. He was not abashed; rather, on the contrary, he was cheered and encouraged. I could see that his heart warmed to me in particular, and I believe that but for his respect for the Court he would have paid me the compliment of a wink.

"Let him go," said Blenkin; and the Court adjourned for lunch.



"SETTLED PEACE! I TELL YOU THERE'S NO SUCH THING. I BURIED THE HATCHET WITH MY STEP-MOTHER AFTER TEN YEARS, AND NEXT MORNING SHE WROTE, 'I'M GLAD YOU'VE SEEN THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS.'"

"At Newcastle, this afternoon, the airmen had a great reception. The Lord Mayor handed each a book of views of Newcastle and a box of cigarettes."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Who says England is not a land for heroes to live in?

The Editor regrets.

A few weeks ago there appeared in *Punch*, under the title "A Germless Eden," some verses sent in by an unknown contributor. The Editor is now informed that the original version of these lines was the work of Mr. ARTHUR GUITERMAN, of New York, who published them in 1915 with Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS in *The Laughing Muse*, a collection of his humorous verse. The Editor begs both author and publishers to accept his sincere regrets.

From a summing-up:—

"If the plaintiff was telling the truth, he had only himself to blame."—*Provincial Paper.*

If judges say this sort of thing, no wonder perjury is on the increase.



"'ERE, EASY ON A MINUTE; WE AIN'T SHOOK 'ANDS YET."

MÉLISANDE'S POINT OF VIEW.

"ABOUT rabies," said Angela.

"Well?" said I patiently.

"Well, about Mélisande," said Angela.

"What about Mélisande?" I replied.

"Oh, you know quite well what about Mélisande," said Angela; "about her and Peggy playing so much together. Is it quite wise, do you think? I've been bothering about it for some days now; cats are such queer things and a cat with rabies would be so dreadfully dangerous."

"There I quite agree with you," I answered meditatively. "Though I have rather excepted Mélisande from the general rule I have always considered a cat an exceedingly dangerous animal, and a cat with rabies is, of course, ten times worse; it simply oughtn't to be allowed."

"I felt sure you would agree with me," said Angela.

Mélisande is a staid creature of placid demeanour and generous proportions. It had never occurred to me hitherto to associate her with rabies, and I still felt that she herself would scoff at the idea.

We were gathered round the fire, my wife, my daughter and I; Angela seated on what is known, I believe, in upholstering circles as a humpty, while Peggy lay on her tummy on the floor, pencil in hand and a sheet of paper before her; she was chewing the pencil with the ruminating air of one who awaits inspiration. I myself occupied the armchair.

"You know," said Angela presently, "I think Mélisande has seemed worried about something the last few days. I do hope the poor dear isn't bothering about rabies. One so often hears of people actually producing a disease merely by thinking a lot about it. By the way, I'm told that one of the earliest manifestations of rabies is a desire to bite inanimate objects; if we see her doing that we shall know that the time has come to act."

At this juncture Mélisande entered the room through the open window.

Her manner exhibited a curious blend of dignity and caution; I could more readily have suspected my own mother of having rabies. She advanced slowly towards us till suddenly her eye lighted on Peggy, who still chewed her pencil awaiting inspiration.

Mélisande stopped as though she had been shot; I could only surmise that the sight of Peggy thus occupied had confirmed her darkest suspicions. With one wild shriek of terror she fled from the room.

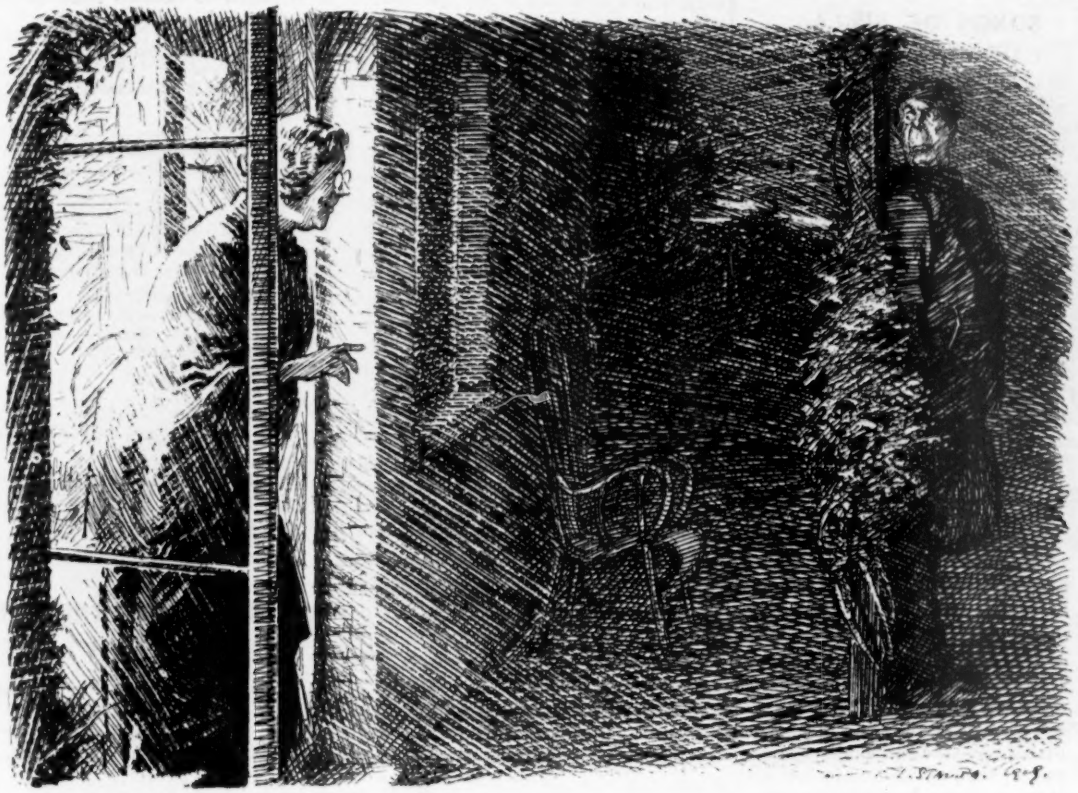
THE NEGLECTED PROBLEM.

O dear and delectable journal that daily
  Appeasest my hungering mind
With items recounted or gravely or gaily
Of doings at Margate, Mayfair or Old Bailey,
  Or paragraphs rare and refined
On "Who will the forthcoming cinema star be?"
"What horse to support with your shirt for the Derby;"
"How much will the next price of beer at the bar be?"
  "Are halibuts blind?"

A question arises I prithee examine
  And ponder the pull that it has
Over headings like "Foch and Parisian Gamine,"
"Are Bolshevists *really* believers in Famine?"
  Or "Vocalist Lynched at La Paz."
I look for it oft and in vain and say, "Blow it!
There *must* be an answer and England should know it."
Here, then, is the problem that's haunting the poet:
  Does Germany Jazz?

"William Henry ——, aged 110, fell off a tree whilst out playing with other boys and broke his right leg."—*Provincial Paper.*

We hope it will be a lesson to him for the rest of his life.



Gentle Creature (who fancies she has heard the customary sound of her cat tapping at the window to be let in). "NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY ADOLPHUS! COME IN AT ONCE, LIKE A GOOD BOY!"

BIRD NOTES.

NATURE STUDY has recently been recommended by a well-known Daily Paper as a means of gradual relaxation from war-worry. Mr. Punch would therefore like to contribute for so noble an end a few ornithological notes, having for a long time been addicted to the observation of bird-life.

CUCKOO.—This bird, which obtained its name on account of the similarity of its note to that of the Cuckoo-clock, was one of the earliest sufferers of the housing problem, which it successfully solved by depositing its eggs in the nests of other birds.

SEAGULL.—When the eggs of this bird are hatched the mother-parent feeds its young on the glutinous substance that oozes from sea-weed—hence "Mother Seagull's Syrup."

THROSTLE.—*See* THRUSH.

PIGEON.—This bird was used as a message-carrier with great success during the War. An attempt to cross it with the Parrot, to enable it to deliver verbal messages, was unfortunately a failure.

SPARROW.—Bird-fanciers experience great difficulty with this bird when kept in captivity, as it frequently develops jaundice, in which case it can only be sold under the name of "Canary," at a big difference in price.

GUILLEMOT.—The name "Guillemot" is derived from the French word "*Guillemot*," which means a Guillemot.

LARK.—The protective instinct in this bird is very marked. Although nesting on the ground it soars high into the sky for the purpose of leading aviators and balloonists away from its young.

GOLDFINCH.—A favourite cage-bird. The best method of catching the goldfinch is to wait until it settles on the lowest branch of a tree, then approach it from behind and gently tap its right wing with your right hand. This causes it immediately to turn its head to see who has touched it; you can then bring up your left hand unnoticed, into which it falls an easy victim.

BULLFINCH.—Another popular cage-bird. The best method of capturing it, which differs widely from that in use with the Goldfinch, is as follows:—Hang head downwards from the fork of an old tree in order to resemble a dead branch, having previously covered yourself with some adhesive matter. In this position you should wait until as many Bullfinches as you want have settled on your clothes and stuck there; then climb down from the tree and have them scraped off into a large cage.

BARN OWL.—This bird invariably builds its nest in empty houses. There will be no nests this year.

STARLING.—Threepence was placed on the head of this destructive bird last year in many parts of England. The old way was to put salt on its tail.

BLUE TITMOUSE.—The nest of this active little bird is often situated in most extraordinary places. It is frequently found inside village pumps, and in consequence is much persecuted by local milkmen. It is feared that unless *The Daily Mail* can be persuaded to take up the cause of this unfortunate bird it will soon be faced with extermination.

ROOK.—The chief difference between this bird and the Crow is found in the way in which its name is spelt.

THRUSH.—*See* THROSTLE.

SONGS OF SIMLA.

II.—SIMLA SOUNDS.

I HAVE heard the breezes rustle
O'er a precipice of pines,
And the half of a Mofussil
Shiver at a jackal's whines.

I have heard the monkeys strafing
Ere the dawn begins to glow,
And the long-tailed langur laughing
As he lopes across the snow.

I have heard the rickshaw varlets
Clear the road with raucous cries,
Coolies clad in greens or scarlets,
As a mistress may devise.

Well I know the tittle-tattle
Of the caustic muleteer,
And the Simla seismic rattle
Is familiar to my ear.

Though to-day my feet are climbing
Bleaker heights and harder roads,
Still the Christ-church bells are chiming,
Still the mid-day gun explodes.

But the sound which echoes loudest
Is the sound I never knew
Till I lunched (the very proudest)
With the Staff at A.H.Q.

'Twas a scene of peace and plenty,
Plates a-steam and spoons a-swoop;
'Twas a sound of five-and-twenty
Hungry Generals drinking soup.

J. M. S.

WAITING FOR THE SPARK.

(*With thanks to the London Telephone Directory.*)

I DOUBT if you have ever taken the book seriously, dear reader (if any). You dip into it for a moment, choose a suitable quotation and scribble it down with a blunt pencil on your blotting-pad; then you wind the lanyard of the listening-box round your neck and start talking to the germ-collector in that quiet self-assured voice which you believe spells business success. Then you find you have got on to the Institute of Umbrella-Fanciers instead of the Incorporated Association of Fly-Swatters, which you wanted, and have to begin all over again. But that is not the way to treat literature.

In calm hours of reflection, rather, when the mellow sunlight streams into the room and, instead of the dull gray buildings opposite, you catch a mental glimpse of green tree-tops waving in the wind, and hear, above the rumbling of the busy 'buses, the buzzes . . . the bumbling . . . what I mean to say is you ought to sit down calmly and read the book from cover to cover, as I am doing now.

For it isn't like a mere Street Directory, which puts all the plot into water-tight compartments, and where possibly all the people in Azalea Terrace know each other by sight, even across the gap where it says:—

Here begins Aspidistra Avenue,

like the lessons in church.

Nor, again, is it like *Who's What*, where your imagination is hampered and interfered with by other people butting in to tell you that their recreations are dodging O.B.E.'s and the Income Tax Commission. Publications: *Hanwell Men as I knew Them.* Club: The Philanderers, and so forth. This cramps your style.

But the book before us now is pregnant with half-hidden romances, which you can weave into any shape that you will, and, what is more, it is written in a noble beautiful English which you have probably never had time to master. I want you to do that now. Suppose, for instance, that in private life your hostess introduced you to Museum 88901 Wilkinson Arthur Jas.—let us say at a Jazz tea. And suppose you were to ask him what his business was, and he told you that he was an Actnr and Srvyr or a Pprhngr. Probably you would be surprised; possibly even you wouldn't believe him. But it's all there in the book.

The type too is diversified by sudden changes which intrigue me greatly. All over London I like to fancy little conversations of this sort are going on:—

Hop 1900 Tomkinson Edward C.—"Hello, is that TOMKINSON EDWARD C.?"

GERRARD 22001 TOMKINSON EDWARD C.—"SPEAKING."

Hop 1900 Tomkinson Edward C.—"The Whlsl Slvrsmths?"

GERRARD, ETC.—"DON'T SPLUTTER LIKE THAT. WHO ARE YOU?"

Hop, etc.—"I'm Tomkinson Edward C. too. Little Edward C. of Hop. The Tbenst. I only wanted to have a talk with you, big brother."

Or sometimes it takes the shape of a novel, starting something like this:—

Kensington 100110 Williams Miss, Tpst., a beautiful but penniless girl, in love with—

Regent 8000 Air Ministry, Ext. 1009, a young aviator who has won the Mlty. Crss. (2 Brs). Their path is crossed by—

City 66566 (12 lines), BLENKINSOP JEHORAM AND CO., Fnncrs. Blenkinsop wishes to marry Miss Williams, on account of a large legacy which he has reason to believe will come to her from

Mayfair 5000 Dashwood-Jones H. See Jones H. Dashwood, and so on.

Sometimes, again, as I plunge still deeper into the fascinating volume, a poem seems to fashion itself and leap from the burning page. Listen.

She hears not Park appealing
Nor Gerrard's wail of woe,
Her heart is on to Ealing
89200;

For there her true love (smartest
Of lel plmbrs) speaks;
For him our switch-board artist
Puts powder on her cheeks.

For him, the brave, the witty,
When evening's shadows drop
She flies from Bank and City
To tread some Western hop.

For him her spirit ranges
Through realms of blissful thrall,
And that is why Exchange is
Not getting Lndn Wll.

Little her mthr——

I'm sorry, reader; I really and truly am. There's my trunk call . . . "Hello. No, I can't hear . . ."

We must finish it some other time, and you must try READING THE BOOK for yourself srsly please.

"Hello! Hello! Hel-*lo!*" . . .

EVOE.

THE VISIONARY TRIUMPH.

"THIS," he said, "is my favourite dream."

We were discussing our favourite dreams and prepared to listen.

"It is always," he went on, "the same—a cricket match: and the older I get and less able to play cricket, the oftener I have it. It is a real match, you must understand—first-class cricket, with thousands of spectators and excitement; and it is played a very long way from my home. That is an important point, as I will explain.

"I am merely one of the spectators. How long I have been watching I cannot say, but the match is nearing the end and our side—the side which has my sympathies—is nearly all out, but still needs a few runs to win.

"What the side is I cannot clearly tell; all I know is that it is my own county, I mean the county from which I come—say Kent—and the match is at Old Trafford or Bramall Lane, against either Lancashire or Yorkshire. But the important thing is that my side is a man short. This man either has been taken ill or has had to go away because of a bereavement. I am not clear as to that, but he is not there, anyway, and unless a substitute can be found Kent will be at a disadvantage and may lose."

We all got ready to say something.

"Oh, yes," he interpolated hurriedly, "I know, of course, that a substitute may not bat for another at the end of a match, but this is a dream, remember. That, perhaps, is what dreams are for—to provide the limited and frustrated life of the daytime with the com-



Mother. "GEORGE WERE ALWAYS A TURRIBLE ONE TO CLEAN 'ISSELF; BUT THE ARMY DO SEEM TO 'AVE MADE UN WORSE."
Father. "AH! 'E GIVES WAY TO IT."

pensations of limitless adventure and success."

"Order!" we cried.

"I beg pardon," he said, and returned to the vernacular.

"Very well; that is the scenario. Meanwhile the last two batsmen are in—the Kent captain and another: that is to say, the last two, unless another is forthcoming. And still there are six runs needed—five to tie and six to win. The excitement is appalling. Everyone in the vast concourse is tense. It is at this moment that the captain is bowled."

He stopped to wipe his forehead.

"What happens then?" he continued. "You would think the match was over. So it would be on any ordinary ground and under ordinary conditions, and particularly so if that umpire in the Sussex and Somerset match the other day were officiating. But he is not, and this is a dream. What happens is that the Kent captain, instead of returning to the Pavilion, stops and talks to the other captain and then he leaves the pitch and begins to walk towards the ring. When he reaches the ring, some way from me, he begins to ask loudly, 'Is there a Kent man here who can play at all and would help us out?' I can hear him at first only faintly; then, as he gets closer, I hear more clearly, 'Is there a Kent man here who can play at all and would help us out?' My heart beats faster and faster and I am nearly suffocated with suspense as he approaches, because I am a Kent man who can bat a bit, and to play for my county has always been my desire, and I am afraid that someone else will volunteer before the captain reaches me.

"You see now why the match has to be played so far away from home. If it were Kent *v.* Middlesex at Lord's, for example, there would be loads of Kentish men on the ground. But not so many up in the North.

"I always wonder why the captain does not begin in the Pavilion, but he does not. He comes straight to the ring. Every moment he is drawing nearer and no one has offered himself; and then at last he gets to me and I stand up and say that Kent is my county and I can play a bit and would like to help. He hastens to accept my offer, and I take his bat and pads and gloves and go to the pitch, amid the cheers of the crowd.

"At the wicket I am received with hearty greetings by the rival captain (this is a dream, remember), and I take middle. Then I look round the field with perfect composure, as I have always seen the best batsmen do, and have always wanted to do myself. I am the coolest thing there.

"The situation is electrical. Six runs are needed and I am the last man. The bowler against me is a demon and I am dead out of practice and by no means fond of being hit on the body. He begins his run towards the wicket, and the ball leaves his terrible long swinging arm and comes towards me like a shell. I raise my bat, get it on the half-volley right in the middle, hit it clean over the Pavilion for six, and the match is won.

"That is my favourite dream."

"No wonder," we said.



Gambler's Wife (after reading result of the Derby). "TAKE THE PARROT OUTSIDE, NELLIE. THE MASTER WILL BE HOME DIRECTLY AND THE HORSE HE BACKED HAS COME IN LAST."

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

ROLLING stones like Edward Ross
Never gather any moss.
He was one of those who think it 's
Easier to gather trinkets—
Silver watch or golden chain,
Purse or bag or châtelaine;
So that at the age of thirty,
Though his clothes were old and dirty,
Yet there were no flies upon
Edward, as you 'll see anon.

Just before the Mons Retreat
He emerged upon the street
From His Majesty's Hotel,
Where they 'd kept him safe and well,
Gratis. But, in spite of this, Ted
Caught the fever and enlisted.

'Twas our gallant pocket-sniper's
Fate to find himself at Wipers,
And because he showed no fear
He was made a pioneer.

For the very sight of wire
Always set his soul afire
(We are bound by early habits—
It reminded him of rabbits);
If the Huns but showed an inch of it
Teddy took what he could pinch of it,
Which was all, for, as I 've said,
Flies were not at home on Ted.

Once our friend, by sad mishap,
Fell into a German sap,
And, on rising to depart,
Found a pistol at his heart.
Feeling almost at a loss,
"Kamerad!" said Edward Ross.

Through some miles of trench they went
Till they reached a swagger tent
Where a German General sat
In a highly polished hat
(Clearly an important man),
Studying a priceless plan.
Ted, who felt he simply hated him,
While the man interrogated him,
Quite adroitly picked the plan off
That astonished Hun and ran off.

Teddy's captor, who to stop him
Simply had to shoot and drop him,
Fired his pistol twice, but clicked it
All in vain, for Ted had picked it—
Picked the tool that looked so grim
After they had collared him,
While his escort dodged a dud
Outside in the Flanders mud.
For on Ross, remember, please,
Flies were always ill at ease.

But the crowning insult he
Added to the injury
Still remains to tell. As Teddy
Snatched the priceless plan and fled, he
Also pinched the polished hat,
Saying, as he vanished, that,
When in England far from here,
He would like a souvenir
Of the pleasant time he 'd spent
In a German General's tent,
As a proof for English eyes
That he wasn't telling lies.

Though pursued by two or more
Furious German Army Corps
'Twere superfluous to say
That our hero got away,
For on coves of Edward's mettle
Flies are ill-advised to settle.

"HOUSE Parlourmaid wanted; most comfortable home; small family; good outings; last one 7 years."—*Times.*
Quite a nice little holiday.



THE BEAR TURNS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 26th.—On the whole I do not think that Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES, who has now definitely succeeded Sir ALBERT STANLEY as President of the Board of Trade, is to be congratulated on exchanging the academic serenity of McGill University for the turmoil of Whitehall (Bear) Gardens. The modified system of Protection introduced under the stress of war seems to please nobody. While Colonel WEDGWOOD complained that the price of gas-mantles (of which I should judge him to be a large consumer) has gone up owing to the prohibition of foreign imports, others objected that licences were issued so lavishly as to cause British producers to be undersold in the home-market by their American, Japanese and Italian rivals.

To avoid treading upon any of these varied susceptibilities the great AUCKLAND had to execute a sort of diplomatic egg-dance; but he did it with consummate skill and temporarily satisfied everybody with the promise of a full statement upon trade policy so soon as Peace has been signed. I hope this won't make the Germans more dilatory than ever.

At the Press Gallery dinner the other night the SPEAKER, who was the guest of the evening, recalled the three golden rules for Parliamentary orators—"Stand up; speak up; shut up"; and added that while some Members paid very little attention to the second of them there were a few whose stentorian tones he would like to borrow in case of a disturbance. But really I don't think he need worry. To dam a rising tide of "Supplementaries" this afternoon he called the next name on the Order-Paper; and his *crescendo* effect—"Mr. Grattan Doyle!—Mr. *Grattan Doyle*!!—Mr. GRATTAN DOYLE!!!—Mr. GRATTAN DOYLE!!!!—could not have been bettered by Mr. JACK JONES.

I hope the fighting Services are not going to revive their pre-war jealousy of one another. The tone in which Dr. MACNAMARA, when somebody asked a question about the Portsmouth "butchery department," jerked out "War Office!" was calculated to give rise to misapprehension.

The Ministry of Health Bill found Mr. DEVLIN in a dilemma. He makes it a rule never to support anything that emanates either from the House of Lords or from the Government. But on this occasion his two *bêtes noirs* were in opposition, for the Lords had decided that the new Minister should have but one Parliamentary Secretary, and the Government was determined to give him two. Whichever way he voted the Nationalist Leader was bound to do violence to his principles. And so, with that quick-wittedness for which his countrymen are justly renowned, he walked out without voting at all.

Tuesday, May 27th.—It is odd that the House of Lords, which has done so much for the emancipation of women, still refuses to allow peeresses in their own right to take part in its debates. They would have been very useful this afternoon, when two Bills affecting their sex were under discussion. An extraordinary amount of heat was developed by the Nurses Registration Bill, introduced by Lord GOSCHEN, and I am sure some of the charming ladies in the Strangers' Gallery must have been longing to produce their clinical thermometers and descend to the floor to take the temperatures of the disputants.



A DIPLOMATIC EGG-DANCE.
SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES.



"I WON'T SUPPORT ANYTHING."
MR. DEVLIN.

So far as one could gather, the Bill is the outcome of a quarrel between the College of Nurses and the rest of the profession. Who shall decide when nurses disagree?

In Committee on the Bill for enabling women to become Justices of the Peace Lord STRACHIE moved to restrict the privilege to those who have "attained the age of thirty years." The LORD CHANCELLOR strongly resisted the limitation on the ground that the Government are pledged to establish "equality between the sexes." He was supported by Lord BEAUCHAMP, who, however, thought it unlikely that any ladies under that age would in fact be appointed. I am not so sure. Who knows but that some day the Woolsack may be tenanted by a really susceptible Chancellor?

There are limits to the credulity of the House of Commons. Mr. BOTTOMLEY's assertion that many clergymen did not know whether they might marry a woman to her deceased husband's brother, and had written to him for an authoritative opinion, only excited ribald laughter.

His inquiry whether the Recess could start three days earlier, in order that Members might take advantage of the Epsom carnival to study the social habits of the people and form an opinion as to the possibility of raising revenue from taxes on racing and betting, was in better vein, and reminded old Members of the days when Lord ELCHO (now Lord WEMYSS) used annually to delight the House with his views on the Derby adjournment. Entering into the spirit of the jest, Mr. BONAR LAW replied that he regretted that his honourable friend should be put to inconvenience, but he must do what we all have to do at times, and decide whether his duty lay at Epsom or Westminster. From Mr. BOTTOMLEY's rejoinder one gathered that he had already made up his mind, and that Epsom had it.

Wednesday, May 28th.—Colonel WEDGWOOD's complaint that aeroplanes were used to disperse rioters in India was ostensibly based on the fact that, like the gentle rain from heaven, bombs fell alike on the just and the unjust, but really, I fancy, on what I gather to be his rapidly-growing belief that any anarchist is preferable to any Government. Mr. MONTAGU, however, declined to interfere with the use of a weapon which for the moment has greatly strengthened the hands of the Indian Administration in dealing with disorder, whether on the frontiers or in the cities.

The Ministry of Labour has lately introduced a course of domestic training for "wives and fiancées." The indefiniteness of the latter term offended

Captain LOSEBY, who wanted to know at what exact period of "walking-out" a lady became a fiancée. Mr. WARDLE, although the author of a work on "Problems of the Age," confessed that this one baffled him, and asked for notice.

The recent disturbance in the neighbourhood of the House by indiscreet friends of the unemployed soldier led to a rambling debate, chiefly remarkable for the hard things said by and about Mr. HOGGE, whose aim, according to ex-Private HOPKINSON, was to make soldiers uncomfortable; and for a hopeful speech by Sir ROBERT HORNE, who said that, despite the "dole," unemployment was beginning to diminish, and that four-fifths of the "demobbed" had already been reabsorbed by industry.

Then followed a lively but inconclusive discussion upon that hardy annual, the alleged sale of honours. General PAGE CROFT attributed it to the secrecy of party funds and proudly declared that the National Party published all the subscriptions it received, and heartily wished there were more of them. The weakness of his case and that of his supporters was that no specific instances of corruption were brought forward, if we may except Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S assertion that some years ago he might have had a peerage if he had paid for it.

Thursday, May 29th—A constitutional crisis is impending on the question whether the MINISTER OF HEALTH should have one Parliamentary Secretary or two; the Commons demand two; the Lords will not allow more than one, even though tempted by Lord CURZON with the bribe that the second shall sit in the Upper House. Having heavily defeated the Government on this point, the Peers then decided that Miss VIOLET DOUGLAS-PENNANT was entitled to a judicial inquiry into the circumstances that led to her retirement from the Air Force. The LORD CHANCELLOR opposed the proposal in a speech described by Lord SALISBURY as that "of an advocate rather than a judge;" but in spite or because of this the Government were beaten by 69 to 20.

Somebody ought to move for a return of the amount expended by the Government on the hire of furniture vans since the Armistice. Sir A. MOND stated that in order to release certain hotels their official occupants had been transferred to the Alexandra Palace, while the interned aliens recently housed in the Palace had been sent to certain country camps, whose late occupants (we may infer) have now gone to the hotels. It is suggested that the Office of Works should now be known as the "General Post" Office.

One can easily imagine what use a fiery demagogue would have made of the secret circular sent out some months ago by the War Office, instructing commanding officers to ascertain the attitude of their men to the trade unions in the event of a general strike. Fortunately Mr. ADAMSON is not that type of man, and he couched his criticisms in a vein rather of sorrow than of anger. There was more sting in the speech of Mr. DAVISON, and one Churchillian phrase: "They could not maintain constitutional government on the theoretical inexactitudes of kaleidoscopic politicians," which evidently pleased the originator.

Mr. CHURCHILL himself was more concerned with facts than phrases. The



Off to raise revenue—for the National Exchequer (*bien entendu*).
MR. BOTTOMLEY.

impugned circular, though he took no responsibility for its wording, was essential at the time it was sent out, for the State was bound to defend itself not against ordinary strikes, but against those which would entail universal paralysis. Turning to Russia, he described Bolshevism as a disease rather than a policy; it spread rapidly, but died out quickly and left its victims—as Colonel WEDGWOOD might be glad to know—immune for the future.

How Fact Plagiarizes from Fiction.

From the report of a Landlord *v.* Tenant case:—

"Mrs. Barkiss said she was quite willing to leave some day."—*Local Paper.*

"GATWICK MEETING.

Never has this popular rendezvous looked more beautiful, thanks to the wealth of owers on the members' lawn."—*Provincial Paper.*

We gather that it had been a bad day for backers.

RECOGNITION À LA MODE.

(*A Romance of False Perspective.*)

THE Press, ever anxious, as the guardians of public sentiment, to correct the reaction that is apt to follow upon any great outburst of popular enthusiasm, did well to describe the impending arrival of Prince Ongtong, of the Solomon Islands, with his famous mixed choir, as the second best news since the signing of the Armistice. We are glad to think that the reception of this illustrious potentate in our midst was worthy of the occasion.

There was a time when our relations with the Solomon Islanders were strained. Their pagan and, we regret to say, anthropophagous habits laid them open to a certain amount of criticism. Not many years ago Mr. Bamberger, the famous violinist, in the course of a triumphal tour in the Southern Pacific, was captured by the inhabitants of Kulambranga, detained for several weeks in captivity in a mangrove swamp, where he suffered great inconvenience from the gigantic frogs (*Rana Guppyi*) which infest this region, and was only rescued with great difficulty by a punitive expedition—conducted by Sir Pompey Boldero—when on the eve of being sacrificed to the gastronomic exigencies of his captors.

But this happily is all ancient history now. The Solomon Islanders for several years have been confirmed vegetarians, and the pronounced modification in their mesocephalic skulls and the improvement of their facial angle afford the surest guarantee against any relapse. Furthermore the instruction in music which they received from Mr. Bamberger has exerted a profoundly mollifying effect on their manners. Mr. Clutton Brock has pronounced them to be the most artistic of all the Papuans. Their paintings show a remarkable affinity to the style of Picasso and Matisse. Their choral singing is the glory of the South Pacific.

Prince Ongtong and his party, who made the journey by long sea in a flotilla of catamarans and sampans, arrived at Southampton on Saturday, where they were met by perhaps the most representative and influential gathering of public men ever seen in our times. The procession to the Town Hall was headed by Lord READING, Lord SYDENHAM, Mr. BOTTOMLEY, Mr. HOGGE, Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, Mr. SMILLIE and Mr. EUSTACE MILES. Then followed Prince Ongtong and his choir, superbly gowned in their flowing sarongs, wearing their long Papuan pampooties and followed in turn by a group of instrumentalists playing on conchs, nose-flutes and a species of



A GENERAL STRIKE ON DERBY DAY.

FROM OUR GALLERY OF INCONCEIVABLE HORRORS.

mouth-organ closely resembling the jew's-harp, but much larger and more penetrating in its quality. The crowds in the street were enormous; hundreds of strong women fainted, and the casualties are estimated at upwards of five thousand.

The proceedings in the Town Hall were brief but most impressive. After the freedom of Southampton had been conferred on the Prince by the Mayor, in a gold casket, Lord READING in a touching speech announced, amid tempestuous cheers, that the Government had resolved to signalise Prince Ongtong's services by conferring on him a dukedom and a grant of two million pounds.

Continuing, Lord READING said that the Solomon Islands had always appealed to him with peculiar magic. He believed that they were the authentic seat of King SOLOMON'S Mines, in spite of the rival claims of Africa put forward by Sir RIDER HAGGARD.

The Prince, who acknowledged the honour in fluent Melanesian, was understood to say that he had only done his duty, that he was speechless with gratitude and that he would always regard Lord READING as a brother. A *recherché* vegetarian luncheon was then served, after which Lord ROTHERMERE presented each member of the choir with a cheque for ten thousand pounds, and Mr. SMILLIE invited them to give evidence before the Coal Commission.

The Prince and party were anxious to proceed by special train to London, where rooms had been engaged for them at the Grand Palestine Hotel, but, on leaving the Town Hall, were surrounded by the crowd, which had now swelled to nearly a million and fought for the privilege of escorting the visitors to the station with such desperate enthusiasm that at a late hour on Saturday night no traces of Prince Ongtong or any of his choir could be discovered. This is all the more to be regretted as arrangements had been made for a competition between the Solomon Islanders and the Czecho-Slovakian singers, at which Lord ASKWITH had undertaken to adjudicate. All hope however of tracing the missing party has not yet been given up, and a wireless message received at Marconi House on Sunday night states that the Ringwood police had arrested a partially-clad foreigner in the neighbourhood of the Rufus-stone.

A Chance for the Homeless.

"For Sale, Hupmobile Car (1916 model), saloon body, self starter, electric light, lery on ground floor, 3 bedrooms, bathroom seater, with 2 extra chairs."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Mr. —— is forty-six and a man of business. He is chairman of the City Lands Committee, and a member of the Corporation. These things are not good training for championship lawn-tennis."—*Evening Paper.*

This applies more especially, of course, to the Corporation.

"The Duchess still looks quite a girl, and so does the Duke, particularly now that he has shaved off his tiny moustache."

Weekly Paper.

The Duke's motto: "Put me among the girls."

N. Y. D.

TRENCH-FOOT, shell-shock and the other well-known by-products of war on the Western Front always got the bulk of medical notice, while our rarer Macedonian efforts remained neglected. My friend McTurtle has nervous prostration, with violent paroxysms at the mention of leave or demobilization, and the medical profession can only classify him as "N. Y. D., or Not Yet Diagnosed (malignant)."

McTurtle is a Staff-officer. A famous Atlantic liner dumped him at Salonica in 1915, and when the first infantrymen panted through the town in search of non-existent billets McTurtle was to be seen in the window of a villa, giving bird-seed to his canary. At Salonica it is not considered good form to ask openly what a Staff-officer's job is, but he allowed friends to gather that he had an indirect connection with that fine old regiment, the Macedonian Labour Corps.

After some time (about three decorations and a mention in despatches, as McTurtle measured time) the overland leave route was opened, and the far-reaching shadow of war plunged suddenly across McTurtle's unlikely threshold. He was called upon, like many another harmless Staff-officer, to give up his simple comforts and to face hardship and suffering for a scrap of paper (authorising him to travel to Manchester). At first McTurtle was content to let the younger men of the Base make a stand against the aggression of the front line. Being the only support of an aged Colonel and no mere youth, he left it to the reckless A.P.M.'s, the dashing Camp Commandants and the carefree dare-devil Field-Cashiers to repel the infantry and gunners. But his conscience was uneasy, and indeed his apparent lack of proper feeling was commented upon by others. Once an A.D.C. handed him a white feather in the Rue Venizelos.

At length it became obvious that the Base was losing ground. The infantry and gunners, outnumbering the Staff by at least two to one, were gaining positions on each leave-party. The issue was trembling in the balance, and McTurtle answered the call. With set lips he sought the nearest orderly-room sergeant.

Before a week was out the night saw a train creeping through the gloom towards Athens and McTurtle sitting wakeful amongst four snoring infantrymen. He thought piously of the time when the Staff should reach such a pitch of organization that it would be needless—nay, impossible—for infantry to continue to exist. Towards dawn he fell into a doze, and when he woke it was light. He lowered what had been the window and looked out.

McTurtle hates heights, and in his cloistered Salonica life he had never realised that the trains of Greece ran about like mice upon a cornice. Four hundred precipitous feet yawned beneath his horrified eyes, and at his first involuntary gasp the teeth he owed to art and not to nature left him and swooped like a hawk upon a distant flock of sheep. The shepherd, a simple rustic unfamiliar with modern dentistry, endeavoured to sell them subsequently to a Y.M.C.A. archæologist as genuine antiques.

At that moment the train stopped. McTurtle thought that his loss had been noticed, but as he made his way to the kit-truck for some more teeth he discovered that a landslide barred the way. The train backed cautiously for ten minutes and stopped again. Another landslide. The leave-party remained stationary for thirty hours, eating the rations thoughtfully provided for such a contingency.

In due course McTurtle found himself on the front seat of a motor lorry breasting the spurs of Mt. Parnassus. The dizziness of his path was invisible to him, for in a Grecian summer you can see nothing out of motor vehicles but dust.

But when the lorry reached the summit of the pass the sea-breeze from the Gulf of Corinth cleared the air and he saw for the first time the peaks on one side and the gulfs on the other, with the road writhing down canyons and gorges like a demoniac corkscrew.

"Fine view, Sir," remarked the driver.

McTurtle gulped assent.

"Bit dangerous, 'o course," continued the driver chattily. "There was a steam roller went over the edge just 'ere three days ago. Nice young fellow as drove it. Beg pardon, Sir? Oh, I thought you spoke.

"Yes, 'e went too near the edge and it gave like. No nearer than we 'as to go, o' course: you watch while we pass this Frenchman. . . . There was a lad took a lorry over three weeks ago. 'Ad an attack of fever while 'e was driving and went unconscious. 'Ave you 'ad malaria, Sir? I get it something cruel meself. Comes on sudden like.

"Blimey, you 've got a touch coming on now, 'aven't you?"

At Itea, on the Gulf of Corinth, the party was ordered to return owing to a German offensive in France. McTurtle went back under chloroform. A week later it made another attempt, but was stopped by the Austrian offensive in Italy. McTurtle went back under morphia. At the third attempt it got through, but without McTurtle.

His nerve is gone, and he is marooned at Salonica. He cannot face the overland route, and he cannot get home all the way by sea just yet. In spite of all his endeavours he cannot become a naturalised Greek and stay there, because of linguistic difficulties.

But what he wants to know is, why can't the medical authorities recognise "leave-shock" as a disease and send him home by hospital ship?



First Girl. "AN' YER ACTCHERLY MEAN TER SAY THEM BOOTS COST FIFTEEN SHILLIN'?"
Second Girl. "AH, BUT THEY 'RE WORF IT—THEY SQUEAK!"

"The King has awarded a Knight Commandership of the Bath to Lieutenant-Colonel ——, C.B., in charging customers excessive prices for milk by giving short measure."
Provincial Paper.

We should have thought the Pump would been more suitable than the Bath.



SPREAD OF THE "DAZZLE" CULT.

LABOUR NOTES.

A THREAT was recently made by the representatives of the miners that industrial action would be taken unless the Government at once withdrew all troops from Russia and abandoned conscription. There has been, it appears, an unfortunate misunderstanding as to the exact meaning of the term "industrial action." On Sunday a meeting of protest against the miners' proposal was held under the auspices of The United Brotherhood of Worshipful Lead-Swingers and Affiliated Trades. Violent attacks were made by several speakers upon the Miners' leaders, and serious disruption in the Labour World seemed imminent. But when it was authoritatively explained that "industrial action," instead of meaning work, as was supposed, was a euphemistic term for striking, harmony reigned once more. It was, however, unanimously resolved that in future the expression "industrial inaction" be always used in such connection, as "action" was a word repugnant to all right-thinking Lead-Swingers, and, anyhow, calculated in such a context to give rise to confusion of thought.

* * *

A Trades Union has recently been formed to further the interests and raise the status of all who are in receipt of Government unemployment pay. It is hoped eventually to obtain a charter, and thus give professional standing to those employed in receiving such pay. In the meantime, however, the Union is working on orthodox labour lines, and arrangements are practically completed for calling a national strike of unemployed to compel the Authorities to increase the amount of the grant by one hundred per cent. In the event of a strike each member of the Union will formally week by week refuse to accept his or her money, and it is believed that the Government will quickly be brought to its knees. No special steps are to be taken against traitors to the cause who accept work. The social ostracism thereby incurred is felt to be a sufficient deterrent.

* * *

A regrettable impasse has been reached in the dispute between The Amalgamated Society of Trades Union Leaders and the Trades Unions. Mr. Blogg, speaking for the Leaders' society, stated, on leaving the Conference last night, that the outlook was black. Unless the rank and file of the Unions were prepared to meet the Leaders' demands a strike was certain. He shrank from imagining what was likely to happen if the Trades Unions were left leaderless. The responsibility, however, did not rest with the Leaders. They had made every possible concession. A four-hours' day and a salary of one thousand pounds per annum was the minimum which would be considered.

* * *

Comrade Snooks informed our representative that he was conducting negotiations on behalf of the employers, that is to say the ordinary members of the Trades Unions. He stated with a full sense of responsibility that if the Leaders went on strike all the resources of the Unions would be employed against them. On the whole the Leaders had good berths—easy work and high pay. Their demands were becoming absolutely unreasonable and must be opposed. Their methods of enforcing their demands too were to be deprecated. Only the preceding evening one of the Trades Union Leaders had become abusive and broken one of his (Comrade Snooks') windows. That sort of thing was disgusting, and in the interests of decency and order must be put down. In case of need police protection would be applied for.

A Theme for Sir Henry Newbolt.

"When HAWKER came swooping from the West."

COAL.

DARK jewel from the zone of Erebus!
What son of Dis first dragged thee from thy lair
To be a twofold benison to us
Poor mortals shivering in the upper air
When Phœbus nose-dives in his solar bus
Beneath the waves and goes to shine elsewhere?
Or if some monstrous progeny of Tellus
Found thou wast Power and made the high gods jealous
I do not know (I 've lost my Lemprière),
Nor if the fate that thereupon befell us
Was for each load of coal two loads of care;
Yet oft I wonder if beyond the Styx
The price of thee is three pounds ten and six.

Sun worshipper am I, and serve the gods
Of stream and meadow and the flowery lea,
Of winding woodways where the loosestrife nods
In summer and in spring the anemone,
And thymy sheep-paths where the ploughboy plods
Home to his frugal but sufficient tea.
Not for a crown, grim coal, would I pursue thee
In subterranean passages and hew thee
Mid poisonous fumes and draughts of tepid tea.
Yet were I all undone should I eschew thee;
Someone, in short, must dig thee up for me;
And, if he deems it worth a pound a day,
Well, who am I to say the fellow nay?

The sailor heaves on Biscay's restless bay;
His breeks are tarry but his heart is kind;
The farmer grouses all the livelong day
Howe'er with untaxed oof his jeans are lined;
The shop-assistant works for paltry pay,
Though of all manners his are most refined;
But all of them can quaff the undefiléd
Sweet air of heaven and gaze with thankful eyelid
On azure skies and feel the unfettered wind,
Or in the park on Sunday, in a high lid,
Or through the equinoctials blowing blind,
Or at cold milking-time when dawns are red
And birds awake and I remain in bed.

Not so the miner! Though his private life
Is blameless and his soul is pure and brave;
Although he gives his wages to his wife
And spanks his children when they don't behave:
Though rather than incur industrial strife
He takes the cash and lets the Bolshy rave,
He is condemned to toil in mines and galleries,
Nourished inside with insufficient calories,
A sordid mineral's uncomplaining slave,
Till the rheumatics get him and his pallor is
So marked he hardly dares to wash and shave.
And shall I grudge the man sufficient pelf
For toil I 'd rather die than do myself?

Ah, there 's the rub! I fain would see him blest
With ample quarters and sufficient food,
A spacious close wherein to take his rest,
Hats for his wife and bootlets for his brood.
But, now the Powers have granted his request,
Too well I know what course will be pursued
By certain merchants who "enjoy" my custom:
They 'll put the price of coal up, you can trust 'em,
Till I by want am utterly oppressed
And my finances, howso I adjust 'em,
To my complete insolvency attest.
Five pounds a ton they 'll charge—I know their game—
Saying, "Of course the miner is to blame."

Nay, let me clasp the honest fellow's hand,
Saying, "O miner, here is one who shares
Your just desire to make this lovely land
A fit abode for heroes and their heirs
By ousting Plunder's profiteering band,
Who take the cash and leave us all the cares.
Oh, if we twain together might conspire,
Would we not grasp them by the scruff and fire
Coal merchants, barons, dukes and millionaires,
And run the business to our hearts' desire,
Paying no dividends on watered shares;
Blessing State ownership and State control,
You for high wages, I for cheaper coal."

ALGOL.

THE GREAT GOLF CRISIS.

A GREAT budget of correspondence from all parts of the country has reached Mr. Punch concerning the suggestions put forward by famous golfers with the view of modifying the predominant influence exercised by putting in golf. A crisis is rapidly being reached and Government intervention may be invoked any day.

Mr. Ludwig Shyster, of the North Boreland Golf Club, suggests that the tin in the hole should be highly magnetized and the ball coated with a metallic substance so that it might be attracted into the hole. Golf, he contends, is a recreation, and the true aim of golf legislation should be to make the game easier, not more difficult; to attract the largest possible number of players and so to keep up the green-fees and pay a decent salary to secretaries and professionals.

Hanusch Kozelik, the famous Czecho-Slovakian amateur, who has recently done some wonderful rounds at Broadstairs, cordially supports GEORGE DUNCAN'S advocacy of a larger hole. He sees no reason why it should not be three feet in diameter, provided the greens were reduced to eight feet square and surrounded with a barbed-wire entanglement.

Lord HALSBURY, who took to golf when he was over eighty and has only recently given it up, writes: "The bigger the better 'ole."

On the other hand, Dr. Scroggie Park, of Kilspindie, strongly advocates the abolition of the hole altogether and the substitution of a bell, as in the old form of croquet. But, as he wisely adds, variety, not cast-iron uniformity should be our aim. The principle of self-determination should in his opinion be conceded to all properly constituted golf clubs.

Lord BIRKENHEAD is all for maintaining the *status quo* in regard to holes and greens, but takes up a strong attitude on the improvement of the water-supply. In this respect golf-architecture has hitherto been sadly to seek. There should, he says, be at least one bathroom for every twenty members.

We are obliged to hold over for the present the views expressed on this burning question by Dame MELBA, Madame KARSAVINA and Madame DESTINNOVA.

"A departure from the bridal custom frequently noted since the war, of having man bridesmaids, is being made by Lady Diano Manners."—*Provincial Paper.*

We had not previously noted this custom, but are glad that Lady DIANO—whose name also is new to us—is dispensing with it.

An ex-Waac domestic named Mary Ann
Took a place with a strict vegetarian;
He cautioned her, too,
That beer was taboo,
But she simply replied, "*Ça ne fait rien.*"



He. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO BY WAY OF PEACE CELEBRATION?"
She. "MY DEAR BOY, WHAT *CAN* ONE DO, EXCEPT JUST CARRY ON?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Mr. Standfast (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the third book of the super-spy trilogy that Colonel JOHN BUCHAN has given us, as a kind of supplement to his more official record of the War. We have the same hero, *Hannay*, as in *Greenmantle* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, the same group of associates, reinforced for purposes of love-interest by a young and attractive female, and the same arch-Hun, now identified as the *Graf von Schwabing*. Also the affair pursues much the same hide-and-seek course that gave the former adventures their deserved popularity. I entirely decline even to sketch the manifold vicissitudes of *Hannay* (now a General), tracking and being tracked, captive and captor, ranging the habitable and non-habitable globe, always (with a fine disregard for the requirements of book-making) convinced that the next chapter will be the last. Three criticisms I cannot avoid. To begin with, Colonel BUCHAN is really becoming too lavish with his coincidences. Secondly, I found it odd that the spy-hunters, after employing so many ruses and so much camouflage that one might say they almost refused to recognise their own reflections in a mirror, should proceed to the opposite extreme and arrange all their plans, with engaging frankness, over the telephone. Finally, the tale, though full of admirable disconnected moments, does not carry one along sufficiently quickly. *General Hannay* was, I thought, too apt to interpolate lengthy reminiscences of active service, just when I wanted to get on with the matter in hand. Pace in such affairs is everything, and my complaint is that, though the hunt had yielded some capital sport, its end found me with my pulse rather disappointingly calm.

As was to be expected, one of the signs of the times in literature, not of one country but of all, is a grim change in its attitude towards war. The era of pomp and circumstance, as of genial make-believe, is gone by; more and more are our writers beginning to give us militarism stripped of romance, a grisly but (I suppose) useful picture. I have nowhere found it more horrible than in a story called *The Secret Battle* (METHUEN), written by Mr. A. P. HERBERT, whose initials are familiar to *Punch* readers under work of a lighter texture. This is an intimate study, inspired throughout by a cold fury of purpose that can be felt on every page, of the destruction of a young man's spirit in the insensate machinery of modern war. There is no other plot, no side issues, no relief. From the introduction of *Harry Penrose*, fresh from Oxford, embarking like a gallant gentleman upon the adventure of arms, to the tragedy that blotted him out of a scheme that had misused and ruined him, the record moves with a dreadful singleness of intent. Sometimes, one at least hopes, the shadows may have been artificially darkened. It seems even to-day hardly credible that events should conspire to such futility of error. But as a story with a purpose, not, in spite of the publisher's description, a novel, *The Secret Battle* certainly deserves the epithet "striking." It is a blow from the shoulder.

The worst of quotations is that either their staleness is tedious or their unfamiliarity irritates. Mr. S. G. TALLENTYRE has at least one, generally of the latter sort, and oftener half-a-dozen, on every page of *Love Laughs Last* (BLACKWOOD), or, at any rate, that is one's first impression of the book; while the second is that the number of characters is not much less. It follows that in trying to identify all the persons to whom he may or may not have been introduced in the previous pages, and all the phrases in inverted commas he has certainly seen somewhere else sometime, the truly diligent reader will be kept faithfully at his task—a pleasant one possibly, but just a thought too much like hard work to be quite entertaining in a novel. Apart from all this and an occasional obscure sentence there is nothing much to grumble at in a story that tells how *David*, the sailor, unlearned in the ways of ladies, became engaged for insufficient reasons to one *Theo*, only to fall promptly in love with another, certainly much nicer, called *Nancy*; and how still a third, *Sally*, with various other people, intent on rescuing him from his dilemma, made a most unscrupulous and indeed most improbable conspiracy against number one, who was unpopular. One can't help feeling that they were all, including the author, a bit hard on *Theo*, whose philanthropic notions were really too good for the amount of sense allotted her to work them out with. Most of the rest of them would have nothing to do with raising the masses, but, after the comfortable fashion of early nineteenth-century days, were content to let well alone at eight shillings a week. Perhaps it was this restful attitude that decided the publishers to claim for this volume the distinctive quality of "charm."



Castaway. "HOO DID YE KEN I WAS HERE?"
Rescuer. "WIRELESS TELEPHONE—HEARD A VOICE SAYING, 'I'D GIVE TWENTY POUNDS TO GET OUT OF THIS ROTTEN HOLE."
Castaway. "WEEL, YER TELEPHONE'S DEFECTIVE. I SAID 'TWENTY SHILLINGS.'"

After a considerable interval, Mr. ARNOLD LUNN has followed *The Harrovians* with another school story, *Loose Ends* (HUTCHINSON). This, however, is a tale not so much about boys as about masters, the real hero being not *Maurice Leigh* (with whose adventures school-novelists of an earlier day would solely have concerned themselves), the pleasantly undistinguished lad who enters Hornborough in the first chapter and leaves it in the last, but *Quirk*, the young and energetic master, whose efforts to vitalize the very dry bones of Hornborough education hardly meet the success that they deserve. Concerning this I am bound to add that I found some difficulty in accepting Mr. LUNN's picture as quite fair to an average public school in the early twentieth century. That its authorities should have been so violently perturbed by a proposal to teach SHAKSPEARE histrionically, or by the spectacle of boys enjoying modern poetry, surely supposes conditions almost incredibly archaic. This, however, does nothing to detract from the admirably-drawn figure of *Quirk* himself, bursting with energy, enthusiasm and intolerance, overcoming passive resistance on the part of the boys, only to be shipwrecked upon the cast-iron prejudice of the staff. That his apotheosis should have been translation to Rugby, where he finds "the beaks much easier to get on with," perhaps shows that Mr. LUNN does not intend those of Hornborough as wholly typical of the most abused race in fiction. For the rest, the boy characters of the book are presented with a quiet realism very refreshing after some recent "sensational revelations." Mr. LUNN's boys, alike in their speech and outlook, are admirably observed; indeed the persons of the tale struck me throughout as being better than its rather out-of-date happenings.

My landlady assures me that *His Daughter* (COLLINS) is a "lovely story," and I think it only right that Mr. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS should have the benefit of her criticism, since my own is distinctly less favourable. Mr. MORRIS showed signs at one time of being able to write a first-class novel of adventure, but he abandoned this field for a more lucrative appeal to the Great American Bosom, whose taste, if I may say so without endangering the League of Nations, is more in harmony with my landlady's than with mine. His latest hero is one of those magnificent fellows whom no woman can resist—or so they tell him. Anyway he is irresistible enough to have two daughters, one born in lawful wedlock, the other—of whose existence he is unaware for a long time—in Paris. Which of the daughters is the one referred to in the title is not clear, nor does it really seem to matter, since one of them dies, and he undertakes, while in the throes of remorse, not to make himself known to the other. Meanwhile the War has happened along and given everyone who needed it an opportunity of redeeming his Past, and, as the hero is getting old and has had a nasty crash in an aeroplane, it seems possible that an era of comparative continence has really set in. At this juncture we part with him—I without a pang; my landlady, I well know, with a sigh for his lost irresistibility.

Barry Dunbar, the heroic padre of Mr. RALPH CONNOR's story, *The Sky Pilot of No Man's Land* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), hailed from Canada and went to France with the Canadians. Endowed with superb physical beauty and considerable musical gifts he started, you might think, with fortune in his favour. But at the outset he was a tactless young man and had a good deal to learn before he was in any way competent to teach. Mr. RALPH CONNOR has described with skill and great sincerity the horrors of the War in the earlier days; but for me he has spoilt both his story and the effect of it by his extreme sentimentality. He is persistently concerned to raise a lump in my throat. I readily believe that he was actuated by the highest motive in trying to show us how responsive the Canadians were when their spiritual needs were attended to by a man of courage and understanding. But I dislike an excess of emotional spasms, and in these Mr. CONNOR has indulged so freely that his book can only be for other tastes than mine.

CHARIVARIA.

"EVERY British working man has as much right as any Member of Parliament to be paid £400 a year," states a well-known Labour paper. We have never questioned this for a moment.

* * *

"Women," says a technical journal, "are a source of grave danger to motorists in crowded city streets." It is feared in some quarters that they will have to be abolished.

* * *

"Are you getting stout?" asks a Sunday contemporary. Only very occasionally, we regret to say.

* * *

The heat was so oppressive in London the other day that a taxi-driver at Euston Station was seen to go up to a pedestrian and ask him if he could do with a ride. He was eventually pinned down by some colleagues and handed over to the care of his relatives.

* * *

"I do not care a straw about Turkey," writes Mr. LOVAT FRASER in *The Daily Mail*. It is this dare-devil spirit which has made us the nation we are.

* * *

Superstition in regard to marriage is dying out, says a West End registrar. Nevertheless the superstition that a man who gets married between January 1st and December 31st is asking for trouble is still widely held.

* * *

Mr. VAN INGEN, a New York business man, has just started to cross the Atlantic for the one hundred and sixtieth time. It is not known whether the major ambition of his life is to leave New York or go back and have a last look at it.

* * *

"There is no likelihood," says the FOOD-CONTROLLER, "of cheese running out during the coming winter." A pan of drinking water left in the larder will always prevent its running out and biting someone during the dog-days.

* * *

Sympathetic readers will be glad to hear that the little sixpence which was found wandering in Piccadilly Circus has been given a good home by an Aberdeen gentleman.

* * *

Aeroplane passengers are advised by one enterprising weekly not to throw bottles out of the machine. This is certainly good advice. The bottles are so apt to get broken.

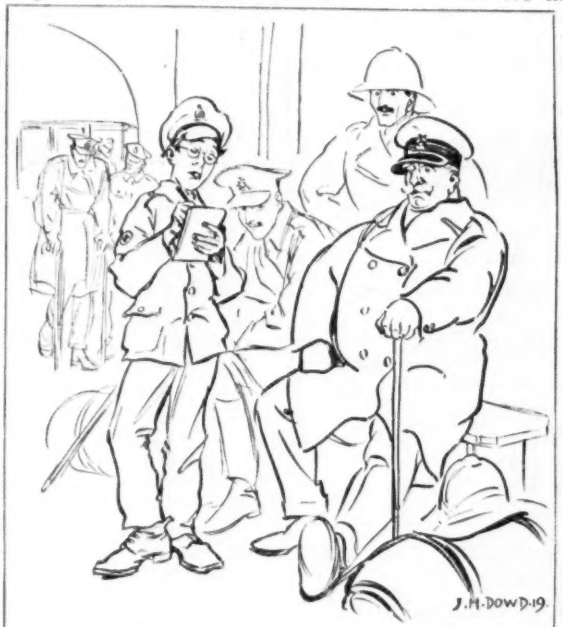
Germany, it is expected, will sign the Peace treaty this once, but points out that we must not allow it to happen again.

* * *

Of two burglars charged at Stratford one told the Bench that he intended to have nothing further to do with his colleague in future. It is said that he finds it impossible to work with him owing to his nasty grasping ways.

* * *

Sixty-seven fewer babies were born in one Surrey village last year than in previous years. It would be interesting to have their names.



Hospital Orderly (taking particulars of new patient). "NAME, SIR?"
Patient. "SIR BRUCE BLAZEAWAY."
Hospital Orderly. "RANK?" *Patient.* "LIEUTENANT-GENERAL."
Hospital Orderly. "BATTALION?"

A grocer, according to a legal writer, is not compelled to take goods out of the window to oblige a customer. The suggestion that a grocer is expected to oblige anybody in any circumstances is certainly a novelty.

* * *

Uxbridge, says *The Evening News*, has no bandstand. Nor have we, but we make no fuss about it.

* * *

The Bolshevists in Russia, we are told, are busy sowing seeds of sedition. For some time it has been suspected that the Bolshevists were up to no good.

* * *

HERBERT WELSH, aged sixty-seven, has started to walk from New Jersey to New Hampshire, U.S.A., a distance of five hundred miles. In the absence of fuller details we assume that HERBERT must have lost his train.

"Postage stamps," says a weekly snippets paper, "can be obtained at all post-offices." This should prove a boon to those who have letters to write.

* * *

It is thought if a certain well-known judge does not soon ask, "What is whisky?" he will have to content himself with the past tense.

* * *

"What to do with a Wasp" is a headline in a contemporary. We have not read the article, but our own plan with wasps is to try to dodge them.

* * *

We hear that complications may arise from an unfortunate mistake made at a Jazz Competition held in London last week. It appears that the prize was awarded to a lady suffering from hysteria who was not competing.

* * *

A taxi-driver in a suburb of London was married last week to a local telephone operator. Speculation is now rife as to which will be the first to break down and say "Thank you."

* * *

The Press reports the case of a young lady who received slight injuries from a slab of ceiling which fell on her head whilst she was asleep in bed, but was saved from further damage by the thickness of her hair. This should act as a warning to those ladies who adopt the silly habit of removing their tresses on retiring for the night.

To Sign or not to Sign?

As Count BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU puts it, quoting from his German translation of *Hamlet*: "*Sein oder nicht sein, dass ist hier die Frage.*"

"The recommendations of the Jerram Committee came before a conference between a representative body of lower deck ratings and members of Parliament who sit for naval constituencies. The veterinary chief petty officer presided."—*Sunday Paper.*

The rank is new to us; but he must be just the man to look after the interests of our sea-dogs.

From the "Transactions" of a photographic society:—

"Mr. —— stated that as Architectural Photography covered a large and varied field he purposed to confine his remarks to the line of work most familiar to him, namely, The Interiors of some of the great English Ministers."

Now at last we shall know if the Government's heart is in the right place.

TO ROBERT OF THE FORCE.

SINCE first you loomed upon my infant ken
My firm belief has ever been, and still it is,
That you are fashioned not as other men
(Subject, at best, to mortal disabilities),
But come of more than human kin,
Immune, or practically so, from sin.

Godlike the poise that to your bearing lends
The aspect of a tower that never totters;
There 's a divinity hath shaped your ends
(Rough-hewn, perhaps—especially your trotters);
Your ample chest, your generous girth
Have no precise similitude on earth.

I cannot picture you (though I have tried)
Wearing a bowler hat and tweed apparel,
Or craving sustenance for your inside
Drawn either from the oven or the barrel;
Scarcely you figure in my eye
As liable, in Nature's course, to die.

And it was you who almost fell from grace,
Striking, like Lucifer, against authority,
Leaving your Heaven for another place
Not mentioned by your ten-to-one majority,
And doomed, to your surprise and pain,
Never, like Lucifer, to rise again.

But you were wise, my Robert, wise in time;
And I, who set you far above humanity,
High-pedestalled upon my lofty rhyme,
Rejoice with you in your recovered sanity;
To me I feel it would have mattered
Enormously to see my idol shattered.

But 'ware the Bolsh, who fain would lure your feet
To conduct unbecoming in a copper;
Once you betrayed us, going off your beat,
And now you 've nearly come another cropper;
If, tempted thrice, you break your trust,
You 'll have no halo left to readjust. O. S.

EMBARRASSMENT AND THE LAWYER.

Watson is a young barrister who is feeling rather pleased with himself. I confess that he has deserved it.

The situation was as follows. Before the War he had had no briefs, but had always had a conscience. A hopeless state of affairs. Then he went to the War and shed his conscience somewhere in the Balkans. So far so good. But, when he was demobilised and began to take stock of what had been happening at home in the meanwhile, he found to his horror that a conscience had again been thrust upon him by the General Council of the Bar.

Such was the situation he had to face, and he has won through.

How, you ask, did the G.C.B. play this trick on him? It happened in this way. Having nothing better to do during Watson's absence and at a critical moment of the War, these idle elderly well-fed lawyers solemnly deliberated upon the following fantastic problem:—

"What is the duty of counsel who is defending a prisoner on a plea of Not Guilty when the prisoner confesses to counsel that he did commit the offence charged?"

With a cynical disregard of their own past these sophists propounded the following answer:—

"If the confession has been made before the proceedings have been commenced it is most undesirable that an advocate to whom the confession has been made should undertake the defence, as he would most certainly be seriously embarrassed in the conduct of the case, and no harm can be done to the accused by requesting him to retain another advocate."

The new Watson was unable to agree with this doctrine, so far as it concerned himself. Nevertheless he had no choice but to accept it.

* * * * * * *

The legal conscience thus gratuitously thrust upon him was soon to undergo its first ordeal. An acquaintance of his, in a moment of absent-mindedness, murdered somebody, and asked Watson to persuade the inevitable jury that he hadn't. The said acquaintance explained to Watson that he simply did it when he wasn't thinking.

Watson was in a hole. Obviously this was a case to which the embarrassment prescribed by the General Council of the Bar was applicable. This legal embarrassment, which, strictly speaking, ought now to be his, would not, however, have worried him in the least had it not been for another consideration. Suppose, after Watson had triumphantly got his client acquitted, it got about that the "innocent" had confessed his crime to counsel beforehand? That would mean an end to Watson's professional career. One does not thus slight the edicts of the mighty with impunity.

Watson was too proud to ask his client to keep the deadly secret, or to apply the famous wriggle of *Hippolytus*: "My tongue hath sworn, but my heart remains unsworn."

Nevertheless Watson gave his mind to the problem. In the end he decided on the following line of defence: "Not Guilty," and in the alternative "Guilty under justifiable circumstances, without malice aforethought but with intent to benefit the person murdered."

Happily the General Council of the Bar has not yet assigned any moral embarrassment to a counsel who pleads "Not Guilty," and in the alternative, "Guilty." Watson therefore reasoned that if the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," his client's alternative confession could be written off as an obvious mistake; on the other hand, if he were found "Guilty," the fact of confession would be an ethical asset towards securing for him a lenient view of the case.

As I said, Watson behaved well. He proved to his own and the jury's satisfaction (1) that his client did not commit the murder; (2) that alternatively he did commit the murder, but that he did so for the good of everybody concerned; and (3) that in either case he never meant to do it.

In the event the prisoner was acquitted without a stain upon his character or upon his advocate's.

* * * * * * *

Watson is now well established as the last hope of abandoned causes. He is a specialist in defence, and criminals of every shade throng to him. When a new one swims into his ken Watson meets him on the threshold and says, "Don't speak a word. Read this;" and he puts into his hand a printed slip. The slip reads:—

"*Conditions of Advocacy.*

"(1) If you put your case into my hands it ceases at once and from that moment to be any concern of your own. You are not entitled, for instance, to express any opinion as to whether you committed the alleged crime or not. That is my affair exclusively.

"(2) If however there is anything which lies so heavily on your conscience that it must out sooner or later, let it be later. I am open to receive confessions at any time after proceedings have begun.

"If you accept these conditions, good; if not, go."

Watson says they always accept them, so he never worries about the General Council of the Bar.



THE NEW ISSUE.

Oil Genie (*gushingly, to Coal-Owner and Mr. Smillie*). "CAN I DO ANYTHING TO ALLAY THE TROUBLED WATERS?"

[The discovery of oil in Derbyshire, which threatens the supremacy of the mining industry, may affect the questions now in dispute before the Coal Commission.]



Harassed Mother (having distributed half of her offspring on laps of passengers). "COME ON, 'ENERY. SQUEEZE IN SOMEWHERE. 'TAIN'T EXAC'LY 'OW I LOIKES TO TRAVEL, BUT S'POSE WE'LL 'AVE TO PUT UP WITH IT."

AN ERROR IN TACTICS.

In the heart of the Forêt de Roumare there is a spot called Rond du Chêne à Leu, where eight paths meet. Why they choose to meet there, unless it is for company, one can't imagine. The fact that there is not an estaminet within five kilometres nullifies its value as a military objective. Therefore, having been decoyed thither by a plausible guide-book, it was with surprise that I beheld an ancient representative of the British Army smoking his pipe with the air of having been in possession for centuries.

"Bit lonely here," I said.

"Rumble's Moor on a wet Friday 's busy to it," he said emphatically. "Is it reet the War's over?"

"Yes."

He puffed his pipe for a few minutes while the information soaked in.

"Who won?"

"The Peace Conference haven't decided yet."

Conversation languished until I remembered the guide-book.

"According to tradition," I said, "it was at this identical spot that ROLLO, first Duke of Normandy, hung his golden chain on a sign-post for a whole year without having it stolen."

"Tha-at ud be afore we brought our Chinese Labour gang felling timber," he said firmly; "I wudden give it five minutes now."

"I understand, too, that there is a historic ruin hereabouts."

"Theer was," he said; "but he's in hospital."

"What do you mean?"

"Ratty Beslow, my owd colleague an' sparring pardner. It 's 'im you weer talking of, ain't it?"

"It wasn't; but I'm interested in him," I said, sitting down on a pile of logs. "How did he get to hospital?"

"Through a mistake in Nacheral 'Istory. You see, me an' Ratty had been in th' War a goodish time an' ha-ad lost our o-riginal ferociousness. So they put us to this Chink Labour gang for a rest-cure. Likewise Ratty 'ad got too fa-amous as a timber-scrounger oop th' line, and it was thought that if 'e was left in th' middle of a forest, wheer it didn't matter a dang if he scrounged wood fra' revally to tattoo, it might reform him. But it was deadly dull. We tried a sweepstake f'r th' one as could recognise most Chinks at sight, and a raffle for who could guess how many trees in a circle; but there wasn't much spice in it. So at last Ratty suggested we should try a bit o' poaching.

"'Ah doan't know th' first thing about it,' I says; 'Ah'm town bred. Nobbut Ah could knock a few rabbits over if Ah'd got a Lewis gun handy.'

"'Rabbuts be danged!' says he; 'Ah 've no use f'r such vermin. Theer 's stags, so Ah've heerd tell, in this forest.'

"'Ah wudden say no to a haunch o' venison,' I answered; 'but stags is artillery work.'

"'They is not,' says Ratty. 'Nor yet rifles nor bombs.'

"'Ah s'pose you stops theer holes an' puts in a ferret,' says I, sarcastic; 'or else traps 'em wi' cheese.'

"'That 's the only kind o' hunting you 've bin used to,' replies Ratty. 'Stags is caught wi' tactics, a trip-wire an' a lasso.'

"'Well, la-ad,' I says, 'you 'd best do th' lassoing. I doan't know the habits o' stags.'

"Ratty scrounges a prime rope fra' somewheers, an' we creeps out after nightfall. It was a dree night, the owd bracken underfoot damp an' sodden, an' th' tall firs looking grim an' gho-ostly



Photographer (to Douglas Devereux, the world-famous cinema-actor). "TIKE YER PHOTO, SIR?"

in th' gloom. Soon theer was a crackling o' twigs, like a tank scouting on tiptoe.

"'Bosch patrol half-left!' whispers I.

"'Stow it, you blighter,' says Ratty. 'This is serious. Can't you see th' stag?'

"I peeps round and, loomin' in the da-arkness, see th' hindquarters of a stag sticking out ayant a tree. It looked bigger 'n Ah 've seen 'em in pictures, but Ah 've noticed Fritzes look bigger in th' dark.

"'Now 's your chance, la-ad,' I whispers. 'Trip round an' slip th' noose over 'is horns.'

"'Not me,' growls Ratty. 'T'other end 's safer.'

"He crawls up to it wi' th' rope all ready, but just as he was going to slip it over its leg it seemed to stand on its head, feint wi' its left an' get an upper-cut wi' its right under Ratty's chin. A shadow passed across th' fa-ace o' the moon, which I judged to be Ratty.

"'Ratty 's after altitude records,' says I to meself, 'an' there 'll be th' ellanall of a row if that rope 's lost.'

"However, in a few minutes he started to descend an' made a good landing in some soft bracken. By th' time I 'd felt him all over, an' found 'e 'd be fit to go to hospital in th' morning, th' stag had disappeared."

"I never heard of stags kicking like that before," I interrupted.

"Nor hadn't Ratty," said the ancient warrior. "Ah towd you he made a mistake in Nacheral 'Istory.

"The next night, feeling mighty lonely, Ah walked five kilometres to th' nearest estaminet, the 'Rondyvoo de Chasers,' an' looked upon the *vang* while it was *rouge*. When I 'd done lookin' and started home th' forest looked more gho-ost-like than ever wi' th' young firs bowing an' swaying, and drifts o' cloud peeping through the branches. All at once I heerd a crackling o' twigs like th' night afore, an' then someone stole acrost th' road carrying a rope.

"Ah says to myself, 'It 's one of th' Chinks poaching, an' it 's 'evin 'elp 'im if 'e 's after what Ratty nearly caught last night!'

"Seemingly 'e was, for 'e follered th' noise, an' Ah follered 'im—at a safe distance. Then, dimlike an' looming big, Ah saw th' stag, an' the Chink stealing up behind it.

"'T'other end, you fool!' I whispered; an' he jumps round to its head, slips th' noose round its neck an' leads if off as quiet as a lamb."

"You don't expect me to believe," I broke in indignantly, "that a stag can be led like a poodle on a lead?"

"P'r'aps not stags," said the veteran, relighting his pipe. "That 's weer Ratty made the mistake that sent 'im to hospital. But you can do it now and then with a transport mule what 's broke away, and the Chink done it."

Commercial Candour.

"In reply to your letter to hand, we are very sorry for the delay in sending the Jumper, but the tremendous demand for these has denuded our stock. We are, however, expecting a further delay now in a day or so.

Yours obediently, —— BROTHERS, LTD."

"The spell of hot weather is causing large numbers of the public to migrate to the Kent coast. Thanet, owing to greatly improved travelling facilities, is being specially flavoured. The public well know the magical properties of Thanet air."—*Evening Paper.*

Then why bother about flavouring it?

"The Food Controller announced that canned salmon is now free of control, and that chocolates and other sweetmeats will be freed on July 1.

He also intimates that canned salmon is now free of control, and that chocolates and other sweetmeats will be freed on July 1."

Daily Paper.

We hope he will say it once more, on the Bellman's principle that "what I tell you three times is true."



Chorus of children (to parent, late Lieut-Col. R.F.A., D.S.O., M.C. and Bar). "DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, DADDY; SHE'LL ONLY PECK YOUR LEGS."

HINTS ON SELECTING AN AEROPLANE.

As all the world will soon be in the air a few words of advice on choosing an aerial steed may be of assistance to intending fliers who have so far had no experience as owners of winged craft.

The first thing is to locate the whereabouts of the best park, for one speaks of a park of aeroplanes just as one speaks of a school of whales, a grove of wombats or a suite of leeches. Having arrived (wearing, if you are wise, a full-grown cheek cap, with the back to the front and the peak protecting the nape of the neck from the bites of savage vendors), take a deep breath and look round you knowingly.

By the way, what are you—peer, profiteer, or plain *pater-familias* looking for a family air-bus? It is impossible to advise you how to select a plane without knowing whether you want one for long-distance journeys (with non-starting attachment), for stunting, or merely for gadding about and dropping in on your friends. There is a sad story afloat of a man who bought an air-bus the other day for world-touring and only discovered the insufficiency of cupboards and the want of a bathroom after starting on his maiden trip to Patagonia (where the nuts drop off).

Let us suppose that you are one of the majority of heavier-than-air persons who will shortly be wanting a good steady machine to rise to any ordinary occasion.

Well, then, look round you carefully. Observe the demeanour of the machines that are trotted out (if such a term may be used) for your inspection. The flick of a tail, the purr of an engine or the slope of a wing may give the observant a clue as to the disposition of an aerial Pegasus.

But however reassuring a preliminary canter may be (to borrow another horsey simile) insist on a thorough personal inspection of all parts of the machine. Test the musical capacity of the wire entanglement, screw and unscrew the turnbuckles till the seller cries for mercy, and run your hands well over the body (the aeroplane's, of course) to make quite sure that it will support the weight of yourself, of your family and of your parasites—remembering in this connection that Aunt Louisa kicks the beam at 15.7. Make sure also that the body will not part company with the rest of the box of tricks at one of those awkward corners in the sky. Also, if you have time, it might be well to glance at the engine, the petrol tank and the feed pipe, as experts consider these of importance.

Having satisfied yourself that all these things are as they should be in the best of all possible aeroplanes, that the joy-stick works as smoothly as a beer-pull, and that the under-carriage has the necessary wheels, axles and other things that under-carriages are licensed to carry, little remains but to pay for the machine and make a nose-dive for home.

A longer and more detailed article on "How to Choose a Stunter," by the Bishop of Solder and Man, with which is incorporated "A Few Hints on Banking for Beginners," by Sir JOHN BRADBURY, will appear in next week's issue.

[This is the first I have heard of it.—ED.]

From a Menu:—

"Special this day: Boiled Rabbi and Pork."

A clear case of adding insult to injury.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE DERBY.

Nurse. "PLEASE IS THIS THE WAY TO THE GRAND PARADE?"
Soured Spinster. "DON'T MENTION THE HORRID THING, YOUNG WOMAN, AND ME WITH HALF-A-MONTH'S PESSION ON THE PANTHER."

BALLADE OF APPROACHING BALDNESS.

I'M back in civil life, all brawn and chest,
Lungs made of leather, heart as right as rain;
I still could dine off bully-beef with zest;
I've never had a scratch or stitch or sprain;
Life seems to throb in every single vein.
Yet I'm a whited sepulchre, in brief;
I've one foot in the grave, I'm on the wane,
I'm heading for the sere and yellow leaf.

From Mons to Jericho I've borne my crest
And back from Jericho to Mons again;
I've sampled smells in Araby the Blest
Would burst a boiler or corrode a drain;
The Blankshires have a port that raises Cain—
I've messed with them and never come to grief;
And yet I'm dashing like a non-stop train
Full steam into the sere and yellow leaf.

It caught me hard this morning when I dressed
And read the mirror's verdict. Ah, the pain
Is gnawing like a canker at my breast,
Is beating like a hammer in my brain;
I must speak out or break beneath the strain.
I'm going bald on top. O cruel reef
Where youthful hopes lie wrecked! O dismal lane
Whose end is but the sere and yellow leaf!

ENVOI.

Prince (Mr. Punch)! on Armageddon's plain
My love-locks fell a prey to Time, the thief.
Regrets are useless, unguents are in vain;
Only remains the sere and yellow leaf.

The Commercial Touch.

"Presiding at the concert given in connection with the —— Art Club's annual exhibition of oil and water-colours, Mr. —— congratulated the club on the quality of its paintings, which, he thought, were remarkably cheap when cognisance was taken of the present high prices of materials."—*Provincial Paper.*

This critic has, as the Art jargon puts it, "a nice feeling for values."

"HOW I DIFFER FROM MY MOTHER.
By A Modern Woman.

'*Women differ by the width of Heaven from what their mothers were.*'—MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

I do not smoke and I do not wear bare-back dresses, but I agree with Mr. Justice Darling—there is the width of Heaven between my mother and I."—*Evening News.*

Let 's hope so, in the matter of grammar.

HUMOUR'S LABOUR LOST.

Lochtermachty, N.B.
May 29th, 1919.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My father and I have fallen out over the question of your literary judgment and sense of humour. If I weren't a filial daughter I'd say that he's a ——; but I am, so I won't call him names.

The fact is that, before he became a professional Padre, he didn't know that such things as senses of humour existed. All that mattered in his life were Latin and Greek and Hebrew and the other pursuits of the classical scholar. However, during his wanderings with the Army he has somehow managed to acquire what he calls "an appreciation of the laughable." And that is the cause of our divided house.

This morning at breakfast, while he was reading out the account of the proceedings of the General Assemblies, he came upon the interesting statement—volunteered by an eminent Edinburgh divine—that all the ministers of the Kirk have lost a stone in weight during the War, and that this works out at a loss of five tons of ministerial flesh to the United Free Church of Scotland. Then, after he had tested the accuracy of the statistics, which he found quite incorrect, and I had meditated upon the bulk of matter encircled by the parental Sam Browne, we were both seized with an idea, and said "*Punch!*" at the same instant.

It took us some time to get rid of the accumulation of marmalade, margarine and bacon fat which we amassed in our attempts to link fingers across the table; but about 10.30 or so we got settled down to work on your behalf.

Until lunch-time we were fully occupied in giving each other ideas and then explaining why they wouldn't work. After lunch the Padre retired to his study to work out, he said, a satire—after ARISTOPHANES—which would afford him an opportunity of introducing the Archbishop of CANTERBURY'S speech, and making some whimsical allusions to the legend of the strayed lamb come back to tell his lean Scotch brethren of the green meadows and luscious feeding to be had across the Borders.

My own ambitions were slighter. I would do a conversation perhaps between the shades of JOHNSON and his BOZZY, or a Limerick, or even just an original witty remark, or, failing all of these, I would select an "apt quotation." About tea-time I retired to the garden with a notebook, a pencil and a book of quotations. By 6.30 I had a list of one hundred and two, and was wavering over the final choice of a parody on "Some hae meat wha canna eat," and an adaptation of "Be sooople, Davie, in things immaterial," when my parent came out to the lawn, flushed and excited, with his last three hairs triumphantly erect, and brandished a document in my face.

It was an ode, Mr. Punch—an ode five (foolscap) pages long, written in Greek!

I gave him best at once, and then very gently suggested that his composition might not in its present unmitigated form be *quite* suited to your tastes and requirements.

I shall spare you the details of the ensuing controversy, but I want you to know that I have spared you much else, and in so doing have forfeited not only my father's affection but a projected advance on my next quarter-but-three's dress allowance.

I hope you need no further proof of my devotion. Yours, etc.,

A DAUGHTER OF THE MANSE.

P.S.—I was forgetting to say that you will find the bit about the ministers near the bottom of the third column of the tenth page of Thursday's *Scotsman*. Perhaps you can think of a funny treatment yourself.

SONGS OF SIMLA.

III.—THE FURRIER.

Akbar the furrier squats on the floor
  Sucking an Eastern pipe,
Thumbing the lakhs that he 's made of yore,
Lakhs which creep to the long-dreamed crore
  In a ledger of Western type.

And all around him the wild beasts sway,
  Cured of their mortal ills—
Flying squirrels from Sikkim way,
Silver foxes that used to play
  Up on the Kashmir hills.

On the shelf of a cupboard a polecat lies
  Laughing between his paws,
And there 's more than a hint of amused surprise
In the gape of the lynx, in the marten's eyes,
  In the poise of the grey wolf's claws.

And, should you enter old Akbar's lair
  And hear what he wants for his skins,
You will know why the little red squirrels stare,
Why the Bengal tiger gasps for air
  And the gaunt snow-leopard grins.

J. M. S.

The Telephone Girl's motto: *Nulla linea sine die*—"Number engaged; ring again and again, please."

ALAS! POOR PANTHER.

I WENT to the Derby fully intending to back the favourite—The Panther.

But the cross-currents immediately set in—as they always do.

I began by making the mistake of reading the forecasts of all the experts—the gallant Captains and Majors, the Men on the Course, the Men on the Heath, the Men on the Spot—all of whom, although they mostly favoured The Panther, had serious views as to dangerous rivals, supported by what looked like uncontrovertible arguments.

I also had an early evening paper with a summary of forecasts, none of which (as it was to turn out) mentioned the winner at all.

I was even so foolish as to glance at some of the advertisements of the wizards who are so ready to put the benefit of their knowledge at the service of the public and make fortunes for others rather (apparently) than for themselves, all of whom hinted at some mysterious long-priced outsider whose miraculous qualities of speed were a secret. But of course I was too late to profit by these; they merely unsettled me.

Not content with this I was forced to overhear the conversation of others in our compartment, each of whom fancied a separate animal, arguing with reasons that could not be gainsaid.

In this way I learned that The Panther would win in a canter and would be badly beaten; that he was a stranger to the Epsom course; that he was ready for anything; that he liked soft going; that he was no good except when he could hear his hoofs rattle; that his jockey was not strong enough; that his jockey was ideal; that he was sounder than any horse had ever been, and that trouble was brewing.

All this naturally left me shaken as to my first decision. Was I wise, I asked myself, to trust all my eggs (forgive, Sir ALEC BLACK, the poorness of this metaphor) to one doubtful basket?

Having admitted an element of doubt I was the prey of every suspicion and began to consider the other candidates. All Alone headed the list. I liked the name, because it suggested the corollary: the rest nowhere. Also it belonged to a lady—to the only lady owner, in fact—and lady-owners were said (by a man with a red beard opposite me who smoked cigarettes so short that I was certain it was made of dyed asbestos) to be in luck this season. "Always follow the luck," he added. But then, on the other hand, what could be more lucky than Colonel BUCHAN, author of *Mr. Standfast* and an excellent History of the War, into



Daphne. "I MUSN'T HAVE ANY CAKE TILL I DON'T ASK FOR IT, MUST I?"

whose lap so many good things fall? Why not back a horse named after him? Besides, was not Buchan third favourite?

I was making a note of Buchan's claims, when a man with a Thermos flask lashed to his side began to praise Dominion. Dominion, it seems, was third in the Two Thousand Guineas—only just behind Buchan, who was just behind The Panther. Many people thought The Panther unduly lucky that day. A very different course, too, at Newmarket from that at Epsom. Obviously Dominion must be remembered. Moreover he was being greatly fancied and some of the best judges looked to him to win the Blue Riband for Lord GLANELY. The fact that Lord GLANELY drew his own horse in the Baltic Sweep was not to be sneezed at either, said some one. That's an omen if there ever was one! And it knocked out Lord GLANELY'S other horse, Grand Parade.

"Well, here's a tip," cried a man with a frock-coat and a straw hat. "Blest if I've got a single coin left—nothing but paper money. That's good enough for me. I shall back Paper Money."

The carriage agreed that that was his duty. "Of course you must," they said. "When everyone disagrees in the way that the experts do, you might as well take a tip like that as anything." Paper Money had therefore to be added also to my list of possibles.

"Besides," said another man, "DONOGHUE rides him; our leading jockey, you know." I had forgotten to look at the jockeys' names. How absurd! Of course one must back DONOGHUE.

But just then, "Give me WHALLEY," said the man with the asbestos beard, and, as WHALLEY was riding Bay of Naples, I had to consider him too. Naples was a jolly place and I had had a lot of fun there. Hadn't I better make that my tip?

But, on the other hand, what about Tangiers? I had had fun there too, and more than one fellow-passenger had darkly hinted that this was a much better animal than public form proclaimed. Looking for particulars, I found that he once "ran Galloper Light to a head;" which had a promising sound. He was trained at Lambourne too, and I like Lambourne. There is a good inn there and it is a fine walk to White Horse Hill.

"Well," said another man, who had been borrowing matches from his neighbour ever since Victoria, "I always had a feeling for a Marcovil colt. Marcovil is a good sire. I've had some very special information about Milton, the Marcovil colt, to-day."

MILTON!—one of my favourite poets, and also one of Mr. ASQUITH'S, as he said in that lecture last week. Yes, but is Mr. ASQUITH exactly lucky just now? Perhaps not. And did not MILTON write *Paradise Lost*? True. But, on the other hand, he wrote *Paradise Regained*. You see how difficult tip-hunting can be!

And so it went on and I emerged from the Epsom Downs station in a maze of indecision, in which one fact and one only shone with crystal clearness, and that was that whatever won the race The Panther had no better chance, even though it had been made favourite, than any other.

"Besides," as one of the two men who sat on my knees had said, "What 's a favourite anyway? Very often a horse is made a favourite by the bookies, in conjunction with the Press, just so as everyone will back it. No, no favourites for me. Give me a likely outsider at good odds. Look what you have to put on The Panther to win anything."

In the result I backed—well, I am not going to tell you; but they "also ran."

The moral of this story—if it has one—is either don't bet at all, or, if you do bet, draw the horse from a hat at random, and, having drawn it, stick to it. No one, as the failure of The Panther proves, can possibly *know* more than you.



Wife. "HOW ABOUT SEAHAVEN FOR THE HOLIDAYS? I HEAR IT'S VERY PICTURESQUE."
Profiteer. "NOT OUR CLASS, MY DEAR. TOO QUIET—SORT O' PLACE THE *NOUVEAUX PAUVRES* GO TO."

TECHNICAL TERMS.

WHEN Ernest asked me to take a run in his car I took advantage of the invitation because there are times when I think that life is less joyful without a car and that one day I shall slip out and buy one. I should love to grip the wheel and sweep the countryside and listen to the soft purr of the engine. So we started sweeping the countryside, Ernest and I; but we had not swept very much of it before the soft purr developed a kind of cough and the car stopped.

Ernest coaxed and petted her. He tried kindness, while I helped him with sarcasm. He tried hauteur and then a little bad temper.

Eventually he decided to send for the local motor engineer, and it was when this gentleman arrived with his mate that I decided that motoring was not for me and that I should have to fall back on fretwork or tame mice for my recreation.

"Here, Bill," said Overalls-in-Chief, "just hold up the Ding-dong."

His mate did as instructed and up went the Ding-dong.

"Now hand me the Doo-dal," he went on; "and while I tune up the old Jig-jig you get the Pipety-pip and clean it out.

"Now get the Tick-tick and just give me a tap here with the Ooh-jah, while I give the Thing-a-me-tight a couple for his nob.

"See that?" he shouted at me. "Would you believe it? Easy as winking. See, it was like this. The What 's-a-name here, as kept the Tiddley-um-tum in place, was sort of riding on the Squeak-box, so as the Tiddley-om-pom and the other Jigger sort of gave the half-seas-over to the Thing-a-me-bob and missed the Rum-ti-tum. Simple, ain't it, Guv'nor?"

"Yes," I answered, "quite simple."

But I have decided to give up all idea of buying a car. I should never learn the language.

LITTLE GREY WATER.

LITTLE Grey Water, my heart is with you
In the loop of the hills where the lone heron feeds,
Where your cloak is a cloud with a lining of blue,
And your lover a wind riding over the reeds.

Little Grey Water, I know that you know
What the teal and the black duck are dreaming at noon,
And the way of the wistful wild geese as they go
Through the haze of the hills to keep tryst with the moon.

Little Grey Water, folk say and they say
That the homing hill-shepherd, benighted, has heard
A song in the reeds, 'twixt the dawn and the day,
That was never the song of a breeze or a bird.

But I know you so silent, so silent and still,
And so proud of your trust that you 'll never betray
What the fairies that gather from Grundiston Hill
Tell the stars before morning to witch them away.

W. H. O.



FAITH RESTORED.

MR. PUNCH. "STANDS ROBERT WHERE HE DID? GOOD! I WAS AFRAID FOR A MOMENT THAT MY IDOL HAD FEET OF CLAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 2nd.—The Lords seldom sit *die Lunæ*, and were perhaps feeling what humbler folk call "rather Mondayish" at being summoned from their week-end pleasaunces to put the Local Government (Ireland) Bill through its final stages. Anyhow they developed some eleventh-hour criticisms. The sad case of the Belfast Water Commissioners attracted Lord STUART OF WORTLEY. There are fifteen of them—one each for the existing wards. But under the Bill Belfast is to be divided into ten wards; and fifteen into ten won't go, even in Ireland. Lord PEEL considered that while Lord STUART'S arithmetic was impeccable his fears were exaggerated. If Belfast drinks its whiskey neat it will not be for want of Water Commissioners.

In the Commons Members were disappointed to learn from Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES that he had no idea of the time when railway-fares would be reduced to the amount printed on the tickets. Nor were they much consoled by his promise to consider the suggestion that as the fare cannot be brought down to the ticket the ticket shall be brought up to the fare. We should not lightly part with our few reminders of the cheap dead days that are no more. In fact it would be a salutary thing if other tradesmen imitated the "commercial candour" of the railways and ticketed their goods with the pre-war value in addition to the present charge.

There is a juvenile impulsiveness about Sir HENRY CRAIK which reminds one of "the boy who wouldn't grow up," and may account for his keen interest in Kensington Gardens. Dissatisfied with an assurance of the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS that he was doing his best to get the War Office to clear away their hutments he burst out, "Could he not attempt to use some disciplinary action against the obstinacy, the stupidity, the slackness, the carelessness of those who are responsible?" Swept away by this spate of sibilants Sir ALFRED MOND essayed no further answer.

After less than an hour's debate the House gave the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER power to borrow a trifle of two hundred and fifty millions, to square this year's account, *plus* an undefined sum to enable him to fund the floating debt, now amounting to close on two thousand millions. Even Sir FREDERICK BANBURY had no serious objection to raise, his chief anxiety being that everyone, and not merely the plutocratic holders of Treasury Bills, should be permitted to subscribe to the new loan. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN assured him that it was a case of "Let 'em all come."

Tuesday, June 3rd.—According to the view of Major WOOD and his friends the



ANOTHER VISIT—AND IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.
MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Mother of Parliaments is played out. The Grand Committees which were to have restored her vigour have left her



THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS.
"AM I REALLY SUFFERING FROM SENILE DECAY?"

more enfeebled than ever, and unless she devolves a large part of her duties upon subordinate assemblies her end is near. But I noticed that, although Ireland was expressly excepted from their resolution, most of them talked of little else, and I fancy that but for Dublin we should not have heard much of devolution.

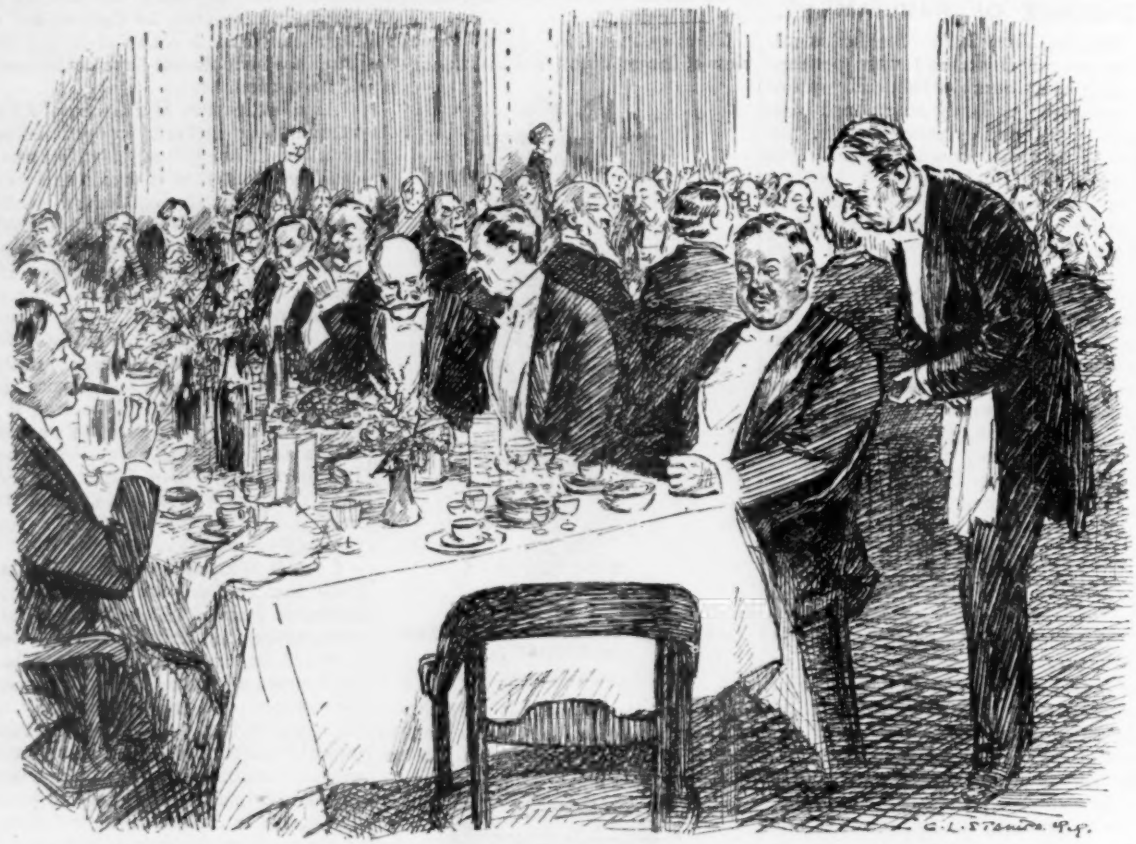
As a statesman His Grace of CANTERBURY has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being "safe" rather than dashing. But that is evidently a mistake, for in introducing the Bill which is to enable the Church to free itself from some of the trammels imposed upon it by the State he begged his hearers not to be afraid of "brave adventurous legislation." His appeal was quite lost upon Lord HALDANE, who was shocked by the terrible possibilities of the measure, and warned the PRIMATE that if the Bill became law he would have signed the death-warrant of the Establishment. Coming from a Presbyterian who helped to disestablish the Church in Wales, this showed the heights of altruism to which a real philosopher may rise.

Colonel WEDGWOOD was shocked to learn that in the occupied territories Germans had to take off their hats when addressing British officers. But it would be a mistake to assume that his concern was due to any tenderness for our foes. On the contrary, it was exhibited out of regard for the feelings of British officers. Mr. CHURCHILL regretted the inconvenience, but pointed out that it had always been the practice—even in Belgium—for an Army of Occupation to exact certain acts of respect from the inhabitants.

Mr. KELLAWAY, who announced last week with such pride that "the Government have struck oil," was now able to state that the oil had reached a height of 2,400 feet and was still rising steadily. There is some talk of inviting the successful engineers to put down bores at Westminster.

Wednesday, June 4th.—Complaint was made recently that under the new Rules of Procedure Members were expected to be in three places at once. I fancy that a good many of them settled their difficulty to-day by betaking themselves to a fourth place, not in the precincts of the Palace of Westminster.

There was anything but a Grand Parade on the green benches, and the faithful few who were present put a good many questions "on behalf of my honourable friend." The Front Benches were well manned, however, and Mr. LONG had quite a busy time explaining to Commander BELLAIRS why the Admiralty thought it inadvisable at this date to hold courts-martial in regard to the Naval losses of 1914. The House was more interested to hear that the Peace celebrations will include a Naval procession through London, and that



Waiter (at public dinner, to very hot and red-faced diner). "I'M GOING NOW, SIR. ANYTHING MORE I CAN GET YOU? BRANDY OR PORT? NO, SIR? SHALL I GET YOU A COOL CHAIR, SIR?"

there will be a display in the Thames of war-ships of various classes, including, possibly, some of those captured from the enemy.

A feature of the afternoon was Mr. MACQUISTEN'S brief comments upon Ministerial replies. Divorced from their setting, such remarks as "Fish is very dear!" (*à propos* of Admiralty parsimony in compensating the owners of drifters) or "By thought-reading?" (when the best method of ascertaining native opinion on the future of Rhodesia was in question), may not sound particularly funny, but, when delivered in a voice of peculiar penetration and "Scotchiness," at precisely the right moments, they were sufficient to convulse the Benches. Mr. MACQUISTEN must be careful or he will soon be a spoiled DARLING.

"Cigar smokers will be interested very much in the likelihood of that luxury being soon dearer than ever . . . It will most likely develop into a habit of getting the very last whiffff ffffout of every cigar."
Provincial Paper.

The printer would seem to be practising already.

"HOW TO HEAR MUSIC."

(*With humble acknowledgments to the critic of "The Times."*)

WE were grateful to Mlle. Snouck Hugronje for giving us an opportunity of hearing the Violin Concertos of Prenk Bib Doda in C sharp minor, and of Basil Tulkinghorn in the composite key of F.E. The latter work, we may explain, is dedicated to Lord BIRKENHEAD. Doda's work is so rarely played that Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN has wittily suggested that he ought to be renamed Dodo. But let that pass. Here he is abundantly like himself, rich in self-determining phrases which emerge from a Hinterland of wild surmise, and tower aloft in peaks of Himalayan majesty like Haramokh or Siniolchum—— Mr. CANDLER must finish this sentence.

Tulkinghorn is also a master of transcendental effects, and as relentless in pushing home his points as Mr. SMILLIE when examining a duke before the Coal Commission. But he is not always to be trusted. He lacks the architectonic faculty. In between the clusters of clear-cut phrases there are too many nebulæ of gaseous formation and spiral type, which deflect the orbital movement of his essentially electronic melody and impair its impact on the naked ear.

But when Mlle. Snouck Hugronje plays you forget all about self-determination, syndicalism, guild-control, proletariats, sunspots and even Mr. SMILLIE. If you are a poet, and we are all poets nowadays, you dream yourself into a punt on the Sonning backwater, wondering if the summer was ever so amazing before, nearly being shipwrecked on a sandy spit, startling moorfowl or it may be dabchicks, sending a *frisson* into the fritillaries, losing and regaining your punt-pole, always believing that the next bend—— Mr. FILSON YOUNG must really finish the sentence.

If you are a musician and an occultist you will, by due concentration of your pineal gland and pituitary body, rise with the rapidity of a HAWKER to astral altitudes immune from all mundane disquiet. You will notice—— However, this is best left to Mr. CYRIL SCOTT or Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE or Sir OLIVER LODGE. But if you are a mere

listener you will listen and be thankful. But if you never go to concerts you will still be able, by the aid of the New Criticism, to attain to an ecstasy of appreciation far greater than if you had relied on the crude medium of your senses.

THE CONSCRIPTION OF BRAINS.

PROGRESS OF THE COMMISSION.

THE Literary section of the Nationalisation Commission met last Friday. Before evidence was taken the Chairman, Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS, said that as their Report must be delivered in less than a week the Commission had decided not to summon Lord MORLEY, Lord ROSEBERY or Mr. THOMAS HARDY, but hoped in the few days still available to hear the evidence of Sir THOMAS HALL CAINE, Lady WARWICK, Mrs. BARCLAY, Mr. SPACKMAN and Mr. SMILLIE.

Mr. EDWARD MARSH read an interesting Report on the State Remuneration of Poets. He was of opinion that poets, if they could be shown to be of the authentic Georgian brand, ought to be secured a reasonable salary quite irrespective of the views which they expressed. They must never be expected to glorify or approve of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but should be perfectly free to criticise or attack him. No attempt should be made to impose any metrical constraint on their verse. But he thought it desirable that for the purpose of bringing them to the notice of the public a State chaperon should be appointed to provide suitable introductions and biographical details. He also advocated the multiplication of poetry tea-shops, where pure China tea and wholesome confectionery should be supplied gratis to all poets whose works had been favourably noticed in *The Times Literary Supplement*.

The CHAIRMAN. What is your idea of the minimum wage for poets?—In view of the present purchasing power of the sovereign I should put it at eight hundred pounds a year. Modern poets require an extra amount of nourishment, owing to the nervous strain involved in production, and their requirements in the matter of dress are often difficult to satisfy. I understand that the price of sandals has gone up two hundred per cent.

Mr. CHARLES GARVICE, the next witness, stated that he did not think the literary quality of novels would be necessarily improved by nationalisation. Speaking for himself he did not think it would affect his output. But if the State took over this industry it should be liberal in affording novel-producers facilities for obtaining fresh material, local colour, etc. At all costs the output of salubrious and sedative fiction must be maintained if only as an antidote to the subversive and revolutionary literature now freely disseminated among the proletariat.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD. How do you expect a workman earning only three pounds a week to afford seven shillings for every novel that he buys?—Personally I should like to see the cost reduced, but I understand that if the price of novels were fixed at one shilling it would involve the State in an expenditure of ten million pounds annually, even with the present reduced output of novels, which has fallen during the War to little over twenty million tons.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE declared himself a whole-hearted supporter of nationalisation. There was something extraordinarily uplifting in the notion of consecrating one's talents to the State. Publishers were too often callous individualists. Here one would be working for humanity. If his interview with the KAISER had been issued under State sanction he believed that the Peace would have been signed months sooner.



Niece. "BUT AREN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE THAT NICE PORTER A TIP, AUNTIE? HE'S AN OLD SOLDIER."

Aunt. "EXACTLY, MY DEAR. MUCH TOO POLITE TO BE UNPLEASANT TO ONE."

Official Candour.

"TELEGRAPHIC NOTICE.

Public is hereby informed that delays to and from offices in Punjab are normal."
Indian Paper.

Same here.

Our Veterans.

"London Rifle Brigade, 40 strong, of the 1st Battalion, which went out in 1814, arrived in London from France at mid-day yesterday."
Daily Paper.

A ROYAL INTERVIEW.

"SOMEONE to see you, Miss."

Thus Mary at about nine o'clock on an April evening at the door of my tiny sitting-room.

There was a strange little quiver in her voice.

Mary is so extremely well trained, and so accustomed, moreover, to queer visitors at the flat, that I looked up in surprise.

"Yes?" I said. "Is it a lady?"

Mary did not reply immediately; she seemed half-dazed.

"Is it a lady?" I repeated a little sharply. My usually imperturbable parlourmaid appeared to have taken leave of her senses.

"She said she was a queen, Miss," she gasped.

At that moment the visitor, evidently grown tired of waiting, calmly floated in through the half-open door and settled down gracefully in the centre of a large gold cushion lying on the end of the Chesterfield.

Fortunately I grasped the situation at once.

"Thank you, Mary," I said, with what I now feel to have been most commendable coolness in the entirely unprecedented circumstances; "I will ring if I want tea later."

When the door had closed upon the still gasping Mary I turned apologetically to my visitor.

"I'm so sorry, your Majesty," I said. "You see, my maid was not unnaturally a little surprised——"

"It's *quite* all right," said the Fairy Queen graciously; "I thought you wouldn't mind my coming in."

"Of course not," I said; "I am only too delighted. Won't you come nearer the fire?"

She looked down at the cushion on which she was sitting, then she looked up at me and smiled.

"I don't like to leave it," she said; "it's so pretty." And she stroked the soft gold stuff with her tiny hand.

"Yes," I said; "and your lovely frock goes with it so beautifully. But how would this be?"

I stooped, gently lifted the cushion with its delicate burden and put it down on the floor in front of the fire. "There—how is that?"

"That's delightful," said the Fairy Queen. "I'm so glad you like my frock," she went on. "Paris, of course. That is to say, the idea came from there. My own people did the actual making. After all, no one can touch the French when it comes to real *chic*. Don't you think so?"

I acquiesced. Oh, yes, Paris was certainly the best.

"But I didn't come here to discuss clothes," said my visitor. She made a quick movement and leaned suddenly forward on the cushion, her delicate golden head supported on her slender hand. "Do you know the Editor of *Punch*?" she asked abruptly.

I hesitated. "I can't exactly say that I *know* him," I said.

The Fairy Queen looked very disappointed.

"Oh, dear, then I'm afraid it's no good. I thought you'd be sure to know him."

"But although I don't know him personally I am in communication with him," I said. "Perhaps——"

She brightened up a little.

"I suppose you *could* write," she said; "though of course it would be far better to see him."

"It's about that cover," she went on. I looked at her blankly.

"The cover of *Punch*, you know."

Vague pictures of Mr. Punch surrounded by little dancing figures, an easel, Toby, a lion—surely there was a lion somewhere—flitted across my mind. What on earth had the cover of *Punch* got to do with the Fairy Queen?

I went over to the little table where lay the latest copy, and came back with it in my hand and knelt down on the floor near the cushion.

The Fairy Queen came close to me and peered over the edge of the paper.

"Look at the fairies," she said, pointing with a tiny indignant finger. "*Look* at them. They're most dreadfully old-fashioned. Nobody in fairyland looks in the least like that now."

I looked. Certainly the little figures had rather an early-Victorian air about them.

"Of course we should never dream of being tremendously fashionable or anything of that kind. I would not for one moment think of allowing any of my court-ladies to cut their hair short, for instance, or to wear one of those foolish hobble skirts; but nobody, nobody could accuse us of being dowdy. Now tell me, have you ever seen one of us looking like that, or like that?"

"But are you quite sure," I said, not without hesitation, for she was by way of being rather an autocratic and imperious little person and I was the least little bit afraid of her—"are you quite sure that they *are* fairies?"

"Of course they are," she replied quickly. "What else could they be? Naturally Mr. Punch would have fairies all round him. He loves us. You have no idea how much we have in common."

I didn't reply at once. I was engaged in staring at the familiar design.

"They haven't any wings," I said, still rather doubtfully, "except this one at the bottom."

But the Fairy Queen was very decided indeed. "All fairies don't have wings," she said; "and with regard to that particular one at the bottom," she glanced a little superciliously at the buxom lady with the trumpet, "as a matter of fact, she isn't a fairy at all. I don't quite know what she is, an angel perhaps, but not a fairy, certainly not a fairy. But the others are, of course." She glanced at me a little defiantly with her bright eyes. "Surely, my dear, I ought to know a fairy when I see one. At the time when these were done they were perfectly all right; they only want bringing up to date, like the pictures inside, that's all. Now you will see whether you can do anything, won't you?"

It was difficult to refuse, but I didn't feel very hopeful.

"I'll try," I said. "I'll write to the Editor; but I'm afraid it's not very likely that he will do anything in the matter. You see the cover's been like that for years and years. Almost ever since *Punch* began. It's—well, it's part of the *Punch* tradition. We all love it. Nobody would like to see it altered; it wouldn't seem the same thing."

The Fairy Queen was busy with her cloak and didn't pay much attention to what I was saying,

"Won't you stay a little longer and have some tea or something?" I begged.

She shook her head.

"A chocolate?"

She smiled. "I can't resist a chocolate," she said. She took a very little one and nibbled at it daintily, flitting about the room meanwhile and chattering away in the friendliest fashion in her tiny high voice.

"I must go," she said at last. "I have enjoyed it so much. May I come again some day? I should love to come again." . . .

I went out with her into the little lobby and down the stairs, and stood at the hall door to watch her go.

"Now don't forget," were her last words as she floated out into the night. "Tell him, tell him exactly what we really look like."

"I can't," I called after her desperately; "I can't."

But she had already disappeared in the soft haze. I went slowly up the stairs and back to my quiet room and the dying fire.

"I can't," I said again. "I only wish I could."

R. F.

"Bandsmen Wanted for Municipal Band. Solo Cornet and others. Work found for bricklayer, carpenter, painter and paperhanger."
Daily Paper.

With whose assistance we may expect some jazzling effects.

THE LURE OF THE LAND.



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN WHO BOUGHT A FARM—



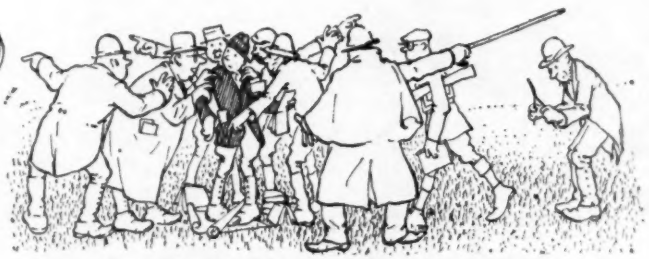
—BECAUSE AN OPEN-AIR LIFE APPEALED TO HIM—



—AND BECAUSE IT MADE ONE ONE'S OWN MASTER—



—BECAUSE, MOREOVER, HE WAS FOND OF ANIMALS—



—AND ALSO BECAUSE ANY AMOUNT OF EXPERT OPINION WAS ALWAYS AVAILABLE IN CASES OF DOUBT—



—BECAUSE, AGAIN, THE ELEMENT OF UNCERTAINTY GAVE SUCH A CHARM TO IT—



—AND, FURTHER, BECAUSE CERTAIN SECTIONS WERE BOUND TO BE PROFITABLE—



—IN ADDITION BECAUSE UP-TO-DATE APPLIANCES MADE EVERYTHING SO EASY—



Fougasse

—BECAUSE, IN PARTICULAR, IT TOOK ONE BACK TO NATURE, AND HELPED ONE TO AN UNDERSTANDING OF NATURAL LAWS—



—AND, LASTLY, BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, ONE COULD ALWAYS GET RID OF THE BEASTLY THING.

THE MURMANSK MOSQUITO.

MY particular interest having been aroused by descriptions recently published in the English Press of the Murmansk mosquito, I made a point, on my arrival in North Russia with the Relief Force, of collecting further data from officers whose experience entitles them to speak with authority upon the habits of the local fauna.

From them I have gathered some curious information which should interest even those whose enthusiasm for the phenomena of natural history is normally but languid, and cannot fail to intrigue not only the entomologist but also the big game hunter, who would find it well worth his while to observe and study the tactics of this sagacious and formidable insect.

Judging from the evidence at my command the true Murmansk mosquito is considerably larger and fiercer than the Archangel variety, owing no doubt to the genial influence of the Gulf Stream. Both types are however sufficiently ferocious, and, save when rendered comatose by excess of nutrition, will attack human beings without provocation. The female of the species, if disturbed while accompanied by her young, will invariably charge with such fury that only by an exceptional combination of skill and courage can she be driven off. The shrill and vibrating cry of the Russian mosquito as it swoops to the attack is, I am assured, qualified to shake the fortitude of even experienced troops.

So surprising are some of the current stories of the size, strength and agility of these dreaded carnivora that one would suspect their veracity were they not vouched for by military and naval officers, and supported by such concrete evidence as that of the local architecture. The houses are almost universally constructed of substantial logs, undoubtedly for the reason that brickwork would be more easily displaced by the furious assault of the mosquito, which usually hunts in droves, packs or swarms, and has been known to surround and make concerted attacks upon buildings occupied by particularly well-nourished personnel.

As evidence of the determination of their attacks, veterans of this front have pointed out to me, in the walls of local buildings, massive timbers which have been scarred and splintered by the teeth and claws of these monsters, emboldened by hunger and incensed by resistance.

The peculiar ferocity of the mosquito of these high latitudes is, of course, accounted for by the brevity of its actual life. Immured throughout the prolonged winter within its icy sarcophagus, it is not released before the middle of June, while the premature severity of August rapidly lowers its vitality. Such is its offensive spirit during the first relaxation of wintry rigour that it is dangerous in the extreme for anyone to walk about alone, for naturally the mosquito which the sunshine has just liberated, fasting and impatient, will make a determined effort to partake of the first likely repast which presents itself. Single newly-thawed specimens have been known to lie in ambush by frequented paths and fall upon lonely wayfarers with the desperate courage of starvation. I am credibly informed that, if duty necessitates an unescorted journey at this season, it is a wise precaution to provide oneself with several joints of reindeer flesh, which, in the event of attack by mosquitoes, may be thrown to them and so effect at least a temporary diversion.

The revolver is of little service against this formidable creature, owing to its cunning and the rapidity with which it manœuvres, while its bristly hide is stout enough to defy the ordinary shot-gun. It is proposed to detail certain anti-aircraft batteries to deal with high-flying swarms, while a young friend of my own, who was with a special company of the R.E. in France, is prepared to design a haversack projector for issue to all ranks. But against this it is urged by those familiar with North Russian towns in summer that nothing of such a nature can materially damage the *moral* of the local mosquito.

Thrilling stories are told of escapes from these dangerous brutes. A senior officer of notoriously full habit of body, having attracted the attention of several immense specimens, was by them surrounded in his office, and rescued only just in time by the gallant efforts of an allied fatigue party which the besieged officer had the presence of mind to detail over the telephone. While awaiting (or pending) their arrival he passed through a period of mental agony (which has left unmistakable marks upon him) as he listened to the roar of their wings and the crunching of their fangs upon the outer timbers, or fixed his fascinated gaze upon the sweep of their antennæ under the front door, where they were trying for a purchase in order to force an entry.

On another occasion a patrol which was attacked by a large swarm was only saved by the *savoir faire* of its commander, who ordered his men each to ward off the rush of the hungry insects with a ration biscuit held out to them at arm's length. In their impetuous ferocity the creatures blindly snapped at the biscuits, with the result foreseen by the experienced leader; the swarm, with every appearance of complete demoralisation, broke and fled, several being weakened by the fracture of their mandibles and falling an easy prey to the bayonets of the exultant patrol.

With its naturally ardent temperament irritated by months of bitter cold, its constitutional hunger aggravated by a prolonged fast, its appetite tempted by a novel diet in the form of British soldiery well-washed and firm-fleshed after years of Army rations, the North Russian mosquito is likely, in the opinion of experts, to take a high place among the more deadly horrors of war.



Author. "YOU REMEMBER MY LAST BOOK?"
Artist. "THE ONE I ILLUSTRATED?"
Author. "YES. WELL, SIR BARNES STORMER WANTS ME TO DRAMATISE IT FOR HIS NEXT WEST-END PRODUCTION."
Artist. "I SAY! THAT'S SPLENDID. I MUST READ IT."



Sergeant. "NOW THEN, ARE YOU THE FOUR MEN WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC I WAS ASKING FOR?"
Chorus. "YES, SERGEANT." *Sergeant.* "RIGHT. PARADE OFFICERS' MESS 11.30 TO MOVE GRAND PIANO TO MARQUEE—DISTANCE 500 YARDS—FOR CONCERT THIS EVENING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THAT audacious paraphrase of the Book of Job, *The Undying Fire* (CASSELL), seems to me to be marred by a fundamentally false note. I am sure that Mr. WELLS is as serious about his new God in the Heart of Man as he was about the Invisible King—I've no sort of intention of sneering—but I cannot credit him with belief in the Adversary, who by arrangement with the Almighty (as set forth in a discreetly flippant prologue with something of the flavour of those irreverent yarns invented and retailed by Italian ecclesiastics about Dominiddio) visits *Job Huss*, the headmaster of Woldingstanton, with the plagues of his desperate trial. However I take it that the author was anxious that his parody should be as complete in form as possible, and, being rather impressed by the insouciance, not to say insolence, of the Satan of the original, seized his chance of bizarre characterisation and "celestial badinage" and let consistency go hang for the time. Certainly the theological disquisitions of Mr. WELLS are remarkable not for their formal logic, but for their provocative quality and the very real eloquence of detached passages of the rambling argument. In particular, taking up again the thread of *Joan and Peter*, he gives such a survey of the scope and glories of a new education that is to salve the world's wounds as would move the heart of a jelly-fish. Mr. WELLS has his own methods of justifying the ways of God to man. He may be discursive, impatient, rash, perhaps a little shallow, but he has an undying fire of his own. He is certainly not dull. And therefore orthodox divines and pedagogues may perhaps have a real grievance against him. But I can't imagine any serious-minded man in a serious time reading this book and not getting hope and courage from it.

Victory Over Blindness (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a book whose title gives you at once the key to its contents and to the spirit that animates them. It is the record by Sir ARTHUR PEARSON of one of the most finely successful enterprises that the War has called forth. Everyone to-day has at least a vague idea of the work carried on at St. Dunstan's, "the biggest individual business," Sir ARTHUR terms it, "that I have ever conducted." A study of these pages will transform that vague idea into wonder and admiration. Big the business might well be called, since it is nothing less than the bringing back, almost to normal life, of men apparently condemned to an existence of helpless inactivity and dependence. Few things will strike you more forcibly in this book than its practical common-sense. That and an unsentimental optimism seem to be the dominant notes of all Sir ARTHUR'S effort. Without doubt the success of this has been beyond measure helped by the fact that the originator was himself a sharer in the adversity that it was designed to lessen. Two chapters especially in the book, called "Learning to be Blind," a brief manual of practical suggestions by one whom experience has rendered expert, supply a clue to the difference between the work at St. Dunstan's and the best-intentioned efforts of outside sympathy. *Victory Over Blindness* is a proud and rewarding motto; this little volume will show how thoroughly it has been earned.

I fancy that Miss JOAN THOMPSON had some design of symbolism in the choice of a name for her heroine, *Mary England* (METHUEN). The publishers indeed consider that she might be called "Every Woman," so typical is she of her sex, and "so like to the emotional careers of so many English girls is her own." Perhaps, on the other hand (without disparagement to the skill of Miss THOMPSON'S portraiture), I should have expected the typical maiden of *Mary's* class to show greater initiative. Many things nearly happened to *Mary*; practically nothing in her life was fashioned by her own intent. Of the two men who might have made her happy, one didn't propose at all, and one did it in the wrong fashion. Other two, who seemed possibly menacing, both drifted away with their evil purpose (if any) unfulfilled. I am wrong, though, in recalling *Mary* as invariably passive. She was once roused to the action of destroying the manuscript of a novel, in which the writer, the man who didn't propose, had too faithfully revealed his perception of herself. But though, as a reviewer, I may applaud this achievement on general grounds, it provided no kind of solution for the problem of her existence. This was left to be settled, very much off-hand, by a detached iceberg, which sank the ship in which *Mary* was emigrating. I thought that iceberg rather an evasion on the part of Miss THOMPSON. Perhaps however all this effect of drift is part of a subtle intention. I can certainly call the book admirably written, with restraint and an emotional sympathy that impressed me as the outcome probably of an intimate knowledge of the scenes and persons described. Whether her lethargy is "typical" or not, as a study *Mary England* will hold you at least sufficiently curious to deplore its arbitrary end.

Sir HARRY JOHNSTON has written a book which I find it difficult to define. His publishers and Mr. H. G. WELLS call it a novel, but bits of a biography and an autobiography and an African explorer's account of his travels have all somehow squeezed themselves into it, and for readers whose birthdays began before the last quarter of the nineteenth century *The Gay-Dombeys* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) will best justify itself as a *chronique scandaleuse*. To penetrate the thin disguises in which the author has dressed his notabilities and to sort the composite or hybrid personalities into their component parts should provide the initiated with congenial if not very edifying occupation. The reader who is also a DICKENS enthusiast will be, according to temperament, delighted or outraged to find that Sir HARRY JOHNSTON has made his book as it were a continuation of *Dombey and Son*. Many of his characters are either the creations of BOZ or their children and he contrives to carry on the interweaving of their lives to an unbelievable extent—even when the fullest allowance has been made for the smallness of the world. *Florence Dombey* and *Walter Gay*, as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Gay-Dombey*, actually survive well into the present book, while Sir HARRY JOHNSTON'S *Eustace Morven*, who tells us that he has reverted to the ancient spelling of his name, is the son of *Harriet Carker* and that hazel-eyed bachelor, *Mr. Morfin*, who lived and loved in *Dombey and Son*. But save in the chapter describing *Eustace Morven's* appearance at the annual dinner-party given by *Florence* and *Walter* to celebrate the re-establishment of the firm, Sir HARRY JOHNSTON'S work has not a very pronounced flavour of DICKENS. It is to be hoped that this method of writing novels will not become popular. A series of sequels to everybody by somebody else opens up an intimidating prospect, at least for the reviewer.



Gatekeeper (at castle of unpopular baron—to new grocer's boy). "YOU SILLY IDIOT! WHY DON'T YOU GO ROUND TO THE TRADESMEN'S GATE? GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T PULL THE BELL, OR YOU'D 'AVE GOT A 'ALF TON OF BOILING LEAD ON TOP OF YOU. THIS IS THE *VISITORS'* DOOR!"

Mr. PHILIP GIBBS has gathered together, under the title *Open Warfare, the Way to Victory* (HEINEMANN), his despatches written from the Western front during the last year of the War. What strikes one most on seeing them again in book form is the obscurity in which they veil the events they record. They so shine, as it were, with a luminous mist that they seem to reveal everything, yet in sober truth very often it is only in the light of later knowledge that they reveal anything at all. Congratulations, therefore, to Mr. GIBBS, the perfect war correspondent! I defy anyone from these papers alone (apart from the plentiful and excellent maps) to form anything like an adequate conception of the disaster that swept down upon the British Armies in the Spring of 1918. And yet in a sense it is all there, gorgeously camouflaged under the control—I daresay the wise and necessary control—of the censorship. The author, watching the very moulding of history with every advantage of proximity, has written down, if not much bare statement, yet an amazing sequence of heroic detail, associated with such stirring names as Arras or Givenchy or Cambrai. Curiously enough, though each chapter is intensely vivid, they become, through much instancing of the same unconquerable spirit, something monotonous, though never wearisome, in bulk. One trusts that a future generation will realise that the value of a book of this order consists in its first-hand record of such incidents of valour; it would be pitiful to have it hastily assumed, because so much is slurred or omitted to deceive the enemy, that England was so feeble-hearted as to require her evil news predigested before consumption in this manner. It should be added that the writer gives us a good sound introduction that goes a long way to fill the yawning gaps.

"GIRL WANTED.—A reliable girl for the summer months to go across the Arm."—*Halifax Evening Mail.*

To prevent misapprehension we ought to say that the western part of the bay at Halifax, Nova Scotia, is locally known as the "Arm."

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR THATCHER of New York describes President WILSON as one of the five greatest men in the world. Sir ERIC GEDDES is anxious to know who the other three are.

* * *

"The Jazz boom is dying out," says Mr. HERMAN DAREWSKI, "but the next boom will be an Oriental one." There seems nothing to do about it except to bear up.

* * *

The fact that for some time no arrest was made for the Plaistow safe robbery seems to indicate that the thieves desired to remain anonymous.

* * *

Like soothing balm from the dear old days comes the intimation that Sir THOMAS LIPTON is confident of lifting the America Cup in 1920.

* * *

Up to the time of going to Press it had not been officially decided what new uniform will be designed for the R.A.F. to be worn during the Peace Celebrations.

* * *

The City of Philadelphia has decreed that sitting-out places in ball-rooms must be adequately lighted. Following upon the unauthorised publication of the Peace Terms, this is a further blow at secret covenants.

* * *

Forty thousand children visited the Zoo on Whit-Monday, and one anxious father who had mislaid a couple of infan s stayed for a long time in the reptile-house, looking suspiciously at the swollen appearance of the boa constrictor.

* * *

"The people of London have never understood that wisdom is not concentrated here," said Sir GEORGE LUNN at the conference of Associated Education Committees. These cheap sneers at Sir FREDERICK BANBURY are beneath his notice.

* * *

The Vicar of South Acton suggests that a huge prize should be offered for the invention of a good temperance drink. We regret to say that this is not the first studied insult that has been offered to Government ale.

* * *

A new race, who had never seen a white man before, is reported to have been found on Prince Albert Land, and one of them is being taken to Maine, U.S.A. That ought to teach them to be discovered again.

* * *

Incidentally so many errors have been made of late in executing people in Russia that in future all orders for executions will be signed by LENIN and will bear the words, "Errors and Omissions Excepted."

* * *

The Bolshevists have their trials just like human beings. One of them last week was mistaken for a bourgeois and shot.

* * *

Civil servants engaged by the various Ministries will in future be required to have special qualifications for their work. We have always thought that this would be an advantage.

* * *

Señor FERNANDEZ denies the allegation that Mexico is not now at war with any nation. It is supposed to have been spread by jealous rivals.

* * *

In the Isle of Sheppey there is not a single person who is drawing the unemployment donation. There seems to be no excuse whatever for this apathy. Full particulars have appeared in the Press.

* * *

The embargo on the export of gold from the United States is to be raised almost immediately; meanwhile all shipments will be carefully watched, the stuff being now nearly worth its weight in coal.

* * *

County Tyrone has a dog specially trained to trace whiskey. Several people in this country have already offered it a good home, where it will be treated as one of the family.

* * *

Asked to describe the cuckoo the other day, a small boy said it was the bird which put its eggs out to be laid by another bird.

* * *

At last an obliging taxi-driver has been discovered. His clock registered six shillings and his passenger had only five-and-sixpence, so he offered to reverse his engine in order to wipe off the deficit.

* * *

We now hear that the authorities have decided that, if a child should fall into any lake or river and be in peril of drowning, any dog may be allowed to remove its muzzle for the purpose of effecting a rescue.

* * *

During the removal of a safe weighing three hundredweight some burglars last week used cushions and mats to deaden the sound. We are greatly pleased to note a tendency to study residents a little. After all it is most irritating to be awakened by noisy burglars in the house.

* * *

The No-Treating Order was revoked on June 4th, and it is generally expected that this date will be made an annual public holiday in Scotland.



Small Bagsnatcher. "RIGHT-O, GUV'NOR. I SEE YER BEEN WOUNDED. I SHAN'T KNOCK YER ABAHT."

There was an impenitent duke
Who would not submit to rebuke—
Not even from SMILLIE,
But called him a wily
Text-mongering Bolshi-Bazouk.

"PERSONAL.

Major C.——, late R.A.V.C., who is now disembodied, has returned to ——, and will resume his practice as heretofore."
Yorkshire Observer.

Now then, Sir OLIVER LODGE and Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, get busy.

THE BALAAM STAKES.

THEY were speeding along in the train to the Dispersal Area, and, having moved heaven and earth to achieve demobilisation, were now absolutely miserable on nearing their goal.

"Like to pick your fancy for the Derby, Docker?" asked Jimmy Ferguson, proffering his daily paper with an air of acute cheerfulness.

"Not fer me," said Docker Morgan dismally; "I sworn off after the Balaam Stakes."

"I never 'eard tell of that race," said Jimmy.

"Well, it ain't one of the classic events. It were run over there." Docker jerked a thumb vaguely in the direction of France. "At a 'Concours Hippique,' which is posh for 'Race Meeting.' Our orficers arranged it just afore our troops left the area, and nacherally fixed it fer the most awkward time fer me an' Nigger Rolf, being just between pay-days. After payin' to go on the course we'd only got five francs left fer investment purposes. Nigger wanted to plunge right away, but I stopped 'im.

"'No,' says I; 'we don't know 'orses, but we does know mules, leastways as much as anyone does know mules. Let 's scoop on this.'

"'An' I showed 'im the programme, which said:—

"'5.30.—THE BALAAM STAKES. For Government Mules ridden or driven by British N.C.O.'s and men during the War.'

"We walked round the course an' tumbled acrost Ping Brown, got up *ong chevalier*.

"'Aw-aw, Donoghue,' says I, 'is it worth while backing you for a cool thou for the Balaam?'

"'Well,' says he, 'I'm riding Perishing Percy. If it wus a clog-dancing competition it 'ud be easy money, but bein' a race, back any one, even the starter, sooner than me.'

"Then I met Spruggy Boyce, who useter drive with me in the Umpteenth Field Ambulance.

"'Glory, Docker,' says he, falling on my neck, his top-boots being a bit loose, 'I was looking for you.'

"'I ain't got no money,' says I.

"'But you *can* 'ave,' he whispers confidential, like they do in the pictures. 'I 'm riding Red Liz in the Balaam.'

"'Well,' I replies, 'I 'm not denying that Red Liz is a perfect lady; but that 's 'er trouble—she 's too ladylike to pass anyone.'

"'Docker,' he hisses, 'do you remember driving 'er one day down the Menin Road when Fritz started shelling?'

"'Don't I just! Why, she didn't fetch up till nearly at St. Omer, and the shells lost heart becos they couldn't catch 'er. But,' I says regretfully, 'it takes shells to start Red Liz, an' we ain't got none.'

"'No, we 'aven't got shells,' whispers Spruggy, 'but I 've got some crackers; an' if you sprinkle some on the course it 's a cert.'

"'Right-o!' says I. 'Me an' Nigger will see it through, if you 'll lend us another five francs to invest.'

"Then I went to *cherchay* a bookie, but I couldn't find one anywheres.

"'They don't 'ave 'em 'ere,' says Nigger. 'You invests at the sheds over there—the *Paree Mutual*.'

"'That 's an insurance company,' answers I. 'I want to put a bit on, not take out a life policy.'

"'That 's the place, I tells you,' says Nigger; 'the *Paree Mutual* or the *Total Liza*. If you don't 'urry you won't get it on before the race starts.'

"So I fights my way through the surging mob to the counter.

"'What odds for Red Liz in the five-thirty?' says I.

"'*Je ne comprong pas*,' says the bet merchant, and before I could say another word the crowd swept me away. I went back to Nigger.

"'Look 'ere, Nigger,' says I indignantly, 'I don't like this way. I likes to speckerlate with a bookie—one with a wooden leg as can't run for preference—who tells you what odds 'e 's going to give an' doesn't 'ave to work it out in vulgar fractions afterwards.'

"'You 'eart-breaking turnip!' says Nigger; 'give me the money.'

"'E came back in a few minutes with a bit o' card that looked like a pawn-ticket.

"'That 's done,' he says. 'If it wins we just takes this ticket an' 'e pays out on it. An' now let 's go an' see 'em come out.'

"There wus ten starters, and four changed their minds at the post. Perishing Percy did some neat an' effective steps that would 'ave gone better with music, an' then stopped dead to listen for the applause. Whips nor spurs weren't allowed in the race, an' peaceful persuasion don't go far with a mule; but about five of 'em pursued the narrow and straight path that leads to the winning-post. A big raw-boned animal, named Gentle Maggot, floundering along with one foot in the franc side an' tother in the enclosure, with two other feet that couldn't be simultaneously located, was leading, an' a chestnut named Coughdrop was a good second. Red Liz was flapping her long ears an' coming along very genteelly in the rear. When they wus nearly level to us, Nigger whispers to me to get the cracker ready; but me hands were trembling so with excitement that I couldn't light it.

"'Give 'em to me, you idjut!' says Nigger, and he plunked one neatly by Red Liz's ribs. She started, and Nigger plants another one behind 'er. Then she put 'er 'ead down and tore along like mad. She passed three, got level with Coughdrop, passed 'er, an' thirty yards from home was neck with Gentle Maggot. Both Jocks were whooping like mad, but just as everyone was swearing it was going to be a dead-heat, I thumped Nigger hard on the back an' yelled out, 'We 've won!'

"Spruggy 'ad jerked Red Liz's head down just at the post, an' she 'ad won by an ear!"

"Well, that was good enough, wasn't it?" said Jimmy, as Docker finished his narrative with a mournful downward inflexion of voice.

"It would 'ave been," replied Docker; "only Nigger 'ad put the ticket in 'is mouth while 'e lighted the cracker, an' when I thumped 'im on the back it startled 'im, an'—*'e swallered it*."

SONGS OF SIMLA.

IV.—MRS. HAWKSBEE.

HAZARDS beset her social groove;
Dilemmas rise—she wriggles free;
Landslip or earthquake cannot move
Her imperturbability.

Where 'er she goes her presence thrills,
And in her youthfulness there shines
The everlasting of our hills,
The evergreenness of our pines.

Hung in a poise that knows no law
The kestrels watch above the trees,
But never was kestrel yet that saw
The half that Mrs. Hawksbee sees.

Rosy and smiling mid her furs
Along the Mall her way she trips
With subalterns whose worship stirs
The cynic swiftness of her lips.

When Jakko-wards her rickshaw sweeps,
The monkeys scamper o'er the grass,
And breathlessly each rascal peeps
To see the Queen of mischief pass.

Our Viceroys know the call of Fate;
Our Generals pass nor question why;
Councils dissolve and Staffs migrate,
But Mrs. Hawksbee shall not die.

J. M. S.

"So far from the wage-earning classes being shown the necessity for a revival in our industry, the Prime Minister talks nonsense about 'removing the sceptre of unemployment.'"—*Morning Paper*.

This will comfort those who were afraid that it was permanently enthroned.



THE FINISHING TOUCH.



Small Brother (to rejected lover). "BUT, JOHN, DIDN'T YOU TELL HER YOU'D PLAYED FOR ESSEX?"

THE POET.

IN a distant country, at a remote epoch, was born of humble parents a poet. "Born" advisedly, since the poet is always born, not made. Even before he could write he composed little poems, which he would recite aloud. The simple pleasures of the poor, among whom he grew up—intoxication, pugilism, funeral merry-makings—furnished the themes of his verse.

Upon reaching man's estate he adopted the calling of night-watchman, an occupation which provided him at once with a livelihood and ample opportunities for meditation. It is to this period that the "Nocturnes" belong.

Now it happened that the poet's work reached the eye of the Prince, who, anxious to encourage genius, appointed him to some minor place about Court and endowed it with a pension. Moreover, to complete his happiness he gave him in marriage a beautiful and accomplished maiden, for whom the poet had long cherished an ardent but hopeless passion. So, as by enchantment, the course of the poet's existence was changed. He no longer waked while others slept. On the contrary he seldom left his couch until a late hour in the morning, and when at last he rose it was often to pass the rest of the day in a Turkish bath.

Yet in spite of altered circumstances he still remained a poet, for the poet is born, not made, or unmade. The tenor of his poetry however was changed. Instead of the rude and vigorous subjects which formerly engaged his lyre he would now employ his art in verse of the daintiest, to celebrate flowers, ladies' eyebrows and similar trivialities.

This style however was not altogether to the taste of the munificent Prince. He had expected something stronger, something more in the grand manner. So he consulted a Wise Man, an adept in the ways of poets, one greatly in demand as a writer of biographical prefaces to poetical reprints.

The Wise Man heard him to the end and replied as follows: "Sire, you have been ill-advised. Who ever heard of a happy poet? Poetry and prosperity are incompatible. Instead of trying to make your *protégé* joyful you should have heaped sorrow upon him. It is well known that sorrow ennobles a man and enlarges his emotional experience. 'Poets learn in suffering what they teach in song' sang one of them who knew.

"However it is not too late. When next he seeks your Presence, indicate to him with that tact which is the birthright of princes that he no longer enjoys your favour. At the same time stop his pension and allow him to taste once more the life from which your bounty removed him. Could you contrive that he loses the affection of his wife, and that he falls into a consumption, so much the better. In addition, if it please your Highness, I will arrange that all his work is unfavourably noticed in the Press and that calumnies concerning his private life are circulated in the personal paragraph columns."

"Thanks very much," said the Prince, and dismissed the Wise Man with a handsome fee.

A few days later, when the poet presented himself at Court, the monarch rose from his throne, took a short run and kicked him in a vulnerable part. Breathless the poet was borne by lackeys from the royal presence, wherein he never again showed himself. At the next meeting of the Council the Prince annulled his pension by a stroke of the pen. Thus the poet was thrust back into the cold world.

Now began a period for him of intense unhappiness. Having lost his old busi-

ness connection he could no longer obtain employment in his original vocation. He had therefore no alternative to avert starvation but to follow the precarious calling of a cab-runner. These events, it will be recalled, happened in a bygone age, before the motor superseded the horse. Often, after a weary trail half across the town behind a luggage-laden cab, only to find that the family kept a man-servant, he would return to the cellar that was now his home, penniless and exhausted.

Long hours spent over the washtub, to eke out their scanty earnings, had rendered his wife—once the "Fay" of the "Love Songs"—both muscular and short-tempered. On such occasions she would lay hands on the poet and thrash him till he wept. But throughout all he remained a poet, for the poet is born not made. Every tear in falling turned to a sonnet. His sorrows were transmuted into poems—poems now suffused with the concentrated emotion of the human race.

Nevertheless each one as it appeared was brutally slated in the organs controlled by the literary adviser to the Crown and himself belittled and ridiculed. When, as luck would have it, his wife eloped with a wrestler, a flood of melody poured from his soul which, connoisseurs have assured us, ranks high amongst the lyrical masterpieces of the world. These verses will be found amongst the collection known as "Swan Songs," published posthumously, for, not long after, the poet unfortunately developed phthisis and died.

But though he was thus cut off in early manhood his name will live for ever. It is borne by a square in the boarding-house quarter of the capital and by a cravat which, though, alas, no longer in the fashion, is still worn every Sunday by countless artisans.

His poems too have achieved immortality. Showily bound they make a favourite school prize and have given entertainment to generations of cultured refined persons, who have never paused in their reading to give a thought to the author of their enjoyment, the sagacious Prince to whose action they owe their emotional treat. His Royal Highness's reward was his own æsthetic satisfaction. "By Heaven, this is more like," he rapturously exclaimed as he laid down the last volume of the collected works; "this verse has got some stuff in it." And on the occasion of his next birthday he conferred the Companionship of a Household Order upon the poet's publisher.

"Lord Basil's scratching is said to be due to soreness."—*Daily Sketch.*

It frequently is.



OUR WEALTHY WORKERS.

Host (to guest with Socialistic opinions). "I HOPE YOU'LL BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT THE MONEYED CLASSES. OUR MAID IS VERY SENSITIVE."

BIRD-LORE.

I.—THE CUCKOO.

THE Cuckoo is a tell-tale,
A mischief-making bird;
She flies to East, she flies to West
And whispers into every nest
The wicked things she 's heard;
She loves to spread her naughty lies;
She laughs about it as she flies:
"Cuckoo," she cries, "cuckoo, cuckoo,
It 's true, it 's true."

And when the fairies catch her
Her busy wings they dock,
They shut her up for evermore
(She may not go beyond the door)
Inside a German clock;
Inside a wooden clock she cowers
And has to tell the proper hours—
"Cuckoo," she cries, "cuckoo, cuckoo,
It 's true, it 's true." R. F.

"The Silent Service."

"Horace ——, labourer, was charged with using insulting language. He was said to be training for the Navy and the case was accordingly dismissed."—*Local Paper.*

"If people would wear the same underclothing all the year round, and with or without the aid of a thermometer against their bedroom window vary their outer garments only, they would never be inconvenienced by changes of temperature."

Letter in Daily Paper.

And they would make an appreciable saving in their laundry bills.

THE MUD LARKS.

"*Gurr finny*," says T. Atkins, and there seems no doubt about the well-known War being over at last. Home-keeping folk, who imagine it ended when the whistle blew at the eleventh hour of November 11th, are wide, very wide, of the mark. We have experienced some of its direst horrors since then. Why, at one time (and not so long ago) we were without the bare necessities of life itself.

I have seen hardy old soldiers, banded like zebras with wound-stripes and field-service chevrons, offering to barter a perfectly good horse for a packet of Ruby Queen cigarettes, or swap a battery of Howitzers for a flagon of Scotch methylated. Then came the Great Downfall. Nabobs, who for years had been purring about back areas in expensive cars, dressed up like movie-kings, were suddenly debussed and dismantled. Brigadiers sorrowfully plucked the bâtons from off their shoulder-straps and replaced them in their knapsacks. The waste-paper baskets brimmed with red flannelette and gilt edging. Field officers cast down their golden crowns and crept slowly back to their original units as substantive lieutenants.

And now all are gone, some home to England to write for *The Times* (Appointments Required column) and some to watch the Rhine and see that it gets up to no irregularities, such as running the wrong way or dry. Here, on the fringe of the old battle-grounds, only the merest handful of us remain, deserted by the field armies, apparently forgotten by the management.

It has happened before. Bob, our Camp Commandant, swears that a battalion of his regiment, while garrisoning some ocean isle, got mislaid for years and years, and they would have been there to this day, chatting to the crabs and watering the palm-trees with their tears, if some junior subaltern had not sent his birthday-book to KITCHENER with the request that the Field-Marshal would inscribe some verses therein.

Occasionally the boom of explosions coming from the devastated areas tells us that our brave allies the Chinese are still on deck, salvaging ammunition after their own unique fashion of rapping shells smartly over the nose-caps with sledge-hammers to test whether they be really duds or no.

Although a very courageous man, I do not linger in their whereabouts unless I have to. I don't follow their line of thought. One of them unearthed a MILLS bomb the other day. It gave off blue smoke and fizzed prettily. When last seen he was holding it to the ear of a chum, who was smiling entrancedly, as a child smiles at the croon of a conch-shell.

By the way, whilst we are on the subject, who is this MILLS? The illustrated papers have shown us THE MAN WHO WON THE WAR, the thousand-and-one sole and only inventors of Tinribs the Tank; their prattle-pages are crammed daily with portraits of war-worn flag-sellers, heroic O.B.E.'s, and so on; but what of our other benefactors, the names of whom are far more familiar to the average Atkins than are those of the Twelve Apostles or his own Generals? I confess to a great desire to behold the features of Mr. MILLS, the bombster (I picture him a benevolent-looking old gentleman with a flowing white beard), Mr. STOKES of the gun, Mrs. AYRTON of the gas-fan, and Messrs. ARMSTRONG and NISSEN, the hutters. Can no enterprising picture-paper supply the want?

But to return to ourselves. With the exception of the faithful Celestial, the land is empty of human interest. The roads that once rumbled unceasingly with wheels and swarmed with merry men now run bare under a sad sky. The deepway side drains, in which our lorries used to play at submarines, now harbour nothing more exciting than tadpoles. We are hard-pressed to find mischief for our idle hands to do.

Sherlock the Sleuth keeps himself in fair fettle by prowling round the countryside and trying to restrain the aborigines from pinching what little British material they have not already pinched. Yesterday he came upon a fatigue party of Gauls staggering down a by-way under the shell of an Armstrong hut. He whooped and gave chase. The Gauls, sighting the A.P.M. brassard, promptly dumped the hut and dived through a wire fence. Sherlock hitched his horse to a post and followed afoot, snorting fire and brimstone. They led him at a smart trot over four acres of boggy plough, through a brambly plantation, two prickly hedges and a richly-perfumed drain and went to ground inextricably in some mine buildings. He returned, blown, battered and baffled, to the starting-point, to find that some third party had in the meantime removed the Armstrong hut—also his horse.

Ronald, our only remaining Red Hat, saves his soul from boredom by keeping all the H.Q. departments open and conducting, on his own, a brisk correspondence between them. As there are about thirty of these and he conducts them all himself it will be understood that this entails a certain amount of movement on his part.



ANOTHER TUBE CRUSH.

Bob, the Camp Commandant, spends his time trying to square his returns and interviewing Violet. Violet is a middle aged gentleman who came to us from some Labour unit and refuses to leave. He has an enormous head, a walrus moustache, a hairy nose, and feet which flap as they walk. His *métier* is to keep the place tidy and the incinerator fires burning. He prowls about at night, accompanied by a large ginger tom-cat, harpooning loose scraps of paper. Any dust he meets he deals with on the blotting-paper principle, by rolling in it and absorbing it. When his clothes are so stiff with dirt that they will stand up without any inside assistance from Violet, they are sawn off him and consigned to the incinerator and he is given a new suit. Whenever his back hair has grown so long that it is liable to impede his movements, a *posse* of grooms is despatched to his lair to rope, throw and shear him with horse-clippers. Last time they did it they swear they lost the instrument twice and that two bats and an owl flew out of his tresses.

He is allowed out only at night, because the German prisoners laugh at him, which is bad for his *moral* and



Instructress. "ALL YOU WANT NOW IS A LITTLE POLISHING."

good for theirs. He lives, he and his cat, deep in the chât-au woods in a tiny semi-subterranean cabin he has constructed of odds and ends of tin and tar-paper. He was supposed to have been demobilised ages ago, but we cannot get him off the premises.

Bob goes and interviews him on the subject about three times a day—all to no avail. "'Tain't a bit o' use you comin' an' flappin' them there paperses at me, Mister" (all officers, irrespective of rank, are "Mister" to Violet), says he to Bob; "you know very well I aren't no scholard an' I won't sign nothin' I can't read; even if I could sign, which I can't, bein' no scholard; so there 's the end of it, as I 've told you scores of times before, with all due respect, of course, as the sayin' is."

He doesn't want to go home and he *won't* go home, he says. His wife beats him "somethink crool," he says; in fact he never knew what real peace meant until war broke out. Furthermore she has been putting on a lot of muscle of late and demobilisation means certain death. He is going to stay where he is. What with the ginger cat's poaching proclivities and the bully beef he has buried in the plantation he can hold out almost indefinitely, he says; so there is no cause for us to be anxious on his behalf. When we come back for the next war we shall find him on the old stand, ready to resume business, he says, and for his part the next war can't break out any too soon.

The remainder of Bob's time, as I said before, is occupied in trying to square his establishment returns. Some time ago he discovered that he was a water-cart short. This was serious, very. A water-cart is a large and expensive item, and as far as he could see it would end in his having to make good the loss out of his own pocket, which at that moment contained ten centimes and a corkscrew.

However he was determined he would see what a little applied cunning would do first. He locked himself into his office and took thought. After an hour's violent mental disturbance he penned a letter to the authorities, saying that his establishment was complete in all details, with the exception of one water-bottle. As, however, he had come by several superfluous knives, spoons and forks considerably exceeding the water-bottle in value, might they be taken in exchange and the account squared? The Government would be greatly the gainer thereby.

Four days later he was notified that the transaction was approved. After waiting till he was reasonably certain that the correspondence was safely lost, burnt or consigned to impenetrable archives, he sent the following wire:—

"Reference my R.L.217, dated April 1st, for 'bottle' read 'cart.'"

The reply came back, "Noted."

PATLANDER.

Our Wonderful World.

"Three Geese and Gander, Four Chicks and Drake; all laying."
Bolton Evening News.

"Mr. Marston, the President [of the Policemen's Union], stated that the time for action will arrive after the tripe alliance at Southport on June 24."—*Provincial Paper.*

An offal prospect.

"The pages were in the khaki uniform of the Cadet Corps of the 1st-5th crepe de chine, trimmed with cream lace and blue crepe dechine, trimmed with cream lace and blue ribbons, and carried directoire silver-knobbed sticks, tied with blue ribbon and pink roses, gifts of the bridegroom."—*Mid-Devon Times.*

The 1st-5th have always been famous for their dressiness.

THE ARCHÆOLOGISTS;

OR, THE FIGHT AGAINST REACTION.

MY DEAR KNOTT,—It has occurred to me that since the closing of our little V.A.D. depôt there is a good deal of energy in Filby without a suitable outlet, and I am writing to you on the matter as I feel sure you will have some helpful suggestion to make.

Of course a great deal of this energy might be profitably expended on the ever-increasing spiritual needs of the parish, but I feel that if some society of a secular character were got up just now it would be helpful, especially to the female portion of our community.

Miss Timlin has suggested a Philatelic Society, and I shall be pleased to hear your views on her proposal.

Believe me, Yours ever sincerely,
THEODORE BLAND.

DEAR VICAR,—I have your letter and quite agree as to the advisability of starting some society for working off the latent energy which has accumulated since the demise of the War and the consequent closing down of War activities. I do not however fancy Philately as a safety-valve. I suppose one *could* stand up to stick stamps in a book, and would get a certain amount of physical exercise in going about swapping duds and duplicates, but generally speaking it is a sedentary occupation and, to my mind, a selfish one.

As you ask for a suggestion from me, I propose an Archæological Society. The pursuit of Archæology has this advantage: it connotes digging, an aptitude for which has been distinctly fostered here by the allotment habit.

As for our objective, without going further than Filby there is the alleged tunnel leading from the ruins of the nunnery to no one knows where. It would be interesting to know whether the thirteenth-century Lord of Filby had a private way (on the score of feudalities) to the Ursuline convent, or whether the good nuns had a back-way to the Old Swan for the conveyance of mead, sack and such other strong waters as the times and licensing laws afforded. But perhaps the tunnel, like most things, is controlled, and a *mandamus* (which, I take it, is a kind of ecclesiastical coupon) would be required before we could touch it.

Of course there are a mound and the foundations of an old wall in my paddock which the Society are welcome to tackle. Don't you think they would do to begin on?

Yours sincerely, ARCHIBALD C. KNOTT.

MY DEAR KNOTT,—Many thanks for your valuable help. I think you may expect quite a good turn up of members on Tuesday. I have always thought that the tumulus in your field might yield some interesting archæological find. The land and a former mansion were part of the Convent demesne, as you probably know. I am sorry that I shall not be present as I have to attend the Bishop's Conference at Braychester, which is expected to last a week or two.

Wishing you all success and with kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Knott,

I am, Yours ever sincerely, THEODORE BLAND.

MY DEAR VICAR,—Thanks for yours. I am very sorry you have been called away at such a time.

The first meeting was so successful that a second was fixed for Wednesday. But enthusiasm seemed to flag on Wednesday evening, as nothing of interest had been discovered.

A few die-hards agreed to put in some hours' digging on Thursday, when Colonel Stacey and Mrs. Cottingham each dug up a Roman bronze coin (both denarii, I fancy) from the mound. This of course acted as a great stimulant, and we had a bumper meeting on Friday. Stacey, I understand, intends to read a paper, at the first indoor meeting of the society, on the Roman occupation of Filby-in-the-Wold. The mound is now levelled, and the wall foundations have all been dug up and carted away; but the latter yielded nothing of interest.

Hoping that the Conference is going as you would wish,

I am, Yours sincerely, ARCHIBALD C. KNOTT.

P.S.—Couldn't you touch up the Bishop on the subject of the Convent tube?

DEAR VICAR,—We have had an archæological strike. The mound is levelled, the wall foundations have disappeared, and so have the diggers. I am afraid the Society are now awaiting your return to give them a lead. My grounds, alas, have produced nothing beyond the two denarii.

Yours sincerely, ARCHIBALD C. KNOTT.

[*Extract.*]

DEAR BOY,—Your mother and I are delighted that you will be demobbed in about a week from now . . . By the way you will be glad to hear that we can start making that second tennis-court in the paddock as soon as you get back. I have had the remains of what was known as Knott's Folly in your great-grandfather's day removed, at a total cost of two denarii (which had been lying in a drawer in my dressing-room for years); not so bad, considering the present cost of labour. But of this more anon.

Your affectionate FATHER.

A CRICKET BARGAIN.

(*Before the match.*)

WE meet as foes, my James, this summer weather,
But sterner summers saw us twain in league;
Shoulder to shoulder have we stood together
On Q.M.S. fatigue.

So, when (ninth wicket down) to-day I enter
Upon my tenure of the crease and gaze
Nervously at you, having taken centre,
Remember bygone days.

Abate your skill, so shall my nerves grow firmer,
Till driving seems the easiest of jobs,
And passers-by shall pause and haply murmur,
"Golly, can that be HOBBS?"

Do this for me, and you 'll discover later
How fame awaits the generous and good;
A few long hops shall win a glory greater
Than ever break-back could.

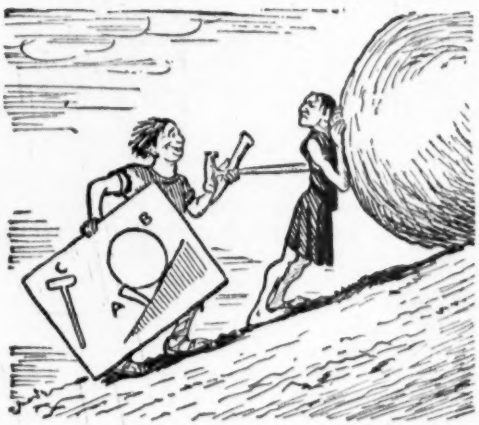
If for a ball or two you let me smite you,
Running amok with dashing bat and bold,
My Muse shall have instructions to requite you
Even an hundredfold.

You shall she hymn in strains that do not falter,
Proclaim of you for all who run to read:—
"He sacrificed his length on friendship's altar;
He was a pal indeed."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

AT this season, when their own children are already counting the days that lie between them and their holidays, Mr. Punch appeals to his kind readers not to forget the greater needs of the children in our elementary schools. The cost of sending them away to the sea or countryside for fresh air and change of scene is constantly increasing and the Children's Country Holidays Fund cannot keep up its good work without generous help. There can be no better way of making a Peace-offering than by helping to build up the health and strength of the new generation. Mr. Punch begs that liberal gifts may be sent to the Secretary of the Fund at 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SCENES FROM OUR GREAT FILM: "AUDACITY DOWN THE AGES."



MYTHICAL ENGINEER MAKING A SUGGESTION TO SISYPHUS.



GLADIATOR CALLING FOR MORE AND LARGER LIONS.



ANCIENT BRITON DEFYING HIS CHIEF, AND REFUSING TO WOAD.



ROMAN COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER TRYING TO SELL SAFETY RAZORS TO THE DRUIDS.



KNIGHT, ABOUT TO UNDERGO THE "TRIAL BY COMBAT," OFFERING TO BACK HIMSELF "TO WIN OR A PLACE."



AMBIDEXTROUS FLOWER-GIRL SELLING RED AND WHITE FAVOURS DURING THE WARS OF THE ROSES.



Milliner. "THAT MODEL IS FIFTEEN GUINEAS, MODOM." *Customer.* "HOW MUCH WOULD IT BE IF THE FEATHER WERE REMOVED?" *Milliner.* "FIFTEEN-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS, MODOM. YOU SEE, LABOUR IS SO DEAR."

ON THE HIGH C.'s.

DOUBTLESS you have often heard
Of the thrush, that gladsome bird,
Who will warble any day,
Be it cold or wet or gray.
I suppose her mother taught her
That the worms are fond of water,
So that neither sl et nor slush
Bridles that eupeptic thrush.

Such a one was Johnny Carr
(Sub-Lieutenant R.N.R.).
I have never caught him yet
Out of sorts when it was wet;
He will hum when tempests howl,
Whistle midst the thunder's growl,
And I 've seen him sing for joy,
Clinging to a punctured buoy,
While his gallant T.B.D.
Sank beside him in the sea.

No one knows exactly when or
Why he came to call it tenor,
But the fact remains he sang
With a subtle nasal twang
Just because he liked to do so
(He was Carr, but not CARUSO),
And with such a force of lung
That, whatever tune he sung,
It was like a projectile
With a range of twenty mile.

'Twas the thirty-first of May.
On that memorable day,
Flitting like a restless ghost
Somewhere off the Danish coast,
His destroyer, all agog,
Butted through the clinging fog,
When for just a space the gray
Mists of morning rolled away.
Ah! but how their pulses t eat
When they saw the High Seas Fleet
Nosing noiseless as a dream
Barely half-a-mile abeam;
Then the filmy mists anew
Blotted everything from view.
John, astounded at the sight,
Sang aloud with all his m ght.

But the German, seeing nought,
Only hearing what he thought
Must be twelve-inch guns at least
Firing at him from the East,
Felt that it was time to hook it,
Saw his chance and boldly took it.

Northward fast he sailed once more
Till he heard the *Lion* roar,
And before he could retreat he
Found himself engaged with BEATTY,
Who, as you already know,
Led him on to JELLICOE.
There I leave him, for, you see,
All the rest is history.

All the rest? Well, not quite all;
For perhaps you may recall
How, when night was falling fast,
A reverberating blast
Far away was dimly heard
Which, the sailormen averred,
Was the Germans who had strayed
In amongst the mines we laid.

They were wrong. The fighting over,
Johnny's ship returned to Dover,
And the sound they heard afar
Was the jocund voice of Carr
Singing fit to burst his torso,
Like the song-thrush (only more so).

"ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS FUND.—At the Savoy Hotel, on June 11, at 8 p.m. Service dress—khaki with trousers—or evening dress, with miniatures."—*Times.*

The price of clothes was bound to lead to something of this sort.

From an article on "The Representative Man":—

"Gladstone and John Bright alike came out of Lancashire. How natural to fingeine ctther of those startling ogposites proclaiming with entire convtction, that when he samped himself he foundthimself to be a 'Typical Englishman.' The diversity of types however does not help us much."—*Indian Paper.*

True, we find it most confusing.



IN THE SUBSCRIPTION LISTS.

SAINT GEORGE COLLECTS FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

THE PUFF UNIVERSAL.

["A Father," writing in *The Times* of June 10th, protests vigorously against the cult of "powdered noses."]

WHEN the deadly sky-rover
Came frequently over
And London was darkened at night,
Girls powdered their noses
(Or so one supposes)
As lamp-posts were painted with white;
But now when full moons
Bring no bombs or maroons,
I ask is it proper or right?

Amanda's complexion
Will challenge inspection—
'Tis healthy and rosy and fine;
But she says that if powder
Were never allowed her
Her nose would infallibly shine.
Did Victorian Flossie
Or Gladys, when glossy
Of nose, to such methods incline?
No, they patiently scrubbed it,
Rough-towelled and rubbed it
Until it was brought into line.

We have long been acquainted
With ladies who painted
To mimic a juvenile mien;
But I 'd ban *sans* compassion
The powdering fashion
When practised by sweet seventeen;
And I wish that wise mothers
And sensible brothers
Would let their abhorrence be seen.

I 'm only "a father,"
Old-fashioned and rather
Deficient in stiffness of spine,
So, feeling unequal
To facing the sequel,
My name I 'm unwilling to sign;
For the call for more powder
Grows stronger and louder
From every daughter of mine,
And any restriction
Of puffs or nose-friction
Would end in a general "shine."



Vicar. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOUR HUSBAND IS IN GAOL AGAIN, MRS. STIBBS. STEALING A WATCH, EH?"

Mrs. Stibbs. "YES, SIR. BUT 'TAIN'T 'IS FAULT THIS TIME. THE MAGISTRATE SAID 'ISSELF THAT JOE DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'MEUM AND TOUM,' AN' IN 'IS IGNORANCE 'E 'D DONE A BIT O' 'TOOUMING.'"

OUR MOVIE-MINISTERS.

(*Deductions by a Political Expert.*)

THE admirable plan of transplanting Ministers admittedly doing excellent work in their departments just as they are settling down in the saddle, though generally commended by supporters of the Government, is meeting with a certain amount of criticism. Appointments which show "imagination" are, it is urged, shorn of their possibilities when the holders are moved on just when they are beginning to provide the public with sensation.

Speculations are rife as to the appointment of a new Minister of Education, and the best-informed opinion inclines to the view that Sir ERIC GEDDES, who has occupied his present position for quite a number of weeks, will succeed Mr. FISHER. Some experts however hold that the PREMIER has a magnificent opportunity for displaying his imagination by the choice of Mr. WELLS, who is burning to disprove the recent astounding allegation of General WILSON that the War could not have been won without the Universities. The chief objection to Mr. WELLS, however, is that he cannot be transferred, because he is not already in office; and this drawback also operates in the case of Mr. SMILLIE and Mr. BOTTOMLEY.

In this context it is to be noted that Lord READING (so at least we understand from the peculiarly plaintive smile which he wears in recent photographs) is much disappointed that the claims of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR to the post of Ambassador at Washington have so far failed of due recognition. American antagonism over the Irish Question has not been conciliated by this strange oversight.

Things that might have been worded differently.

From the official organ of the Surplus Government Property Disposal Board:

"Sales by Auction of Surplus Horses by arrangement with the Food Production Department of the Board of Agriculture."

"A grand Mahogany Bedstead, 9½′ × 8′, with posts and testers complete, meant for Rajas and Zemindars. Can also accommodate 4 middle-class people comfortably. Going for Rs. 500."—*Advt. in Indian Paper*

Mr. KENNEDY JONES will kindly call the attention of the Middle Classes Union to this proposed congestion.



PLAYING THE 18TH—LAST ROUND OF THE DAY.

"YOU FOOL, CADDIE! HOW CAN I PLAY FROM THAT LIE WITH A WOODEN CLUB?"
"SORRY, SIR. I'VE JUST CLEANED THE IRONS."

THE ROOFS OF THE MIGHTY.

AT the meeting held recently in the hall of the Worshipful Company of Hatters in Tile Street, the Chair was taken jointly (as in the old monarchical days at Brentford) by the Bishop of LINCOLN and Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, and among the company were the SPEAKER, Lord RIBBLESDALE, Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. EUGENE CORRI.

The two Chairmen, speaking almost in unison, stated that the meeting had been convened in order that the views of the enlightened might be gathered regarding the proposed revival of the tall hat or topper. A recrudescence of this form of covering for the hair (or otherwise) was threatened under the name of the Victory Derby, and a paragraph in *The Times* announced that "so remarkable has been the revival in the silk-hat trade that old men who had gone into retirement in the Denton and Stockport districts are being asked to come back and give what productive energy they possess." What the meeting desired to ascertain was the views as to this revival that were held by those empowered to offer opinions.

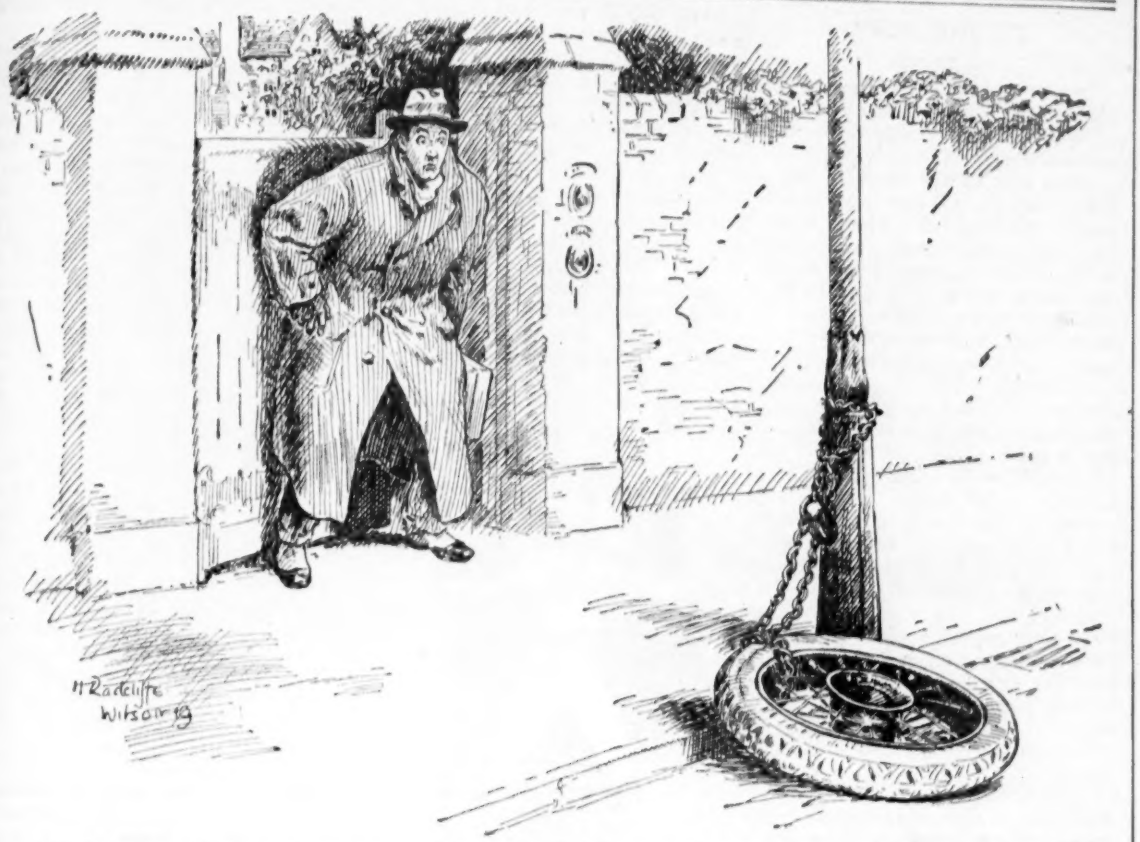
Lord RIBBLESDALE said that there was no doubt that a tall hat was the most becoming headgear for a gentleman. But a certain regard for idiosyncracies was important. No gentleman should take without scrutiny what the hatter offered. Hats were individual things, and as the character changed and developed so should the hat. The hat that suited one at forty might be a sad anachronism at fifty. He himself had endeavoured not only to make his life correspond to his hats, but his hats correspond to his life. (Loud applause.) As the Master of the Buckhounds he wore, as any visitor to the National Gallery at the present moment might see, at the head of the staircase on the left, a tall hat that was slightly lower than that which he wore to-day, now that he had relinquished that responsible and romantic post. He urged his hearers to encourage the silk hat revival.

Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT concurred with the illustrious nobleman who had just spoken. The choice of a hat should be the subject of the most earnest thought, even of prayer. (Cheers.) Not only the shape but the colour. There were hats that were black and hats that were white. (Shouts of "Hurrah!") There were even white hats with black trimming. (Sensation.) The older he grew the more convinced he was that an Englishman's hat was his castle.

Miss DAISY ASHFORD, author of *The Young Visiters*, said that she was all in favour of the top hat. No one who had read her famous novel could doubt that. In the society of *Mr. Salteena* and his friends to wear a tall hat was always the idear.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL said that none of the speakers had mentioned the most essential desideratum of a hat, and that was that it should be too small. Whether it began by being too small, or became in time too small, depended upon the wearer; but there was something smug and cowardly about a hat that fitted. It suggested failure.

Mr. H. B. IRVING said that he was an impenitent advocate of the soft or Southern hat. It was the duty of a hat to afford not only covering for the head but shelter for the eyes, and no topper did this. A hat should have a flexible brim, which neither topper nor bowler possessed. It was absurd to wear a hat which could not sustain damage without showing it. Let there be a revival in the silk-hat industry by all means, but there must be no im-



JONES, WHO MAKES A POINT OF PADLOCKING HIS NEW CAR BY THE FRONT WHEEL TO A LAMP-POST, REALISES THE JUSTICE OF THE MAKERS' CLAIM THAT THE SPARE WHEEL WITH WHICH IT IS FITTED "CAN BE FIXED BY ANYONE IN TWO MINUTES."

position of any one kind of hat on the public. The individual must be allowed perfect freedom to wear what he liked. (Hear, hear!) He personally hoped never to be seen either in a pith helmet or a Tam-o'-shanter, but if the whim took him to wear either—or indeed both—he claimed the right to do so. (Loud cheers.) Meanwhile he should adhere to his soft hat.

Mr. MASKELYNE, who followed, urged upon the company the desirability of the silk-hat mode. If tall hats, he said, went out of fashion, what would become of conjurers? Rabbits could be satisfactorily extracted only from tall hats. (Prolonged cheering.) An omelette made in a sombrero was unthinkable. (Renewed cheering.)

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT said that all this talk about toppers was pernicious nonsense. The topper had become obsolete and should not be disinterred. The only honest form of hat for an honest straightforward man was a white bowler. A white bowler and a blue serge suit made as stylish and effective a garb as anyone needed. Soft hats no doubt were comfortable, but they were also slovenly. Moreover they were not practical. At a horse sale, for example, you could not rattle them. As for the plea that tall hats were of value to conjurers, he had no use for such arguments. Conjurers dealt in illusion and all illusion was retrograde. (Oh! Oh!)

The Bishop of LINCOLN said that he felt bound to dissociate himself from his partner's remarks. He himself looked upon a silk hat as an essential. (A voice, "With rigging?") Yes, Sir, with rigging. But that was not why he advocated it. He advocated it because it was the proper coping-stone of a gentleman.

The SPEAKER, after eulogising the white tall hat, added that although he was glad that they had Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT with them (Hear, hear) he was bound to remark that not infrequently of late he had seen that illustrious histrion wearing in the streets of London a cloth cap more suitable to the golf-links or the Highlands. For the devotee of the white hat of a blameless life thus to descend gave him pain. So distinguished an edifice as Sir SQUIRE, he contended, should not trifle with its top-storey. (Cheers.)

Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, rising again, expressed regret that his cloth cap should have caused any distress. He wore it, he was bound to admit, for convenience (Oh!) and comfort (Sensation). But he would not offend again. (Loud cheers.)

At this point the meeting adjourned, but doubtless, taking a hint from the Coal inquiry, it will often be resumed during the coming year.

"I Zingari will play a Household Cavalry team at Windsor on Saturday, June 21st. This was in years gone by an annual fixture, finishing up Ascot week. King Edward VI., when Prince of Wales, used to attend the match and go on to Virginia Water afterwards."—*Local Paper.*

Apart from the interest this paragraph will excite in the historians of the Army, the Turf, and the Cricket-field, it shows that HENRY VIII. must have been a more indulgent father than is generally suspected.

AT THE PLAY.

"L'AIGLON."

IN a note given away with the programme Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER describes *L'Aiglon* as "the Hamlet of the nineteenth century." Certainly they had in common the habits of introspection and indecision; but the egoism of *Hamlet* was at least tempered by a knowledge of the world; he was a student; he had travelled and seen men and things outside the bounds of Elsinore; and he was capable of throwing off some quotable generalities out of his stock of philosophy. On the other hand the *Eaglet*, mewed in his Austrian cage, knew nothing of life at large, and had small chance of learning anything beyond the bowdlerised history which his tutors and warders thought good to have him stuffed with.

Somehow he had contrived surreptitiously to pick up the dates and leading facts of his father's campaigns (making a speciality of the Battle of Wagram), but the vague ambitions which they inspired only helped his little mind to prey upon itself. It was not "the times" (as with *Hamlet*) but his own nose that he found to be "out of joint."

The appeal of *Hamlet* is to the intelligence; that of *L'Aiglon*, so obviously pathetic in his own eyes, is rather to the heart. Indeed the intelligence of the audience is here often in trouble; for a certain acquaintance with history is required and both actors and stage-management offer little aid to the average ignorance. While the more obvious and melodramatic situations—such as the death of *L'Aiglon* or the business of the sentry—are treated at great leisure, it is assumed that all historical allusions, however necessary to an understanding of the situation, will be as tedious to the audience as to the players, and they are rushed through—as in the mirror scene—at a pace that baffles our halting pursuit.

If any male character lends itself to interpretation by a woman, it is such a character as *L'Aiglon*, who, for all his spasms of martial ardour, was half feminine. And to this side of him, and not this side alone, Miss MARIE LÖHR did justice in a performance of which her high spirit had not underrated the difficulties. But it is a long and exigent part, and there were times in the play when her physical strength was overtaxed. It would have taken the voice of a strongish *basso* to drown the roar of a whole battlefield of ghostly warriors, with a military band thrown in.

I am not sure that Miss LÖHR quite realised for us the *Duke of Reichstadt's* personality. I should not care to have the task myself, for a good many complicated elements were mixed in his nature. As Mr. LOUIS PARKER reminds you, a French father supplied him with ambition and love of action, an Austrian grandfather with hesitancy, and Spanish ancestors with fatalism, a very trying combination for even the original *Eaglet* to handle—a mere boy who had never so much as heard of President WILSON'S League of Nations. So it was excusable if Miss LÖHR failed to make us completely realise a personality which was almost certainly too much for the comprehension of its actual owner.

But she was always an intriguing figure. Perhaps, indeed—for the apparel does not always proclaim the man, and the *Eaglet* was no *Hamlet* in



THE LITTLE EAGLE TRIES TO FLY.
MISS MARIE LÖHR.

the matter of his clothes—her rather striking costumes were a source of too much distraction.

In a very large cast, whose identities were here and there a little shadowy, the interest was so distributed that nobody except Miss LÖHR had very much chance. But Mr. FISHER WHITE made a touching picture of the weak old Austrian Emperor, torn between love of his grandchild and fear of *Metternich*. *Metternich* himself, in the person of Mr. HENRY VIBART, seemed hardly sinister enough for the part he had to play in keeping the *Eaglet* under the talons of the "two-headed fowl." But it is perhaps difficult to look really sinister in the full official uniform of a Chancellor.

Mr. LYN HARDING, as *Flambeau*, veteran of NAPOLEON'S Army, introduced a faint suggestion of badly-needed humour, and relieved the general atmosphere of Court artificiality by a touch of nature which almost reconciled us to the improbable burst of eloquence that ROSTAND, with his reckless prodigality, assigned to this rough soldier.

Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX gave a pleasant air of irresponsibility to the sl allow *Maria Louisa*, and made her bear very lightly her cross of widowhood (with bar). The briefest possible vision of Miss BETTY FAIRE as *Fanny Elssler* made me want to see much more of her; but Mr. LOUIS PARKER had been Napoleonically ruthless with the text. His translation sounded well, though the delivery of it sometimes left me doubtful as to what was prose and what was verse. As for his production of the play, it showed the old skill of a Past-Master of Pageantry.

Altogether Miss MARIE LÖHR has been justified of her courage. In a happy little speech, from which we learnt that every one of the voices (off) in the Wagram scene was a demobilised voice from the fighting fronts, she told us that her revival of *L'Aiglon* was intended as a tribute to Art after all these years of War. We were not, I think, meant to take this as a reflection upon the part played by the British Theatre in sustaining the nation's soul during the War. Anyhow, I for one shall read into her words just a brave promise—not, I hope, too sanguine—of what we may expect from the new birth of the Arts of Peace. O. S.

ANOTHER PENDING INDEMNITY.

IT has been said that the man who for his daily shave resorts habitually to a barber has already become a subject for a drastic moral operation. That may or may not be so, but having chambers in Ryder Street and Alphonse residing within the precincts of St. James's, I would rather have been carved morally into mincemeat than have robbed such an artist of his self-expression.

That is how I felt about it in 1914 and in many preceding years, during which, under the magic spell of Alphonse, the razor fell upon my cheek like thistledown. Even to be lathered by him was an alluring form of hypnosis. Alphonse was a Hokusai of barbers, but he was also a true son of France; and there were Alsace and Lorraine and the arrogance of 1870 still to be accounted for. So Alphonse went, and in his place reigned Ferdinand.

Ferdinand, what there was of him, was a good fellow. He was an old fire-eater. He had lost a leg in Algeria and an eye somewhere else, and he could not comprehend why such trivial matters should disqualify a man for killing pigs. He was, as I have said, a



Mary (stricken with remorse as minnow approaches her hook). "OH! OH! OH! I DON'T WANT TO CATCH IT; ITS MUMMY WILL MISS IT SO."

good fellow, but his methods of using a razor were mediæval. However we were not long for one another, and, as the R.N.V.R. tolerate such things, I grew a beard, an equable, regulation torpedo beard.

Omitting several super-emotional lifetimes, let us speak of a certain day not very remote when I stood, bereft of all sea power, at the top of St. James's Street, considering what was the very best worst thing to do to a body which was bored with the reaction that follows four years' strife upon the narrow seas. I fingered my beard meditatively. Yes, after all there was Alphonse. I had almost forgotten him. I turned my steps towards his exclusive retreat. I entered in, and behold! there as of yore, clothed in his samite raiment, stood the incomparable Alphonse. He had returned. Yet in appearance he was not quite the Alphonse of old. There was something less resilient about him, something more enduring had crept into his personality; his elasticity had somehow turned to bronze. He was slightly grey. Nevertheless he greeted me with a Gallic warmth that gave refreshment to my jaded spirit.

"But M'sieu would be shaved . . . . Yes, a beard was permissible in time of War, but in Peace—pouf! it was barbaric."

I allowed myself to be robed and tucked comfortably into the chair. Alphonse busied himself with the instruments of his profession.

"Five years ago it was another world, M'sieu," he said, churning a wooden bowl to mountains of lather. "It is never again the same. The Marne . . . Verdun . . . Soissons. If M'sieu permits I would like to tell him of those years."

I nodded and he advanced upon me with the brush. He spoke of the retreat to Paris and the strategy of JOFFRE which so nearly overthrew three Prussian armies. He brandished his razor and swept the Boches back over the Marne, he swept them through Senlis, he swept them across the Aisne. His intensity was inspiring. The smouldering fires of bygone battles leapt into his eyes. But it was not the mesmeric shave of 1914. He apologised humbly and applied small pieces of plaster.

The next morning we fought a swaying battle in front of Rheims, and for some few following mornings we skirmished about painlessly in the same vicinity. Then came a sanguinary excursion to Flanders which nearly put me into blue overalls.

A few weeks of trench warfare gave me some respite and allowed my worst wounds to heal.

Then came the epic of Verdun. At least it was to have come, but at the last moment I lost my nerve.

To hear the story of that heroic defence from the lips of one who was concerned so intimately with it is one of my greatest desires. But I am a coward. I cannot face the extravaganza that Alphonse would improvise, neither dare I approach him for a mere haircut and so confess to having deserted his other form of artistry.

Yesterday I purchased a safety-razor and a packet of new blades.

A Little Supper with the Borgias.

"FRUIT SALAD.

Make some syrup by boiling three-quarters of a pint of water, ½ lb. of castor sugar, and the juice from a tinned pineapple. Lay the pineapple in a glass bowl cut in small slices."

Weekly Paper.

ART IN THE ARCTIC.

To know that you can't draw and to be told so by your friends are two very different things. Honnell can't draw, but hates his inseparable Swan to tell him so. Honnell's sketches have hitherto been criticised only by people who also wanted their drawing flattered. Swan learned bluntness on the Yukon. So they are an odd pair to be chumming now in the Arctic circle. They are so friendly that they will tramp together for half a day and exchange scarcely so much as a grunt of conversation.

Swan, of course, feels quite at home in North Russia and smiles at the people who call it cold and its distances big. Honnell has lived in Edinburgh, so doesn't notice the temperature, though he misses the tramway system. Both can say about six words—the same—in Russian, and both have bought a pair of moccasins—Swan because he likes them, and Honnell because he would like to.

Recently they set off together from Kola on the Murman Coast to try to find a village from which jolly little Laplanders and Laplanderesses come sliding and skidding to market behind their stout-hearted reindeer. They left all their picturesque Arctic gear behind them except their moccasins, Swan being one of those trying people who don't care how they look, if only they "mush" along fast enough. Their provisions consisted of a tin of bully and four edible tiles or army biscuits, with some margarine in a Y.M.C.A. envelope.

The story they told on their return—for they did return and in good time for dinner—was mostly Honnell's, but I must admit that Swan could not be got to refute it. As they approached the village—some huts on a white hillside above a frozen lake—a representative of the dog-colony came to meet them, waving his tail with an anti-clockwise circular motion impossible to the dog of temperate zones. Having inspected them he escorted them on their way in a perfectly civilised and even courteous manner.

So far from being resisted, their entry was ignored save by the little fur-capped boys, who collected at their heels as if they had formed the vanguard of a circus, and the little brightly-kerchiefed girls, who bolted for cover. All the adult male inhabitants, fiercely-bearded little men like trolls done up in reindeer-skin from top to toe, appeared to be engrossed in the manufacture of sleighs, although the village was already littered and cluttered up with them; and all the ladies were indoors sewing reindeer-skin into trousers or making tea.

Having exchanged a noise like "*Sdrastetye*" (which in these parts seems to mean "*Bon jour*") with everybody they saw, our two friends sat on a log and rested, while Honnell set about sketching, as he calls it, the primitive wooden church. The little boys, of course, formed a sort of pyramid on his shoulders to watch. Whether because his fingers were cold and so not completely under his control, or because the vibrations of the human pyramid communicated to his pencil some lucky jerks, the marks Honnell committed to (or on) his note-book were such as supplied the simple children of the snow with a clue as to his intentions, and he was intensely gratified to hear one say to another, "*Tzerhof!*"—knowing that noise to signify "church" in the local tongue.

Swan, perceiving the moral damage likely to be done to his friend by this flattering incident, sought to puncture Honnell's unhealthy pride by saying, "*Plaho?*" (or "bad") as a suggestion to the critics; but this only caused them to say repeatedly and with emphasis, "*Dobra!*"—which was one of Honnell's six words and means "good."

Thus the mischief was done. Honnell returned to his billet a man changed and as it were possessed. To hear him talk now one would suppose culture had fled from the Temperate to the Arctic zone. Of the Lapps' habits and their houses he knows nothing, cares nothing; all his enthusiasm is reserved for the honesty and the innate artistic perception of their children. So seriously has he been affected by this unaided and impartial recognition of the subject of his drawing that some of us wonder if he will not settle down amongst those who alone understand and appreciate him. Returning home, what can he hope to be? At best a hero of the Relief Force. But in his Lapp village he could imagine himself an Artist.

"Canon Cooper O'Filley, known as the 'Walking Parson,' has decided to celebrate his seventieth birthday by walking from Yorkshire to Madrid."—*Sunday Paper.*

An even better-known "Walking Parson," Mr. COOPER, of Filey, will have to look to his laurels now that this Irish pedestrian has entered the lists.

"Mr. J. B. Fagan has decided to revive 'Twelfth Night' with the original cast at the Court Theatre."—*Daily Graphic.*

We trust that when Mr. FAGAN revives the "original cast" he will not omit to provide also against the inevitable call of "Author!" and settle the BACON-SHAKSPEARE controversy once for all.

THE VEGES ON STRIKE.

(*A Dream.*)

A NOISE arose of earnest men
  Refusing imitation duck;
It was a dreadful moment when
  The Beetroot-eaters struck,
And all around untasted stood
Rations of Mr. Kilo's favourite food.

For some forsook the sacred rules
  And pulled, despite their master's word,
Ham sandwiches from reticules;
  On every side one heard
The sharp staccato lettuce-crunch
Merged in the howls of carnivores at lunch.

And one conspirator leaped up
  Amid the clash of tinkling spoons
And poured into a protose cup
  His helping of stewed prunes;
And, blood-red presager of doom,
Half a tomato hissed across the room.

And angry "Pshaws" and long "Tut-tuts"
  Proceeded from that concourse dense,
And "Nuts," they wailed, "we want more nuts—
  More nuts at less expense!"
Till Mr. Ambrose Kilo came
And hushed the berserk banqueters to shame.

"Heroes," he cried, with lifted hand,
  "And comrades of the meatless life,
Shall the great cause for which we stand"
  (Here someone dropped a knife)
"Fall into disrepute?" (Loud roars
Of "No, not it," from contrite nucivores).

"Bearing aloft a stainless shield
  That none may smirch without remorse,
This management declines to yield
  To crude displays of force;
Yet, since it seems the general wish,
Mock-cutlets will be five-pence less per dish."

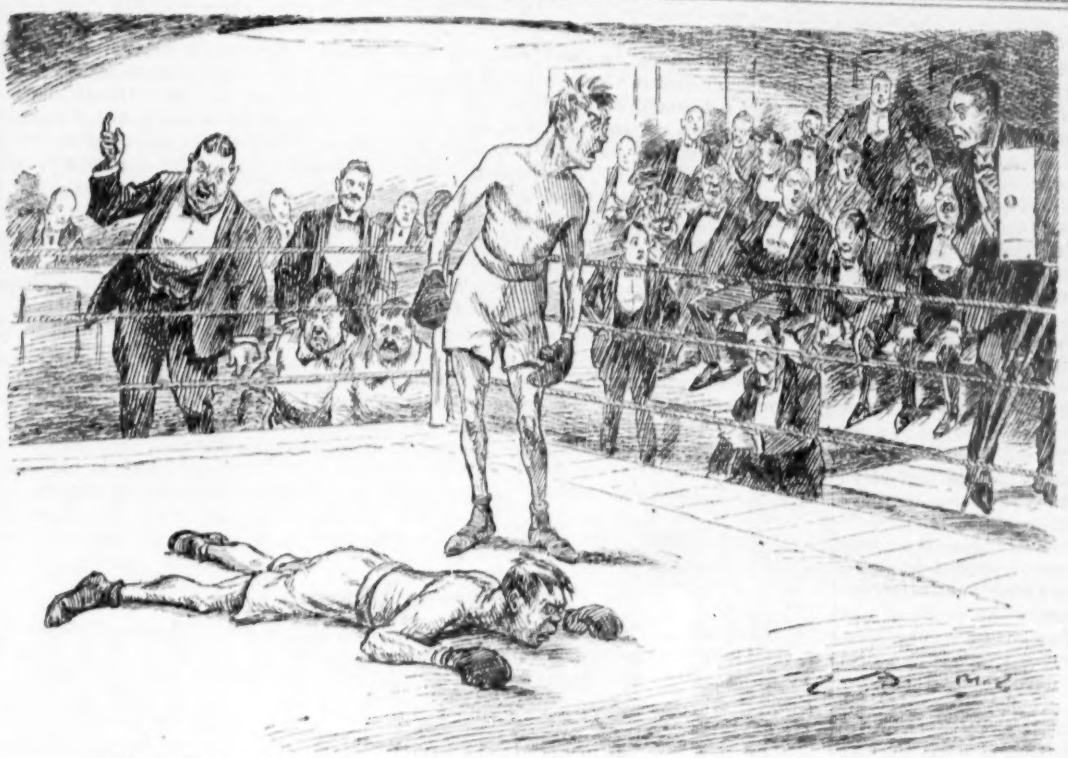
He ceased, and trembling fingers cleared
  All vestiges of meat away;
The smiling handmaids reappeared
  With mounds of buttered hay;
Silence replaced the storm-tossed scenes;
There was no sound save masticated beans.

EVOE.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"A billion, according to the French and American method of numeration, is a thousand millions, or 1,000,000,000. According to the English method, it is a million millions, or 1,000,000,000,000."—*Irish Paper.*

We should have liked to know the estimated value of a re-bellion, according to the Irish method, but we understand that there is no accounting for that.



Cinema Photographer. "WOULD YOU MIND DOING THAT BIT AGAIN? I FORGOT TO TURN THE HANDLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A BOOK of little novels, or long-shorts, from the pen of Mr. ROBERT HICHENS, will be welcomed with pleasure by a very large public. *Snake-Bite* (CASSELL) contains a half-dozen various tales, all but one of which are eminently characteristic of their author. It sounds unkind to add that this one is for artistry the best of the bunch; but I mean no more than that Mr. HICHENS has here done very well a slight and delicate sketch of a style not generally associated with his work. In the name-piece his admirers will find themselves on more familiar ground—none other indeed than that well-known desert in which they have enjoyed such delicious thrills in the same company already. When Mr. HICHENS' characters get the sand in their eyes almost anything may be expected of them. Here he has given us a new version of the ancient scheme of two men and a woman, complicated in this instance by a cobra; the problem being, whether a doctor should cure his wife's lover of a snake-bite. More original is the longest story in the collection, one called "The Lost Faith," an affair of mental healing and love and crime too complex for compression. It is admirably told. It leads up to a situation as novel as it is dramatic—the confession of a young fanatic, who believes in a lady-healer so implicitly that he puts typhoid germs into the drink of a celebrated general in order to provide her with an impressive subject. As a sensation this wants some beating; though it failed to shake my own preference for the other story, which you will observe I have purposely left unnamed. You will, I hope, enjoy finding it for yourself.

Heritage (COLLINS) gives me much the same impression that one obtains from the spectacle of a man wire-walking in a sack or painting pictures with his toes—attempting, in short, any task under conditions of the greatest possible handicap. That certainly is what Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST has been at pains to impose upon herself. With a straightforward, simple and interesting tale and some considerable gifts for reproducing character, she has deliberately sacrificed these advantages by telling her story in the most roundabout and awkward manner imaginable. The theme is the influence of heredity, as shown in the working out of a strain of Spanish blood in a Sussex peasant stock, the victims of this inconvenient blend being *Ruth* and the young cousin whom half-unwillingly she marries, with devastating results. *Ruth*, as I say, was attracted to *Westmacott* with only part of her being; the better (or at least less Spanish) elements in her were employed in making soft eyes at two other men, one of whom, *Malory*, is supposed to relate portions of the affair to the quite superfluous outsider who puts them down. This *vivâ-voce* recital is subsequently rounded off by *Malory*, in what is surely the least credible of all the unlikely letters in fiction, nearly a hundred printed pages of it. So you see the obstacles that Miss SACKVILLE-WEST has placed in her own and her reader's path. That, despite them all, the interest and passion of this first novel do get home is an encouraging omen for her success when she has learnt a greater simplicity of attack.

Wings of the Morning (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) might have been a most recommendable book, for it is in essentials a pleasant story of a great artist who for the crime of his hot-headed youth suffered imprisonment in the United States, and, having "covered his tracks," came home, fell in love with his delightful sister's delightful step-daughter

and, after much suffering for them both, told his history and won his lady. But unfortunately the inessentials—and among these I have the temerity to include the great European War, or, at any rate, very much that is here told of it—are so harrowing that they do not accord with the pleasant story to which they are tacked on. I would not ask to be spared the knowledge of anything faced by other people while I sat immune at home, but there are many incidents which cannot with decency or dignity be served up in fiction to add a thrill to the enjoyment of an hour's light reading. Miss JOAN SUTHERLAND would have done well to have left detail to more serious exponents, and to have discarded entirely one scene of bestial cruelty which has no real bearing on her tale. Never in a novel—and seldom in historical accounts of fighting—have I been asked to wallow in so much gore. It is all the more regrettable because when Miss SUTHERLAND uses her imagination on less horrible subjects she is much more successful.

Mr. ARTHUR TURBERVILLE has taken almost over-elaborate pains with his sketch of a type which must have been common enough in the new armies—the young officer of pacifist leanings, who, intellectually convinced of the futility of war and by no means out of sympathy with the ultralogical or illogical (and anyway impossible) position of the Conscientious Objector, yet joins up and makes the very best of a bad job. *Kenneth Dugdale* (METHUEN), the prize prig (according to the verdict of his Mess), became a brave and efficient subaltern; and the author's idea of bringing him by means of the discipline of war-training and war itself to a better understanding of the ordinary spontaneous fighting types, and of bringing these by the same discipline to a readier appreciation of the intellectual and idealist position, is well enough worked out. The character-drawing impressed me less favourably. The author, I should say, finds it rather difficult to understand the ordinary good or indifferent fellow with his qualities and their defects. I doubt the possibility of such a snake in the grass as *Lieutenant Seymour* carrying on without getting kicked. Nor do I think that that simple soldier-man, *Fortescue, V.C.*, would have so tamely accepted *Dugdale's* betrayal to the woman they both loved of the fact that he had just seen his rival putting a dubious young lady into a cab in Regent Street at midnight. There is a good deal of thoughtful work in this novel, which should be interesting to amateur students of the psychology of war and men of war.



Critic (writing a review during a hot spell). "TO SPEAK CANDIDLY, THIS BOOK LEAVES US COLD."

The latest of Mrs. J. E. BUCKROSE's genial little comedies about a comfortable world is concerned with war-weddings, their cause, and some hints for their successful conduct. She calls it *Marriage While You Wait* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and illustrates her theme with the case of a young man and maiden, who dashed, like so many others, into matrimony in the breathless haste of short leave, and came dangerously near repenting at leisure. Only near, of course; Mrs. BUCKROSE is too confirmed an optimist not to make it clear that the blackest boredom has a silver lining; and I had never any real fear that her nice young couple were becoming more than quite temporarily estranged. Still, things went so far that *Sophia* left the cottage where she and *Arthur* and a cooing dove had proposed to live the idyllic life of happiness-ever-after, and betook herself to the mansion of the local villain; while *Arthur* cut the throat of the dove (there my sympathies were with him entirely) and relapsed into nervous breakdown. But *Denyer*, being only a BUCKROSE villain, which is a very mild variety, packed *Sophia* home again; *Arthur*, after the usual crisis, recovered; and the symbolic dove was the only inmate of the cottage for whom the little rift remained unhappily permanent. So there you are; with the gentlest short sermon to wind up, and a blessing to all concerned. Perhaps I have read stories more briskly entertaining from Mrs. BUCKROSE's flowing pen; one feels that her intent here was not solely laughter. But as a smiling homily, preaching much the same moral that Sir ARTHUR PINERO once treated more caustically in perhaps his best play, her story, *Marriage While You Wait*, should have at least two sympathetic readers in many scores of homes.

Whenever I finish a book by Mr. S. P. B. MAIS I am left with the feeling that he has only to enlarge his horizon to write something worth reading and remembering. If *The Education of a Philanderer* (GRANT RICHARDS) had been written by an unknown man I should have welcomed it as work of great promise. But the trouble with Mr. MAIS is that he seems to find it perilously easy to write about young schoolmasters who fall in and out of love with facility and who are financially at their wits' end. *Rupert Blundell*, the philanderer described here, is a clear and clever picture of a young man who loved where he listed, and listed quite a lot. As far as he goes he can be visualized perfectly both at Oxford and as a schoolmaster. But he does not go far enough; and he belongs to a type of which one can easily tire. Mr. MAIS is not so callow as he once was in his judgment of people mentally distasteful to him, but he still needs a wider outlook on life and a wider knowledge, and I sincerely hope that he will take steps to remove the limitations which at present prevent him from giving entire satisfaction to his admirers.

"The Lost Leader."

[In this new play, at the Court Theatre, PARNELL is represented as having survived his own death.]

Parnell at the Court sings the very same tune
As the sluggard of old—"You have waked me too soon."

"If, out of hand, one were asked who, now living, knows most about the Brontës in a personal way, the answer would probably be, Lord Crewe."—*The Book Monthly.*

We understand that on the question being put to the Editor of *The Sphere* his answer was Shorter still.

CHARIVARIA.

A MAN has written to the papers offering to buy five thousand pounds of Joy Loan if the Government will get him a case of whisky. The simple fellow does not seem to realise that if the Government had anything as valuable as a case of whisky it would not have to raise a loan.

***

The successful trans-Atlantic flight and the large number of public-houses in Galway threaten to make prohibition in U.S.A. nothing less than a farce.

***

Smoking, says a Church paper, is on the increase among boys. Boys will be girls these days.

***

Smoking and bad language seem to go together, says Professor GILBERT MURRAY. In the case of some cheap cigars we have often seen them going together.

***

A bazaar has been held in Dublin for the purpose of securing a fresh stock of wild animals for the Zoological Gardens. It is not believed, however, that the popularity of Sinn Fein can be seriously challenged.

***

"Serbia," says an Italian news agency, "is purchasing large quantities of war material and aeroplanes." It is feared, however, that these elaborate Peace preparations may yet turn out to be premature.

***

Two German machine guns, it is stated, have been placed in a provincial library. Even this, it is thought, will not prevent Mr. H. G. WELLS from doing what he conceives to be his duty.

***

Labour unrest is reported from Spitzbergen. There is also a rumour that the Greenlanders are demand ng the nationalization of blubber and a 180-day year.

***

There is said to be some talk at Washington of the House of Representatives inviting President WILSON to visit America shortly.

***

A Chicago Girls' Club has decided that its members shall have nothing to do with young men. It is certainly getting to be an effeminate habit.

The Daily Mail has presented a golden slipper for the actress with the smallest feet. The slipper, we understand, is quite new and has never been used on anybody.

***

An American gentleman is about to offer for sale his corkscrew, or would exchange for something useful.

***

A very mean theft is reported from West Ealing. Not content with stealing the loose silver a burglar is reported to have stolen the muzzle from off the watch-dog.

***

The New Cross Fire Brigade have been awarded a Challenge Cup for the quickest work. This brigade is now open to book a few orders for fires during August, when they have several open dates.



"I'VE CALLED TO SEE IF YOU COULD MAKE A MINIATURE OF ME."

***

We understand that a couple of young cheeses were kidnapped from a Crouch Hill warehouse last week.

***

It is a surprising fact, says a contemporary, that when LENIN was born his parents were practically penniless. The greater mystery is that his parents decided to keep him.

***

A statistical expert has estimated that if all the questions asked by Mr. SMILLIE at the Coal Commission's sittings were placed one before the other they would lead to nowhere.

***

Over one hundred posters illustrating the danger of house-flies have been exhibited in the Enfield district. It is doubtful whether this will have the desired effect, for it is well known that flies cannot read.

The price of a first-class interment, says a contemporary, has risen from £3 18*s.* 0*d.* to £5 15*s.* 0*d.* The result is that many people have decided to try to do without one this year.

***

The arrival in England of a rare mosquito is reported by the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies. It seems that the insect had worked its passage to the British Museum. We think that a sharper look-out should be kept on mosquitoes arriving at our ports.

***

A painful episode is reported from Yarmouth. It appears that a visitor, desirous of taking home a souvenir of his holiday, thoughtlessly filled a bottle with sea water at low tide, with the result that just before high tide the bottle burst, inflicting serious injuries on the passengers in the railway carriage in which he was travelling.

***

Out of nine applicants for the post of Language Master at a well-known Public School, eight were proficient in at least five languages. However, as the ninth man proved to be an ex-Sergeant-Major, the eight immediately retired in his favour.

***

We now hear that the question regarding the possession of Kladizatiffagtaliofatoffka, in Poland, which has caused so much of the delay at the Peace Conference, has been satisfactorily settled. The four Big Powers are to have a couple of syllables each and the remaining three will be raffled for.

***

On account of the large number of robberies of safes that have taken place in London during the last few weeks it is possible that an effort will shortly be made to do away with these cumbersome articles in order to stamp out the epidemic.

***

The bacteriologist of the Oyster Merchants' and Planters' Association claims to have discovered a means of purifying polluted mussels. To ascertain if a mussel requires to be purified examine the whites of its eyes.

***

Newspapers have appeared again in Buenos Ayres. No other troubles are anticipated.

AMERICA AND SINN FEIN.

[Being a Republican's apology for the recent anti-British agitation in the States.]

OH, never let it mar the mutual love,
That now unites us eye to eye,
If, superficially, we seem to shove
Our fingers in your Irish pie—
An action which, if you should so behave,
Would make old MONROE wriggle in his grave.

How loath we are by nature to intrude
In things outside our own concern
Is witnessed by the European feud
In which we lately took a turn;
Ere WILSON'S mind was fixed to see you through it,
For years he wondered if he ought to do it.

And, when for Ireland's good we intervene
In matters patently remote,
You must not count our loyalty less keen—
We simply want the Irish vote;
'Tis an election stunt, this lion-baiting,
Designed for local Kelts who need placating.

So, when our Yankee delegates rehearse
Their tale of Erin's bitter woe,
Of crimes, almost too bad to quote in Erse,
Committed by the Saxon foe,
Please understand why our apparent bias is
In favour of these nimble Ananiases.

And also why, for Ireland's dear, dear sake
(Meaning of course "Ourselves Alone"),
A lot of us would gladly let her take
Our WILSON for her very own,
To worship, like a god inside a tin fane,
As WOODROW ONE, First President of Sinn Fein.

O. S.

GOING TO THE BANK.

SHE thought she had got a bargain. It was only marked "20/-," and would have been double the price at any of the West-end places. So she whipped out her Japanese note-case, paid for it, and carried it off like a whirlwind lest the shopman should find he had made a mistake.

But it was she who had made a mistake, and she broke the news to me at breakfast on the following morning.

Two of her one-pound notes (or, to be exact, *my* one-pound notes) must have stuck together. She had paid the West-end price after all.

Then, instead of blaming her own carelessness, as I should have done, what must she do but attack Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?

"It's all his fault, this horrid dirty paper-money . . . Spreading infection wherever it goes!"

It devolved upon me to defend the Government, which I did with some heat, drawing forth another one-pound note casually, as though I were made of them, and flourishing it in my hand.

"And anyway," I argued, "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is not to blame. The note does not bear his signature, but that of Sir JOHN BRADBURY. And a fine bold signature it is—why, it's dirt-cheap for the lesson in handwriting alone."

She did not appreciate that, because hers is a small scrabbed writing. But I continued mercilessly—

"I bet he doesn't bite *his* lips when he's signing his name."

"Extremely bad writing, I should call it," she retorted. "Look, you cannot tell where the '*u*' ends and the '*r*' begins."

"But aside from that," I resumed (I was very proud of this expression, having picked it up from President WILSON)—"aside from that, turn the note over, feast your eyes on the picture of the Houses of Parliament. It too is thrown in for nothing. This at least ought to appeal to you, with your enthusiasm for Gothic architecture."

If looks could annihilate, that would have been my last boiled egg.

"You think yourself very clever," she said, "and you are supposed to understand all about money matters. Surely you know of a bank where I can take these wretched notes and get gold instead, the good old English gold that was worth its face-value all the world over?"

I did not know she could be so eloquent. I rose and went to the window. It was a noble morning.

"Yes," I said after a little reflection, "put on your best hat and collect your paper-money. But try and pack it all into the kit-bag if you possibly can." (She winced a little.) "I know a bank where you will be able to get all the gold you want . . ."

* * * * * * *

Shoulder to shoulder we fought the good fight for the motor-bus.

"Two to the Bank," I gasped.

But it was at Charing Cross station I made her descend. She looked extraordinarily mystified, and I explained that the Bank's country branches are the only ones where gold is still to be had.

* * * * * * *

She and an empty milk-can and I were all that got out at the little station in the hills. However, a cuckoo introduced himself boldly by name. He seemed so near he might have been in the booking-office. But the booking-office was deserted.

"There can't possibly be a bank in this out-of-the-world place," she protested.

"Patience," I replied, leading her down a steep path between high thick hedges to a small gateway. Through this we went, and I heard her draw in her breath.

From our feet, as it seemed, up to the blue sky itself, one golden glowing bank of buttercups and cowslips . . . and cowslips. It was almost like trying to gaze at the noonday sun.

"There," I crowed, "you will be able to get all the gold you want. Did I not say, 'I know a bank'?"

She did a curious thing. She put her arms round my neck and kissed me.

"Dear old Mr. Sententious," said she, "did you think you could take *me* in? I knew my *Midsummer Night's Dream* by heart while you were still discovering 'THE-HOG-IS-IN-THE-PIT'!" And she sang quite softly:—

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips——"

Though I was very angry at the way she had deceived me, I must admit that her voice was not unpleasing.

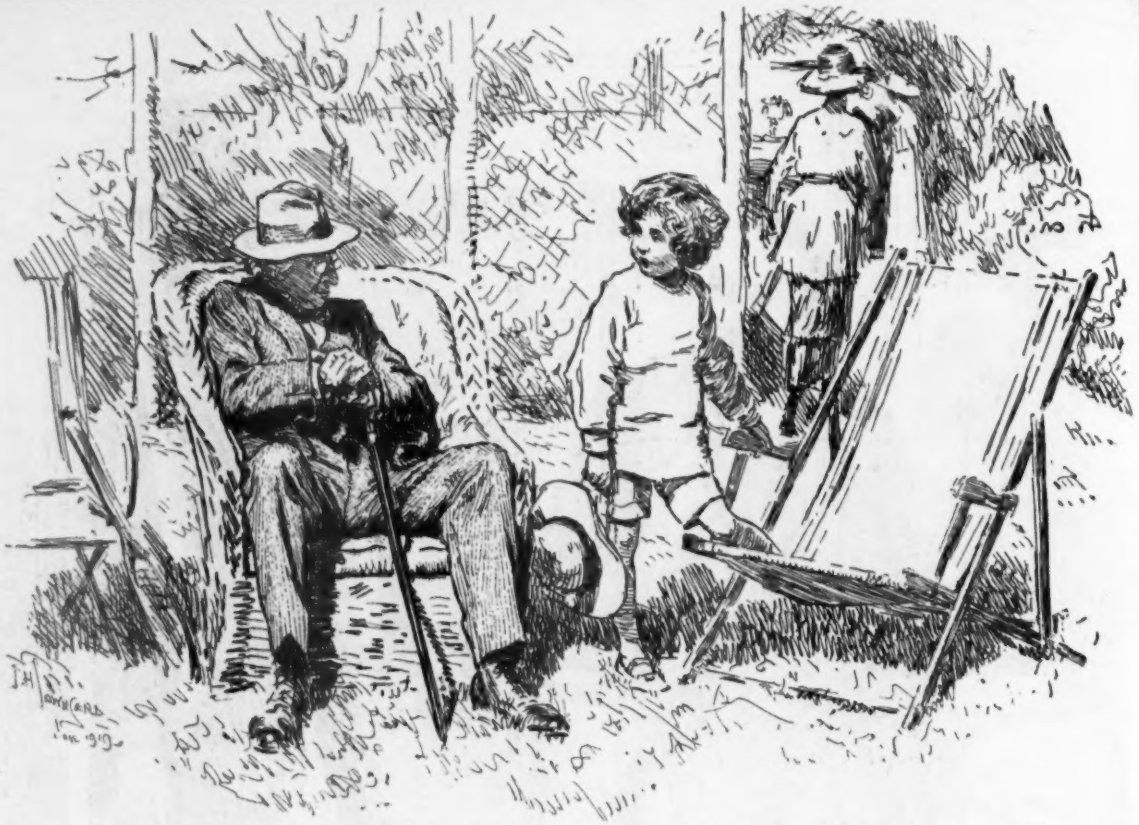
In a Good Cause.

THE National Baby Week Council, which for many years has done admirable work in promoting the Welfare of Infancy and Motherhood, is to hold its annual "Week" from July 1st to 7th. Among other London celebrations a Conference will be held at Kingsway Hall, under the Presidency of Dr. ADDISON, on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Applications for admission (one guinea, to include proofs of papers to be read and a copy of the Report; or ten shillings, without printed matter) should be addressed to Miss HALFORD, Secretary, National Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality, 4 and 5 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.



A REDRESS REHEARSAL.

OUR MR. MONTAGU *(practising on dummy)*. "THE LATEST LINE IN WESTERN HEAD-WEAR, SIR, AND, IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO SAY SO, VERY BECOMING TO YOU. THANK YOU, SIR, AND THE NEXT ARTICLE?"



Son of the House (after being introduced to professor of mathematics). "NOW WHAT SHALL I TALK TO YOU ABOUT?"

A TANGLED TRIANGLE.

The Pâtisserie Delarue et Salon de Consommations is situated just on the edge of Europe. Being a place of extreme military importance I dare not indicate its position with greater exactitude, but may go so far as to say that it can be found by stepping off the boat, crossing the bridge and then inquiring of the Military Police. Its importance is due to the quality of its *crème éclairs*, which attract the gilded Staff in such large numbers that the interior is usually suffused like an Eastern sunset with a rich glow of red tabs and gilt braid. Within its walls junior subalterns, now, alas, a rapidly diminishing species, dally with insidious ices until their immature moustaches are pendulous with lemon-flavoured icicles and their hair is whitened with sugared rime.

There it was that Frederick discovered Percival feebly and mournfully pecking at a vanilla ice.

"Greeting, old Spartan," said he. "Training for the Murman coast?"

"Would that I were!" replied Percival. "I'm refrigerating my sorrows. I've tried to drown them, but they float; so I'm by way of freezing them under."

"Poor Perce!" murmured Frederick. "I suppose it's Cox again?"

"*Au contraire*, I'm *his* sorrow. My present trouble is that I've got to find a wife."

"Nothin' easier, old thing. Your photo in the illustrated papers, with appropriate letterpress——"

"You misunderstand me," interrupted Percival. "It's someone else's wife I've got to find. *Écoutez*. Teddy Roker has got permission for his wife to visit him out here. He's expecting her by this afternoon's boat and has got a billet fixed up all right, but he's been suddenly rushed away on a court-martial case, so he's asked me to meet her, and I've never seen her before."

"But didn't he give you the specifications—kind of descriptive return?"

"That's just it!" groaned Percival. "He was only married last leave, and his description goes like a Shakspearean sonnet. I gather that I've got to look out for a combination of *Titania*, GLADYS COOPER and HELEN OF TROY. I tried to nail him down to externals, but he only went off into another rhapsody.

"'What does she wear?' I asked.

"'Wear?' said he dreamily. 'Oh! beautifully draped garments nebulous as summer clouds and filmy as gossamer webs. Nothing really definite.'

"'That sounds probable enough, as the present fashions go,'" said I.

"Seems to me," said Frederick, "that this is a case to refer to higher authority. The sleuth-hound instinct of one Frederick is indicated. Having absorbed the available data I will e'en amble round myself to assist you."

"There speaks my stout-hearted haricot!" said Percival. "But be careful. Teddy won't like it if he gets the wrong wife. He made a point of that. So in case we miss each other your instructions are briefly these: you will meet what you honestly think to be Mrs. Roker outside the Customs House, explain Teddy's absence, take her to his rooms at 10 *bis*, Rue Dufay, make her comfortable and report to me here at 6.15."

Punctually at 6.15 they met again in the Pâtisserie Delarue. Both were radiant.

"'Tis done!" said Percival proudly; "and without the assistance of the puissant Frederick. At 5.0 o'clock I was outside the Customs House and

saw her looking round with an anxious eye. 'Mrs. Roker, I believe?' said I. She confessed right away, so I rattled her off in a cab to 10 *bis*, Rue Dufay, and left her there nibblin' biscuits and drinkin' tea as happy as a flapper."

"Percival," replied Frederick slowly, "for sheer imbecility you have surpassed yourself. I myself met Mrs. Roker outside the Customs House at 5.30, being detained *en route*. I took her to 10 *bis*, Rue Dufay, where at the present moment she is partaking of coffee and chocolate caramels. Shortly, no doubt, she will discover the spurious female that you have decoyed thither and the First Act of a triangle drama will be rung up."

"By Jazz," exclaimed Percival, "I'd stake my gratuity on the genuineness of my Mrs. Roker. She knows Teddy's favourite breakfast food."

"No," said Frederick decidedly, "mine is the only authentic article. All others are imitations. She knows dearest Edward's size in gloves."

"Well, we can't both be right."

"Did Teddy say anything about expecting *two* wives?" asked Frederick hopefully.

"Idiot!" said Percival. "As I see the situation, one of us—presumably you—will presently be the central figure in a court-martial or police court on a charge of abducting an innocent female. The remaining reels in the film will be devoted to Teddy chasing you with a 5·9 howitzer for jeopardizing his connubial happiness. But these unhappy concluding incidents may be averted if you return the wrongful lady to her rightful owner before Teddy gets back. So we'll take the necessary action immediately."

"But which one are we going to discard if they both claim to be the genuine Mrs. R.? Hadn't we better wait for Teddy? He'd be almost sure to be able to decide."

"You make me tired. It's got to be settled before he comes back."

It was a brace of dejected subalterns that wended their way to 10 *bis*, Rue Dufay. Percival knocked at the door of the drawing-room and in response to an invitation they entered. A pretty and extremely composed young lady greeted them.

"*My* wife!" said Percival and Frederick simultaneously.

"Excuse me," said the lady with dignity; "the only husband I possess at present is Mr. Roker."

"What I mean to say is," explained Percival lamely, "that you are the wife of Mr. Roker that I met at the Customs—I mean, Mr. Roker's wife that——"

"Me too!" broke in Frederick.

"Well, that's easily explained," said the lady, addressing Percival. "After you had kindly escorted me here I suddenly remembered that I had left my keys at the Customs House. Feeling confident of finding my way about I returned for them. On emerging I was claimed by your fascinating friend who is at this moment engaged in winding up his monocle [Frederick guiltily stowed it away in his fob pocket]. He seemed so delighted at having discovered me that I hadn't the heart to explain that I'd been found before. Of course I'm excessively grateful to both of you—— Oh, here's dear old Teddy at last!"

During the scene of rapturous greeting that followed Frederick showed that he indeed had his moments of inspiration.

"What about a vanilla ice at the Pâtisserie Delarue, old bean?" said he to Percival.

And, unnoticed by the happy couple, they stole silently away.



Lady (who has been handed the card of wife of new baronet-profiteer). "ER—LET ME SEE. DO I KNOW LADY HOGGINS?"

Butler. "YOUR LADYSHIP HAS NOT RECEIVED HER SINCE THE CREATION."

"Surplus Government Property for sale:—
Brass Islets."
Disposal Board "Surplus" Magazine.

But why is the geographical position of this alluring archipelago not given? Is it for enemy reasons?



FORCE OF HABIT—THE SCRUM HALF.

THE NEED OF OUR TIMES.

["The modern world is badly in need of a Pindar. Alone of the poets, Pindar could do justice to the exploits of the day."—*The Times.*]

"WE'RE badly in need of a Pindar"
To fan in these tropical days
Our stock of emotional tinder
With gusts of tempestuous praise;
To foster the flame, not to check it
Or let it die suddenly down,
In honour of HAWKER and BECKETT,
Of ALCOCK and BROWN.

We do not require a CATULLUS
(We've MASEFIELD and WAUGH and SASSOON)
Nor pastoral pipers to lull us
To rest with a sedative tune;
But the worship of beer and of Bacchus
In verses familiar and free
Might win for a latter-day FLACCUS
A Knighthood (B.E.).

Bland VIRGIL's beyond resurrection;
The voice of the moment is harsh;
The nightingale's golden perfection
Offends the young ravens of MARSH;
ARISTOPHANES, grossly facetious,
Is but a "compulsory" god,
And HOMER as well as LUCRETIUS
Too frequently nod.

There's scope for the truculent passion
Of JUVENAL's masculine muse
To flagellate folly and fashion
In dress and in manners and views;
But we've plenty of prophets and poets;
We've few who are sober and sane;
We don't want another DE BLOWITZ;
We want a DELANE.

"BETTER BEER ON THE HORIZON."
Daily Express.

A beer in the hand is worth ten on the horizon.

A TUBE NIGHTMARE.

HAVE you ever dreamed a dream of a terrible tube journey, in which every one of the appalling things which might happen does actually occur? I dreamed one last night.

The journey began with a disaster. On reaching the booking-office window I could not find any money, and it was only when the waiting crowd behind me, which had mounted to hundreds, was becoming offensively hostile that I succeeded in producing a five-pound note.

The booking-clerk took her own time to count out the change, and on leaving the window I found four policemen struggling to keep back an infuriated mob of people, all shrieking imprecations and asking for my blood.

There was but one thing for it—to get to a train before this angry horde could secure its tickets; so I made a



Motor Cyclist. "WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU DRIVE ON THE PROPER SIDE OF THE ROAD?"

wild dash for the moving-staircase, shedding Bradburys *en route* like a paper-chase.

As I rushed past the ticket-puncher she made a vicious lunge at my outstretched hand with an enormous pair of pincers, missing the ticket and partially amputating my thumb.

As I have always expected to do, but have never yet done, I missed my footing at the top of the escalator, and my desire to outstrip my enemies was realised beyond my wildest hopes as I crashed, by a series of petrifying somersaults, down the entire flight, to be belched forth like a sausage from a machine at the bottom.

Tattered, torn and in unspeakable agony I picked myself up and found my steering-gear so damaged that I could only move sideways, crab-fashion, and in this manner I crawled on to the platform just as a train was beginning its exit.

I make a leap for it. The gates crash to! Am I inside them or out? Neither. I am pinned there with the first half of my body struggling inside the car while the second half protrudes over the fast-receding platform.

I remember how in my agony it flashed across my mind that I would never again slay a wasp with my fork.

I must have been pulled into the car just in time to stop the tunnel (which is a dreadfully close fit) from bisecting me, for the next thing I remember was being dropped into a corner seat and severely admonished by the guard for getting into the train whilst it was in motion.

I was now a quivering and shapeless mass; nobody pitied me, nobody helped me, so loathsome a spectacle did I present.

Of course the train passed my station, and at the next I was thrown out like a mail-bag, to be trodden on by massed formations of travellers fighting to enter and leave the car by the same door at the same time.

When the multitudes had dispersed and I was alone, by superhuman efforts I contrived to wriggle on my stomach to the foot of the ascending stairway, but not having sufficient strength to wriggle off on arrival at the top, my long-dreaded horror of being sucked under the barrier, where moving stairways disappear, was realised.

By now immune to pain, I regarded the next process (akin to being passed through a mangle) as child's play. To my amazement, after a few minutes amongst giant cog-wheels, I again found the light on the down-going staircase, which precipitated me to the spot from which I had started.

Having thrice performed this revolution, by which time I was as flat as a pancake, I was eventually scraped off by a porter and upbraided for joy-riding.

Finding that these rebukes left me unmoved, for I was practically lifeless, certainly boneless, and, to their horror, ticketless, they folded me up and put me in a drawer pending the arrival of the police.

I was still there when the dream mercifully stopped.

BIRD-LORE.

II.—PEACOCKS.

PEACOCKS sweep the fairies' rooms;
They use their folded tails for brooms;
But fairy dust is brighter far
Than any mortal colours are;
And all about their tails it clings
In strange designs of rounds and rings;
And that is why they strut about
And proudly spread their feathers out.

R. F.

"Wanted.—Good stage electrician. No good stage electrician."—*The Stage.*

There ought to be no difficulty in finding the latter.

CROSS COUNTRY.

A COMMANDER in the Senior Service is the man who gets things done; and long experience has formulated for him a golden rule: "If you want to get things done you must *see* them done." This laudable maxim applies in a lesser degree to all his subordinates, right down to the newly-joined boy, who can't very well help seeing *some* things done, unless he makes a habit of working with his eyes shut—a practice which does not appeal particularly to P.O.'s.

The Commander of His Majesty's Battleship *Ermyntrude* is far from being an exception to the rule; he is a martyr to it. So are his officers. In their enthusiasm they have let the rule run riot. You will soon see that for yourself.

The idea germinated in the practical head of the gunner. It pushed its way into the upper air under the plain cap of the A.P. It budded under the (slighted tilted) head-dress of Number One, and blossomed forth into a full-blown project under the gilded oak-leaves that thatch the Bloke.

He said, "The ship's company will run across country."

The ship's company girded up its loins and awaited further orders.

The course was decided upon. It ran from the signalling station on the south of the island straight to the town on the north. There was no possibility of making a mistake, because you could see the semaphore from anywhere, and you would know when you got to the town because the road stopped there. The various divisions of the ship were to compete against each other. If you came in first you were to be given a ticket numbered "one"; if second, a ticket numbered "two," and so on; and the division which had the smallest total of pips at the end would be the winner.

At 8.15 the ship's pinnace landed the gunner on the town jetty at the north end of the island. He had come to deal with the competitors when they arrived at the winning-post. He had brought with him the bo'sun and the carpenter, his own mate, the bo'sun's mate and the carpenter's mate, four P.O.'s, the sergeant of Marines, a few leading stokers and half-a-dozen hands; fifty fathoms of hawser-laid four-inch white rope; six stout stakes (ash); bags, canvas, twelve (one to collect the tickets earned by each division); and one thousand eight hundred tickets, numbered from one to one thousand eight hundred. (There were only six hundred and fifty runners, but it is well to be on the safe side.)

He dug his stakes into the ground in a V-shaped formation just beyond the place where the road ended and almost opposite the first cottage. Further north he posted his canvas bags, which he fixed at a convenient height above the ground by depending them from the necks of his subordinates. He then rigged his rope around the stakes in such a way that the runners, entering the wide end of the V, would be shepherded one by one through a narrow aperture at the bottom, thus avoiding all suspicion of overcrowding in giving out the tickets. He explained his plan of campaign to his party and took up his post at the foot of the V.

Scarcely had he done so when the A.P. appeared upon the scene. He had brought with him a few friends—a couple of subs, two or three senior snotties and the Captain's secretary, a brace of stewards with the luncheon baskets, and the cutter's crew, who carried between them two large trellis-work screens which the carpenter had knocked up for him.

He passed the time of day with the gunner, marched fifty yards further down towards the starting-point and had his screens deposited in the middle of the road, in such a way that several could enter one end of the enclosure they formed, but only one at a time could go out at the other; this, he explained, would enable the men to pass the winning-post in single file. He then lit a cigarette and took his stand at the narrow end, producing from his pocket seven hundred and fifty neat red tickets (numbered from one to seven hundred and fifty) which the chief writer had made out for him the night before.

At 8.45 Number One arrived. To help him he had brought a couple of watch-keepers, a surgeon, three engineers, a naval instructor and the captain of Marines. He only paused to borrow one side of the gunner's V and all but forty of the A.P.'s tickets, and passed on down the road. When he had reached a suitable point about a hundred yards south of the A.P. he had the purloined rope stretched slantwise, in such a way that the only means of passing it was a little passage a yard wide between the rope and the ditch on the right of the road. A little nearer still to the starting-point he had a large placard erected with the words "Keep to the Right" painted on it.

Punctually at 9.0 the Commander arrived with a piece of string and the P.M.O. They took up their stand one on each side of the road opposite the placard. The Bloke produced a small gold pencil, but, as he had forgotten to bring any paper, he commandeered the placard and began feverishly to write down all the numbers he could think of from one to six hundred and fifty.

You are no doubt anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Owner at 9.15. Well, I 'm afraid I must disappoint you. Still, although he did not come in person, yet he made his presence felt, as every good skipper should. At 9.15, as the ship's company were lining up for the start by the semaphore, he made the signal from the ship:—

"Sailing at 13.30. Return immediately."

SONGS OF SIMLA.

V.—PELITI'S.

I TROLL you no song that will hinder you long,
I pen you no ponderous treatise,
The theme that I sing is a gossamer thing
As light as the cakes at PELITI'S.

Grey roofs mid the pines and a heaven that shines
As blue as the water where Crete is,
The malachite green of a misty ravine,
That 's the balcony view at PELITI'S.

There are mortals, may be, who abominate tea
(One's poison another man's meat is),
Who shy at the touch of a crumpet—for such
There is music and love at PELITI'S.

See that G.S.O.2 with the lady in blue;
Has she noticed where one of his feet is,
Or the issue that hangs on the plate of meringues
Which he buys her each day at PELITI'S?

Here the rulers of Ind, from the Salween to Sind,
Take their ices and wafers (McVITIE'S)
And elaborate schemes over chocolate creams
At five-o'clock tea at PELITI'S.

And I think, when we die and the wraiths of us fly
To that peace which depends not on treaties,
The joys which we find will but serve to remind
Of the hours that we spent at PELITI'S.

J. M. S.

"Thomas —— was fined £5 £at £Oswestry yesterday for selling goods to a German prisoner.

The chairman said defendant had sold goods to the value of 11*s.* 1½*d.* Where the German had got that large sum of money from was quite a mystery."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems pretty evident from the report that there was a good deal of money about somewhere.



"I'M TOLD SHE'S ALWAYS WRITING TO HER DRESSMAKER ABOUT NEW FROCKS."
"I SUPPOSE SHE ENCLOSED A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR THAT ONE."

A CRUSADER.

ONE hears sometimes of pure altruists, but on analysing their purity an alloy is perceptible. Although their work is for others, an element of personal gratification is present.

Personal gratification or self-indulgence is of course inevitable, as it can even enter into grief and pain; but now and then it is reduced to a minimum: as, I hold, in the latest activities for her fellow-creatures in which my friend Mrs. Delta has embarked.

During the War Mrs. Delta was indefatigable (I am not often sure of my words, but I use this without a tremor of misgiving) in promoting charities and collecting money to sustain them. At no time of day was it safe to meet her, for you had to stand and deliver. There were no privations due to the War which she was not out to mollify or remove, and her ingenuity in discovering worthy objects was uncanny.

As, however, War was raging and most people are, underneath, kinder than not, she escaped very severe criticism and amassed some good round sums. And, since all her various Funds had committees and meetings and minutes, Mrs. Delta, although that may have been only the least among her motives, was the recipient of certain expressions of gratitude. Organised charity cannot elude votes of thanks.

But that Mrs. Delta likes work for work's sake, apart altogether from honeyed praises, is now beyond question, for the campaign she has just inaugurated is unlikely to yield them.

"You must," she said to me yesterday, "give me something for my new scheme."

"I hope I shall have enough strength of mind not to; but what is it?"

"You have noticed in what a dreadful state so many of the shop windows in London now are?" she asked.

"The iniquitous prices of the goods?"

"Oh, no; I didn't mean that. I mean the dropped letters. Where they have glass letters stuck on, you know, and some have gone. Surely you must have noticed?"

"Yes, of course," I replied; "but I thought the shop-keepers were too lazy or careless to bother. The War has increased carelessness, you know."

"No, it isn't that," she said. "The poor fellows are so understaffed and overworked that they can't find time. My idea is to raise a fund so that it can be done for them." My heart aches. Only this morning I saw a barber's with ASH AND RUSH UP on it; and a confectioner's"—she referred to her notebook—"with ICE REAMS, and an undertaker's with PINKING ONE ERE."

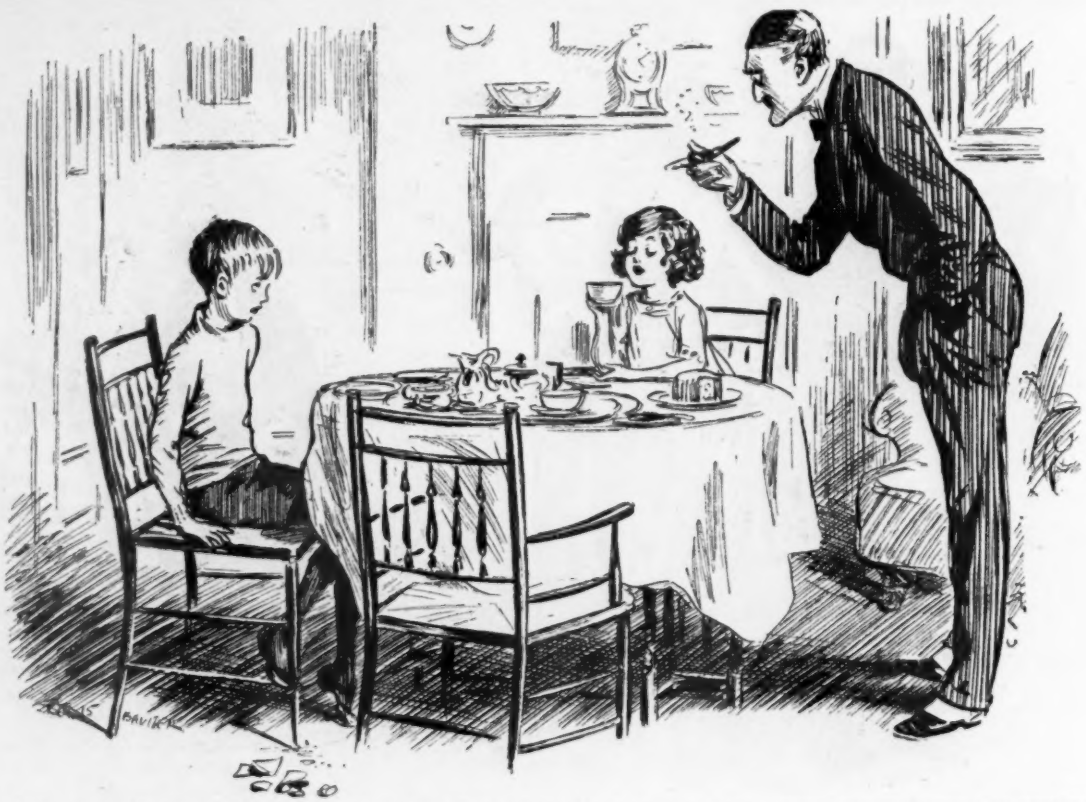
"What is pinking?" I asked. "I always wanted to know."

"And," she continued, again consulting her book, "a tobacconist's with BEST OLDEN VIRGIN, and a dentist's with PA LESS EXTRACTION. Something really must be done. Don't you agree?"

I murmured that there were other abuses that were possibly more in need of immediate redress, but Mrs. Delta again turned to her book.

"And a dairyman with FAMILIES UP LIE, and a stationer's with LUE LACK INK. Isn't it distressing?—and so bad for growing children to see so much slovenliness. And what can foreigners think of us? The Americans, for instance, who are always so spick and span, and——"

The means of rescue came to me in the shape of a vast monster on wheels, bright with yellow and scarlet, thundering over the road. "That's my bus," I said, and ran.



Father (to troublesome small boy). "NOW LOOK HERE, TONY. I SHAN'T WARN YOU AGAIN. THE VERY *NEXT* TIME YOU MISBEHAVE YOU GO *STRAIGHT* UPSTAIRS TO BED."

Small Sister. "AND THAT'S *THAT*. ISN'T IT, DADDY?"

THOSE DRESSES.

(Being a Midsummer Night's Dream, or thereabouts.)

More gay than day and plumier
Than Birds of Paradise,
It was no Court Costumier
That made them look so nice;
No milliners nor drapers
On mortal business terms
Of those sweet modes were shapers,
Though several evening papers
Mention the actual firms.

But fairies wove that raiment
Of starshine and of flowers;
They asked no better payment,
They craved no shorter hours;
With eglantine and lilies
They worked a June night long,
And that is just where "Phyllis"
In "Ascot frocks and frillies"
Goes absolutely wrong.

'Neath beech-tree and 'neath cedar,
In rings of moonlit green . . .
What bilge, you say, good reader?
My very dear old bean,
Think of the state of Prices,
Think of the slump in Trade,
Turn to the Paris Crisis,
Ponder the cost of ices
And buns and gingerade.

New War-loans shriek for money;
All work is at an end;
It seems extremely funny
There's any cash to spend;
Yet still the tide of laces,
The foam of fluff and silk
Comes round in cardboard cases
To lots of people's places
As punctual as the milk.

While, sworn to get revenge in,
And waiting at the door,
That grim three-handed engine
Prepares to strike once more,
Who built these gowns we mutely
Admire on lawn and lea?
Who bought them (think acutely),
With England absolutely
As broke as she can be?

Therefore I say the fabric
Was wrought of faery woof,
Not made in walls of drab brick
Nor won with mortal oof;
Delicate, dream-like, pretty
As sunshine after rain,
Worn by Miss Hodgson ("Kitty")—
It seems a dreadful pity
She spilled the iced champagne.

Therefore I say that, toiling
With wild white roses' bloom—
No printers' vats a-boiling
Nor labour of the loom—
With fern and foxglove chalice
On tiny feet or wings
Titania's elves made sallies,
And that's how Lady Alice
Had on those lovely things.

EVOE.

A Happy Thought.

"When the blessing had been pronounced and the bridal pair were kneeling at the altar Dame Nellie Melba, wearing a blue dress and hat, crept from the side chapel to the choir and to the joy of the audience sang the pathetic 'Ave Maria' that Desdemona sings in the last act of Verdi's *Othello* when she feels her predestined doom approaching."

"Evening Standard" on a Society wedding.

"Mr. Bottomley objects to By Jingo."

Daily Paper.

Yet in one or another of his "powerful" articles we seem to have seen something like "Damn the Kaiser" and "To Hell with Hindenburg."



THE PHILANDERER.

SINN FEIN. "BE MINE."

PRESIDENT WILSON. "I DO HOPE I HAVEN'T GIVEN YOU TOO MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT —BUT I CAN NEVER BE MORE THAN A BROTHER TO YOU."





First Australian. "'OO'S YER SWELL PAL, DIGGER?"
Second Ditto. "I DUNNO HIS NAME, BUT I REMEMBER HIS FACE. I GIVE HIM A BIT OF BACON JUST OUTSIDE ST. QUENTIN."

WHY DRAG IN MRS. SIDDONS?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Nothing annoys me more than the assumption that wit, learning, fancy, etc., were the monopoly of the past. For example, a correspondent of one of our leading dailies has been trotting out Mrs. SIDDONS' use of blank verse in familiar conversation, and quoting from LOCKHART:—

"John Kemble's most familiar table-talk often flowed into blank verse; and so indeed did his sister's [Mrs. Siddons']. Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a foot-boy during a dinner at Ashestiel—

'You 've brought me water, boy,—I asked for beer!'

Another time, dining with a Provost of Edinburgh, she ejaculated, in answer to her host's apology for his *pièce de résistance*—

'Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord.'"

This is all very well, but just as good blank verse is commonly used by eminent men and women to-day; indeed some of them excel in impromptu rhymes. Thus in Mr. HAROLD WESTMORELAND'S interesting volume, *Eavesdroppings*, there is this charming story of the first meeting of Madame CLARA BUTT and Miss CARRIE TUBB. They were introduced at a garden-party at Fulham, and Mr. WESTMORELAND overheard the memorable quatrain in which Madame CLARA BUTT greeted her sister-artist:—

"In our names we 're alike
But in minstrelsy—ah no!
For I 'm a contralto
And you 're a soprano."

To the same veracious chronicler I am indebted for a specimen of the impromptus which Lord READING frequently throws off, to the delight of his friends. Mr. WESTMORELAND was having a pair of boots tried on at a famous Jermyn Street bootmaker's when Lord READING was undergoing a similar ordeal, and electrified the courteous assistant by observing:—

"The right-foot boot to me seems rather tight;
The left, *per contra*, feels exactly right."

But perhaps the finest exponent of the art is a famous General, whose *obiter dicta* in verse are innumerable. I have only space to quote one, spoken to a soldier with whom he had shaken hands:—

"You are the proudest man in France,
Or at any rate in Flanders,
For you 've shaken hands, in a great advance,
With the greatest of Corps Commanders."

Surely in the light of these examples, which might be indefinitely multiplied, there is no need for the present to fear comparison with the past in the sphere of conversational verse?

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours faithfully,
NOSTRI TEMPORIS LAUDATOR.

Culture in the Sty.

"Yorkshire Pork Pies, possessing character and individuality, 5 lb. Price, 15*s*.
Daily Express.

"COLUMBUS OF THE AIR.
Captain Alcock's Story of his Great Atlantic Flight."—*Dublin Evening Telegraph.*

Would not Vimy-bus be better?

Slough Verdict: *Dulce est de-Cippenham in loco.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CINDERELLA MAN."

THE importation of theatrical sweet-stuff from America is of course a growing industry. The latest consignment, *The Cinderella Man*, first arrived in this country in the form of a novel, and the difficulty it offered was that the struggling hero, *Anthony Quintard*, whose fate depended, in the absence of common-sense, on his winning a ten thousand dollar prize for an opera libretto, seemed to me, from samples of his work exhibited, to be an unlikely competitor. But I must say that when at the play I saw our Mr. NARES in his garret sucking at his pipe in that masterful manner and modifying what might so easily have been a too sticky situation with a charmingly light touch, I began to think better of *Anthony's* chances and therefore necessarily of Mr. EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER'S general idea. For the author obviously may claim the credit of this reading, even if I harbour an obstinate private suspicion that it was only by a very deliberate and steadfast determination on the part of Mr. NARES as hero and Mr. HOLMAN CLARK as match-maker that this particular reading prevailed.

Mr. CARPENTER doesn't believe in mystifications. He explains everything with the completest candour in his first Act, from which you gather that a millionaire's daughter, returning from Paris to the immense stuffy New York mansion, is desperately lonely, and has also cut herself free from an unsatisfactory affair of the heart; that a young poet, a friend of the millionaire's sentimental lawyer, is also lonely, living like *Cinderella* (isn't this wrong?) in an attic next-door, proud as poor; that another friend of the millionaire has offered a prize for a libretto. Having thus put the rabbit, the bird-cage and the flower-pot into the hat in front of you he proceeds in a leisurely manner to take them out again.

The young millionairess, posing as a poor "companion," visits the starveling poet *viâ* the snow-covered roof and the attic window, bringing food, stoves, coverlets, wool to mend his socks and ideas to mend his opera. Naturally here were opportunities of unlimited business, during which *Marjorie* (Miss RENÉE KELLY) looked perfectly sweet, as I heard more than one ardent young lady declare to approving lieutenants.

Miss KELLY has indeed all the air of a heroine of honeyed romance. In particular she played one episode, the trying over of a new song, in a winningly natural manner. I found the way in which she flapped her eyelids a subject of puzzled study. I have not observed that maidens in real life indulge in these calisthenics. This is perhaps as well; they are evidently very deadly. Within a fortnight of their being brought into action poet *Quintard* is in the *Kamerad* stage. Not *Anne Whitfield* herself exhibits more explicitly the urgency of the life force, the will to wed.

Mr. OWEN NARES, who has a following more than sufficient to justify his recent assumption of management, gave a very attractive and indeed, within the limits imposed by the piece, a distinguished performance as the proud and hungry poet. An extreme naturalness of pose and intonation, without overstresses or affectations, characterised this agreeable study. Mr. HOLMAN CLARK, that finished actor in the bland manner, very adroitly, as I have hinted, settled the mood of the piece and made the good appear the better line and the ordinary line good. Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE had a Valentine part ready made. It would take more than an indisposition, which he pluckily ignored, to put him off his stroke. Mr. TOM REYNOLDS was effective as a maudlin serving-man who had once butled a real gentleman and could never forget it. Miss ANNIE ESMOND gave a depressingly clever rendering of a quite unbelievably appalling landlady.

Altogether a pleasant wholesome evening's entertainment. Young men and maidens of our day needn't hesitate to take their parents.



A Fairy Godmother (Miss RENÉE KELLY) reduced to tears by the unsusceptibility of her Godchild (Mr. OWEN NARES).

"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGONS."

There is much more of the substance of wit and truth in Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' "Devon comedy" at the Kingsway. The *St. George* of the title is not the Cappadocian, but that somewhat irreverent Father in God, *St. George Loftus*, Bishop of Exeter; the dragons are two quite unsuitable suitors for the hands of *Monica* and *Eva* (daughters of his dull old friend, *Lord Sampford*), who don't believe in class distinctions. *Monica's* young man is the son of a yeoman farmer, personable, certainly, on horseback and of a blood older than the *Sampfords'*, but an essential resilient, and altogether impossible when playing the concertina or after mixing his drinks (or both). *Eva's* follower is a brilliant raw young man from Glasgow, recently ordained, with professional ambitions as pronounced as his accent.

The parents try the now exploded method of direct opposition. *St. George's* weapons are smooth words and a heart chokefull of guile. Does his god-daughter *Monica* want to elope with her yeoman? By all means let love have his sacred way. But his lordship will contrive in the *rôle* of a strayed and bogged fisherman to be at Stonelands Farm before the young couple arrive *en route* for London and the registry-office, and he will see to it that *Monica* learns what the daily life of a working farmer is like, and what the beer (or bad champagne for festal occasions) and rabbit pie in the kitchen; with sudden frank explanations as to the imminence of the crisis in the interesting condition of *Snowdrop* the Alderney; what, too, is the Stonelands' notion of music and the dance, with Teddy's braying concertina and cousin Unity's quavering treble and the ragged bass and candid speech of old *Caunter*, the head man . . . So much for *Monica*.

And *Eva* thinks she wants to tie herself to this crude Glaswegian. Well, here it will be best to insinuate to the young man how unfortunate it is that the vacant chaplaincy to the Bishop of Exeter is designed for a celibate, and to the young woman that to marry so brilliant (and ingenuous) a youth is to hang a millstone round his neck. For, after all, muses the prelate, revealing dreadful depths of low cunning and perfidy, it's easier to change a chaplain than a husband.

A thoroughly amusing affair. Of



Taxi-driver. "WHERE ARE WE ALL OFF TO?"

course Mr. PHILLPOTTS shirks his problem. *Teddy Copplestone* need not have been a bounder (the odds indeed were against it), nor need his cigars, his champagne or his music have been so bad. But then we should have missed a diverting piece of fun and have been saddled with a solemn problem-play unsuited to the (alleged) gaiety of the hour.

The general level of the playing was high, and, after a somewhat nervous opening (and perhaps just a few affectations of the fourth-wall school), the piece swung into a pleasant rhythm.

Mr. ERNEST THESIGER interprets with consummate ability Mr. PHILLPOTTS' amusing and original creation, this puss-in-gaiters Machiavelli, *St. George Exon.* Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY (*Monica*), in the familiar *rôle* of beauty in revolt, had an easy task, which she fulfilled very agreeably. Miss ALBANESI (*Eva*) put brains and fire and (not at all a negligible gift of the gods) precise enunciation into her work. Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN and Miss MARY BROUGH were quite delightful as old *Copplestone* and his wife. Mr. CLAUDE KING as *Teddy Copplestone* had perhaps the most difficult task, a part that by no means played itself, but needed a sustained skill, duly forthcoming. But I think the performance that pleased me most was that of Miss EVELYN WALSH HALL, a name new to me, in the small part of *Unity Copplestone*, played with a directness and sincerity which was quite distinguished.

Let me add that the flapping of eyelids (to which I have referred in my remarks on *The Cinderella Man*) is here also a feature. One member of the cast (of my own sex, too) gave a display of virtuosity in this *genre* which was technically superb.

Two insignificant details of management caused me some amusement. The solemn clang of a gong presaging doom as dire as ŒDIPUS's (and incidentally inaudible to cigarette smokers in the foyer) gives notice of the resumption of the play, while at the end of the Acts the curtain flutters up and down at a feverish pace as if the idea was to get in as many "calls" as possible before the applause stops. Are we as guileless as all that, I wonder? And, anyway, no such manœuvre was necessary. The applause was hearty, the laughter spontaneous, and anybody who cares for plays made and played with brains should go and see this engaging piece.

T.

The Spread of Democracy.

"The Earl of Loudoun, whose English seat it is, possesses eight jeerages."—*Field.*

Another Impending Apology.

"'Honour among thieves' is an old saying, but the pickpocket who stole Lieut.-Commander Grieve's watch during his reception was an exception to the rule."
Illustrated Leicester Chronicle.

A correspondent asks us if there is any truth in the statement that Peace will be signed in time for the Peace Celebrations. At the moment of going to press it is still doubtful.

"NOTE.—The Swan used in this Production is supplied by the well-known firm of Messrs. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, London." *Programme of Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.*
We understand that the business is in the charge of Mr. EDGAR during his partner's absence.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Jinny the Carrier (HEINEMANN) was, as Mr. ZANGWILL lets us know in a felicitous epistle-dedicatory to an evidently charming lady, designed as a "bland" and leisurely book, free from any trace of war's horrors or modern perplexities, the sort you could read comfortably with a sore throat on you. I think if I had not been in such rude health I might have managed the five hundred and eighty odd close-set pages without getting just a little tired of his worthy Essex peasants of the time of the great Hyde Park Exhibition. *Jinny* herself is a perfect darling, of real wit and character, and her business as the local carrier gives a plausible machinery for the introduction of an enormous number, a truly Dickensian profusion, of subsidiary characters. *Jinny* indeed is above criticism, but the trouble with many, indeed with most, of the others, seemed to me to be their exaggerated sprightliness of speech, just a little too clever to be credible and not quite amusing enough to be palatable in large doses. To me the real pleasure of the book comes from the author's craftsmanlike use of words and the humour and imagination of his descriptions and asides. But if I may be humbly candid beyond the custom of my trade I must confess to an uncomfortable impression that sounder qualities in the reviewer would have discovered greater qualities in the work.

I rather suspect Mrs. GERTRUDE ATHERTON of having written *The Avalanche* (MURRAY) either for the amusement of exercise in an unfamiliar medium, or, well, for any motive that might explain a production certainly not quite up to her own standard. Its publishers (who may be prejudiced) consider *The Avalanche* as "a brilliant and engaging study of mystery and romance;" me it impressed as a melodrama dependent on one long-heralded sensation, which proves on tardy arrival an affair of disappointment. I suppose I must be careful not to give away the mystery, such as it is. *Price Rugler* was anxious to discover why his attractive wife assumed a worried look when money was mentioned and fainted on being told that she was not to wear the family ruby at a particular masque. All this happened (you may not be astonished to hear) in San Francisco, amongst that luxurious, idle, over-moneyed society whose manners Mrs. ATHERTON knows and describes so well. *Price* had already found out, with the assistance of a not too brilliant detective, that his wife's mother derived her income from a gambling saloon; the remaining problem was how to link up this knowledge with the odd behaviour of *Mrs. Price*. Perhaps you see it already. She had been——. No, I said I wouldn't, and I won't. Of course the discovery couldn't be called cheerful, though it was fortunately made in time to prevent any great harm. But it was nothing like an avalanche.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

INCONSIDERATE FLAPPER WAYLAYS KING JOHN ON HIS RETURN FROM SIGNING MAGNA CARTA AT RUNNYMEDE.

It is much harder, I am afraid, to be a good Bengali than a good Englishman. *Nikhil*, the Rajah of Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S *The Home and the World* (MACMILLAN), persists in treating *Sandip Babu* (a convinced Nietzschean in philosophy and a Nationalist of the most inflammable type) as an honoured guest of his household, in spite of the fact that he differs from the fellow profoundly on every conceivable topic and is well aware, moreover, that *Sandip* is rapidly winning the heart of his Rani, *Bimala*. *Nikhil*, you see, considers that "all imposition of force is weakness," and that "only the weak dare not be just." Most Westerners, I think, would have kicked the rhapsodical and rather plausible agitator out-of-doors and felt all the better for it from the boot-toe upwards. The real truth is that the story, which is written in the form of a triple autobiography (*Nikhil*, *Sandip* and *Bimala* all taking a hand at telling it in turn) is an exposition of two views of Suadeshi, or what may be called the Sinn Fein movement in India. *Nikhil* is the apostle of "self-realisation" as a moral force; *Sandip* believes in grabbing whatever you can. The latter first deifies his country (*Bande Mataram*, or "Hail, Mother!" is the Nationalist motto) and then identifies *Bimala* with the object of his worship, which seems a very convenient theory. As for *Bimala*, she wavers between the two. The romantic interest of the book (which is, by the way, a translation) breaks down rather badly when it becomes clear that *Sandip* is not really a big enough man to make a complete conquest of the Rani; but from every other point of view it is supremely interesting. And if *Nikhil* might perhaps have been improved by a little less force of character and more of shoe-leather, *Bimala*, at any rate, is a delightful personage.

Even "KATHARINE TYNAN" must sometimes fall below her own standard, and *The Man from Australia* (COLLINS), though written with considerable grace and charm, is too thin in plot to be altogether satisfactory. *John Darling*, a youngish man of wealth and an extremely liberal disposition, came from Australia to visit his connexions in the West of Ireland and—if opportunities occurred—to help them. Opportunities did offer themselves in abundance. The *Adairs* in their various ways were ripe for a benefactor of the *Darling* type to appear, and *John* soon got busy. In the course of his activities—for it would have been unkind (and very dull) to bring him all the way from Australia to Ireland just to serve as a travelling relief-fund—he is made to fall in love with one of the *Adair* girls. And that's almost the whole story. One may always trust Mrs. HINKSON to get her atmosphere right; but she is not so happy in her attempt to contrast the preternaturally unselfish *Darling* (who, like an earlier *Mr. Darling*, would have been content to live in a kennel) with the inordinately self-indulgent father of the *Adairs*.



THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

"I ASSUME," said the Cynic, "that you are sufficiently sanguine to rejoice in the prospects of Peace."

"I derive a certain satisfaction from those prospects," replied Mr. Punch on a note of reserve.

"But you ought to be jazzing for joy, like the other fools in their Paradise of nigger minstrelsy."

"My years excuse me from choric exercises," said the Sage. "And, anyhow, it doesn't take me that way."

"Then you are not in the movement. You are not in touch with the spiritual pulse of our throbbing Metropolis; you take no active part in the New Life that is springing from the seed of England's sacrifices. True, your years, as you say, are against you, however well you wear them: it is to the young that we look first for signs of the great Regeneration. And in particular we look to those who are to be the mothers of that future race which should reap the full harvest of our blood and tears.

"And what do we find?" continued the Cynic. "We find a contempt for the old virtues of simplicity and reticence; we find the distinction of sex wiped out, and with it all reverence and sense of mystery. Nature is a back number with them; they must for ever be plastering their noses with powder—not just privily, as used to be the better way of faded charmers, but shamelessly in public places. In dress they barely keep within the bounds of decency prescribed by the police. They make their own advances, rounding up and capturing their 'boys' for partners, lest the haunts of jazzery should be closed against them. And in this competition for their favours the good modest fellows who only a little while ago were fighting our battles for us are now giving themselves the airs of spoilt beauties. What do you make of all this in your scheme of Renaissance?"

"I admit much of what you say," said Mr. Punch, "but I ascribe it, in part at least, to a natural reaction from the strain and horror of War."

"'Reaction'!" snorted the Cynic. "A very comfortable word. But what were the sufferings from which they are 'reacting'? The loss, you will say, of the flower of our chivalry in battle? Well, one would think that might have steadied them. Is this what our manhood died for—to make a British carnival?"

"I don't pretend to understand that side of it," said the Sage, "but I know that during the War we respected the silence of their grief; and I know that nature must choose its own way of recovering from a loss and reasserting its claim to happiness. Remember, too, that War must always have its demoralising features, however splendid the cause for which you are fighting. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' says the soldier in his brief intervals of release. And some of us at home went more than half-way to meet him, imitating an attitude excusable in him but not in us. And that attitude is bound to survive for a little time the causes that induced